

Press-Herald

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The School Bond Dilemma

Torrance voters have spoken on the matter of school bond issues.

While decidedly rejecting a proposal to spend a million dollars on swimming pools at the four high schools, the voters and taxpayers did indicate that the \$12.5 construction proposal that included a \$3 million tab for a vocational center probably was too much.

A last-minute attempt by school officials to switch the talk away from the vacation high school center planned for the Crenshaw-Sepulveda Navy site didn't offset the conviction in the minds of many that a crash program that was to cost that much was adventurous to say the best for it.

Attempts to talk of the \$12.5 million proposal as a four-year need instead of a three-year program plus the vocational center didn't sway voters away from the belief that approval last week of the package as offered would have been taken as a mandate to build a new multimillion-dollar vocational center without further delay.

The Press-Herald is convinced, and we believe most of the voters are convinced, that the school construction program must be continued. We don't think the school system will collapse this summer without an immediate extension of the district's bonding powers, but we do realize that the growing community is going to place more demands on the school system and that only through bonds can these demands be met.

With this in mind, we recommend that the trustees and the administration present an issue which more reasonably meets the needs of the community. A late-summer election probably is the most desirable because of the other election campaigns in June and November.

A bond issue designed to take care of the critical needs of the district for the next three years should earn the support of all community minded citizens. If more is needed three years from now, ask again. We'll still be here.

But let's forget the crash programs. If a vacation center is needed, and the need can be shown, we have every confidence that the voters will approve it.

A Chance, Not Charity

One of America's oldest veterans in the "War on Poverty"—a matter much in the news of late—has just issued its annual report. Wrightman Memorial Goodwill Industries of Long Beach, local branch of the nationwide Goodwill Industries, reports on activities and achievements during 1965 in the document.

"Not charity, but a chance" is an apt slogan for Goodwill. There people considered unemployable find work and rehabilitation training that regularly leads to jobs elsewhere. Working without subsidies. United Way assistance, or other fund drives, Goodwill finances itself by turning repairable castoffs into salable merchandise.

The local Goodwill has 199 persons on its payroll at year's end and paid wages of \$450,925 during the year. Its workers paid \$45,130 in income tax deductions and \$16,110 in Social Security taxes.

That's an excellent record for people who might otherwise be in need of public assistance programs. But, this is secondary to the sense of self respect and individual worth that is Goodwill's main contribution to its workers.

Opinions of Others

There is nothing strange about President Johnson's getting his hackles up over increased prices in certain steel products, nor is there anything strange when he refuses to be equally upset when labor unions exceed the guidelines laid down by the Administration to control inflation. As a matter of fact, the latter move has been made on the Administration's recommendation.—*Corvallis (Ore.) Gazette-Times.*

The Soviet Union is going to pass the United States in milk production this year for the first time ever, the U. S. Department of Agriculture reports. . . . Can it be that Khrushchev's boast that the U.S.S.R. would eventually surpass the U.S.A. in every way is coming true? Or dare we hope that milk-fed Reds from a land of contented cows will prove a bit less bullheaded in international pastures in the future?—*Mesa (Ariz.) Tribune.*

Failure of the Congress to appropriate money for the Johnson administration's rent subsidy program indicates distrust of a scheme that would be unfair to Americans who are paying their own rent. . . . You don't make families self-sufficient by accumulating them to subsidized existence.—*Lancaster (S. C.) News.*

Talk to any small business operator and you will learn that various taxes and burdensome government regulations already are squeezing his profits more tightly day by day. . . . The proposed new minimum wage law could easily trigger bankruptcy or voluntary closing of thousands of small firms. Thus it would close doors of opportunity for the unskilled worker, instead of opening them.—*Fort Pierre (S.D.) Times.*

A deflationary jolt to the nation's economy is expected by some. . . . when an increase in Social Security taxes takes effect. Workers and their employers must pump an additional \$5 billion into the Social Security Trust Fund in 1966. . . . Companies with large payrolls and narrow profit margins. . . . may feel the need to raise prices as a means of offsetting the higher tax bite, a move that could result in harmful buyer resistance to its product. And for smaller companies with narrower margins, the choice could be a bleak one, indeed.—*Harrisonburg (Va.) News-Record.*



STAN DELAPLANE

New High-Octane Mexican Gasoline Takes Ping Out

MAZATLAN, MEXICO — Within the last week in Mexico, the gasoline stations have put in yellow pumps marked "P-100." Better grade than old Gasolmex. I couldn't make the car ping on any pull. So writes Dr. J. K. Perry, a friend of mine who's doing an extensive trailer trip. He found P-100 as far north as Hermosillo.

