

Anarchy Calls for Strong Police Responses

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR
Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO—No doubt a nationwide hue and cry will go up over "police brutality" as applied in Chicago last week when the forces of law and order moved in on the Hippies, Yippies, or whatever they're called, dispersing a "peaceful" demonstration and clearing a jammed street for the use of the citizenry.

The country-wide television broadcast, which wasn't very pretty to watch, brought home the tremendous power

armed forces can exert on a mob when the occasion calls for it. Had the mob been armed, or even partially armed, the situation might well have turned into a free-for-all that would stand as even more of a national disgrace.

While some of the Democratic liberals on the floor of the national convention were protesting the actions of police, the calling of the national guard, and threatening to ask that the convention be moved to another city, there was no indication of consideration for what the

forces of law and order were up against.

There was no mention of the fact that the demonstration was organized in a deliberate effort to foster violence of some kind, ostensibly to protest against the war in Vietnam, and to disrupt the orderly processes of selecting a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

Despite the fact that the television broadcast was sickening to say the least, not much sympathy can be wasted on the demonstrators, even though they were

clubbed, kicked, and dragged through the streets to the paddy wagons.

These demonstrators asked for what they got in loud and clear voices. They taunted the police into swift and decisive action, refused to pay any attention to the requests to back up, hurled invectives at the men the citizenry hired to maintain order in the community, wrote nasty words on cars and windows, and generally forewore the tenets of decent behavior for a melee of unlawful and illegal activity.

Thus, it is small wonder

that the police broke up the gang with billy clubs and the guardsmen advanced with fixed bayonets, for the simple reason that anarchy was about to prevail in the ludicrous attempt to control the outcome of a national election.

No one asked what the demonstrators were doing in Chicago in the first place, where they came from, how they got to the city, how many were drawing some type of government welfare paid for by the citizens they were inconveniencing, and whether or not they could

offer any solutions to the unfortunate war the nation finds itself in at the present time.

Further, no one seemed to inquire why most of them weren't home working at some kind of gainful employment instead of operating in collusion to create dissension. Also, no one asked the demonstrators who or what was the real factor behind the demonstration, a question that probably never will be answered, but one which could furnish some pertinent information if the truth were known.

So before there comes a series of protests throughout the country over "police brutality" it seems only fair to expect some thoughtful consideration of the reasons for such action, and the necessity for force in maintaining a city where a citizen can walk the streets, or drive on the streets freely and without thought for his own safety. That's the way the country was intended to be, so no criticism can result concerning action to keep it that way.

Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties

-Comment and Opinion-

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1968

The Giant Giveaway

A few social workers happened to get together last week and, after comparing notes, found that one of their mutual "cases" was totally ineligible for federal assistance and was receiving \$1,000 a month in welfare payments.

Further investigation showed that the woman owned two homes, had purchased two luxury automobiles totaling \$13,900 in a two-year period and had unreported bank accounts. Yet, she asked for extra money for a refrigerator and received it.

In all, she allegedly bilked the government out of some \$11,046—and has been charged with grand theft.

The case has been labeled by a district attorney's investigator as "extremely aggravated."

Taxpayers, too, should be "extremely aggravated," especially those who do not drive luxury automobiles or do not own their own homes.

What is even more amazing is that the literally thousands of persons employed by the government to handle welfare cases could let such an applicant "slip by" the eligible desk.

It seems that any degree of investigation would have provided enough evidence to disqualify a person who

owns two homes and had bank accounts.

The governmental giveaway program today resembles a giant lottery in which a ticket isn't even necessary—all you do is win. And the taxpayer provides the "prizes."

There already has been much criticism of the federal welfare program—but apparently not enough. It is time to clamp down on the accessibility to taxpayers' funds so that those who qualify are the only ones collecting.

And the only ones who can control those payments are the leaders the voters send to congress in November.

Grim Reminder

Many weaknesses in Russian communism as a social structure have been exposed in the last 50 years. But there is nothing that reveals its basic insecurity so much as its fright over the free and open circulation of ideas. . . . The invasion of Czechoslovakia is a reminder once again that nowhere on the face of this earth have the people of any nation voted themselves under communism in a free election. Always, the rule of communism, where it exists, has been imposed by force.—from the San Bernardino Sun.

Back-to-School Supplies



ROYCE BRIER

LBJ's 'Honorable Peace' Divides Sheep and Goats

The term "Honorable Peace" occurs several times in a speech President Johnson delivered before a Veterans of Foreign Wars convention in Detroit recently.

