

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor
Sunday, June 26, 1966

A Distinguished Citizen

The name Stanley L. Dunn was added to a growing list of distinguished Torrance citizens Friday night when it was announced that he had been selected to receive the Distinguished Citizen Award at the annual Chamber of Commerce banquet.

Mr. Dunn, the 12th community leader to receive the Laughon-Whyte trophy since it was first presented in 1953, was described by one of his nominators as "a giant of goodness."

A reading of his accomplishments in recent years, and the many activities in which he has been a prime mover, bears out the description. His interests have been wide — as befits a man selected as the distinguished citizen.

Much of Mr. Dunn's activity has been directed at youth, an area in which responsible adult leadership is essential.

His dedicated community and civic efforts have won him the accolades of his community and the Press-Herald is happy to join in commending Mr. Dunn. Torrance is a better place to live because of men like him.

Others Say:

'No' to a New Agency

A Kansas business man—Robert Johnstone, manager of the Aitchison plant of Philsbury company—stood up at a special hearing of the congressional House last week and told its members that the proposed agencies are not needed.

The bill would provide a new federal agency to help speed planning for all public services, community developing and governmental functions within a designated district. Such district might include one or more counties—and a scad of federal funds would be made available for it.

He cited five overlapping programs that are now trying to provide assistance for economic area development.

He did not say so, in so many words, but indicated strongly his belief that it is silly to create another federal agency for such a purpose.

Mr. Johnstone repeated the Kansas state chamber of commerce in his appearance. His attitude was one that should be well supported by public opinion in this state.

The domain of federal spending on the domestic scene already is so vast that another cooked-up and unnecessary federal bureau would be little short of sinful.—*El Dorado Times*.

It is a fact that in this contemporary world of the Great Society, we have all grown accustomed to wild spending schemes and tremendous, all-encompassing welfare programs . . . (while Mr. Johnson was asking the people to stop spending money and thereby halt the rapid march of inflation) . . . The President personally shoved through Congress another giant spending program which included rent subsidies and a teacher corps.—*York (Neb.) News-Times*.

A few days back there appeared in the columns of the Tribune a few words from a man who has been fighting in Viet Nam. His chief complaint was a lack of mail. If you have or know of a serviceman over there, keep the mailman busy. Let our servicemen know that you are behind them in their efforts.—*Mesa (Ariz.) Tribune*.

A bit of fancy horse trading in the Senate the other day carried a price tag of \$22 million for the taxpayers of the nation to shoulder. It was politics, pure and simple . . . It all revolves around the administration's pet bill to have Uncle Sam shell out some of the taxpayers' money to help pay the rent for some who want to let the government support them.—*Findlay (Ohio) Republican-Courier*.

JAMES DORAIS

Hope for Property Tax Relief

Everybody talks about the weather, as the saying goes, but nobody does anything about it.

And just about everybody in California has been talking about the oppressive burden on property taxpayers, but up until now nobody has been doing anything about it.

The overburdened homeowner, however, finally has found a champion in the influential person of the State's chief fiscal officer, Controller Alan Cranston. In a major address at Valley State College in Los Angeles recently, Cranston set forth a daring and imaginative proposal embodying the first important tax reform in California since adoption of the Riley-Stewart tax plan and the state sales tax in the mid-thirties.

Under the Riley-Stewart

plan, approximately half of the cost of financing public school operations was removed from the backs of property taxpayers and made a state responsibility. The sales tax enabled the state to meet this obligation.

In the intervening thirty year period, taxes on homes and other property have steadily crept upward, reaching the point today where, as Cranston puts it, "the property tax is destroying the people's ability to own their own homes."

The Controller's plan would eliminate completely the power of school districts to levy the property tax, producing, in his words, the following results:

- "Our runaway and inequitable property taxes would be reduced by half."
- "The cause of California education, now threatened



FROM THE MAILBOX

Open Letter Touched Her, But What About the Facts

Editor, Press-Herald: Mrs. V. P. M., your open letter to your sons touched me very deeply, but one of us is slightly misled. I thought bonds were to be used for building and maintenance. Do books come under this, too? A few years ago, after the 90-cent override, my son was short a book all year.

You mention their daddy coming home before they do I take it they are in high school if they start at 8:30. All lower grades start at 9 to my knowledge. If you are so concerned on this issue, maybe we had better stop all football, baseball, track, and cross country because when my sons went out for these sports, it was way past their daddy's arrival at home. And then there are the dances and clubs. So maybe we can take the money earmarked for these and put them in classrooms and books.

You also mentioned the teachers will have twice the amount of students to teach. This means we will have double the enrollment. This I question! I think you also mentioned "our teachers are not trained to handle this." Come on, Mrs. V.P.M. I know "teachers" who could handle this hands down, but you're not giving much credit to their training. Fifteen new students to a classroom is what you claim will happen.

