

Press-Herald

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Mrs. Chapel Supported

Campaigning in the 46th Assembly District for the seat vacated by the sudden death of Charles E. Chapel earlier this year has seemingly settled into a three-way contest for the Republican nomination.

The assemblyman's widow, Dorothy M. Chapel, is making a strong bid to succeed her husband, and is being challenged by Republicans Bob Beverly, mayor of Manhattan Beach; and Boris Woolley, Torrance attorney. Each of the three has offered a strong platform of ideas and would, we believe, be adequate to the demands of the office.

Torrance voters, to whom we address ourselves, have an important stake in the election as a large part of the city—particularly the southern and western portions—lie within the district. At the same time, Torrance voters—with about a third of the strength of the district—have an important part in the election.

The Press-Herald has considered the candidates and believes Mrs. Chapel deserves the support of Torrance voters.

Mrs. Chapel has pledged to support Governor Reagan's program of fiscal reform, has pledged to fight for the rights of property owners, legislation to combat crime and narcotics, and to oppose a state withholding tax on incomes.

Her long association with her husband's career as a legislator has given her a working knowledge of Sacramento that should place her well ahead of other freshmen legislators in the tough job of finding the key to Sacramento's political maze.

Torrance voters, too, have every right to be a little selfish with their coveted votes and to make certain that it goes to the candidate who is aware of the city and its needs.

We hold no reservations about Mrs. Chapel's qualification nor about her interest for all of the 46th district. We think her election to succeed her husband would continue a strong, sensible voice in Sacramento.

Opinions of Others

Thermopolis (Wyo.) Record: "Young people particularly should realize that the foundation of all financial provisions for retirement security is a sound dollar. They should demand, as should all Americans, that the Social Security system be properly managed so . . . that one day the working public will not rebel against the system. Even under present benefits the combined tax on employees and employers will rise to 11.3 per cent within a few years. Social Security benefits should be adequate but they should not be vulnerable to political influences. It might be wise to make a careful appraisal of the system, which is not three decades old, to see if it provides real security."

Mesa (Ariz.) Tribune: "A couple of news items which appeared the same day recently must have caused readers to blink and think. One was about a couple of guys who stood in court with smirks on their faces as a reluctant judge had to dismiss murder charges against them because their voluntary confessions had been made without benefit of attorneys to inform them of their rights. The other item was the solemn warning by the secretary of the U.S. Treasury that unless Congress boosted the government's debt limit by \$7 billion within 30 days, it might be just too bad for elderly citizens who depend on Social Security, veterans' pensions and retirement pay. There just might be no money for such things."

A Letter To My Son

By Tom Rische

High School Teacher and Youth Worker

You were 17 months old today. As you scamper about the house, your mother and I notice the different emotions that light or cloud your little face. Your laughter, when you're happy, is infectious, but when you're sad, your lower lip sticks out a mile.

I hope more smiles will continue to brighten your eyes as you grow older. Talking with adults, I find they remember their teenage years as the happiest times of their lives, but somehow, as I teach teenagers, I think adults are looking back through rose-colored glasses.

Childhood's carefree laughter often gives way to forced smiles as teenagers and adults. Your spontaneous emotions sometimes may evolve into laughter a bit too loud, jokes a bit too fun, and, for those with watchful ears, giggles a bit on the embarrassed side.

When you grow older and become a teenager, you will test and probe your environment and sometimes get burned in the process. Just as now, you will be happy and sad. Until you become an adult and sometimes even then, you'll find your moods and level of maturity varying widely within short periods of time.

I hope your mother and I teach you, Bruce, that happiness is not a constant thing. Many children and adults feel abused because they aren't happy all the time. Many ads imply that happiness is buying the right deodorant or car or dress. Intelligent people know that happiness is not found in these, but immature people still try to buy happiness.

I hope your mother and I can teach you that life is part gladness, part sadness, part madness, and sometimes just part dullness. There is a place for each in life.

Yours for happiness, more or less,
Your dad

It's A Nutty Society



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Swiss Slopes Perfect For Martinis, Wolves

GSTAAD, SWITZERLAND — Being the greenest of horns, as well as the non-nest of skiers, I arrived with a sumptuous wardrobe that turned out to be the envy of nobody. By the third day I had discarded my finery and was down to an old gray sweater with holes in it, a blue shirt and knotted bandana, and ancient slacks, which made me look so authentic that even ski instructors were asking "Wasn't that you who came roaring past me up on the glacier today—near the 10,000-foot marker?" "Could be," I reply, fluttering my eyelashes. "Hit a bit of ice there, almost came a cropper, but managed to wend my way out." Actually, I did have a go at the children's slope, but as I lay there askew, with 6-year-old American kids whizzing past and spouting torrents of flawless French, German and Italian, I knew it was back to the bar.

Le Group sat around over Bull Shots thinking up party ideas. Gstaad is one of the world's great party towns, even when there is good weather, and how these people can drink, ski and survive is a marvel, since a drunk on skis is even more dangerous than a Chinese in a Ferrari. It would also seem to be a happy hunting ground for bachelors: women outnumber men 5-1, the perfect formula for martinis and wolves.

