

Circle of Confusion

Even for the massive federal bureaucracy, it has to be some sort of record for creating and sustaining confusion.

What we're talking about is the latest word from Washington on the Torrance school board's efforts to secure title to a 10-acre site here which is to be the home of the Southern California Regional Occupational Center.

Torrance first obtained the land for the construction of a vocational education facility, but—at the request of state and federal officials—began to explore the possibility of a regional center. The result was the formation of the new center by six area school districts, including Torrance.

When the six districts agreed to build the center, federal officials suggested Torrance simply lease the 10-acre site to the joint powers board which will actually operate the center. But just as the paper work was completed, the feds changed their minds.

Instead, said officials of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW), title to the land must be given to the joint powers board. Torrance school officials balked and finally agreed to settle for reversionary rights to the 10 acres, should the center ever be disbanded or otherwise become inoperative.

But this week, HEW changed its position once more.

This time, HEW officials have decided Torrance can retain title to the land—if the joint powers board will delegate to the Torrance Unified School District "funds and the entire operating responsibility" for the skills center.

That is precisely the arrangement which the six cooperating school districts wanted to avoid when they created the joint powers board.

HEW officials have expressed their confidence that the center will become a permanent educational facility, and if that's the case, we can't help but wonder what the objection is to giving Torrance reversionary rights to the property.

After all, if the center is a success, those rights will never be exercised.

But, then, these masters of gobbledegook wouldn't have much to do if they approached the problem in a logical and forthright manner.

A New Challenge

The coming year has been labeled a year of challenge by incoming officers of Torrance Memorial Hospital's medical and administrative staff and its directors.

Speaking on his second time around as chief of the medical staff last Saturday night, Dr. Richard A. Sullivan said the hospital was faced with an outstanding challenge in the coming year, and he urged those closely associated with the hospital to get behind the efforts to build a new medical center for the community.

It's a plea the rest of the community will be hearing soon as the hospital opens a drive to subscribe its share of the building costs.

Torrance Memorial Hospital and later the Riviera Community Hospital have contributed greatly to the welfare of this area. With the pending merger of the two into a new, larger, and more modern facility, the community's health interests will be served well.

We wish the hospital backers success in their endeavors.

Good Luck, Friends

Another step toward the day when Torrance will be supporting its own independent library system was taken Monday with the creation of a Torrance Friends of the Library group.

Mrs. Howard Foote was elected president of the new group, which will work first to win approval of a \$2.3 million library bond issue, then to encourage community support for the libraries.

This new group has a big job ahead of it as the city prepares to abandon the county library system in favor of a municipal system. The Press-Herald encourages all citizens of Torrance to become acquainted with the Friends of the Library and wishes the group success in its efforts.

Opinions of Others

Women find themselves at quite a disadvantage since they can now travel faster than sound.—*Leon W. Berry in the Mt. Adams (Wash.) Sun.*

Beproud of the community in which you live so the community will be proud of you.—*Joe Harrison in the Texas (Dickens County) Spur.*

Business in its final analysis is merely the organized action of people seeking to supply one another's wants. By its very definition, business is essential to the scheme of things. It is most essential to anyone young or old who wishes to multiply the impact upon mankind of his singular talents and energies. It is essential to American youth and to the future that youth is seeking to create in America and the world. And to every young person I say—"Here it is; come and get it."—*Leslie B. Worthington, President, United States Steel Corp.*

Since our government demands such a strict accounting of every penny handled by every citizen, for taxing purposes, those taxpayers, by the same right, should be entitled to a strict accounting of how all those tax dollars are being spent.—*Sullivan (Ill.) Progress.*



AFFAIRS OF STATE

Disposal of State Plane Will Mark End to an Era

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR, Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO—Announcement by Philip M. Battaglia, executive secretary to Governor Ronald Reagan, that the state will sell the gubernatorial airplane known as the "Grizzly" marks almost the end of an era in the comings and goings of California governors.

The first "Grizzly" was an old army plane. The federal government made such planes available to states following World War II, and California fell heir to the DC3. Its name was given to it by former Governor Earl Warren, now chief justice of the United States Supreme Court.

It was maintained and manned by the California National Guard, and was available to transport the governor and his staff to any point in California where it could land.

The same plane was used by former Governor Goodwin J. Knight, and then by former Governor Edmund G. Brown, who was the first chief executive to put it to extensive use.

The old plane soon proved inadequate for the comings and goings of former Governor Brown. Faster transportation was desired as the jet age approached, and a deal was effected with Arthur Godfrey of television fame, whereby the state purchased the private plane he used.

This was "the new" Grizzly. It had 19 seats, but seldom, unless newsmen were aboard, was the plane filled to capacity. It was used to much by Brown that it became known as his "second home."

