

# Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFIL . . . . . Publisher  
REID L. BUNDY . . . . . Managing Editor  
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## The People Remembered

A new business directory just issued by the Lomita Chamber of Commerce is not too different from many we have seen through the years.

It has a nice picture of Chamber President Jim Becker, a picture of the young city's administrative headquarters, a listing of churches, service clubs, public facilities, and business, plug a map of the city pointing out principal municipal facilities.

It also includes a staff chart of the city and public offices—but here, the Lomitans have introduced a new thought. Whereas most staff charts lead off with the legislative body, in this case the City Council, the Lomita chart starts off with a box labeled "Voters of Lomita."

By doing this, they have paid a proper tribute to the first branch of government, the people themselves.

Too often, we fear, those in places of authority tend to the belief that they alone are the dispensers of wisdom and truth. They forget that it is the people who provide the reservoir of power from which they are fed.

We are pleased to see that the Lomita Chamber of Commerce remembers.

## The Free Society

As more and more people seek to accommodate themselves to the apparently spreading belief that ever bigger government is inevitable, it is refreshing to read a few words from a booklet, entitled "The Power of Choice," issued recently by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. It says, "It is the free societies that have led the way in scientific progress, in invention, in applying invention to industrial use, and in turning the works of science to the good of the average man."

"It is the free societies that have given scope and liberty to the scientist to think his own thoughts and to turn his inventions and innovations to productive use. Consider how much of the industrial and scientific revolutions have been copied round the world from the European and American free societies. Does this not suggest a strong empirical connection between scientific progress in the useful arts and economic free enterprise? The challenge is to maintain, in the face of unprecedented social and economic change, the values which have made this nation great . . . in any age, the great society is the free society."

In a free society, the powers of government are limited—a fact that many people seem to be forgetting.

## Opinions of Others

You can put extra pennies—even dollars—in your pocket if you read the grocery ads and take advantage of the specials. Home economists at the Department recently went shopping to test this theory. They were able to save 25 per cent by shopping the ads of the stores in a single neighborhood.—U. S. Department of Agriculture June report to consumers.

Vacationers tend to go too far and too fast for their own good. Quite often they keep going until they're tired and consequently not very alert. You can deal with such situations defensively in your driving. Watch out for out-of-state licenses, cars towing boats or trailers, and confused drivers slowing down. You might be able to help them, and by defensive driving, you can definitely help yourself and avoid an accident.—Portland (Ore.) Traffic Safety Commission.

The worst fed American is the teenage girl who skips or skimps on breakfast, consumes one fourth of her total calorie intake in poorly chosen snacks, and doesn't drink enough milk or eat enough fruits and vegetables.—Nation's Agriculture.

In 1963, the Petroleum industry spent some \$315 million on research. By 1970, according to current projections, the figure will soar to \$600 million. Some of the research projects border on the fantastic—but we live in a fantastic age. For instance, among them are such things as homes built of fireproof plastics which would also be termite resistant; clothes made from petrochemical fibers which would not wear out; petroleum-based inhibitors which, when applied to lawns, would make mowing only a once-a-year chore.—Petroleum Bulletin.

## Mailbox

Editor, Press-Herald:

It is my opinion that the people of Torrance have been let down by many sources. At the July 26 council meeting, we were let down by the majority of the council when they decided that prime industrial land should be used for some other development.

We were also let down by the school district because no one thought it important enough to be there to answer any questions the four weak councilmen might have had.

We were let down by the Torrance Chamber of Commerce, which has no qualms at all about asking for more money each budget time. What good is it for the Chamber to send out brochures luring industry to

Torrance, then sit frozen while the majority of the council gives away prime industrial land?

I appreciate that schools must be separate from city government, but there are times when the two should cooperate and face facts. I am wondering how really needed the many-million dollar school bond is when no stand is taken on this rezoning.

Some of those powers better take their heads out of the sand and stop pretending all of the people in Torrance are stupid. Too bad some of us have been stupid in the past in the backing of certain candidates and couldn't have awakened before such in-

justice was done.

