

Press-Herald

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Well Done, Chief

Recent disturbances and wild demonstrations at the Harvey Aluminum Co. plant have received considerable newspaper space. Without wishing to be drawn into the bitter, four-month-long dispute between management and members of the striking United Steelworkers of America, the Press-Herald believes the Torrance Police Department has handled a dangerous and most delicate assignment extremely well.

Chief of Police Walter R. Koenig is to be commended for the manner in which the policemen assigned to the strike detail have performed under very trying circumstances.

Ill-founded charges of "police brutality" should not be dignified further — especially of them emanate from people not on the scene, such as meandering politicians. One can only suspect what prompts such statements.

The simple fact of the matter was—and still is—that the City of Torrance is charged with providing impartial protection for nonunion workers as they leave the plant, located in the Los Angeles City strip, and cross Western Avenue at 190th Street to the company's parking lot in Torrance. Out-numbered as much as four to one by demonstrators, many of whom had no right to be present, Torrance police were firm and consistent.

When emotion reaches fever pitch, causing tempers to flare between striker and nonunion worker and resulting in wild scuffling, a certain degree of force is mandatory. Torrance police provided that force—fairly and squarely—and in so doing prevented violence and perhaps even death from running rampant.

Charges of brutality have no basis in fact. Law and order must prevail, even at the expense of a few bruises. To contend otherwise is anarchy.

The Right Choice

Torrance taxpayers got an unusual break last Monday evening when the Board of Education adopted its 1965-66 budget and passed some of the benefits of a \$20 million increase in assessed valuation along to property owners.

The new school budget calls for expenditures of \$18.4 million and anticipates a drop in the current tax rate of something between 9 and 12 cents, according to the latest word from S. E. Waldrip, assistant superintendent of schools for business. The actual figure won't be known until County Supervisors set the tax rate later this month.

Admittedly, the decrease isn't much in terms of dollars—probably \$5 or \$6 on the average tax bill. But it is a decrease, and that's something the taxpayer doesn't see too often.

Trustees—by juggling figures and providing for bigger reserves—could have retained the current tax rate of \$4.52 per \$100 assessed valuation, or they could have increased it still more.

Freshman board member Dr. Donald Wilson wanted to maintain the current rate because, he said, taxpayers were used to it and wouldn't appreciate any cut, while the district needs the money. Dr. Wilson also expressed fears Torrance is trying to get along with a "minimum educational program."

It was Mrs. Kenneth E. Watts who broke a previous tie vote and thereby passed the tax cut along to property owners. Mrs. Watts said the decrease was due primarily to a drop in the tax rate needed to service payments on a state loan. Remembering the same tax rate jumped 17 cents last year, Mrs. Watts said, "The taxpayers paid it last year and I think they're entitled to the decrease this year."

The Press-Herald agrees. There is little in the national reputation which Torrance schools enjoy to indicate we have a minimum educational program here. In fact, Torrance schools are considered among the finest in the nation.

We believe the choice was right, and we think the vast majority of taxpayers do appreciate the board's action. On behalf of them, we'd like to say, "Thanks."

Opinions of Others

"One of the best things that can happen to a 14-or-more year-old now that school is out is a part-time job, which is also an educational experience in real life. We have listened too much to social planners about the evils of child labor. A worse situation is the evil of idleness for a youngster bubbling over with excess energy. It is very likely that any so-called juvenile problem is due to this situation as much as any lack of parental concern."—*Tongaxoxie (Kan.) Mirror.*

"There is little argument against the belief that all who are qualified are entitled to as much education as they can and wish to absorb. It is traditionally true, too, that no one with ability has been denied an education in the United States. The pages of history are filled with examples of the poor who have become great by working their way through the loftiest institutions."—*Chestertown (Md.) News.*

"It is a sad commentary upon Americans and American practice that special legislation should come to be needed to assure minority group members equal opportunity. In the event that such laws are necessary, we urge that they be ones that proceed from and confirm Constitutional principles, rather than slip through loopholes of the Constitution and work to strengthen one area of rights at the expense of another."—*La Grange (Ill.) Citizen.*

And Everywhere That Lyndon Went



ROYCE BRIER

The Democratic Party: What Happened in 1960?

