

# Press-Herald

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## A Plethora of Elections

With the seeming plethora of elections falling in what should be an off year, it might be a temptation to pass some of them by. Yesterday was election day for the Los Angeles Board of Education and for the Los Angeles City Council.

Next Tuesday, April 11, is the primary election for the 46th Assembly District, a special election called to choose a successor to the late Charles E. Chapel. A runoff election, if needed, will be May 9.

The following Tuesday, April 18, voters will go back to the polls to pick two members of the Torrance Board of Education and to pass on \$3.2 million bond proposal for the city library system.

While the bulk of Torrance voters had only a passing interest in Tuesday's Los Angeles elections, the elections falling on the next two Tuesdays, and more than likely again on May 9 are of vital importance to Torrance voters.

In the first, Torrance area voters will be helping to nominate a successor to the late Charles E. Chapel in the 46th Assembly District. The Press-Herald has endorsed his widow, Dorothy Chapel, who is seeking election to the seat held by her husband until his sudden death early this year.

The following week, Torrance voters will be selecting two members for the Board of Education, and will be passing on a proposal to issue \$3.2 million in municipal bonds to finance expansion of the city's library system. The Press-Herald has urged approval of the bond issue.

If none of the 11 candidates win a clear majority next Tuesday, a runoff election will be held May 9 in the 46th Assembly District with the top Republican pitted against the top Democrat.

It may seem like a lot of voting, but we can't stress too strongly the importance of each vote at each election. It's the citizen's best opportunity to let his voice be heard.

## Social (un)Security

Politicians never tire of expressing solicitude for "senior citizens." But, it seems this concern has strict limits. With as little publicity as possible, the authorities have recommended that certain social security benefits henceforth be considered taxable income. Hereafter, they have been tax free. Since the establishment of the social security program, those approaching retirement age have been able to base their future plans on a supposedly fixed return from their social security pensions. Apparently, this will no longer be true.

Social security, as people are learning, is not a form of guaranteed income. It is subject to the whims of political expediency, and the security it provides is subject to change without notice. Moreover, there is impressive evidence that juggling social security taxes and social security benefits is to be used as part of the mechanism of managing the economy.

Barron's, National Business and Financial Weekly, points out: "The new 'soak-the-rich'—i.e., married couples with incomes in excess of \$15,000 per year—provision aggravates the already glaring disparity between public and private insurance. Like the whole Social Security System, it sanctions yet another way of robbing Peter to pay Paul. . . . Security in old age depends above all upon sound money. If Washington really wants to make a contribution toward this end, let it change its inflationary ways."

## Opinions of Others

Thayer (Mo.) News: "The national debt will . . . rise to \$336 billion, or more, from the present maximum of \$330 billion. The average taxpayer may not be aware of the fact he is already paying fourteen billions a year interest on this debt. Instead of being increased in these good times, the debt should be slowly decreased. . . . Until we end the war, it would be prudent to limit social, domestic programs. We simply can't afford both at the same time."

Grafton (N.D.) Record: "We read, just the other day, of a retail store in the East which carried the following thought-provoking sign: 'This store does not advertise. This savings goes to my customers. . . . This kind of inverted thinking crops up sometimes—the notion that advertising is a form of personal charity. . . . That, you may be sure, is not the reason that the giants of American industry spend millions of dollars every year in advertising. The only need involved, as they see it, is theirs. These big and successful companies are not philanthropic agencies. When they spend money they insist on getting a good return for it. And they know that they get it through newspaper advertising."

## Morning Report:

Here we are with only a little more than a year to go before the Republican National Convention and George Romney is already a full continent behind. Richard Nixon Nixon has covered Europe while Romney is still planning a trip to Vietnam.

That's bad enough but the worst is yet to come. Nixon has a full schedule ahead. Asia is next, then Latin America, and if his drip-dry shirts hold out, he will take on Africa in June.

Then, with four continents under his belt, Nixon will be a full fledged international expert on anything that happens almost anywhere. I figure that unless the Communists create an incident in outer space, Romney is licked before the first roll call.

Abe Mellinkoff



HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Uneasy Lies the Crown Of 'Mr. San Francisco'

Every time I put a mild knock on our town, which is seldom and always loving-mournful, I'm sure to get a few reproachful letters from Old Natives. (Old Natives are not to be confused with New Natives. Old Natives really CARE about the San Francisco of their dreams. New Natives don't care about anything, except maybe the parking problem.) What the Old Natives, bless their hurt feeling, have to say is along the lines of "How can you pick on our wonderful city, you who DARE to call yourself Mr. San Francisco?"

Now this is something I've been meaning to straighten out for years. Believe me, friends, I've never thought of myself as Mr. San Francisco or Mr. Anything Else. I'm not that presumptuous darning or, I hope, corny.

