

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL, Publisher
REID L. BUNDY, Managing Editor

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No More Town Marshals

There probably are those among us who can remember the old town marshal—a stick-swinging, mustachioed keeper of the peace who was vice squad, riot squad, and traffic cop all in one.

His job was to keep the town's youngsters under reasonable control and off the streets at the curfew hour, and to see that the wild boys from the neighboring towns didn't go roaring down main street in their roadsters, endangering the good citizens of his village.

Somewhere in the nation, he probably still exists—although the mustache may be gone, the wild boys are wilder, and the roadsters have turned into powerful machines that would have frightened Barney Oldfield.

Torrance, however, has grown out of that class. Whether it is a fortunate turn of events depends on your measure of progress, but the fact now stands that Torrance is a city of more than 20 square miles, an estimated 140,000 residents, and stands as the political and commercial hub of a metropolitan zone which boasts up to a quarter of a million residents.

The small-town marshal would be as lost here as a heaver on the desert.

Providing adequate police protection to an area like Torrance now requires trained, professional leaders and officers in adequate numbers to meet the everyday and emergency situations. Torrance police have proved themselves to be equal to the many demands made of such a department.

They have done it largely, knowledgeable people tell us, by working at about 110 per cent of efficiency.

In truth, that efficiency may be working against the department.

Order has been brought out of disorganization. Procedures, lines of responsibility, and training programs have been instituted. The efficient operation of the department may have caused a number of people, including the City Council, to regard lightly the need for additional officers and supporting equipment.

It's a case of spending dollars to save pennies, we believe.

The department's request for new policemen last year was rejected completely. Chief Walter Koenig and his staff said 21 new officers were needed. They got none.

We do not know what the department will request this year, but we are convinced that the absolute minimum allotment of new officers should be 10, and three times that many would be a better figure.

If it's a matter of savings, perhaps some of the other, less critical departments, could stand a little closer budget scrutiny.

Too often now Torrance police protection is spread dangerously thin—not because of any breakdown in the department, but simply because the personnel is not available.

The Press-Herald urges strongly that serious consideration be given this year to more than a token increase in policemen. We can't expect the department to continue to meet its increasing demands with increased efficiency without adding measurably to its manpower.

OTHERS SAY

Our Unfunny Money

Ever since the New Deal days when we were patted on the head and told not to worry about the size of the public debt because we only owed it to ourselves, funny money has been a governmental temptation.

Now the Johnson administration has come up with the neatest fiscal trick of the century. Too complex to explain here, even if we could, it involves a mere flick or so of a ball-point pen, or whatever they use in the budget department. Up to \$45 billion can be eliminated from the public debt simply by transferring it to the sheltering arms of what financiers refer to as "Fanny Mae," the Federal National Mortgage Association.

FNMA obligations do not count in the national debt, although the agency is part of the federal government. Don't ask us why. Just believe, believe. Also believe that in the end, we—the taxpayers—will pay and pay and pay. Perhaps under happy hypnosis, but we'll pay.—California Feature Service

The Office of Economic Opportunity is at it again. They're thinking of starting a newspaper in Vermont to "open up the lines of communication" to poor people... The Cardozo project, similar to that being planned for Vermont, was shot down because it was not considered "sufficiently innovative to comply for a demonstration grant" and OEO noted "a serious doubt as to the propriety of federal funding of a commercial newspaper"... The government has no business in the newspaper business. The constitution of the United States guarantees the people of this nation a "free press" and this does not mean government subsidized or government controlled.—Neola (Iowa) Gazette-Reporter

Congress, by raising the legal minimum-wage rate from \$1.25 to \$1.60 an hour to become effective in 1968, has unwittingly provided a "yardstick" by which the diminishing value of the dollar may be measured. This is inflation.—Opportunity (Wash.) Herald

Some 28,000 individual income tax returns for 1966 are going to receive exhaustive examinations even though there is nothing suspicious or unusual about the returns. The purpose of the check is to establish a yardstick on how taxpayers are complying with the tax laws.—Dayton (Ohio) Union

We Can't Go Any Further—



STAN DELAPLANE

Boom Begins on Biggest Isle in the 50th State

KAILUA, HAWAII—This is the warm Kona coast of the Big Island of Hawaii. You can still walk the back roads and see missionary churches and plantation stores and the rock temple platforms of Kamehameha the Great.

The boom is on. Lava rock subdivisions. A dozen plans for major hotels. Non-stop planes from San Francisco and Los Angeles. Four years from now you won't know it as it is today. Is that good or bad? All I know is that it's certain.

"We would like to bicycle round England during the summer and need several answers: (1) Can we rent bicycles? (2) What would you estimate the daily costs?"