Anyway, there was a mini-skirt party with an authentic rock 'n' roll group from Liverpool (steel guitars must long ago have replaced shipbuilding as Liverpool's major industry). Then somebody decided to give an Indian costume party. Not East Indian. American Indian. Ridiculous, no, up there in the snow? "Where do I get feathers?" I complained to a fetching Parisienne known as La Poupette. "Go pluck a

duck," she suggested, showing a remarkable grasp of the idiom. Sure enough, from out of who knows where, headdresses and beads were produced, and the Indian party was a smash. All to Iroqueer, my dear.

On one quiet afternoon, I strolled around the village, marveling at the foaming

San Francisco

river that rushes through its heart, and the uncanny neatness of the buildings. In the heart of the town is the oldest structure—a peak-roofed wooden house inscribed 1632; it stands next to an almost identical building marked 1966 and looks every bit as sturdy and fresh. Here and there, three-man crews were sweeping the streets and gutters. I watched them for a while and it suddenly occurred to me that they were doing something that could only happen in Switzerland. They were cleaning up the clean.

Now and then I find myself thinking of Switzerland as Swisneyland—a fairly glib and glibly unfair term. I suspect it's the neatness, the almost magic spic 'n' spanness, the unreal grandeur of the scenery, the seriousness with which the Swiss go about catering to the whims of the frivolous. When I was a young pseudo-intellectual rather than an aging muckpseud, we were all so fond of quoting Graham Greene, who in "The Third Man," had Harry Lime observe that "Switzerland has been at peace for 700 years and what has it produced? The cuckoo clock." As if aggression, nationalism and nuclear weapons weren't cuckoo; at least the Swiss know what time it is in history.

Nevertheless, the term Swisneyland came to mind as we were leaving Gstaad.

Morning Report:

I see that another couple of hundred thousand new cars have been called back for safety checks. I'm sure this is for our good and will prolong our lives on the highway, even if it makes nervous wrecks of us in the process.

There was a time when I had faith in my auto. Now, I look at it as a potential wreck before I step on the starter. When will the manufacturer call her back? Almost daily I read of defective parts that could be lethal—parts I didn't even know existed.

The only solution is a safety check on drivers—to find out if we are sound enough to drive the cars that have been found sound enough for us.

Abe Mellinkoff

AFFAIRS OF STATE

'Mediocre' State Schools Bemoaned by Legislators

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR
SACRAMENTO — Growing concern over the less than mediocre showing of California's school in national comparisons is being expressed by legislators.

One of them, Assemblyman Leroy F. Greene, D-Sacramento, says the legislature again is being asked to provide more money for schools.

"What evidence," Greene demands, "do we have that more money will result in a better educated student?" Greene says he has had four successive reports which indicate mediocrity in California's educational programs.

"We have well-trained teachers, intelligent students, and the most expensive school program in the world," he declared, "yet we place far down in the line in scholastic competition.

"In an international five-year study of mathematics as taught in thirteen modern nations, the United States did not even win a bronze medal. Since past tests show that California at best is only average in the United States, this means us too."

Greene said he wants the state board of education to look into the situation, and plans legislation to do just that. His bill will require

local standards for graduation to be made public, and will ask the board to conduct major studies of the problem.

Criticisms are not confined to the field of mathematics. Reports from Sacramento schools indicate that in reading, students are making a poor showing. Inability of some students to master the art of reading

Sacramento

has been a complaint for a good many years, and the subject of books devoted to the trouble, as well as pointing out some of the causes for decreases in comprehension of the subject.

The many rumbles concerning the course of education as it is pursued in California, both with relation to what is claimed ineffective and also as to whether the taxpayer is getting his money's worth for supporting the most expensive education system in the United States, give rise to the belief that not too much time will elapse before there is a demand for an extensive overhaul.

Education in general has progressed by leaps and bounds during the past half

century. Fifty years ago, about all a young person needed to cope with the future was a grammar school education. In obtaining the same, he was supposed to master the three R's. A high school education, in which he progressed to more advanced mathematics, the intricacies of Latin, and the fundamentals of chemistry and physics, as well as the classics of English, was just coming around to the point where it was held desirable for everyone.

As time progressed, the demands for educated students increased until today, jobs are hard to find in almost any calling without the backing at least of a minor college degree.

It is obvious that no one has any desire to return to the earlier days of education, but on the other hand, these days appeared to have some points along the lines of dispensing more knowledge in a shorter space of time than is accomplished in this latter part of the century.

Thus, studies leading to an overhaul in curriculum, methods used, and time expended, as well as facilities offered, might hold out more hope for students and some relief to the taxpayer.

ROYCE BRIER

DeGaulle Wins Narrow Victory, Holds Power

Back in 1789, when the Americans were establishing a republic, the French, many of them republicans, were overthrowing a monarchy.

