

Press-Herald

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A Measure of Greatness

What was little more than a gleam in the eyes of a handful of individuals a few short years ago will be the center of attention here Friday when the new \$5 million Torrance-South Bay County Building housing the area's Superior and Municipal Court districts is dedicated officially.

On hand will be judges, lawyers, state, county, and municipal officials from throughout California.

And not far away will be the men whose efforts—sometimes against overwhelming odds—brought the vast judicial complex into existence.

There will be Supervisor Burton W. Chace, who spearheaded efforts on the county level.

There will be Mayor Albert Isen of Torrance, whose tireless efforts kept the fires burning in the campaign.

Not far away will be attorney Boris S. Woolley and former mayor and councilman, Nick Dralle, who spent day after day and night after night appearing before groups of judges, municipal officials, bar associations, service clubs, and civic groups in an all-out selling campaign to get the court district headquarters in Torrance.

It was a campaign fought against the most formidable of opponents. There were strong advocates for locating the court on nonexistent Inglewood sites; there were others who favored the South Bay cities; but Torrance had the big guns in the final campaign.

It had land available, the statistics of population, and the growing realization—long touted by the Press-Herald and others—that Torrance was destined to be the hub of the Southwest.

The courts are now open and operating, the building already houses regional offices for the county clerk, district attorney, and marshal.

Friday will be a big day in Torrance. The residents of the city in particular and those in the large area now served by the new facilities should be justly proud of the new judicial center.

It goes a long way toward insuring the city of the full measure of greatness toward which it has long been striving.

The Hoodlums Win Again

'Tis a strange world we are living in, Sir.
Take just this very week, for an example.

Soviet Premier Alexi N. Kosygin, according to reports published throughout the nations (and probably the world), with the minimum of excitement, took the arm of his daughter, Ludmila, and walked the streets of New York, gawking at the tall buildings, looking at the shop windows, and getting a first-hand glance at that terrible anathema of the Soviet system—Wall Street.

It is one of the tributes of our society that the premier of Russia, visiting in the United States at a time when his presence could be upsetting, was able to visit Harlem, Times Square, the Bowery, Chinatown, Central Park, and other attractions normally on the tourist's "must see" list.

Contrast, if you will, the plans being made for the visit to Los Angeles this weekend of President Johnson.

The same courtesies which have been extended to Premier Kosygin are not being extended to our own President.

During his scheduled visit to Los Angeles this weekend, the President should rightfully enjoy the widest possible public exposure. Thousands of us would like to see him—even if it was just a glimpse as he passed through an area.

However, because of the demonstrations being plotted by a cabal of political hoodlums, college professors, and their camp followers, the President will not be able to do any sightseeing. In fact, because of the very real threats to his safety, his public exposure will be extremely limited.

It is a shame that thousands of loyal Americans will be deprived of a chance to see their President; and it is equally shameful that our President must so restrict his public appearances that he will be exposed only to carefully screened audiences in tightly guarded surroundings.

It's another victory for the hoodlums.

Morning Report:

Some big corporations are now furnishing their supervisors with 11 free white shirts. Five at the laundry; five in the drawer; and one on his back. It's a new trend in fringe benefits.

I suppose that on the neck band, under the collar size, is printed: "Property of the XYZ Company. Must be returned when employment is severed." Which means that henceforth, the loyal executive, over his third martini, will no longer say, "I'd give old J.B. the shirt off my back" but rather, "I'll never quit, I'll give old J.B. his shirt off my back."

It now means that quitting takes on an added complication. No more storming out of the boss's office with a fine flourish of irate independence. But rather, "J.B., I'm quitting as soon as I change into my own shirt."

