

### The College Fight--Again

Nearly nine years ago, a state liaison committee recommended that consideration be given to acquiring a site for a four-year state college in the southwestern portion of the county in "the area known as South Bay."

Last week, State Senator Ralph C. Dills, who represents the 32nd District in Sacramento, opened new efforts to secure such a college.

Much has been done in the nine-year interim: The college was authorized, the Palos Verdes Peninsula site finally picked, classes opened on the Peninsula, the college closed down and reopened near Long Beach, leaving the area again without a local four-year college.

It has been a long battle and a losing one for South Bay and Harbor areas. Those strongly favoring implementation of the recommendation for a local site made in December, 1958, by the liaison committee representing the State Board of Education and the Regents of the University of California were rebuffed at very turn.

Passage of Senate Bill 15 in 1960 authorized establishment of a new college for the "South Bay service area."

The state authorized the new "South Bay State College" in 1961 and in the following year, Dr. Leo F. Cain, who had been vice president of San Francisco State College, was named president of the new school.

Throughout 1962, state college trustees toured the area searching for suitable sites. By early 1963, a proposal to use Fox Hills acreage near Culver City delayed selection until October, 1963, when the Palos Verdes Peninsula was selected.

Plans to get temporary classes opened were begun and plans for campus design and buildings began to take shape before the lid blew off early in 1965. State land agents said Palos Verdes Peninsula property had been inflated in value since the college began planning its campus there and that another site at Del Amo and Wilmington boulevards was better suited.

And that's where it stands today. The college—now California State College at Dominguez Hills—graduated its first seniors last June in a class of four. A permanent campus is being designed and an instructional staff assembled. Classes are being held in leased quarters until permanent campus buildings can be erected. The college is a reality, it is being built, and it is permanently located.

However, it in no way serves the area for which it was originally authorized. Through the pressures of political considerations, some of them never fully explained, Torrance, the Peninsula cities, and the South Bay cities have been deprived of a college which they thought was theirs.

Whether Senator Dills' efforts will be fruitful will not be evident soon, judging on the schedule of past events. However, it is a beginning, and we hope the day will come soon when our students can have a local college in which to pursue avenues of higher education.

Should approval come tomorrow, the college still will come too late for thousands and thousands of area high school graduates who are being forced elsewhere to continue their schooling.

Senator Dills deserves all the support we can muster in his efforts to get state school officials looking this way again.

### Opinions of Others

More than a few people are proud of the fact that they "worked their way through college." They make no secret of the fact that they obtained a higher education by waiting on tables, tutoring, typing, etc. and then supplemented that income by working hard at summer jobs. In short, they got their education the hard way, without depending on federal aid and, in many cases, accepting little or no family aid. Those we know were not hurt by the extra effort. Indeed, it made them better qualified to compete when they left the ivy-covered walls.—Tomasket (Wash.) Tribune.

Was It Sudden? Jerry Marcus



HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Waiter Spills the Beans, Gets the Sack from Boss

Trader Vic Bergeron fired Waiter Captain Hans Brandt (one of the best) for divulging too many details to the press on how many drinks Rudolf Nureyev consumed on That Memorable Night, the size of the check, and so on. "I consider my restaurant a club," roars the Trader. "The privacy of our guests must be protected!"

The Fonteyn-Nureyev bust was such hot news in London that the British Broadcasting Corp. laid \$15,000 on the line for a four-minute report via satellite from BBC Correspondent Bernard Mayes here — the joker (on BBC) being that Mayes spent most of the time explaining why Dame Margot and Rudolf wouldn't talk to him! (For another \$15,000, Nureyev would have danced on camera while singing his favorite song, "There Is Nothing Like a Dame") . . . Robert Barry of Woodside, who ran for Congress in New York and was defeated and then ran for Congress in Riverside, Calif., and was defeated, is now running for Congress in San Mateo, inspiring State Assemblyman Leo Ryan to describe him as "our first Hertz Rent-a-Congressman." (Even though he's No. 2?)

Bay City Beat: Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay), walking along Shattuck in Berkeley, allowed himself to be dragged into a bar by Owner Bob Winter, and good-naturedly entertained the regulars with the Ali Shuffle and shadow-boxing (but no drinks). All this despite the name of Winter's saloon: "Your Local Draught Board" . . . By the way, the howzat-again quote of the wk. has to be California State Athletic Commr. Doug Hayden's, as he yanked Ali's license: "We don't recognize him as a boxer or a champion."