MRS. VERA SHELBOURN

## The Worst Mass Slayer



McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

REG-MANNING

## Britisher Finds State's Legislators a Varied Lot

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL  
Assemblyman, 46th District

Mr. Hugh S. Thomas, a loyal subject of her British Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, has been in the United States of America studying the natives. His special concern has been the membership of the California State Assembly. He started interviewing us early in the regular general session of 1965 and continued his labors during the long, drawn out budget session and two extra-ordinary sessions of this year.

In 1965, he told me, in my office in the State Capitol, that he hoped to receive the Master of Arts degree in June, 1966, from S a n Jose State College, and then go on to obtain the Doctor of Philosophy degree from the University of California.

The questionnaire which he brought with him to my Capitol office was very detailed, consisting of hundreds of questions about my background, formal education, experience in the armed forces, business, industry and business, salaries I had received, my income from magazine articles and books, my religious beliefs, etc. Having asked me questions from the cradle to the present on every conceivable subject, he then got down to the meat of the coconut.

Since the thesis which he intended to submit to San Jose State College related to the Legislature, Mr. Thomas wanted to know why I decided to run for the Assembly in 1950. I told him I ran because the people who were then the Republican leaders in the 46th Assembly District at that time wanted to "fill up the ticket."

Being a Britisher, Mr. Thomas did not understand American political slang. I explained patiently that the 46th Assembly District in 1950 was so overwhelmingly Democratic that no other Republican seemed to want to face what looked like sudden disaster. This seemed to satisfy Queen Elizabeth.

He received his Master of Arts degree from San Jose State College in June, 1966. His thesis became a public record. Here are a few extracts from it which may interest you, taken at random from his own words, and rephrased to save space:

1. Eighty per cent of the 80 California Assemblymen hold either college or university degrees. Fifty-two per cent have two or more degrees. Twenty-five per cent majored in political science or government.

2. In the Assembly, Thomas found that 17 rated themselves as liberals, 21 rated themselves as conservatives, and 42 considered themselves as moderates. All of us had to tell Thomas that we were one of the three. I told him that I am a conservative. He asked me what that meant and I told him that it means saving, or conserving that which is good and not throwing the baby out with the bathwater and calling that progress.

3. Thomas described those of us in the Assembly as "a very impressive collection of persons, at least as well educated as Britain's House of Commons."

4. Thomas said in his thesis that he was impressed with our legislative work but found that we need a State Constitutional amendment for longer sessions each year.

5. He also said that being in the California State Legislature now amounts to a full time job, and that we are "doing at least a whole year's work in a period of six months" each year.

6. Now comes the soft violin music. Referring to all 80 of us in the Assembly, he said: "They are good men." The British subject overlooked the fact that Mrs. Pauline Davis, one of our colleagues in the Assembly, is still standing after 1,800 years.

The temple was built to endure, though it could not resist earthquakes and human vandals. Still, as you gaze on the six Corinthian columns, 62 feet high, you have a curious sense of Roman permanence, even though the civilization was dying.

In those days, human life did not change much in a century. There was no technological change or economic change, and so far as religious feeling was expressed in building, one religion was about like another. There were massive temples for the great gods, les-

ser temples for the little gods.

When we took up these Roman and Greek architectural forms and implanted them in western Europe, as in St. Paul's the structures seemed appropriate enough, but when they were erected in America a certain incongruity appeared. The inherent permanence of the structures seemed out of place for America's face was changing so rapidly there seemed no virtue in building something to endure.

Early in this century a celebrated firm of architects conceived a Roman temple for the new Pennsylvania Station in New York.

Here, too, was a colonnade, not so high as that

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# Boswell on the Bay Sees Handwriting on the Wall

Bombshell! The Los Angeles Times, that redoubt of rock-ribbed Republicanism, just may turn its powerful back on Ronnie-babe and endorse Pat Brown for re-election . . . Consternation in the ranks of the King Family, the No. 1 showbiz example of Togetherness Über Alles. Vonnie King is divorcing Del Courtney, meaning he's out as front man-manager for the group (she is said to have her next husband—No. 3—all picked out: a H'wood producer-director).

In view of the recent headlines, a local wit is singing that song this way: "My kind of town, Chicago WAS" . . . That was a horrendous crash here on Post nr. Polk a few afternoons ago: a Mustang rammed into a Chrysler with such force that the latter car was hurled into the sidewalk. The Chrysler's owner was in this kind of daze: while waiting for the tow-truck, he put a dime in the parking meter!