For the record I will admit that I used to write columns headed "Mr. San Francisco," but these were not meant to be autobiographical. In the language of the creative writing classes (may they all go fallow), I was trying in those columns to PROJECT myself into the life of San Franciscans playing various roles: Running cable cars, picking up girls in Montgomery St. bars, walking on the beach, taking their kids to the zoo, necking at Coit Tower, drinking after hours at Joe's Wine Cellar, and so on. Nothing personal, but the title was catchy. It stuck, and against my will, I found myself stuck with it.

So I stopped writing columns headed "Mr. San Francisco."

## Quote

Thomas C. Lynch, attorney general, in an opinion on "Land of the Free," controversial state text-book: "It covers treatment of social problems, including minority status as Negroes, in a manner seldom found in text-books. After extensive discussion and re-writing of certain sections, a panel of historians and educators endorsed the book. It was also approved by Dr. Max Rafferty, superintendent of public instruction."

Houston I. Flournoy, State controller: "California has reached heights that would have been described as impossible a scant twenty years ago, if indeed they were imagined at all. We have climbed rugged heights that were thought insurmountable. But we survived them. We climbed them and now challenge even loftier ones."

Nevertheless, to this day I find myself being introduced in various places as "Mr. San Francisco," an appellation that makes me fall to the floor, foam at the mouth, and sob a little. It is such a dated concept: what it brings to mind is Jimmy Walker, his fedora turned up on one side, and his smile turned down on the other, leading the St. Patrick's Day

## San Francisco

Parade. Or Jimmy Rolph, wearing his gold-heeled cowboy boots and that thin little phony smile under that thin little toothbrush moustache, roaring at the people of San Francisco's North Beach: "I am a son of California, I am a son of San Francisco, and I am a son of this beach!" (Cheers), Ugh.

Defense Secy. Bob McNamara, turning away questions about his possible interest in becoming Pres. of the University of California: "I don't think Dean (Rusk) or I would last five minutes on that campus." McNamara on Reagan's attitude toward Cal: "Outrageous!" Actor Anthony Quinn read Herb Gold's new novel, "Fathers," and told him he

## WILLIAM HOGAN

## Ambassador Takes Look At The Reds in Africa

It is possible to be a U.S. Ambassador for more than five years without ever wearing a hat or a pair of striped pants. This is especially possible in the steaming capital of a new West African nation, like Guinea, the former French colony. William Attwood knows. A talented foreign correspondent (New York Tribune) and foreign editor of Look, Attwood was the new, intelligent, dedicated young realist John F. Kennedy was attempting to recruit for the New Frontier.

A former speech writer for Adlai E. Stevenson who worked with Mr. Kennedy during the 1960 campaign, Attwood was tapped to become our first Ambassador to Guinea. Later, after a bout with polio, picked up during his tour of duty, he was appointed Ambassador to Kenya when that nation gained its independence.

Attwood's "The Reds and the Blacks: A Personal Adventure" is a fine, anecdotal account of these two tours of duty. As the title suggests, it is also about Communist efforts to move

quickly once these nations were on their own, and how these efforts were countered by Americans, Africans and by the Communists' own inept diplomatic and economic maneuvering.

In both Guinea and Kenya, Attwood was up against the opposition—chiefly the Russians and the Chinese, but Hungarians, Czechs, North Koreans and East Germans, too. He observed them at close enough range to understand what the opposition has, so far, failed to do. And in some cases how they bicker among themselves.

One of Attwood's anecdotes concerns the time he told a Russian diplomat that the Chinese didn't even nod to him when they swam together on a small beach. "What do you expect?" the Russian asked with a shrug. "These people aren't even human."

In effect, Attwood takes us on a safari through Africa's political bush and Wash-

## Books

With something of a sigh, he suggests that some new African nations are still struggling with the frustrations of governing themselves, and much good luck will be needed to bring this off successfully. As one of Jack Kennedy's new breed, Attwood became a particularly successful representative of the United States—far more so than the old-style, wealthy contributor to a party campaign who, for his efforts, donned the striped pants of ambassadorial office, perhaps never quite sure of who the president of this new country was.

## AFFAIRS OF STATE

# Liquor Industry Worries Cover More Than Topless

SACRAMENTO—Most of the headlines in California's liquor industry these days are made by the topless waitresses but some continuing basic struggles within the industry have considerably more significance than the extent to which the bosoms of the barmaids are covered.

One of the prime ones is whether the artificial monopoly on the number of package store licenses should be relaxed. There are bills in on most of the touchy subjects and anything could happen but probably won't.

To add to the perennial nervousness of the liquor industry this year is the prime prospect of a tax increase. Governor Ronald Reagan caught the industry a bit off balance when he proposed that the tax on distilled spirits be boosted by 75 cents per gallon—to \$2.25. Most had expected the added tax would be only 50 cents.

Elements of the package store fraternity have let it be known that they would support a "reasonable" tax increase but they feel the 75-cent bounce is not reasonable. They have indicated they would settle for 50 cents. If the governor's strategy was to announce plans for a whole loaf and

then settle for half, maybe it will pay off.