In the summer of 1960, John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson were rivals for the Democratic nomination, and there was considerable asperity in the contest.

When Kennedy was nominated, Johnson had strong support for the vice presidential nomination, particularly because of his Southern and Protestant origin. It was not certain however that so proud a man as Johnson wanted to be second, or that Kennedy wanted him. There was a whirlwind 24 hours.

In recent time several men close to either Kennedy or Johnson have been coming up with bits and pieces about the fateful decision, and the latest is Arthur Schlesinger Jr., a White House aide who left shortly after the assassination. In an account in *Life* magazine, he suggests Kennedy wanted to offer Johnson a place on the ticket, but didn't think he would accept. The late Sam Rayburn had a part in the negotiations, and Robert Kennedy, so the story goes, opposed Johnson.

The potential of the 1960 choice, of course, makes it of great public interest, but don't expect confirmation. Robert Kennedy knows the facts, but has a political career to nourish.

Selection of a running mate, usually controlled by a Presidential nominee, has always been political dynamite. Most Vice Presidents have been chosen solely to aid the ticket, and most have been fairly distinguished men whose national obscurity thereafter became notorious. Only when one succeeds on the death of a President do the people care.

When this happens, you get everything from pale figures, like Tyler and Coolidge, to hell-raisers like Andrew Johnson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Harry Truman. Andrew Johnson looks better today than he did in his time, but his time was so angry an objective judgment was impossible.

The first Roosevelt is the archetype of a man who did

not look like much, but climbed the heights, and Truman's reputation has steadily risen since he left office.

If there is anything certain, it is that you can't guess a Vice President. In our time the efforts of some Presidents to make their Vice Presidents seem important have not been very successful. President Kennedy tried it, but you must recall that just two years ago the wags were wondering what ever became of Lyndon Johnson.

So they found out. It is generally conceded in Washington that Johnson is one of the strongest Presidents of this century, belying the neutral shades he shared with all Vice Presidents. In energy output and in being pretty difficult, he resembles Theodore Roosevelt. But we must not equate strength and energy with wisdom and greatness. A President is wise and great when he is right more often than he's wrong, and right in great events. For the verdict, Mr. Johnson, like the rest of us, will have to wait.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Short Story Anthology Published in Paperback

"We're going through!" The Commander's voice was like thin ice breaking . . . pocketa-pocketa-pocketa . . . After all these years, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" remains a marvelous short story. Then there is Wolcott Gibbs, Robert M. Coates, Joseph Mitchell, John O'Hara.

I remember Irwin Shaw's "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses" as a more substantial story, when it appeared in the '30s than the pale vignette it seems today. But we were all younger, more impressionable in those years, and this glimpse of youthful love and doubt in Washington Square is representative of that time. It is representative of Irwin Shaw, too, whom we all thought for a while was our Scott Fitzgerald. For those of us who were around and stirred by such things then, this is part of the fun, re-reading these stories today.

"Short Stories From The New Yorker," 1925-1940, is the first of three volumes titled "Stories From The New Yorker." There are 70 in all: the next two are from the decades 1940-1960. Each has been published previously, but now appears in a tidy boxed quality paperback set (Simon & Shuster; \$7.50, or separately, \$2.50). One who has kept in touch with The New Yorker's fiction over the years will enjoy this permanent exhibit; I have, just browsing in and around it (William Maxwell, Mary Mc Carthy, Sherwood Anderson, J. D. Salinger).

For old times' sake, I wish each story had been dated. One cannot pinpoint the month and year that "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses" first appeared; or Phillip Roth's "Defender of the Faith," or John McNulty's "Man Here Keeps Getting Arrested All the Time."