Writer John Raymond of Grattan St., a whimsical character whose envelopes are headed "Happy Daze Pot Co., Finest Imported Marijuana," has run afoul of the Postal Inspectors, who don't think his gag is all that funny. In fact, they are preparing prosecution to send him up the river. Game to the end, Raymond's envelopes are now emblazoned with "Lenny Bruce for Postmaster," but I don't think that'll get him a better room at McNeil Island.

Funny Old Town: The sign in the lobby of the Sut-

ter-Stockton garage reads "Stairs To Lower Level"—with a big arrow pointing UP . . . A mother whose son is about to turn 18 phoned the draft board to inquire: "Will he need his birth certificate when he registers?" "Oh no," came the cheery reply. "He can bring a note from his mother." Brother, that's folksy . . . A native asked his aunt if she'd like to have lunch in a topless

restaurant, to which she replied: "You KNOW I don't like to sit in the sun."

Every Friday and Saturday, a young man walks up to Phil Wheeler's Geary St. flower stand, buys a single red rose, and strolls off with a murmured "I hope it's tender." Phil figures he's just another oddball, but not quite. He's Actor Doug Johnston, whose role in "Rhino," at the San Francisco Playhouse Repertory, calls for him to eat one (1) rose, stem and all. "Garnet roses taste the worst," reports Doug, who may be the world's No. 1 expert on the subject. "Very bitter and indigestible."

Funny Old Town: The newsie at 1st and Mission dashed into the nearby Stag barber shop, ordered "Gimme a haircut in a hurry," and got it. Owner Jose Montalvo and Barber Ray Millan weren't busy, so Jose trimmed one side and Ray the other. Fortunately for the newsie, they came out even . . . Another of our delight-

ful downtown characters—that shaggy Beatnik-type mailman on the lower California St. beat—has now taken to making the rounds barefoot! One incensed exec. who phoned the nearby substation to complain, was told: "I don't know what we can do, sir. He was wearing shoes when he left here" . . . No-no-no, Frank Sinatra's children will NOT call their new stepmother "Mama Mia," but thanks to all you wits who've wondered. It was that other wit, Harry Kurnitz, who said to Mia after she chopped off her hair: "Wonderful—it makes you look YEARS younger!"

Look Who's Here: John English III is a young London rock'n'roller who made a couple of hit records and came to the States last fall to sign a \$100,000 recording contract (Stardust Records) and appear on "Hullabaloo," and the like. He was having such a fine time that he plain forgot to renew his tourist visa whereupon—zunk!—he was drafted into the U. S. Army and sent to Fort Ord. Is he moaning and groaning, and hollering for the British Consul? Not at all. Young John LIKES the Army! So much so that he has enlisted for a four-year stretch (as a draftee, he could have been out in two) and is leaving for officer training at Fort Benning, Ga. . . but not before making a farewell appearance as a rock'n'roller at Del Monte Lodge's Concours d'Elegance (you know, old cars) at the head of a group he calls The Mark IV Five.

Another of our delight-

## ROYCE BRIER

# Our Temple to Pennsy. Is Relegated to the Meadow

In Baalbek, in Syria, the emperors after Hadrian built a temple to Jupiter, and at part of the colonnade is still standing after 1,800 years.

The temple was built to endure, though it could not resist earthquakes and human vandals. Still, as you gaze on the six Corinthian columns, 62 feet high, you have a curious sense of Roman permanence, even though the civilization was dying.

In those days, human life did not change much in a century. There was no technological change or economic change, and so far as religious feeling was expressed in building, one religion was about like another. There were massive temples for the great gods, les-

ser temples for the little gods.

When we took up these Roman and Greek architectural forms and implanted them in western Europe, as in St. Paul's the structures seemed appropriate enough, but when they were erected in America a certain incongruity appeared. The inherent permanence of the structures seemed out of place for America's face was changing so rapidly there seemed no virtue in building something to endure.

Early in this century a celebrated firm of architects conceived a Roman temple for the new Pennsylvania Station in New York.