Abe Mellinkoff

It Has A Swinging Door In Back



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Israeli's War Lesson Of No Use in Vietnam

Some of the best minds of our generation are scrambling their brains in a hawkish attempt to draw parallels between Israel and Vietnam. Their rallying cry: "Where do the doves stand now, eh?" Answer: right where they stood before. I fail to find the alleged corollary that fills them with such peculiar glee. From the evidence, Israel (to which the U.S. has "ten times the commitment it had to South Vietnam," according to Roger Hillsman) was about to be attacked and elected to strike first. How does this square with unilateral U.S. intrusion into a civil war, followed by massive air strikes against a small country that has not attacked us? (North Vietnamese strength in South Vietnam at the time of the first escalation: one battalion.) If there is a David and Goliath aspect to the Middle East conflict—a popular picture in this country—it rebounds to our own

discomfiture in Vietnam. The war in the Middle East was tragic, as all wars are, but to twist the Israeli victory into justification for Vietnam seems as misguided as the hawk's assumption that all peace marchers are pacifists.

San Francisco is still a well-dressed city. The streets cleaner in the 16th and Capp area wears a suit with vest, a necktie and a fedora—the showoff. You're not getting any younger when you use words like fedora. Or, as Bill Hendricks found out the other day, when you're discussing Hepburn with a young girl and suddenly realize that while your talking about Katharine, she means Audrey (who isn't getting any younger either, even though Twiggy could hide behind her) ... Girls named July must get

awfully sick of guys who try to imitate Cary Grant's imitable "Judeh-Judeh-Judeh," and what picture was that in, anyway?

Flat Statements: Doughnut holes are better than doughnuts. Taylor and Geary is the windiest corner in S.F., including third base at Candlestick. Half the people who didn't like "Blow-Up" are afraid to say so. Black-and-white TV looks more "real" than color. Telephone operators who try to sound sexy succeed only in being unintelligible. Hotel St. Francis has the best coffee in town. There may be such a thing as a good cup of tea, but not here.

Priority List: Maurice Rouas, head waiter at fashionable L'Etoile on Nob Hill, got so worked up over the Arab-Israeli war that he rushed down to the Israeli Consulate to volunteer as a soldier. "Impossible," he was told, "but there is a great shortage of French-speaking waiters in Tel Aviv—would you be interested in that?" He's still thinking it over.

A Letter... ... To My Son

By Tom Rische

High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,

I think sometimes that teenagers are right when they say adults don't know "what's happening."

I've been in groups of teenagers and adults a couple of times recently when an adult started denouncing long hair and "mod" styles as typical of today's teenagers. Looking around, I couldn't see any teenagers in the groups who were wearing either one.

I asked some kids in my classes how they viewed long tresses and new styles. A large majority of both sexes said that boys in long hair look weird, and an even larger percentage agreed that they weren't interested in "mod" clothes.

Several stores have "mod" clothing on sale for a fraction of its original price, and employees at the stores noted that the flowered, wide-belted creations have been poor sellers. "Mod" might have some influence on fashion, but currently isn't doing too well.

Hair is moving away from the crew cuts that became popular during World War II, but most guys aren't interested in looking like Jesus or even Andrew Jackson. (I can remember how "weird" some people thought that crew cuts looked about 25 years ago).

I'm also getting tired of hearing about the Hippies, and so apparently are many of today's teenagers. Their comments indicate feelings about Hippies run from amusement to disgust, but few indicated any interest in moving to the Haight-Asbury District of San Francisco or any place like it. A few kids who had seen that noted Hippie hangout came away rather repulsed.

I think adults might pay more attention to what they see and less to what they read.

Seeing is believing—I think,
Your dad

AFFAIRS OF STATE

Assemblyman's Poll OKs Death Penalty, Lotteries

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR
Capital News Service

SACRAMENTO — Some interesting material always can be obtained from polls conducted for the purpose of finding out how people are thinking in various areas. A poll has just been conducted by Assemblyman Peter F. Schabarum, R-Covina, covering a variety of subjects which are before the state legislature and also are matters of discussion.

The assemblyman said his poll was sent to approximately 26,000 households in his area and that he received 5,800 replies, which is more than 22 per cent and as polls go, a good response.

One of his questions was whether or not tuition should be charged at California's state college and the University of California. From the furor engendered when this was first suggested by Governor Ronald Reagan, it would be expected that the answer would be negative.

However, the assemblyman said 79.2 per cent of the replies were in favor of a tuition plan, which is at least some indication the governor was not out of line in making the suggestion.