Most people work eight hours per day. Some bring work home or go back, yet they put out the same quality in eight hours. If the lower grade teachers had two four-hour third grade

classes, he or she would have the same program. High school teachers usually have a few free periods and they teach another subject—such as a gym teacher teaching driver education or auto mechanics—which I might add, I understand they are paid extra for.

Now I understand the \$9 million bond issue was earmarked for only two new school sites and art, music, and auto shops and also gym facilities at South (I understand the students were told this meant a pool). But the biggest part was the vocational center. Now I ask you what has this to do with double, excuse me, half-day sessions?

Do you know the school has asked the federal government for money every chance they get. Right now its for art, \$1 million which they have to match. And what about the little card we get every year to see who works or lives on government property.

No, I don't have any children in school now except college. Two graduated the last three years and one will enter in two years.

As for private schools, do you realize what you pay in federal, state, and local taxes for schools? It is the biggest business in the United States today. Like you, we want to give our children a good education. But we also want to provide a home and a life away from the school. Besides, we don't want to be a ward of the

state or our children in later life and at the rate of property taxes now we will not be able to live in our own home, even if it is paid for!

So please let the school state, 1-2-3, where this money is to go. If we really need it, fines, but are we being fair to our children? What about the time when they have children to send to school? How far can we inflate the dollar?

Tell me, Mrs. V. P. M., do you run your home like the schools, with an open pocketbook? Does your husband give four hours of high quality work to his employer, then slack off?

Let's think real calm on this bond issue. Let's let the schools tell us just where this money will go. How many classrooms? For what?

As for the younger generation, I think they are wonderful. Some learn, some don't. We had dropouts in my day, but I think the paper would be doing a great service to everyone concerned if it would find out from the schools just what this money will buy and tell us mean old diards.

MRS. LILLIAN DEAN, 2513 W. 227th St.

WILLIAM HOGAN

First Archbishop Man of Religious Fervor, Zeal

"I am Catalan," said this native of Vich, and Catalonians seemed up to any chore. A member of the Dominican Order and something of an adventurer who had performed missionary work in frontier Kentucky and Tennessee in the 1840s, the young cleric was thought to be the right man to take over the Sea of Monterey in 1850. He knew Spanish—that was important to the strong Mexican element existing in California at the time; and through his pre-Civil War labors on the Western frontier he knew American ways and spirit. Thus, he might be able to handle the rough, ignorant, perhaps hostile and prejudiced elements of gold hunters from the East.

Joseph S. Alemany, O. P., was still a newly consecrated Bishop of Monterey in 1853 when he was summoned by Rome to take over the new Archdiocese of San Francisco. The story of Alemany is a new approach to the early history of San Francisco. And John B. McGloin, S. J., professor of history, University of San

HERB CAEN SAYS:

The Market Street Crowd Takes You at Face Value

You might walk along Market Street once in awhile, you people who are willing to concede only that the Ferry Building is at one end and Twin Peaks at the other. What lies between is the San Francisco that San Franciscans will never know—the anonymous thousands who live their secret lives that no computer, no pollster, no newspaperman is ever going to get at. In their walled silence they make a mockery of the four-color posters we try to sell to the world as The Real San Francisco.

When you walk along Market you become just another face in the crowd—a crowd that takes you at face value. It might not be The Real San Francisco, but, brother, it's real.

"You're lucky," nervously smiled a friend who works in a plant that is becoming more and more automated. "They'll never invent a machine that can do your kind of work."

But why not a computerized column? Many of my own. I reflected sadly, already sounded machine-made, with only the names misspelled to confuse the libel lawyers. Perhaps I was becoming a machine myself, sitting dead-eyed and slack-

jawed at the typewriter, pounding out the same old familiar stories for years without end.

The resident genius in charge of computers snapped at my proposal with obvious relish. "Certainly I've got a machine that can write a column regularly without breathing hard," he said, leading me over to a metal monster in a corner.

"This little beauty right here," he went on, patting

San Francisco

its pointy head, "is the Super Human Razzle Dazzle Linear Unit, otherwise known as SHRDLU. Programmed, it can put any number of people out of work—including sensation-seeking columnists such as yourself. It automatically sets its own typographical errors, easy as pi. It never gets hangovers, is completely tax-deductible and—"

"But is it funny?" I interrupted. "This machine," he replied, "is a scream."

We spent the next hour feeding a week's supply of column fodder into SHRDLU, a nice little machine once you got to know her. The Computer man rub-

bed his hands in anticipation "That's plenty of nothing," he smiled. "More than enough for a week's columns." He slapped SHRDLU heartily on the back and said, "You are now a columnist. Write us a Monday column, you superhuman little beauty."