Now there is an end to the "Grizzly" era, and Governor Reagan intends, said Battaglia, to travel both by commercial airline and by

chartered jet when necessary. The new administration claimed the "Grizzly" hauled an average of less than five passengers per trip, and that the cost of operating the plane, which is estimated at \$2.25 per mile, was an obvious waste of taxpayers money.

He also says chartering a six passenger jet for the governor's use will save about \$127,385 per year for the taxpayers, in addition to providing greatly reduced flying time for the governor. The jets travel at 480 miles per hour, compared to

Quote

I believe most of us are prepared to support public education and oppose a tuition charge. But . . . the minute the demonstrations begin, my position changes and I will support a tuition charge with all the vigor I possess.—*Assemblyman John P. Quimby, Rialto.*

We should exercise oversight over the programs which have been passed. We should assume the degree of responsibility that is inherently ours to see that the laws we have passed are carried out efficiently. We should not permit our responsibility in this respect to be delegated to the executive departments.—*Sen. Mike Mansfield, D-Mont.*

Revenues must cover expenditures by one means or another. Any government, like any family, can for a year spend a little more than it earns. But you and I know that a continuation of that habit means the poorhouse.—*Franklin D. Roosevelt, July 30, 1932.*

Morning Report:

From the number of capitalist reactionaries Mao Tse-tung is finding in high places, you could get the impression that the John Birch Society and the Liberty Lobby were about to take over the government in Peking. But don't bet on it.

I don't know which side is winning in China, but one thing is clear: Neither side is on our side. The fact is that Communist politicians are pretty much like our brand. They want to stay in office and run things. There is also a big difference.

Over there, all of them are extremists, who find it easier to spot a capitalist conspiracy than a vacant taxi. There will be a Chinese shortage of both for some time to come.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Bearded Gretniks Chant A Welcoming at Planeside

The Scene: Nelson Doubleday, head of the mighty publishing empire that bears his name, flew into S.F. the other day. As he stepped off the plane, he was confronted by the shaggy-haired, full-bearded poet, Allen Ginsberg, and 40 assorted hippies, chanting a welcome to a fellow passenger, Swami A. C. Bhaktivedanta, here to conduct a so-called pilgrimage. "For a minute there," grinned Doubleday, who knows his San Francisco well, "I thought it was the Mayor and the Municipal Chorus, greeting ME!"

All About the Town: Near Broadway and Columbus avenue the other night I ran into a lady artist leading a rather stunned-looking girl toward a taxi. "Have to get her to a hospital," she explained briefly. "She's having a re-visitation of a bad LSD trip"—indicating that as our consciousness expands, so must our vocabulary. The girl is okay now, but I'm still a little Leary of the sugar cubes that, as a local wit says, "melt in your mind instead of your mouth."

Chat Out of the Bag: The knowledgeable on the Berkeley campus believe that Pres. Clark Kerr will call it quits by midsummer. . . . And Newsweek conjectures that Bob McNamara will

resign this year to head a major university. . . . Actor George Hamilton's Secret Service code name is reported to be Langer, previously assigned to JFK. . . . Sign in the Associated Students' office at S.F. State College: "Reduce Ronald Reagan by 10 Per Cent."

San Francisco

Washington correspondent of the London Sunday Times, dined at La Bourgoigne here the other night—Quiche Lorraine, turtle soup, entrecote, strawberries Romanoff, a bottle of Chateau Lafite—and placed himself on the record: "Only three restaurants in Paris and NONE in London can compare with this." No faintpraiser, he.

No Pot: Newsmen Michael Grieg took his 15-year-old Bart to the Morrison Planetarium to see "Rainbows, Auroras, and Other Natural Wonders" and was so disappointed (the rainbow was no more than a gray streak) that he complained to the lecturer: "We paid good money for this show and we expected something better. You call that a rainbow?" "I know, I KNOW," apologized the lecturer, wringing his hands. "They promised me a new rainbow MONTHS ago!"

At TV's, Howard Gosage explained why he has smoked only Gauloise cigarettes for the past 18 years: "Because I don't know the French word for cancer."

Caenfetti: N.Y. Columnist Dick Schaap, conjecturing that San Francisco's Walter Keane is the artist who should paint LBJ's official portrait, was told that Walter never paints adults. Schaap, wide-eyed as a Keane: "Does that necessarily eliminate the President?" Then an art critic told him: "You know, of course, that Keane's product is the very definition of tasteless hack work." Schaap, with a self-satisfied nod: "He sure sounds like the man for the job." . . . Now then, about those new "ABJ" buttons you're seeing around. The initials mean "Anybody But Johnson" . . .

The President's State of the Union message was to have been followed on S.F.'s Channel 4 by the Marion Brando movie, "The Ugly American," but another film was substituted at the last minute so people wouldn't be saying the next morning, "Hey, did you see the Ugly American last night?" A nice piece of foresight, but it didn't work. . . . Frank Hatfield with the last word on the portrait: "Has anybody thought about hanging the President and electing the painting?"

