

Press-Herald

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Samuel Yorty for Mayor

Torrance area voters living within the Los Angeles city limits will join other Angelenos Tuesday in a primary election for several municipal offices. Heading the list in public interest is the spirited contest for mayor, an office now held by Samuel W. Yorty.

The Press-Herald recommends the re-election of Mr. Yorty Tuesday. Several choices are being offered to voters, but none, we believe, can offer the leadership and the spirit of accomplishment that Mr. Yorty has evinced during his term as mayor of one of the nation's greatest cities.

Mr. Yorty often has been at odds with members of his City Council, and has been a favorite target of a number of special interest groups. He has, however, plugged along and got things done while others were doing the sniping.

During his term as Mayor, Yorty succeeded in combining rubbish into one pickup, a boon to the Los Angeles householder.

He succeeded in getting a Los Angeles zoo under way—the Children's Zoo opened last weekend.

He has led a resurgence in the Los Angeles Harbor—an area of great importance to the entire Torrance-Southwest area. Among these has been the development of new cargo handling facilities, and plans for greatly enlarging harbor facilities. His program has its critics, but the Harbor Department enjoyed its biggest year last year, both in tonnage and in revenue.

One of Yorty's notable accomplishments has been his stiff opposition to the grouse who would dump Police Chief William Parker. Yorty has stood by Parker and the police department—both recognized as among the most able in the world.

The Press-Herald believes Mr. Yorty's re-election is in the best interest of the residents of Los Angeles and Southern California.

Gibson for Re-election

Councilman John S. Gibson Jr. who has represented the 15th Los Angeles Councilmanic District for 12 years, is seeking re-election to the post he has filled with distinction.

During his tenure as the Harbor Area's representative in the civic center, Mr. Gibson has spearheaded a district-wide improvement program in an area which seemed to have been treated with neglect.

In the course of this program, Councilman Gibson has been able to effect the improvement of a large number of major streets, has led in the development of Harbor Park, and has been an able watchdog on the interest of the Harbor Area relative to the rest of the large metropolis.

Mr. Gibson is respected by his colleagues and served several years as president of the city council.

The Press-Herald strongly recommends Mr. Gibson's re-election.

Short Take

And the word is capitalism. We are too mealy-mouthed. We fear the word capitalism is unpopular. So we talk about the "free enterprise system" and run to cover in the folds of the flag and talk about the American Way of Life.—Eric A. Johnston.

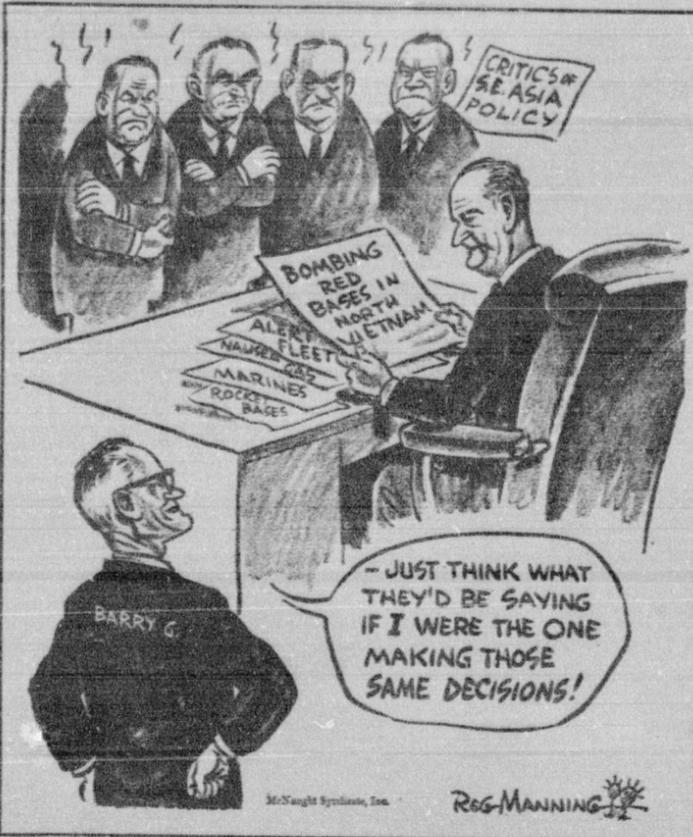
Quote

It is poetic justice that we who feed baloney to the public should get some of it ourselves. — Assemblyman Don A. Allen Sr. on meat gift.