The term permeates political discussion in the United States today. It is a bipartisan term used in one way or another by the candidates of both parties, but it has not the same meaning for all of them, nor for all their millions of followers.

It is therefore a catchphrase which we will look back upon in a few years as peculiar to this time. It is not of course peculiar to the time, or to the Vietnam war, for it has been used by belligerents in all wars.

But it is a phrase of singular meaning to Mr. Johnson and those who wield power at his behest in the United States. It is clear that to him it is a peace in which he will not be compelled to concede any mistaken judgment, nor any but the noblest purpose

in southeast Asia since he took office on the death of President Kennedy.

It is therefore a verbal and pious instrument for justifying him as a President and as a leader of the American philosophy of world action.

But whether or not this attitude of self-justification can bring "peace" in south-

east Asia, unqualified by the word "honorable," is another matter.

Millions of Americans of high and low estate, quite as devoted to the nation as is the President, appear to doubt fervently that the President's self-justification cloaked in the word "honorable," can or will point the way to peace.

These Americans hunger for peace, by which they mean an end to organized killing in a faraway land. Few of these Americans want the United States to

make a dishonorable peace in Vietnam, but they are unconvinced peace must be either the all-black or all-white Mr. Johnson implies when he uses the word "honorable."

The President spoke in a forum where he knew his attitude would be well-received, and where his use of words would not be inquired into with such diligence.

It was therefore a defiant speech, though such speeches are not unusual in these days when his philosophy and management of an Asian war are under severe attack.

It was a speech saying he would not alter his course one iota. He had limited bombing and Hanoi had not responded. He would not cease bombing North Vietnam. He averred to cease bombing would betray our troops in South Vietnam—a perennial argument he never attempts to prove, and which you must accept on faith. Moreover, he said any future President would pursue the same course, a most dubious prophecy.

Hence his speech clung adamantly to the principle of more of the same, which is bankrupt by every test.

It was thus a divisive speech, one separating in his own and other parties the sheep from the goats, the latter being any who disagreed with him. Mr. Humphrey, the nominee of his party, can take from it what comfort he can. It's cold comfort for an intelligent man, or even for those "honorable" men in the Marc Antony sense.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

The Little Old Lady Reappears

Who started that "Have a nice weekend" business anyway? All day Friday every Friday, people keep telling you to "Have a nice weekend," to which the only rejoinder I can ever think of is "Doing what?" . . . Nothing's sacred: Those brand new "Recall Paul" bumper strips are indeed aimed at the Vatican, and I don't know who started them, either.

Just when I was beginning to think our Little Old Lady had disappeared forever, she materialized at Enrico's around midnight yesterday, twittering anxiously to a tableful of plastic hippies: "Uh—are you by any chance my Gray Line tour?" "No, lady," replied the first Cossack shirt to the left, "We're from Hertz Rent-a-Freak." . . . She was also seen earlier in the week at Tahoe's Crystal Bay Club, where she emerged from a tour bus, placed a 60-cent bet on a Keno card, and won \$55. As she collected her money at the window, she said severely to Mgr. Ray Plunkett: "That should teach you a lesson, young man!"

A true story, passed along by a friend who happened to ride in from the airport on a bus crowded with tourists and natives. A tourist reading a guidebook leaned across the aisle and asked a man: "You live in San Francisco?" The San Franciscan nodded. "Well," went on the tourist, "do you still have that great sourdough French bread?" "Sure," said the San Franciscan. "Reason I asked," said the tourist, "is that Herb Caen says it isn't as sour as it used to be." "I'll tell you why," said the San Franciscan. "Herbie-boy has gotten so sour that even the sourdough bread tastes sweet to him."

Eternal vigilance: From the Yellow Cab Co's current bulletin for employees: "Drivers who display peace symbols, beads, or buttons other than that (sic) prescribed by the Yellow Cab Co. will not be allowed to enter the Treasure Island Naval Base, by order of the Chief Security Officer." And wait till he finds out that they drop the flag, too.

In one ear: That Bay Area pro footballer's fling with a teenage girl could make a headline, unless her father simmers down—and he's still aboil . . .