The monarchy had helped the Americans to achieve independence, not because it liked republicans, or even Americans, but because it hated the English. Ever since the Americans have considered the French friends.

The French did not exhibit any aptitude for the republican form. In their Revolution a dozen factions fought among themselves, rising leaders decapitating declining leaders. Then came a dictator to establish a new dynasty and unify Frenchmen, and it ultimately foundered.

This restored the old monarchy, represented by various nincompoops, and finally there was a new republic, then a new dynasty, and it

was disaster. After losing a war, the French set up another republic, which tottered along for decades with little character.

So the German tried again, and France was barely saved, and again, France lost, to be restored by history.

World Affairs

All this time the Americans were sympathetic with the French for old time's sake, but could not understand their self-government, though it worked after a fashion, just eluding factional chaos.

So came Charles de Gaulle, extremely stubborn, aloof, but fairly competent when he had his way. He promised his people glory and potential leadership of western Europe, and this entailed a certain isolation from Amer-

icans and British. But western Europe would not be led in the de Gaulle sense, though most Europeans were in accord with M. de Gaulle on the Americans, if not on Britain as an island people.

We don't know quite what happened, but President de Gaulle has been losing power at home, despite his patriarchal status.

In elections, he virtually split France in half, Gaullists and anti-Gaullists, and failed to win a parliamentary majority. In the Assembly, communist seats jumped from 41 to 73, and a non-communist leftist Federation from 90 to 116, in a total of 486. Several Gaullist cabinet ministers lost in district elections.

De Gaulle can retain the Presidency with other factional support, but the dominion he has held will be curtailed, the experts say.

These experts didn't foresee the close result, and are now trying to analyze it. But it appears French political experts have a little perception as any experts in any free nation. Do they foresee the party fragmentation which has paralyzed France for 178 years? Do they foresee M. de Gaulle's loss of stature as a world figure? You'd have to be an expert on the experts to find an answer.

Quote

Mayor Samuel Yorty, Los Angeles: "The CDC (California Democratic Council) is not the Democratic party but an organization trying to infiltrate the Democratic party. You need only look to the fact that California has a Republican governor and two Republican senators if you want to measure how effective the CDC has been for the Democratic party."

S. G. Hanson, general manager, California state employees association, on University of California refusal to make payroll deductions: "Payroll deduction for dues is the prevailing practice in state government, in the state colleges, and in California industry. CSEA's request for this basic employee right has been kicked around in the top echelon for much too long a time without an answer."

WILLIAM HOGAN

Critics Warned the Beat Writers Won't Disappear

Last week we reviewed "Nothing More to Declare," a collection of essays by John Clellon Holmes who, along with Jack Kerouac and others, was a literary symbol of the Beat Generation of the 1950s.

In this book, Holmes in effect dissociated himself with the beats and, at 40, passes his part of the bohemian mantle to the new kids. The book is a customs declaration, he says, of a few things he has chosen to bring with him out of a "distorted and wasteful life." He has elected to "emigrate out of the Scene . . ."

But no matter what is happening with John Clellon Holmes, the Beat Generation writers are not all washed up, the Mill Valley, Calif.-based novelist Don Carpenter ("Hard Rain Falling") insists. Some excerpts from his letter:

"As poets, playwrights, novelists, they are at the very center of American literary life, and as personal influences many of them are directly responsible for the hippie revolution.

The thing that draws the Beat writers together,

and away from their forebears, is not nonconformity, bebop, musicians' slang, eccentric dress, refusal to be duped by outmoded political philosophies, dope, or sex without - hypocrisy, but tamely enough, Eastern Philosophy, particularly Zen.

"The Beat is the first literary movement since the

Books

Transcendental of over a hundred years ago whose members try to understand not only Plato but Lao-Tzu; not only Christ but Buddha. This is the only thing that writers like Kerouac, Ginsburg, Snyder, Whalen, McClure, etc., have in common. This is what drew them together over a decade ago and this, in terms of its effect on the spirit and the mind, is what they have passed on to the hippies. The rest is personal decoration . . .

"It is not surprising that (the critical establishment) should be so shocked and disgusted by a group of writers who refer casually to the Diamond Sutra, Tantra, the Eight-Fold Path and the various books of the dead. The

last thing an established critic wants to admit is that he has been poorly educated. It is much easier to say nothing, and if that proves impossible, to suggest the Beat writers are a flash in the pan and, eventually to suggest they are gone.

"This has been tried before, notably with Herman Melville and William Faulkner, as nasty a pair of non-conformist writers as I could name. Neither, I might add, was a college graduate.

"Melville was tolerated by the establishment as long as he was a semi-literate seadog, but when he started writing that spooky stuff he was dropped into 40 years of obscurity. Faulkner had a brief vogue as writer of hick pornography and then went promptly out of print. He might have remained there if it hadn't been for Malcolm Cowley.

"The beat writers were entertaining as a fad in the late fifties, but now they're positively getting in the way, and it's time to disappear them. I give you fair warning: It won't work. They have too many friends under 25. (Signed) Don Carpenter."