Of course, the major tax plan opposing Reagan's—the \$1.15 billion program espoused by Assemblyman John G. Veneman, R-Modes-to, chairman of the assembly revenue and taxation committee—does not call for any increase in the liquor tax. Veneman reasoned that there's not enough money involved to go to the trouble of raising the tax.

The tax increases proposed by Reagan, Veneman and others generally would hit the consumer—directly on such things as sales tax, cigarette tax and indirectly on bank and corporation taxes. It might be assumed that the liquor tax increase—amounting to 15 cents per fifth—also might be passed along to the consumer.

But this might not be so automatic as it appears. Under California's Fair Trade Act—which was upheld as constitutional by the state supreme court just last December—distillers or brand owners set a minimum retail price on hard liquor. The department of alcoholic beverage control enforces sales at these minimum prices.

In neighboring Nevada, where prices of many items

such as canned goods are higher than in California, the price of liquor is lower. On some name brands, the difference may be as much as \$1 per quart.

Those who complain that the price of liquor in California is kept artificially high by the fair trade law may feel the industry should absorb the 15-cent tax, if it's enacted.

As for the state-fixed monopoly on liquor licenses, Senator Richard J. Dolwig, R-Atherton, has introduced a bill to relax it. Dolwig's bill would permit transfer of licenses from one county to another.

Off-sale licenses are limited to one for each 2,500 residents in a county. In counties where this quota is not met, the number of new licenses issued in any year may not exceed 10 percent of the number of existing licenses, or 25, whichever is smaller.

Dolwig's plan would permit licenses in such counties as San Francisco, where there are too many, to be transferred to such counties as Orange, where there are so few that the going price on the market for the \$8,000 licenses is upwards of \$50,000. Dolwig is bucking a strong lobby for the present licenses who want the status quo so no one is holding his breath until a law change.

ROYCE BRIER

## Profile in Olive Tops American Grotesqueries

The other day there was a London news story saying Queen Elizabeth has selected the format and color of a new postage stamp for issuance in June.

It will be olive brown and will bear the usual profile of the Queen, with crown. The story said Victoria would have approved of it because of its modesty. It appears most of the British stamps of the past century have presented profiles of the sovereigns, and you would think the commoners would tire of them, but they seem to be contented.

If the Queen were chief of state on this side it would be different, granted she had a Postoffice Department like ours. She would be pictured on a jumping horse (she is a horse lady), a blue-black horse, and she would be in scarlet uniform. The obstacle hedge would be vivid green, and there would be a violet sunset.

We, in the colonies, would love it, but back in the homeland they would not be amused.

In 1893, the United States issued the first major commemorative postage stamp, the fourth centenary of the

## World Affairs

Discovery. The series was pictorial of the Columbus drama, and no more elegant stamps have been issued. Some commemoratives in the next 30 years were rich in coloring, and bore some interesting picture symbols of the American experience, but none ever equaled the Columbian.

Hence, about 1900 appears to be the high tide in Postoffice's taste and sense of proportion, whereupon the tide ebbed. It's been out ever since the 1920s. Few stamps, even in the regular issues, have been worth a glance for 40 years. Take the current Washington head five-center, bleak as a Roman bust. But when they had a spirited Washington in uniform, in blue, they let it die. As for commemorative stamps, now running into hundreds, they have with few exceptions been prepos-

terous in design, coloring and subject matter.

The Reporter magazine recently carried an editorial on the subject, calling latter-day stamps, which have run as many as 40 a year, a "proclamation of follies." It cites a kid with white teeth for the centennial of the American Dental Association, and an old boy, in a wig, a Dr. Ephraim Dowell, who performed the first ovarian surgery.

Maybe you missed these two beauties, but did you miss "Wheatland, the Home of James Buchanan, the gentleman who suffered the Confederates to seize the postoffices just before Lincoln was inaugurated, or the "Centennial of the Sokols," which are Slavic gymnast clubs?

Most of these fatuous stamps, in hideous mustard or sickly orange, sprawl over envelopes, and you can hardly read the "5c" signet to apply the stamp rightside up. Not that it's important with such grotesqueries.

Shall we wait until they employ the psychedelic poster style, in which the lettering looks like a crocodile race? They haven't yet, but they will, they will!

## A Letter . . . To My Son

By Tom Rische

High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,

Talking to some of my high school students, I find that many kids today seem fairly pessimistic. To me, who grew up with little spending money, it seems odd that the present generation should be so unhappy, when seemingly they have so much more.

I asked some of my students what they consider their greatest problems:

"Vietnam and the draft" replied one. "It'll take a couple of years out of my life—and for what? What exactly are we fighting for over there?"

"Getting into college," answered another. "Adults keep telling us that if we don't go to college, we'll be nothing, and then they make it harder to go."

"Adults keep telling us how happy we ought to be," a boy sighed. "It scares me to look ahead. They tell us not to worry, but have you read the papers lately?"

I wish I had an instant solution to these problems which I know you too will bring up in a few years, Bruce. The best I can do is to point out that never before in the world's history have so many had so much and lived so well.

Your dad