Here, too, was a colonnade, not so high as that

of Baalbek, but impressive enough. Above the entablature, each column had a stone eagle high as a man, possibly to express the soaring power of the Pennsylvania Railroad. For this was the day when, if you got about by railroad, the Pennsy was the greatest. Indeed, in 1910, you would never dream the vast station would ever run out of travelers; it surpassed Rome in seeming fixity.

No earthquakes shook Penn Station, no vandals sacked it, but something as devastating was just beginning—the automobile and the airplane. As surely as the barbarians made grass to grow in Roman streets, these twin scourges began gnawing at Penn and all the lesser depots of the land, and many a monument unrelated to transportation.

Nineteen-ten? Yes, but nobody saw it coming. Yet in a mere 40 years, the great financiers and the economists and the thinkers about cities and man's works, knew Penn was doomed.

What had happened? Why, real estate values changed. Penn was no longer profitable. You had to have the site for something profitable. So what do you do with such a monolith? A few years ago they were going to set the Roman Doric columns, among the finest in existence, out on Long Island, where they would stand as long as Baalbek, for the wonder of those to come. But the idea died, perhaps because there was no profit in that either.

So they are dumping the red granite drums out in some suburban meadow—where, nobody knows or cares. Even as demolition goes on they are starting a new circular Madison Square Garden, with a 29-story and 52-story office building.

Whether these will endure for the ages, you will never know. In a picture of the model, published in a newspaper, they look as smooth and characterless as the drawings in your old geometry book, the chapter labeled "Solids." Maybe.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Long Friendship Leads to Revealing Faulkner Study

The distinguished critic Malcolm Cowley's concise book on his professional and friendly relationship with William Faulkner during the last years of Faulkner's life can in no sense be compared with A. E. Hotchner's "Papa Hemingway." Yet "The Faulkner-Cowley File: Letters and Memories 1944-1962" is a vastly revealing collection of insight, anecdotes, private thoughts and correspondence involving both author and critic. Cowley has produced an important literary document (which the gossip, if fascinating Hotchner book was not), it is also a highly readable tour "inside" the complex, brooding, amusing, Mississippi farmer who won a Nobel Prize for Literature.

Cowley denies that he "discovered" Faulkner. But this book certainly proves that Cowley "rediscovered" the sadly neglected writer. In the late World War II years all 17 of Faulkner's published books were out of print. There was simply no demand for them. In several

of his (then) 11 novels he had created his famous mythical Mississippi county, a sustained work "such as no other writer had attempted," Cowley emphasizes.

The critic sought to prepare a long essay on Faulkner and wrote to Faulkner for help. This began a lengthy correspondence—Cowley in the East, Faulk-

The Mississippian's reputation began to soar on what Cowley calls the "literary stock exchange," and the underrated, almost poverty-stricken writer embarked on a new literary life.

This "File" includes a scholarly analysis of Faulkner's work, his symbolism, the relationship between author and characters, personal vignettes—such as Faulkner's fear of meeting strangers, his flat refusal to meet with the Russian Writer Erly Ehrenburg. After the two men finally met (1948), we find rare conversation between them, including Faulkner's observations on other writers: "(Thomas) Wolfe took the most chances, though he didn't always know what he was doing. James next and then Dos Passos. Hemingway doesn't take chances enough . . ."

This is a sparkling, intelligent, intimate and valuable book which Faulkner readers must have. Wednesday we will look over some of the anecdotes in it.

## Quote

In this very ease lies the real danger, that tax collection will become so simple there will be no limit on the tax level.—Walter D. Howell, San Francisco, on state income tax withholding.

Free speech is not merely for the wise, but for the wrong, even for the foolish.—Marvin Don Carlos, San Francisco.

## Morning Report:

That Charley de Gaulle is a hustler, all right. Now, he's running for the presidency — of Europe, that is. Having recently finished campaign swings through Russia and Germany.

Maybe, I underestimate him. Because he has also toured the United States, South America, and is preparing for Southeast Asia.

The General, of course, has a grand sense of grand history and is a great admirer, it is said, of King Louis XIV, most famous for a nasty little bon mot. "L'etat c'est moi." Maybe, the General wants to top the King, who was satisfied with his one state, and move on to the world. I can hear it now. "Yesterday France, today the world, or Le Monde, C'est Moi."

Abe Mellinkoff