(1) You can. British Travel, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York City will give you a list of places that rent bikes. (2) \$5 to \$10 a day. You might try writing British Cycling Bureau, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London, N.W. 1. Also, Cyclists' Touring Club, 69 Meadow, Godalming, Surrey, England.

Friend of mine advises daily bike riding for a month before you go. Or you'll spend your whole vacation rubbing sore muscles. (I rented a bike a few years ago in Normandy. It took only five minutes and one bill to find out you never forget how to ride a bike. But you forget how hard it is. It was the shortest rental on record.)

"Where in your opinion is the best Mexican restaurant in Mexico City for real Mexican food?"

The very best is the dining room of the Lincoln Hotel.

Morning Report:

With all the talk of a world food shortage, I am happy to report that American cats will not go hungry. No matter how finicky they are in their eating habits. One of the big companies now offers our cats nine different dinners. Each one more delectable than the other and always one to satisfy the most jaded feline palate.

I have yet to sample any of the offerings myself but on the basis of the tv commercial, I don't think I could go wrong with any one of them.

I only hope that the Communists don't steal the tv tape and re-run it abroad—say in India. Or maybe the Indians, who feed millions of holy cows while going hungry themselves would approve of us for doing so well by our cats.

Abe Mellinkoff

tel, just a few blocks off the big central Avenida Juarez. Doesn't look very elegant. But it's tops.

"Ditto for Cuernavaca?"

For straight Mexican food, I don't know. But I'd say Las Mananitas which is the best restaurant and has plenty of Mexican items on the menu. A good one in the pretty town of Morelia: In warm weather they rope off

Travel

a street in back of the plaza and put in tables and chairs. The local women come down with cooking pots and charcoal stoves. You order a little of one thing from one, something else from another. Send a boy running for a bottle of beer. All gay and colorful and surely home cooking.

"We've heard you can have very nice furniture made for a song in Guatemala..."

I saw hand-made mahogany furniture down there some years ago— heavy, carved beautiful stuff. And for very little. (Probably gone up by now.) But you must look into shipping costs and U.S. duty. I bought dishes in Japan. The cost of shipping them doubled the cost.

I've found shipping a nycase-size item or larger is dreadfully expensive. And everything you buy abroad and ship home must pay Customs duty. Your \$100 duty-free allowance only applies to what you carry home.

"We are going to Rio de Janeiro at Carnival time. Do you know anything about the Brazilian gems?"

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Tourists Don't Have a Chance in the Bay City

As usual, the tourists don't have a chance. The scene is Old St. Mary's Church in Chinatown, where a large sign warns "Hard Hats Must Be Worn in This Area" (because of reconstruction work on the building). Along comes this tourist who reads the sign and asks Bystander Ron Bygum: "Why the hard hats?" Ron peered mysteriously into the heart of Chinatown and then whispered: "Hatchet men, buddy, hatchet men!"

Think about it: Jim Rustad of San Francisco was fined \$18 the other day north of here for obstructing traffic (he was doing only 60 in a 65-mile zone). After paying, he discovered to his mild consternation that if he had been traveling 80, he would have been fined only \$17. On the other hand, don't think about it. Skippit.

Henry Untermyer, whose wife has put him on a strict diet, sneaked off to the White Whale restaurant in Ghirardelli Sq. for a secret snack and was happily noshing away when—sounds!—in walked his wife with a friend. He stashed the plate under the table, but no use. Leaning down and smelling his breath, she said in a loud, shocked voice: "Henry, you've been eating!"

Enrico Banducci will open his new 700-seat hungry i at Ghirardelli Sq. in July with a string of the performers who helped make the old basement joint world-famous: Bill Cosby, Jonathan Winters, Don Adams, with more to come. When the new place opens, he'll sublet the old i, on which he still holds an eight-yr. lease... Mrs. Jim-Raf-

San Francisco

ferty, discussing the rash of Kennedy books with her husband recently: "And now I suppose I'll have to read another one—this Red Fay's book." Jim, in outraged tones: "WHAT Red phase, frevinsakes?"... At this point, it may not be amiss to record the words of Sir Alex Douglas-Home as he addressed London's journalists at the Fleet Street Club a couple of weeks ago: "And so, as we approach the new year, I say keep your pencils sharp! Keep your pens clean! Keep at it, gentlemen, never give up. Some day, somewhere, some politician may say something important!"

Note from a deep thinker: "If priests can be defrocked and lawyers disbarred, why can't electricians be delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, mediums dispirited and Far Eastern experts dis-

oriented?" Not to mention office girls defiled... How do you like 1967 so far? Right, Ugh.