He pressed the "Start" button, and sure enough, the tapes rolled and it typed out "Caen colm for Monday." Then it neatly printed "Set all two colms," after which came a long silence as it whirred quietly. "That's odd," said the computer man, giving SHRDLU a kick. Still silence.

When the computer man kicked it again, SHRDLU lit a cigarette. Then it changed its own typewriter ribbon, and when it began sharpening pencils, the man got frantic. He pressed a whole lot of buttons and the machine lit up angrily. A wisp of smoke curled out of its top and a tape appeared, reading, "Think I'll run downstairs for a quick drink."

I went back to the office feeling better. A machine might replace a columnist some day, all right, but it won't get any more work done. Not if it's properly programmed.

ROYCE BRIER

Viet Nam War Enhances Effort to Find Analogy

Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the Kennedy biographer, told a commencement class a new McCarthyism could arise from the debate over the Viet Nam war. He said: "There are melancholy indications that before we know it, we may develop an atmosphere which only requires a new McCarthy to become a new McCarthyism."

This is hard to credit, and the reservation is contained in the quotation, because a new McCarthyism must find a politician much like McCarthy, just as any new Hitlerism must first find a politician very like Adolf Hitler. Such developments, both on a national and international scale, are not impossible, but they are unlikely. This column is not written to fault Mr. Schlesinger, a highly intelligent observer of contemporary history, but to analyze our compulsive tendency to find analogies in past events.

World Affairs

that our government was heavily infiltrated with a treasonable intent to surrender to the Soviet menace. He found just enough examples to lend credence to his design, and what he didn't find, he invented.

He also had a talent for intimidating those who questioned his purpose or his allegations. Those intimidated did not present a noble national spectacle, but the Senator killed himself when he came under the cold eye of television.

Nam enhances the search for analogy, but most analogies offered us are superficial: you have to forget the structure and intensity of the past event you invoke.

Senator McCarthy was the product of the cold war fear of the 1950s, and a talented one. His talent was for demagoguery, nothing new of course, and for concentrating on a delusion, to wit,

A prevailing analogy offered in our time, one quite insupportable in logic and reality, is drawn between the Communist menace in Asia, and the Hitlerian menace in Europe. Secretary Rusk has drawn this analogy, complete with the Munich component, but you must forget a great deal to draw it.

This Hitler was one of the most dangerous men in history. All mankind was his prey. He had the intent of universal conquest (which was not unprecedented), but far more, he had an unprecedented total superiority of weaponry in Europe between 1936 and the winter of 1941-42. With this intent and this physical power, Munich was obligatory on the European civilization searching frantically for time. At last Hitler's miscalculation (the Russian winter) killed him. But have we forgotten the Age of Hitler, and what it was like for all civilized men?

These three, McCarthy, Long, and Hitler had the rabble rousing spark, and while rising, were hard to stop, but they were stopped in three different ways. The climate for a rabble rousing genius, national or international, is not good today. Powerful forces are amply equipped to stop them before they get off the ground, and a rabble-rouser who can't soar is dead. History is strewn with their corpses, figurative and real.

The only other Senator of this century with a like gift was Huey Long, a product of the Depression. He simply promised to make everybody rich and important, and he was in higher gear than McCarthy ever was when he was assassinated. Don't you remember the days when he flourished?

Books

his diocese a good deal of the time. Yet he was an indefatigable worker, an ascetic in his own life. He grew up with his people and his city from a point where (beyond the crumbling Mission Dolores) a wooden shanty on Vallejo street could hold the entire Catholic population of the city to the late '80s, when San Francisco had become virtually a Catholic community.

Father McGloin has researched his project in great detail—from Rome to Spain (including sessions with the Alemany family of today in Barcelona) back to California. While the Dominican Archbishop tends to remain a shadowy 19th Century spiritual figure in these pages rather than a particularly exciting or legendary man, Father McGloin scatters some fine anecdotes along the way. Many of these are from Alemany's own diaries and reports. Example: Not all went well in the early days. In the fall of 1855, there was an anti-Catholic outbreak at Drytown, Amador county, in the course of which a church was burned by "irresponsible Americans," as the Archbishop put it. Having traveled to the scene by stage coach, Alemany added in his journal that someone in the crowd shouted: "Hang the priest!" But, as the author interjects, "such incidents happened rarely and Alemany was almost always treated with respect." This is a first-rate labor of scholarship (and labor of love, one suspects) that is also a fresh and never uninteresting contribution to the history of the American West.

My Neighbors



"Claims his name's Merlin wants to know can we use him..."