### San Francisco

What next — burn all the record books? . . . While Nureyev was doing Romeo at the Opera House the other night, a woman in the audience stage — whispered: "I don't know HOW he makes those fantastic leaps." Sir David Webster of Covent Garden, seated next to her, leered. "Drugs, my dear, drugs!"

Every time I have a bad dinner in a great house I recall Disraeli's remark at an atrocious banquet given by a noble lady in London. As the champagne was brought in at the end of the multi-coursed disaster, Dizzy rubbed his hands and smiled blandly: "Ah, at last we are going to have something warm!"

Culturegap: David Wynne, the noted British sculptor who came West to do a 40-foot fountain in Pasadena, has a 15-yr-old daughter who wrote from London: "Please send me a typical American miniskirt." He sent her the

## Quotes

I've learned that, like honor among thieves, there are certain ground rules here in the state capital.—Gov. Ronald Reagan, on his reason for not reducing appropriation in the budget for support of the legislature.

This bill helps every little kid, whether he's disadvantaged or lives in Piedmont. No group has a corner on learning to read and a kid has only one chance—either he makes it or he doesn't.—Sen. George Miller Jr. (D-Martinez) on his bill to extend state support for special reading program in early grades.

My committee's job is to develop new assessment laws so that a serious farmer, for example, might continue to till his land and continue to pay taxes as a farmer and not as the owner of a shopping center site.—Assemblyman John T. Knox (D-Richmond) on study of "open space" legislation.

In his race for the 1966 Republican gubernatorial primary, he (Patrick) spent \$500,000 and won 40,887 votes. This amounts to more than \$12 a vote. At this rate, his pledge to Rafferty should win him a maximum of 25,000 votes.—Assemblyman William T. Bagley (R-San Rafael) on reports William Penn Patrick has pledged \$300,000 to Max Rafferty's campaign for the U. S. Senate nomination.

We believe no rational person can hold that the extension of pari mutual betting on daytime horse racing and the removal of the long-standing prohibition against pari mutual betting on night horse racing are necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health, or safety.—Thomas Gray, San Francisco, co-chairman of Californians Against the Escalation of Gambling.

shortest one he could find—and a short time later back came a package from her with a note reading: "Dear Daddy: Here's a tie I made for you from the bottom five inches of that so-called miniskirt!" . . . She also wanted some Haight-Ashbury beads and bells, so poor Mr. Wynne (Father of the Year) walked the streets till he found a hippie wearing some, and asked: "Where can I buy those?" "You can't," replied the hippie. "I made these myself." (Pause). "Come to think of it, I guess I can make some more," with which he draped the beads and bells around Wynne's neck.

Overseas: Because our spies are anywhere, we can report that a paper in Rostock, East Germany, carried a story (dated San Francisco) that Dick Morris and Lena Hart, both 10, were apprehended while trying to steal a snake from Steinhart Aquarium, Dick explaining: "He wanted it so we could play Adam and Eve." Far as we can find out, the incident never happened, but why it was printed in East Germany constitutes a pretty mystery. They have gossip columnist behind the Iron Curtain?

### WILLIAM HOGAN

## Our Generation Gap and The Hippies Under Study

Preview: Wallace Stegner's new novel, "All the Little Live Things," is a very bright spot in the summer fiction lists, in fact a bright spot in the fiction year to date. Viking will publish it in August. Because I will be away from this desk at the time, I alert you to it now.

This is a stunning contemporary novel set deep in the San Francisco Peninsula, perhaps in the Los Altos Hills. I had wondered when the "hippie" type would emerge as folk lore, or at least a major influence in a serious novel, and here he is — if less folk hero than a negative force in this case. But a character created by a writer who, as teacher and director of Stanford's Creative Writing Center, has observed the foibles, eccentric patterns and certainly the potentialities of the young for a long time. So the hippie type becomes a part of literature.

Stegner's book is much more than an analysis of a hippie, or the cult of youth. It is an investigation, among

### AFFAIRS OF STATE

## Out-of-Staters Go After California Tax Dollars

By HENRY C. MACARTHUR  
 Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO — A fair example of the manner in which public money is squandered unnecessarily, or may be squandered if the state legislature so chooses, is seen in SB 539, by Senator Randolph Collier, D-Yreka. This is a measure extending teacher retirement benefits through recognition of benefits earned in other states.

The measure, sponsored by the Association for Retirement Credit for Out of State Service, would cost California taxpayers between \$700 and \$800 million over a period of years, according to conservative estimates, if it is ever written into law. In brief, it provides that teachers coming to California with retirement credits in other states, would have all or a portion of those retirement credits posted to their account in California.

