

Press-Herald

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A Time to Invest

There are exactly four weeks of summer left on the calendar—but for some 35,000 Torrance youngsters there are but three weeks of summer ahead.

Come Sept. 14, those 35,000 youngsters will put away the swim suits, suntan oils, and surfboards. Many will quit summer jobs—or cut back their hours. And weekday dates will be off limits.

Yes—Sept. 14 marks the opening of the new school year in Torrance.

This year—as in virtually every year since the Torrance Unified School District was formed in 1947-48—enrollment records will be smashed. For the first time in five years, a few schools will have double sessions because classroom space is short.

The double sessions, though limited to a few schools and to the second and third grade, are an indication of a crisis now in the making in Torrance schools. The district, in its effort to meet the need for more classrooms and more diversified facilities—vocational classes in the high schools, special classes for handicapped children, improved reading and language programs—has exhausted its building monies.

And twice, the voters have rejected the district's request for additional bonds. A third bond issue—\$9 million—will be on the ballot in November.

Torrance is not the only school system beset by problems—many districts throughout the state are swimming in the same ocean. But Torrance's problems can be eased, if not solved, by the citizens and voters of the community.

But the voters, feeling the pinch of taxes, have struck back in the only way they can—by denying the schools the needed funds for new facilities.

Now they are faced with the possibility of still higher taxes if the November bond proposal fails—a hike of as much as 70 cents for each \$100 of assessed valuation. The tax hike, which may be approved without a vote of the people, is the only alternative which the schools have if they are to meet the educational needs of the city.

And those educational needs are great.

Fully 25 per cent of the residents of Torrance will be enrolled in the public schools. Several thousand more will attend private schools—in and out of the city. And still more will head for the colleges—from El Camino to who-knows-where. Still more students will fill night classes in the Torrance district's Adult Education Program.

Nothing is more basic to the preservation of our freedoms than is education. Young people who fill classrooms today will make laws tomorrow; they will wander some day through space in search of new challenges; they will run the businesses and the labor unions.

The most reliable estimates indicate that the present rate of return on education investment in human capital is 11 per cent—far higher than most investments. The lesson to be learned is that education is, indeed, an investment—an investment in the future.

History is replete with examples: Where education is high, nations prosper; where education lags, nations lag.

The question is, can we meet the responsibilities? If we can, our future is secure.

Opinions of Others

The constitutional right of a free press belongs to the people of the United States—those who subscribe to and buy newspapers and those who advertise in them. Without these free and independent readers and advertisers, there could be no free press as we know it. There would be no freedom to seek and report the news; no freedom to express opinions and even criticize when necessary. . . . It is not easy for newspapers to collect, report and comment on fast-breaking events. Nor is it easy for readers to always understand what is reported and why. But it is very important that both newspapers and readers understand clearly the role of each other as "partners in freedom."—Howard (S. D.) Pioneer.

If certain legislators are corrupt, and obstructionists, as indeed some are, the qualified voters who sent them there are to blame. And if we voters do not correct our mistakes, then we are just as corrupt and more stupid than the politicians we claim to despise. The same thing applies to the people we send to the U. S. Congress. When you cuss Washington, and few Mississippians don't, you are cussing yourself, dear reader.—Lexington (Miss.) Advertiser.

Morning Report:

Lynda Bird Johnson is going into journalism. She'll find us a friendly crew. As an example, the editor of McCall's Magazine gave her a job interview just like that.

We're friendly but not too generous. I hope Lynda didn't fall into my trap. For my first job, I told the boss, "I'll work for just anything." And he took me at my word.

My advice to Lynda is to pass up McCall's and go to work for Women's Wear Daily instead. That's the outfit that gave the Johnsons such a bad time by scooping the world on what Lucid would wear at her wedding. It would please her Dad, who operates on the principle that if you can't lick 'em, take 'em over.

Abe Mellinkoff

Broken Reins



STAN DELAPLANE

Spain's Atlantic Coast Is Still in Middle Ages

LA TOJA — Galicia is the green Atlantic coast of Spain, just above Portugal. It is seafaring country. Deep blue bays. Brown fishing nets hung on stone walls. Pine tree hills and purple grapes to make fishermen's wine.

The towns are out of the Middle Ages. Narrow cobbled streets overhung with balconies flaming with geraniums. Castles whose nail-studded doors are about to open letting loose armored knights and long-haired pikemen.

The baked sardines and local wine are something to remember. The elegant hotel is on the sandy island of La Toja. About \$20 a day for two with all meals. (There are lesser but adequate hotels where you can get the same thing for \$7 to \$10.)