"Would you know the place we can go in Hong Kong for a Swiss watch at the lowest price?"

I'd go first to Lane, Crawford Ltd. on the Hong Kong side. This is a reliable, one-price department store. Watches enter Hong Kong duty-free. Usually just a little under Swiss prices or about half the retail price in the U.S.

"... a place to travel where prices are still reasonable and people more friendly. We found Europe very commercial..."

Well, tourist business is in the billion-dollar class. It's bound to get a commercial feeling. You might try New Zealand and Australia where they are trying to get in that commerce, but local residents haven't felt it yet.

Fare from the West Coast is roughly \$1,000 round-trip. You can stop at Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa and others on the way down and back. But I'd add \$250 and you can fly back through the whole Orient: Singapore, Malay Peninsula, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Japan with all kinds of stopover time.

To get a more relaxed time in Europe, you have to get out in the country. (New York is commercial, too, as you'll find if you forget to tip a taxi driver.) I'm convinced the traveler to Europe does better now by basing in a small town. Get pensions — room with meals — and take day trips around. The crush of tourists in the capitals in summer is too much to have fun.

"What about clothing for

Morning Report:

The Russians invented the term "peaceful co-existence," but the British showed them what it means. At great expense and with tremendous skill, Moscow put a TV transmitter on the moon. But London picked up the signal and released the pictures first.

Tass, the Russian news agency, had announced that the pictures would be made public "in good time." That's the language of bureaucracy and monopoly. But after London moved, it turned out that "in good time" means the day following the British pictures.

No one can downgrade the achievement of Luna 9. It taught everybody something about our solar system and maybe the Russians learned a little about free enterprise in the process.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Literary Establishment Greets Noted Novelists

CAEN SCRUTINY: At Novelist Blair Fuller's, house on Bay St., two New York literary lions being feted: Peter Matthiessen, author of "At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (one of the best novels of the last decade) and George Plimpton of the Paris Review and many number of national magazines. The local Literary Establishment is there to greet them: Herbert Gold, Lewis Vogler, Jessica Mitford, Barnaby Conrad, Bob Williams, Evan Connell Jr. (Connell is leaving for Europe, there "to sit in sidewalk cafes and brood"). It is like the old days: everybody standing around the kitchen table, nibbling cheese, making their own drinks, talking good talk. . . . In North Beach, Errol Garner playing in a packed house at Basin Street. West. Long lines waiting to hear Theonious Monk and John Coltrane at the Jazz Workshop. Every seat taken at the Matador for Bud and Travis. . . . Cindy Adams, who wrote "Sukarno — An Autobiography," telling all at the Indonesian Consulate: "No wonder it's in its fiftieth printing — Sukarno has ordered all his embassies and consulates to buy 25 copies each. Sukarno is doing the Indonesian translation himself, so each of his three wives will get equal space. Actually, he's allowed four wives," but likes odd numbers.

HANG ON, SCOOPY: Decorator Tony Hall of our town has hit le jacqueup. He'll do the decor in the

lobbies of the new Metropolitan Opera House in New York — one of those money-is-no-object plums. . . . case Bing Crosby doesn't know where his next magazine spread is coming from, we can tell him: in Good Housekeeping, via a multipager by Barnaby Conrad, who paints the Crosby court portraits. . . . Sweet tooth: John Hershey of Hershey Chocolates in Hershey, Pa.

San Francisco (no) flew out for the posh party that launched the New Mission Point condominiums in Sonoma, thereby revealing for the first time that he's one of the owners. CAEN DID CAMERA: Prowling about the Village Fair in Sausalito — Lucille Ball, having same; Curt Jurgens, wearing jeans and sandals, and Miss Emmy Motzo, better known as Elizabeth Scott unless you're a Motzomanic. . . . Beautiful Mrs. Leland Hayward (the ex-Mrs. Randolph Churchill) and Princess Cora Caetani of Italy, trudging down the brick steps of Telegraph Hills from Coit Tower to Montgomery — "because," explained the Princess, "it's the closest thing I've found to Postino, except, of course, that beautiful monster of a bridge" . . . Scribbled on a Tenderloin wall: "I want to meet someone who is kind and understanding." Under which has been added: "Try the SPCA."