Proponents of this measure have urged for some years that it is necessary to enable to state to recruit out of state teachers to combat the teachers shortage in California.

However, the California Taxpayer Association said

that statistics and surveys do not indicate that additional retirement benefits draw any more teachers to this state.

The association points out that in 1965, the department of finance survey more than 60,000 teachers from out of state, and found that 36 per cent moved to California for other purposes and then decided to teach; 34 per cent moved on their own initiative because of better

salaries, climate or working conditions. 9 per cent were recruited; 10 per cent came seeking a teachers job, and 11 per cent came to this state for other reasons.

Thus, there is no percentage at all of teachers who come to California because of better retirement provisions here.

Not only the California Taxpayers Association, but also the California School Boards Association, are against the bill, which has cleared the Senate and is now before the Assembly, where it stands a good chance of passing.

Previously, the bill has been stymied in the Senate. However, this year there

were some extenuating circumstances which resulted in the measure coming out of the senate finance committee, and being passed by the upper house. The measure was being considered at the time Governor Ronald Reagan signed the 1967-68 state budget, and blue-pencilled some \$43 million out of the document.

It was thought that the committee put the bill out in retaliation for this action, and thus planned to put the monkey on the governor's back as far as killing the measure through a veto is concerned.

Reagan has indicated he is in favor of better retirement for teachers, but also has said that this is not the year to increase retirement benefits. So in all probability, if the measure clears the Assembly, the governor will be forced to exercise his veto power if he wishes to keep the taxpayers from facing another bill of from \$700 to \$800 million in future years.

As far as the taxpayers are concerned, the principle involved is vital, for there seems to be no reason why California should pay retirement benefits earned in another state.

### ROYCE BRIER

## Arrival of the 'Gypsies' Doesn't Alarm the Kids

BERKELEY — A weekly paper called the Berkeley Barb, where they have fun printing things to bug the elders, recently ran a piece saying gypsies are infiltrating the San Francisco Bay area.

The Barb likes gypsies better than their detractors and so, alas, does this column. If you wanted to see panic (like with hippies) you should have observed the good villagers of an earlier time when gypsies drew near. This alarm, however, was not shared by the kids, but more of that presently.

Anyway, the cops hereabout are said to be down with consternation because gypsies are presumed to tell fortunes, and fortune-telling is illegal or something. So was booze in the 1920s.

Of the gypsy influx, if you can find one, the Berkeley yarn says gypsies don't tell fortunes any more. Any dummy can tell fortunes by the stars these days, but modern gypsies are metal

workers and horse traders. In the old days they used to mend pots and pans, and the story was they sneaked off in the night with them, but we always got ours back.

For centuries on end gypsies have had a tribal antipathy for civilization, as it is called, and made their own laws, which forbade non-

gypsies being mugged by gypsies. The frightened deplore them, and the unfrightened think them romantic, both attitudes, probably deplorable.

One thing you can believe, the gypsies are not going to take over capitalistic installations like those of Haight-Ashbury. It takes time to occupy a city even if you're Alaric, and gypsies can't wait around.

Many a year ago in rural Wisconsin a tribe of gypsies used to show up every summer and camp in a wood

near the town. Gypsies are often of Bohemian stock, and townsmen suspected them of being squares who had permanent homes in a Bohemian "settlement" fifty miles distant, but the townsmen had never been that far away.

So as soon as a gypsy train was seen or sensed all the kids in town would hop their bikes and ride hither and yon yelling, "Gypsies!" but not indignantly, like Paul Revere.

They would loiter about the camp hoping to become kidnap victims and escape their parents, as all knew gypsies sometimes grabbed a kid and he was never heard of more. No dice. When a gypsy wagon went into town so the women could buy a bolt of cloth, some ratfink kid was sure to squeal to the town marshal, saying the gypsies were shoplifting.

The marshal would saunter up and down the drag, but he never threw any gypsies in the bucket. This disappointed the kids, not because they hated gypsies, but because pre-teens were bitterly oppressed by the dullness of their lives, an oppression which seems to have survived.

One time a rich kid acquired a five dollar gold piece, as gypsies love gold, unlike non-gypsies. So he bought a mangy pony, but when he got the critter home he found it was spavined. None of the other kids sympathized with him, figuring if you were dumb enough to be gyped by gypsies, you had it coming. A good precept.

### My Neighbors



See if it knows where I left my car keys.