"Any suggestions you can make for a driving trip in Spain . . ."

I suggest you take some instant coffee — you can buy it in the big towns. It's not always available in smaller hotels. The Spanish breakfast coffee is a fearful thing of cool coffee and hot milk. Along with it they serve sticks of greasy, fried batter called churros. Good luck.

The black coffee — "cafe solo" — that you get at coffee break time in sidewalk cafes is quite good. You'll also find small bars called "tasca" that serve wine and little snacks. Platters of red shrimp and olives and almonds. Sea food is always

good in Spain. Fresh meat in the country usually turns out to be stringy veal soaked in olive oil. Spanish tomatoes and onions are very tasty. Ask them to make you a salad of them.

"We thought of retiring somewhere in Mexico. The question is, can I work at some part-time job?"

Travel

Mexico is making it very easy to live there, but not easy to work. You have to put in five years residence first. Or invest \$16,000 in some business. You could probably put up a five-unit motel for that amount.

"We will be driving along the Mexican border and would like to cross at one point, but which town is best?"

Ciudad Juarez opposite El Paso, Texas. The main street is one long line of shops with all the crafts of Mexico. Much of it is junk. But first-class shops have first-class things. Some pretty good restaurants serving quail and venison.

"What is the off-season in Hawaii, please?"

There isn't any. A small lull in traffic around April-May. Perhaps easier to get hotel rooms. But no lower rates.

"... books to read before going to Mexico?"

"Many Mexicos" — there's a new edition out. "In Mexico" by James Norman in paperback is fine background for shopping. "Life in Mexico" by Madame Calderon de la Barca. Lively reporting of Mexico in 1840. Paperback.

"There seemed to be a lot of waiters involved at our tables in Europe and I never

My Neighbors



"See here now, you two—I'm seriously considering dropping your case."

HERB CAEN SAYS:

The Real Question Is The Older Generation

Youthquake: I get more letters that begin "What is this younger generation coming to?" than I do about Viet Nam, napalm, archaic abortion laws or topless dancers (a "bottomless subject"). Maybe the question should be, "When is the older generation coming to?" since it seems to faint dead away at the sight of young protestors, shaggy hair, rock 'n' rollers and beards. Especially the latter. I haven't figured this out, but there's something about a beard on a young man that drives the old folks wild. (Teenager upon first seeing Sterling Hayden: "Isn't he awfully old to be wearing a beard?")

Personally, I think the kids have been pretty tolerant of our generation, considering our track record. They might look at us a little disbelievingly, but they don't laugh right out loud when we try to do their dances because they're instinctively polite. They even accept middle-aged ladies who wear mini-skirts when their figures cry out for maxi-skirts.

Through the years, I've found that the kids' taste is to be trusted, especially in music. While their parents were digging Clyde "Sugar Blues" McCoy, they already KNEW that Satch and Bunny Berigan were better. They were collecting BG and TD records when the old folks were still soft on Guy Lombardo and Dancin' with Anson. They picked the Beatles long before the middle-aged jazz critics got the message, and they had Herb Alpert pegged for a commercial nothing from the

very beginning (to the square, he's hip, or hep). The only thing wrong with the kids is that eventually they grow up and become like the rest of us. Look what has happened to Poet Allen Ginsberg, once so far out: now even Life magazine accords him warm and respectful treatment. Beware the bear-like hug of The Establishment! Any day

San Francisco

now they'll have him shaved, shorn and interred in a Brooks Brothers suit.

As this scene opens, Robert Kersten, chief metallurgist at Testing Engineers, Inc., Oakland, Calif., is leaving his office and walking toward the parking lot. Suddenly he is jumped by a gunman wearing a stocking as a mask and snarling unoriginally: "Your money or your life." Robert, eyeing the gun: "Real bullets?" At the gunman's curt nod, he hands over his wallet with one request: "Keep the money, but please mail me my ID cards, driver's license and photos, okay?" Well, danged if two envelopes containing these items don't arrive the next day at Kersten's San Francisco home (24 cents postage due) complete with return address! This led the cops right to the culprit (two exclamation points).

If I didn't already like Arthur Godfrey for a lot of things — such as plugging this column all the time on his radio show — I'd have

ROYCE BRIER

Carrying Firearms Part Of America's Tradition

As did the Kennedy assassination, the Texas sniper affair aroused the nation over the facility with which the citizenry can purchase and keep guns.