BAY CITY BEAT: Dick Tuck, the Democrat's official disturber, sat himself down next to Ronald Reagan on a flight to L.A. last week, and even walked alongside him into a press conference — till the reporters tipped off Reagan. Know who he was? Richard: "I didn't know who HE was!"

THE ACTION, SUCH AS IT IS: Andre Kostelanetz

ROYCE BRIER

Saigon's Black Market Becomes Orgy of Wealth

Black market is the modern term for something going back to the salt economy of ancient Greece. Alcibiades was a black marketer. Americans first became conscious of it as an institution after the war, particularly in Germany.

In Munich, 1946, a carton of American cigarettes was worth \$40, and a packing case of a standard brand would buy a small house. In the occupation, black marketers made fortunes, and some were American military personnel. The occupation authority was helpless, but it died with resumption of normal production and currency reform.

A black market, then, is a sure sign of socio-economic disruption, and it perpetuates itself by a greedy hysteria which is like a virulently infectious disease. Now we have a virulent

World Affairs

'Fall of Paris' Details Destruction by French

A few months ago Larry Collins and Dominique LaPierre presented an exhilarating account of the liberation of the French capital in 1944, "Is Paris Burning?" It dramatized the city's narrow escape after Hitler ordered it leveled, if the Germans were forced to leave, and how that order was at the last moment ignored. Readers of that book might be interested in "The Fall of Paris" by the British journalist and historian Alistair Horne. This is a detailed account of the siege and the Commune of 1870-71 when a large part of the city actually was burned — but by Frenchmen.

This is an extraordinary story that has never been quite clear to me nor, I suspect, to most Americans. In times of crisis or anarchy Paris historically has tended to revert to a communal form of government. It did so at the end of the Franco-Prussian war. Parisians opposed the national assembly at Versailles as too conservative and ready to accept

a humiliating peace. Fired with optimism, foolishness and naivete, they seized the government. Versailles troops inaugurated a siege which, for four months, was resisted by nearly a half-million unruly, half-starved recruits. The "Communards" began fighting among themselves. Frenchmen massacred Frenchmen. When the city fell reprisals followed: thousands (including women and children) were executed and the Seine ran red with blood.

This was not an event of the dark ages. It was the civilized 19th Century City of Light which, four years previously, had been host to the world at the Great Exposition of 1867. (At which, by the way, visitors were astonished by Herr Krupp's military hardware and by Louis-Napoleon's own contribution, a statue of a nude reclining on a lion, entitled "Peace.")

Horne has invested massive research and what seems to be endless detail in this grim historical tapestry. It cries for a more judicious editing. It should be the ideal book for admirers of Barbara W. Tuchman's "The Guns of August," an analysis of the first month of the 1914 war, or her current "The Proud Tower," a detailed view of the European decades which led up to that war. But Horne's book lacks both Miss Tuchman's selectivity and literary style.

"The Fall of Paris" is a far more formidable and traditional history — certainly not the terse, cinematic treatment that Collins and LaPierre brought to their monograph of 1944. This account of the communal government, the spectre of revolution again stalking the city (and claiming more lives than the French cataclysm of 1789); the human elements and terror of it all is large-scale. Yet I do miss that Barbara Tuchman touch.

was at the Blue Fox, working methodically through pepperoni, scampi, veal, tonne, tortellini, pheasant, zuppa inglese and a \$22.50 bottle of Chateau Lafite. "I'm here for a few days," he explained, "to gain a few pounds" . . . Good sports around a table at Del Vecchio's: Jack Blanchard, Tom Harmon, Lefty Gomer, Phil Harris. Let's see, the tennis, football, baseball — and drinking. . . . John Gallagher of Pepsi-Cola's command here, is back from Saigon with non-classified poop pointing toward a long war, in the Majestic Hotel there, he overheard the Marine Sgt. in charge of the SCO Club at Cam Ranh Bay ordering 30 slot machines and 20 pinball games. . . . Further unneeded evidence that censorship is self-defeating: the sales of Jack Kerouac's first book, "On the Road," a long-dormant item, have perked up since it was banned from a local high school. Reports a bookseller: "We haven't sold a copy for months, then all of a sudden we sell five in one day — and may I add that the book is no better than it ever was."

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My Neighbors



"When you pass those big trucks, dear—couldn't you go around them?"