God shall supply every need of yours.—(Phil. 4:19)

Turn to God in prayer for the fulfillment of your needs and prosperity will come to you in the form of rich, productive, usable ideas. God will show you how to use your ideas to bring abundance into your life, for ideas are blessings from God.

Help Red Cross Help Others



ROYCE BRIER

An Old Model T Carcass Won't Enhance the View

There is a yarn, may be true, that in the 1870s at St. Joseph, Mo., there was a great graveyard of covered wagons. The new western railroad had killed them.

But these were nothing to the millions of old automobile bodies which deface our land today. These junkyards in general, signs and dilapidated buildings are the target of President Johnson's crusade to beautify America.

The skull of an ox on the desert may be picturesque, but the carcass of a Model T is not. These graveyards are an American problem, and related to our economy. They aggregate millions of tons of scrap steel, but the cost of processing them is more than they will bring.

So our beauty people want to screen them with shrubs, but interesting a junk dealer in such an undertaking is a touch discouraging.

The English are more de-

termined about noisome manifestations. There is a news item that the parish council of Bladon, where Winston Churchill is buried, will forbid booths and sale of gimknicks to millions expected to visit the shrine this summer.

A councilman said: "Bladon has never claimed to be a place of beauty, but it looks right even if it is scruffy, and that is the way we like it."

Yet you remember the English countryside as ever clean and green and beautiful, and every hamlet reminds you of 'The Deserted Village' before it was deserted. Indeed, Macaulay over a century ago said Goldsmith as usual was writing elegant nonsense, that there are no "deserted" villages in England.

But this is true of all northern Europe. You don't see any automobile graveyards in Switzerland.

Americans throw every-

thing away. Even de Tocqueville noted it in the 1830s, and European visitors are astounded at it today, and in Tokyo they will mention it. At the foot of the Pyramids a dragoon has in his cottage a Gem razor keeps it on a table with the fake scarabs he has for sale, but he wouldn't sell it. He fondles it as if it were a ruby.

Our trouble is fate and nature gave us too much. In the past hundred years we have fashioned twice what we could use to its full life. A man in the Middle Ages had one chair, but our attics and basements are stuffed. We are drowned in disused artifacts.

Mr. Johnson has a job on his hands just getting rid of the junk. We're loath to admit we are scruffy while we have inexhaustible current wealth to preoccupy us. Inexhaustible? Possibly, or possibly not.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Chronology of Meredith's Ole Miss Struggle Issued

"Integration at Ole Miss" by Russell H. Barrett is a chronological—almost day-by-day—account of James Meredith's now historic struggle to attend the University of Mississippi.

It is written with passion and with understanding. Professor Barrett was present during the entire affair and was one of the few faculty members to stand dead against Governor Ross Barnett and the segregationists.

At Mississippi, the stage was set for the eventual tragedy when the Citizens Council types surged to control after the Supreme Court decision. Different and stronger Federal action then, Professor Barrett seems to feel, might have saved it all.

The University administration, trustees and State Legislature all connived to thwart court rulings and keep Meredith, and hence all Negroes, out of Ole Miss. Rules were changed, lies were told, spectacular evasions were devised. During court hearings, judges cynically turned the law to the segregationists' ends without batting an eye.

In Mississippi, then as now, the first enemy of those struggling for morality and principle was the apparatus of law and order—the court, the judge, the sheriff, the police chief, and the cops.

The story of the bloody night in Oxford when the riot took place is, like the rest of this grisly tale, a story of another time and another place. It cannot be OUR country.

The Mississippi Governor behaved like the mad dictator in The Balcony, the Kennedys behaved like politicians. It is unbelievable but true that there was no riot control plan. Not even a public address system to communicate with the mob. Without white-washing the Federal Government, Professor Barrett makes it clear that Governor Barnett and his friends were the major criminals in this affair.