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Here is evidence in abundance of the New Yorker's impressive role in the development of quality fiction over the past 40 years, first under Harold Ross's editorship, then under William Shawn's. The New Yorker has been sniped at in some quarters recently. But as a weekly editorial production it remains unsurpassed in taste and excellence.

Notes on the Margin— "The Art of William Golding" is a comprehensive critical account of the novelist's work by Bernard S. Oldsey and Stanley Weintraub, both of Pennsylvania State (Harcourt; \$3.50).

SACRAMENTO REPORT

His Handsome Salary Not So Handsome After Taxes

All members of the California State Legislature receive the same salary whether they are State Senators or Members of the Assembly. This salary is exactly \$500 per month, but this is a gross salary and not a net salary. For example, my monthly check is \$398.28. The deductions are \$38.64 withheld each month for U.S. income tax, \$20 for retirement fund and \$43.08 for health, accident, and hospital insurance. These deductions total \$101.72.

The majority of my net income since I was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps, in 1926, has been from the sale of non-fiction articles to magazines and newspaper syndicates and from the royalties on the many non-fiction books I have written, all of which have been published by publishers of national recognition.

I was elected for the first time to the California Legislature in November, 1950, and received my first oath of office on the first Monday in January, 1951. I have been re-elected continuously ever since. During all this time, the major source of my net income has been from writing books and magazine articles. This includes what I have written for dictionaries and encyclopedias.

Many years ago I completed what the U. S. Social Security people call "40 covered quarters of employment" but I still must pay into the U. S. Social Security fund, which is not a separate fund in reality but goes into the general fund of the United States.

Years ago, the U. S. Internal Revenue Service discovered that my major source of income is from being what they call "a self-employed author," hence I must continue to pay into U. S. Social Security as long as I remain an author. Although I am not old enough to receive Social Security benefits, even if I "retired" as an author, I am "stuck" with U. S. Social Security whether I like it or not.

Returning to my income as a legislator, there are several so-called "fringe benefits," but none of them have been of any benefit to me. For example, under the State Constitution I am entitled to receive five cents per mile for traveling to Sacramento at the beginning of each session of the Legislature and five cents per mile for returning home at the end of each session. Anyone who can travel from any spot within the 46th Assembly District to Sacramento for five cents per mile must be an expert hitch-hiker.

However, there's a "catch" to this big deal. If I ride in an automobile with any California State employee or official who is collecting mileage I cannot receive my five cents per mile, regardless of how much he or she is receiving.

There are other so-called fringe benefits but I shall not bore you with how I lose money on them at this time. One of my duties as a legislator is to hear other people's troubles, real and imaginary. I do hear what amount to confessions, although I am not ordained.

It is my belief that, deep underneath, the true reason for running for public office is usually a desire to make at least one small corner of the world better than it was when you found it. Everyone in public office becomes

Quote

"My gardens are my life. Not that I want to live forever. But a person doesn't want to die, either."—Joseph L. Gowell, 85, blind Los Angeles gardener.

"The more energy we devote to exploring space, the one frontier that can never close, the less we will have for squabbling among ourselves."—William J. Westbrooks, San Francisco.

discouraged at times, but every day there is a new sunrise and new hope for accomplishment.

For example, through thousands of years the Jewish rabbis and the Christian clergy have been urging their congregations to obey the Ten Commandments. It is not necessary to comment on the results, but the clergymen seldom quit. Most of them keep trying.

It is true that all persons in public office do not hear a loud call of duty or even a faint whisper. Some want fame, prestige, glory, money or even a higher office. Many such status seekers achieve their goals but they

cannot take fame, glory, money, or prestige with them when they leave this earthly existence.