Incidentally, Vince Guaraldi is at the Matador. I say incidentally, because Vince has been around so long that San Franciscans tend to take him for granted, like the fog, and that's too bad, since he's making the brightest and most modern sounds of his career these nights—hunched over his new electric harpsichord, dragging on his cigarette, taking alternate sips of cognac and coffee, and chucking through his beard at some particularly telling chord. His new group—Guitarist Jimmy Stewart, Drummer Bobby Nathanson, Fender Bassist Bob Maize—is now completely plugged in ("My electric umbrella," he calls it) and it's the first happy marriage of rock and jazz that I've heard.

Signs of the times: The other day at 5 p.m. at Kearny and Post, as the weary financial district workers were slouched in line for the 38 Geary Express, a camera-bearing tourist tapped John Chalmers on the shoulder to inquire: "What's the demonstration about?" . . . And Al Fry boarded a Market streetcar just in time to catch our LOL recoiling in horror at the motor-man's new brown uniform. "Migawd," she cried, "The Army has taken over the Muni!" (Who designed those uniforms anyway—John Wayne?) . . . As for our young mothers, they're going in more and more for natural childbirth, reports a leading S.F. obstetrician. "It's another form of revolt against the Establishment way of doing things," he conjectures. "They feel birth is a natural function and they want us old geezers around as little as possible." . . . What he does worry about are the Flower Children of Bolinas, Stinson, and environs, "who come in to see me, then go home and let their boy friends deliver the baby. I haven't heard of any fatalities, but it's a dangerous idea."

Newspaper ad in Paradise, garden spot of Orange County North: "Attention, All Decent Americans! Your Constitutional Right to Bear Arms in the Defense of Your Home and Family Is About to Be Taken From You! Sign petition at Paradise Gun Shop (where else?). Classified ad in same paper, same day, same subject: "A birth-right is about to be lost, granted by the grace of God." . . . God is alive and packing a gun in Paradise?"

WILLIAM HOGAN

'Catch-22' Author Puts Anti-War Play on Stage

Recently literary reporter Dick Schaap, writing from New York, mentioned that nothing in publishing is quite so exciting as a first novel that takes off, wins readers, charms critics and suggests the start of a glittering career. He cited Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man," Harper Lee's "To Kill a Mockingbird," Joseph Heller's "Catch-22." Yet so far none of these writers had come up with a second book.

Heller, a 37-year-old advertising copy writer in 1961, struck pay dirt with his blockbuster, a wild, tragically humorous anti-war novel which was taken up chiefly by young readers and, to some degree, relegated to J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye" to the status of a literary has-been among the audience. Heller is reported

to have been trying for years to get a second novel finished. So far, nothing. A second book of his was published last week, not a novel, but the text of a longish two-act play. "We Bombed in New Haven."

This no doubt will have a far more modest readership than a second Heller novel would have. At the same time it is a Grade-A Heller

Browsing Through the World of Books

that should delight champions of "Catch-22." In that tradition, it is a wacky, tragic-comic anti-war drama in which the "idiots" or enlisted men, wonder who's in charge here as their superiors send them out to attack targets in such unlikely places as Constantinople (there is no city in Turkey by that name any more, so the target technically doesn't exist), or Minnesota. So far as that goes, the soldiers keep telling themselves, they do not exist. They are merely actors employed for an evening, pretending to be soldiers. So everything is all right.

Killed on the Kafkaesque Constantinople raid, Corporal Sinclair, for example, is not actually buried with honors and bugles blowing taps. He is simply a young actor who hasn't much of a part in this show. The en-

listed son of Captain Starkey, also about to die, reminds his officer daddy that when King David was told his son had been killed, even in a rebellion against him, he cried, "O my son Absalom. My son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee."

In an effort to reassure himself, and his audience, Captain Starkey, his voice rising with emotion, shouts: "It's a show, a play in a theater, and I'm not really a captain. . . . There's no war taking place here."

Heller is relentless in his attack on unnecessary, even fake military deaths, and in the absurdity of human reasoning, military branch. Heller has been described as a "moral comedian," and that label applies particularly well as he billows with a comic rage, very good stuff, in this novel to be played visually, wildly and irrationally.

The play reads well. Apparently it played well in its debut last December at the Yale Drama School (which lent Heller his title). It is scheduled to open a commercial run in New York in October with Jason Robards in the lead, no doubt playing Captain Starkey.

So Heller cut into the second novel in order to get the first play done, an acid comment on the military mind at work, a success in the "Catch-22" tradition.

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