The roots, Professor Barrett says, goes deep in history, back to the rebellious Mississippi Constitution of gence—ancestor worship.

1890 with its anti-Negro attitude. He also charges the University administration and faculty with avoiding responsibility.

"The problem is that many faculty members in America have come to shirk their moral responsibilities. . . . As American universities have developed more and more into trade schools of varied quality, teachers have changed accordingly. They do their teaching and their research so they will be 'successful' and not get into trouble. They see less and less of students outside the formal confines of the classroom. . . . The important policies of their universities are determined by an impersonal entity known as 'the administration' or 'the board'."

When crisis does come, paralysis sets in. "This was the central internal problem at Ole Miss," Professor Barrett feels. And not only there, one might note.

"The huge national debt they will inherit should keep our children from one indulgence—ancestor worship."

STAN DELAPLANE

National Tourist Bureau Often Just a Posh Club

"We have been planning a trip and I wrote to the tourist bureaus of several countries. I got only generalized pamphlets or no answer at all . . ."

On trip planning, I'd go to the airlines servicing the countries. It is sad but true that many national tourist bureaus are country clubs—for a couple of good reasons: one, they are manned by Government employees who can't be fired if they don't work, won't get a raise if they do. Second, every country has been showing increase in tourists anyway. The bureaus would look good at the end of the year if they took it all on coffee break. The airlines are competitive. Private enterprise even when Government supported. If business doesn't look good at year's end, somebody gets bounced. Hence, they give you more action.

"Somebody told us our car insurance does not cover us in Mexico. Is that right?"

Right. You have to buy Mexican insurance. Just before you cross the border you'll see a hundred signs offering insurance. I don't know what it is today. A few years ago I paid \$1.50 a day for fire, theft, and liability.

You can buy by mail from McAllea, Tex., a reliable agent who also sends you very good updated highway information.

"Is there some book on the castles that can be visited in England?"

The British tourist office at 84 St. James' street in London has the list. And they sell a small booklet—about a shilling as I recall—on all the historic castles and country homes.

"Do you tip in the restaurants in Japan?"

I don't. And the local residents don't. There's a small service charge added to your check. Unlike Europe, you don't leave a little extra.

"Can you put us in touch with bus tours of Europe? Are they comfortable?"

Linjebuss, a Scandinavian outfit, has New York sales offices. But I think any travel agent would have their folders, too. Only one I ever rode for long was the Italian CIAT line. Had a driver, a copilot—the blew the horn) and a hostess serving drinks.

"My old bag is beaten up. Can you suggest luggage for a European trip?"

I use the soft side, foldover bag with inner and outer pockets. Holds four suits. They last me about three years and they do get an awful beating. About \$50.

"Can you advise which of the Central American countries are safe to visit. I am a man of 70 . . ."

Politically, they're all safe enough right now. For health, all capitals have hospitals and doctors. But you might not have any quick help in the back country. I think the most attractive of these countries is Guatemala.

"How much must we dress in tourist class on an Atlantic voyage?"

Just tie and coat for dinner. I doubt that you'll see a dinner jacket on anybody.

"Where can we buy a currency converter table for foreign money?"

Pan American Airways will give you one. Free.

"And a table for converting European clothing sizes into our own?"

Air France gives you this one—also free.

"Should we carry money in a money belt?"

No. Get it into travelers' checks. They're worth it just for peace of mind.

"Is it safe—because of health reasons—to take children to Mexico?"