There was an unorganized and scattered but vehement demand that state legislatures sharply tighten their gun laws, and favoring federal legislation. There is no general federal law, and hand guns may be purchased by mail. Such a mail order gun was used in the assassination.

Against this movement stands an organized group opposing any tightening of restrictions on the sale and possession of hand guns. This includes the National Rifle Association and numerous sportsmen's groups,

which maintain more or less permanent lobbies in the state and national capitals. There is a wide variance in state gun laws, ranging from relaxed to fairly tough.

Opponents of restriction quote a famous constitutional clause: "... the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Article II of the Bill of Rights.

World Affairs

But this is not the full text of the amendment, and is preceded by the clause: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of the state . . ."

This is a brief inquiry into the constitutional and social background of the amend-

ment. It is clear the first clause modifies the second, though it is not clear how. We must go to the Constitutional Convention in an endeavor to learn what was in the minds of the Founders.

The convention was dominated by delegates who had been colonial leaders. As leading figures in the new states, most of them considered the states as sovereign bodies in federation, and they were extremely jealous to guard against a central "tyranny." Therefore, the right of a state to maintain its own little army (militia) was one of the vital conditions for ratification of the Constitution.

It was wholly in keeping with the social structure of this new republic of farmers. Every farmer in settled regions had his musket for hunting game, while the unarmored male over 12 among the pioneers crossing the Alleghenies, was unknown. In the wilderness, firearms were obligatory for game, and for ganging up on possible hostile Red Men.

In this light, forbiddance of firearms, or restrictions on them, was not in the public consciousness. The situation prevailed in America, with some modifications, until at least 1886, when it began to decline, due to elimination of the Indian menace, organization of the meat industry and continuous urbanization of the American people.

But farm boys still had rifles, and city men began to use them, pistols and shotguns for sport. As these weapons were used in assaults and sometime in social disturbance, the only result was some restriction on their sales, usually by licensing, which didn't stop train and bank robbers.

Actually, the Americans have a gun tradition the Europeans don't have. While half of us today may never have fired a handgun, and don't own one, most of our grandfathers owned one. Certainly nobody in our father's day questioned the Second Amendment or thought to repeal it, and it is doubtful if it could today.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Teacher's First Novel Good Text for Students

Herbert Wilner, director of the San Francisco State College creative writing program, has published a remarkable first novel, "All the Little Heroes." For his students it might be a textbook example of the art of fiction. The art of fiction at its most complicated, I hasten to add, for this is a literary mosaic (or jigsaw puzzle) put together with daring and subtlety. It is a novel played on several levels, rich, disturbing, ambitious, crowded with symbolism, humor and heroics.

This is a performance rather than story-telling. In the hands of a lesser craftsman it could have been an absurdly pretentious book. If the story on which the performance is built remains shaky, even unbelievable, a reader must admit that Wilner has successfully invaded the private world of youngsters the way few writers have this side of William Golding ("Lord of the Flies") and J. D. Salinger of the Glass family saga.

We observe Oliver Selridge, 36 year old non-practicing surgeon (Yale); one-time assistant professor of clinical surgery (Stanford), a wartime 4-F and classic cardiac victim. The time is ten days in August, 1945, the period of Hiroshima, Nagasaki and the V-J Day celebration on Times Square. Through a series of bizarre happenings, Oliver,

Books

who is spiritually as well as physically sick, falls in with a group of Brooklyn Jewish teenagers boys who call themselves The Friars, Duran on an outing on Staten Island, one of the boys observes Oliver in a setting of death in an isolated farmhouse. It is not murder, as suspected, but the sudden death of Oliver's old, longestranged father.

Oliver follows the boys to Brooklyn. In peeling away Oliver's complicated history, Wilner creates a quest for identity. Oliver becomes the benefactor of the suspicious

boys. We see this as Wilner analyzes Oliver from several points in time — the present (1945) the past, some 20 years after Oliver's fatal heart attack while romping with the boys the night the war ends. Oliver gives the boys his money; pays for the treatment of one youth's epilepsy, for the medical education of another. Oliver's odyssey is the stuff of nightmares; yet at the same time, through the bolterous, funny, believable youngsters are on stage the novel is wonderfully vital and realistic in argot and behavior.

The book abounds in symbolism. I was at several times confused while reading it (actually it cries for rereading) and was forced to return to earlier passages in order to bring it all into focus. What promises to be a maddening book becomes a tense, moving and certainly original one. It is a work that defies adequate analysis in this space — but well worth the time of the reader who takes his fiction seriously.