This all boils down to the fact that even though California State Legislators are not receiving a net income commensurate with their duties, responsibilities, and expenses, anyone who does not like it can resign and no person is required to run for public office. Anyone who wants to be in the California State Legislature should have some reliable source of outside, honest income. Mine is writing. Incidentally, I write the "Sacramento Report" myself on an Underwood manual typewriter. I am glad to report.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

We Can Talk Reds to Death

WHY DO THEY call them "gentlemen's agreements" when they so seldom involve an arrangement that a true gentleman would be party to? . . . Maturity is eating in a French restaurant without feeling that you must reward the waiter with a miserable sample of your high school French . . . Opera: the only art form that can bore you to tears, and, in the next breath, move you to tears . . . In the past five years, phones in the U.S. have multiplied from 48 million to 85 million—a faster rate of reproduction than the Red Chinese. We should be able to talk them to death any day now.

THE AMERICAN PRESS describes Viet Cong attacks as "terrorist raids," the same phrase the Communist press uses to describe U.S. air attacks on North Viet Nam. Today's conundrum: are both right, or both wrong? . . . The late C. Wright Mills described our Viet Nam adventure as "crackpot realism," a phrase he defined as "establishing a false premise and proceeding logically from there" . . . A person described admiringly as "a man of few words" usually turns out to be merely a man with an unusually small vocabulary.

BEING a compulsive reader of any newspaper that comes to hand, I am particularly drawn to the "fillers"—those timeless, one paragraph nuggets that appear at the bottom of pages to fill out columns. Some fillers are pointless: "The composer of 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny,' James A. Bland, was of African descent and was born in Flushing, N.Y. (fantastic!). Some are dull: "East African fossil beds have yielded evidence that three entirely different kinds of pre-historic men existed alongside one another in the remote past." Some are real gee-whizzers: "Americans today are taller and heavier than any humans that have ever been measured" (the harder they fall?). I had just about given up the search for a really delightful filler when I found myself browsing through the nether regions of a local paper the other day, there to find: "With a click-click here and a click-click there, the South American oilbird darts about the ink-black caves with the greatest of ease." Trapped somewhere in the bleakness of the fillers department is a man with the soul of a poet. I hope he is soon promoted to better things.

IN A PSYCHIATRIST is an ambivalence-chaser, is a decorator an ambience-chaser? You have to feel sorry for psychiatrists: Don Sherwood refers to his as "the dirty doctor" . . . The finest American trait is that of irreverence. For instance, George LaFavre reports he wasn't impressed when Lady Bird Johnson stopped the Presidential caravan to pick up a discarded soft drink bottle alongside the highway. He notes: "I have a hunch she was after the deposit on the bottle. I could be wrong, though."

NOTES & QUOTES: Gypsy Rose Lee, upon reading that Sinatra and Barbara Streisand have been offered \$40,000 for single appearances: "For me to get that, I'd have to have three of something. Actually, I have everything I had 25 years ago except now it's a little lower" . . . Poet Gary Snyder was complaining to his mother, Lois Snyder Hennessy, that since he won a \$10,000 Bollingen Award, all his friends are hitting him for handouts. Lois: "So get some new friends—your friend Kerouac did." (Pause). "Migawd, I sound like a Jewish mother!" . . . One of Mel Belli's young Stanford graduate lawyers arrived at the office the other day in a brown suit, prompting Ol' Bellicose to roar: "Only a fruit or an FBI man would wear a brown suit!" Red-faced brown-suited lawyer left in blue funk, returned in blue serge . . . Lawrence Lipton, author of "The Holy Barbarians" and "The Erotic Revolution," also in a roaring mood: "I've just been dropped by UCLA Extension. Two Little Old Ladies from Pasadena listened to my lectures and complained that I'm pornographic. I came to San Francisco to tell the world about this outrage. Los Angeles is occupied territory. Send CARE packages. Send the Marines!"

ADD LETTERS FROM CAMP: The Paul Stasch-owners sent their 10-year-old dghtr., Roni, to Girl Scout camp—her first experience—and they just got their first letter. As follows: Dear folks: Last night I went to a latrine. It was THE FIRST AND LAST TIME!"