I always take mine. They

have smallpox vaccinations, tetanus and typhoid shots. I try to stay out of malaria for two ladies in London. . . . Live it up and go to Monty Python's in Jermyn street. Just off Piccadilly Circus.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Some Notes on The Bay Front

CAENFETTI: A dozen leather-jacketed motorcyclists invaded Bing Crosby's Hillsborough estate the other day, but (Mr. Crosby will now take up the narrative): "When I heard all this roaring, I ran out the front door, waving my arms and hollering 'Shoo! Shoo!' — and darned if they all didn't turn around and shoo! But man, I was scared" . . . Carroll Lynch and Bob Cameron, publishers of the hot "Drinking Man's Diet," and Bob Wernick, who ghost-wrote it, no longer drink together, diet together or even speak except through lawyers; Wernick is particularly miffed over suggestions that he threatened suit over royalties after the book began selling—"this beef began before the first copy was printed." unquote . . . Flash from the fighting front: The marines now occupying hill 327—a 1060-ft. eminence overlooking Da Nang Air Base in South Vietnam—have named it "the hungry I" . . . Further flash from a carrier-based Navy pilot (from S.F.) who has been hitting targets in North Vietnam: "Our squadron has a Latin motto that we translate as 'What the hell are we doing here?' . . . And from Washington comes the final, authoritative word on why LBJ didn't send the Vice President to Churchill's funeral: "He was afraid I Humphrey wouldn't be able to stop smiling."

STOCKBROKER, back from Las Vegas, was asked by a fellow broker: "Didja see the Sinatra-Joe E. Lewis show?" 1st Broker: "No, the line was too long." 2nd Broker: "So why didn't you give five bucks to the head waiter?" 1st. B: "THAT line was too long."

BROWSING around the B'way beat: Mort Sahl who claims he is now an inch and a half shorter as a result of an accident to his spine . . . Librarian Richard Dillon, author of "Meriwether Lewis," pondering a fortune cookie in a Chinatown chop-chop house: "The ink of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr." Written by a scholar hoping to dodge the draft 2000 years ago? . . . Maestro Josef Krips, singing loudly in German as his S. F. Symphony rehearses the "Rosenkavalier Suite," with Concertmaster Jake Krachmalnick fiddling an obbligato in the wings: gemutlich iss der word.

AUTHOR Dean Jennings opened his front door the other morning to find a dead seagull, with a note attached reading "I'll be seeing you. (Signed) Buggy Seagull." This is what comes of living in Stinson Beach and having fun-loving neighbors who know he's writing a book about the late Buggy Siegel.

PIERRE SALINGER's No. 1 ex-wife, Renee, is strolling around in a sweatshirt, betimes flashing a diamond sparkler bestowed upon her by a noted local saloonkeeper . . . The good ship Pictor steamed in the other day from Japan with a strange cargo—60 tons of whale bones, a gift from the Tokyo Whale Institute to the Smithsonian in Washington. Smelled like hell, if you want the truth . . . The late, great Ernest Hemingway's son, Jack Hemingway, has given up his stockbroker's job here and enrolled at Sonoma State—majoring in French to become a teacher. His ambition: To open a small, exclusive school at Sun Valley, Idaho—not far from the house where his father died so tragically four years ago . . . I know a guy who can't understand LBJ's hostile attitude toward the press: "Whoever heard of a sore winner?" . . . Bob Wernick, who ghost-wrote "The Drinking Man's Diet," is seeing lawyers about suing the publishers for a bigger percentage of the take a thought that struck him after the book began selling in the hundreds of thousands (nothing churns up the gray matter like money).

I ALWAYS do a slight double-take when I read that little Mort Werner is the big power—THE man—behind all of NBC's TV programming. It wasn't too many years ago that he worked here at radio station KFRC (as who didn't), playing the piano on an afternoon program—and so self-conscious he couldn't bear another person in the studio. One day, Bandleader Jay Brower walked in on him, stark naked, and stood silently alongside the piano. Werner collapsed, and dead air ruled the waves.

Morning Report:

Our statesmen in Congress are never too busy to do a little favor for us voters. The other day, the House of Representatives saved us \$27,000 by not giving the nine justices of the Supreme Court a pay raise.

I suppose the judges will somehow struggle through on the \$39,500 they now get and still get enough to eat to be strong enough to write decisions the Congressmen don't like. But if it comes to starvation, I hope the judges won't give in. We'll send them Care packages.

In the meantime, before the Representatives feel too righteous about saving the 27 grand, I wonder how they found the money to pay themselves a raise of \$1,205,000.

Abe Mellinkoff