Wondering Muse: I keep thinking about Post-Deb Melinda Moffett's statement that 17 out of 25 Cotillion debutantes (in her coming-out group) have used marijuana. It sounds like a radio commercial: "Seventeen out of 25 debs smoke pot!" And it was splendid of her to reveal that she has rec'd marijuana from escorts at a well-known country club near San Francisco, "but you can't buy it there," she added. Apparently the Club isn't as square as some people think! Maybe this will stop readers from writing in to complain about society page photos of underage debs with highball glasses in their hands. According to Melinda and her pals, drinking booze is nowhere, o-u-t, forGET it. I guess it's those kids who DON'T have a glass in their hand that you should wonder about... Actually the pot puffers and LSD trippers and probably healthier than the rest of us. It has yet to be shown that marijuana, even without filters, causes lung cancer, and I doubt that you can take enough LSD on a sugar cube to cause diabetes. They only thing these kids have to worry about is that bac prison food, and even that's getting better.

JAMES DORAIS

We'll Die Happy for It's 'The Moral Thing to Do'

One of the never-ending mysteries of life on the Potomac is the rationale, if any, of American foreign policy.

Just when the uninitiated thinks he understands what it going on there's a sudden shift in another direction. Perhaps the only pattern to be discerned is that every so often foreign policy inevitably turns full circle.

Back in the Thirties isolationism was the dominant theme, although this policy was sharply disputed by global thinkers like Walter Lippmann, who argued that the time had come for America to assume its responsibilities as a world leader.

Today, many years after America began flexing its muscles all over the globe as a world leader, Walter Lipp-

man is arguing for a policy of isolation.

Having engaged in a major war in Korea and being presently immersed in a seemingly never-ending conflict in Viet Nam to stem the advance of Communism, it would appear that our present foreign policy rests on an implacable opposition to Communist governments. But that isn't quite the case.

As Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, the late President Kennedy's ambassador to India, pointed out recently, accommodations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union are far advanced. Galbraith had high praise for President Johnson for omitting from his speeches appeals for a great ideological struggle with Communism—the kind of speeches which in past years were

regularly "turned out in the State Department on a computer."

It is Galbraith's contention that we are sensibly abandoning the old moralistic approach to foreign policy. And many will agree that this isn't such a bad idea, remembering how solidly we once were sold on the immorality of the Germans and Japanese, currently our great good friends.

But—hold it. We haven't abandoned the moralistic approach completely. While Professor Galbraith was pointing to this alleged new policy development, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, Arthur J. Goldberg, gave America's full support to the U.N.'s plans for sanctions against Rhodesia, Britain's wayward former colony.

This support is based on the immoral actions of Rhodesia's white supremacy government, which is treating the native population almost, but not quite, as ruthlessly as America's white supremacy government treated the Indians.

Some observers are a little disturbed by the U. N. action, because the old League of Nations fell apart after it failed to impose effective sanctions in the Italian-Ethiopian conflict in 1935. They fear the U.N. won't be any more successful in applying economic sanctions today, and there will be strong attempts to save the U.N. from collapse by mounting a full scale war by all the good nations against bad Rhodesia. This could blow everybody off the face of the globe. But it would be the moral thing to do.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Impatience Is Temper Of Today's Generation

Eric Hoffer, the San Francisco longshoreman and writer ("The True Believer"), reminds us that the majority of people in the United States, Latin America, Asia and Africa will be 18 years old or under in the next decade. "The presence of a global population of juveniles," notes the 64-year-old author, "spells trouble for everybody."

Blind as a youth, Hoffer became an omnivorous reader when he regained his sight at 13. His scholarship, grasp of history and identification with the American worker are evident in these pages.

And what is the temper of our time? Impatience, Hoffer feels: "The adolescent cannot see why he should wait to become a man before he has a say in the ordering of domestic and foreign affairs. The backward, panting to catch up, want to act as pathfinders in the van of mankind. There is no time to grow. New countries want to bloom and bear fruit as they sprout..."

Hoffer finds it impossible to understand some things in history unless we realize they were performed

by juveniles in an era when the life span was short. Joan of Arc, for instance, was 17 when she took Orleans from the English; the Black Prince, at 16, won fame in the battle of Crecy. At the same time, the "juvenile mentality" abroad in the world is a state of mind rather than a matter of years, and Hoffer reads juvenile characteristics — if not the unmistakable flavor of juvenile delinquency—into such adult institutions as communism, militant nationalism, racism and the John Birch Society.

This is a strange and challenging little book that accomplishes Hoffer's purpose. It makes one think—think along with Eric, as others sing along with Mitch. The result can be a remarkable and adult insight into the complexities of our age.

Books

Notes on the Margin—"The Airtight Cage," a study of urban poverty in the U.S. and the circumstances that perpetuate it, by Joseph Lyford, appears from Harper... Two of William Saroyan's early books, "The Human Comedy" and "My Name Is Aram" reappear as Dell Laurel paperbacks. Illustrations by Don Freeman.

My Neighbors



Have you any without bristles for use in disciplinary action?