ROYCE BRIER

Presidents Since George Have Sat for the Artist

At the close of the Revolution, General Washington was the most celebrated living man, and this pre-eminence continued until his death.

Europeans, particularly republicans weary of monarchy, were eager for pictures of him, and he spent hundreds of hours posing for portraits by Stuart, the Peales and many other portraitists. There is wide variance in the faces, and we don't know exactly how Washington looked.

There is no record that Washington didn't like any of these portraits, or that he ever lost his equanimity while posing, a tedious business, though he swore terribly at the rascal General Lee at the Battle of Monmouth.

Since Lincoln we haven't needed oil portraits of great men or great men so-called, but they still pose for them.

out of vanity or the urging of friends or artists. All the Presidents have posed for portraits in varying degrees of resignation or exasperation.

Somebody thought there should be a formal portrait of President Johnson, and a well-known artist, Peter Hurd, was commissioned last spring.

World Affairs

Mr. Hurd said Mr. Johnson was not a good subject. He thought the painting was too large, and one time he fell into a doze while sitting. He thought an artist could get a good working base for a portrait in half an hour. Lary Bird Johnson got into the act. She thought the Capitol dome in the background of the picture, which she had suggested, was too bright. It should have been

misty, she said, according to Hurd.

In the picture Mr. Johnson is standing holding a book, though whether this is a bound copy of the budget or a Texas cowboy yarn, Hurd didn't say. When the picture was finished, both the President and the First Lady wanted him to change it, but Hurd refused. When the picture was unveiled at the Johnson ranch, the President declared it was "the ugliest thing I ever saw."

This was an exaggeration, but it may have been just an example of Mr. Johnson's short temper. The painting as reproduced is neither ugly nor distinguished—it may be a little bland.

Washington's portraiture only followed the English mood of the 18th Century. Dukes and rich squires were always sitting for posterity, the dukes hiring Reynolds and the squires hiring Kneller. The old buzzards all looked about alike, red of face with high living and stiff of spine and limb with gout.

Excepting Washington, none of the Presidential portraits have been anything to remember. Mr. Lincoln, in fact, sat for few if any oil portraits, but he wasn't very vain.

Just why there should be an "official" portrait of any President today is not clear. All Presidential portraitists have lived a little, and some have lived a lot. All of them lack the character Rembrandt could put into a face, even his own in the self-portraits.

But then, there aren't many Rembrandts around, or Washingtons either. Not to mention another Lincoln, who just stared in the black box for a moment, and then went on with his grim business.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Forgotten Flaubert Novel To Make Rounds Again

Curiosity Piece: "Madame Bovary" was first published in the Revue de Paris in 1856. It tended to upset readers' susceptibilities even though cuts had been made by the editor. Its author, Gustave Flaubert, was prosecuted together with the proprietor and editor of the journal, for "offenses against public morality." But after a trial, a literary sensation of the day, Flaubert was acquitted.

His object in "Madame Bovary" was to portray an unbalanced, romantically minded heroine at odds with her environment. He did so brilliantly in a novel that, even in translation, sings that haunting kind of song the French do so well.

One tends to smile at the presumption that public morality, even the mid-19th Century French variety, might have been tarnished by this charming book. (But then, 20th Century American public morality is presumed to be open to some dark psychic damage by militant exponents of the new literature, so the smile lasts only fleetingly.)

A short novel titled "November" written when Flaubert was 19 and 20 years old (in the 1840s) and never published during his lifetime, will appear in this country next month (Serenity Press-Dial; \$3.95).

This study of adolescence, or "puberty of the heart," appeared in France in 1914 (a wartime year that took

Books

little note of the event), and in the United States in 1932 (a depression year in which not many books by French literary stylists or anyone else were being sold). Thus "November" will be something of a literary event as a "lost," or "undiscovered" Flaubert work.

mature stylist, "November" the work of a promising youth who was studying law at the time.

Steegmuller says the early work remains one Flaubert was both proud and ashamed of. In a letter to a former teacher he described it "a sentimental and amorous mishmash," and he is quoted: "Ah! How farsighted I was not to publish it in my youth." Yet years later he read it aloud to the Goncourt brothers and apparently retained some emotional attachment to the manuscript.

It is an evocative, romantically naive, yet strangely moving fiction, translated by Frank Jellinek. Perhaps little more than a curiosity piece, it might send one back to "Madame Bovary," that grand tale of Emma Rouault, the Normandy country girl, whose dreams of luxury and Byron lovers came true before debts and arsenic shattered them all—and in the view of the ever-present zealots, threatened the public morality of Paris 111 years ago.