Another question dealt with capital punishment. Those who would abolish the system of exterminating

criminals guilty of capital crimes for many years have appeared before the legislature pressing their cause.

The Schabarum poll, however indicated that 76.6 per cent of those replying were in favor of maintaining the present laws on the subject. Evenly divided was the question of whether or not this issue should be placed before the people for a vote, as move which has been suggested several times but never consummated. The return on retaining capital punishment may be one reason why those who would have it abolished never have sought recourse by a vote of the people rather than by putting the highly emotional issue before the legislature at every opportunity.

Sacramento

On the subject of gambling, the question was asked as to whether a lottery should be adopted. A total of 62.6 per cent of the replies favored the establishment of this means of raising state revenue, which is somewhat contrary to the vote expressed in a recent election on a lottery, which was defeated. However, this was for the establishment of a private lottery which may have had some bearing on the defeat.

On horse racing, 57 per cent of the replies favored the establishment of night horse and harness racing. At least, night harness racing is scheduled to be approved by the current legislature.

And on the subject of where funds raised from a lottery should be spent, the preponderance of opinion was for using the money for property tax relief. Those who thought they should be used for education were second. This would appear to be an indication that the matter of excessive property taxes is growing more crucial all the time, as it was not many years ago the emphasis would have been on education.

Out of the replies to the poll, a total of 61.7 per cent were against a withholding tax, which presently is a prime issue before the legislature. Governor Reagan has expressed almost unalterable opposition to the withholding tax, and has suggested a semi-annual payment of income tax as an alternative. The senate governmental efficiency committee has gone him one better, and suggested a 50 per cent surtax on the income tax for next year.

It is relatively easy to say that polls mean nothing, but at least they reflect the thinking of some of the people.

ROYCE BRIER

Deaths Present Detailed View of Russian Changes

When Svetlana Alliluyeva, Stalin's remarkable daughter now in the United States, was a little girl, her mother died.

In a recent article about her in Atlas magazine, it was related that the child was in bed in a Kremlin apartment and heard her parents violently quarrelling, followed by a shot.

The mother's death has always been an impenetrable mystery. It is not known whether she committed suicide. Her death was publicly announced as due to illness but this version had little acceptance anywhere.

Last month Klavdia Kosygin, wife of the Soviet Premier, died of cancer. Her illness was publicly known, and several thousand persons attended her funeral.

The contrast here seems to be a valid sign of the extraordinary changes occurring in the Soviet Union since Stalin's death. Both anthropologists and historians have always read significance into how a society treats death.

Of course, the change in the Soviet society following the death of Stalin has a much wider spectrum.

Josef Stalin was plainly a sort of latter-day Caligula—or name any other of the more maleficent of the Roman emperors. He was, politically and personally, amoral. The corroding struggle to attain and keep power had drained from him all human conscience, if he

ever had much. He was a ringer for Big Brother in Orwell's 1984, and he was probably Orwell's model.

If he was not demented in his last years, he might as well have been. His suspicion of his fellow beings, and his treachery, had indeed reached paranoiac proportions. But Caligula, and Nero also, were probably medically insane.

There is no madness in Kosygin, but he also flourishes in a different time. It would not be impossible, but it would be very difficult, for another Stalin to emerge in the Kremlin hierarchy.

The subordinates of the hierarchy perceived this immediately on gaining their freedom. They chose to call the late dictatorship a "cult of personality," and they formally repudiated it.

The collective leadership which followed did not have promising historical precedents, but it seems to be working. If it is, it is because the Russian people have gradually achieved a mass pressure which holds the collective leadership to account.

It is hardly democracy in our sense, or in the ancient Greek sense, but it may evolve in a decade or two into self-government, where dissent is lawful, and a parliament acquires substantial power over responsible ministers.

This would not put an end to the philosophy and practice of communism, but it would put an end to the dictatorship of the proletariat, and Comrade Marx would be considerably diminished.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Compton Dissected, Put On Sociologist's Bench

I'd like to see every community in America have a reporter like Richard M. Elman turned loose on it—Gary, Ind., the heart of New York, Anaheim, Oakland, the whole thing. Elman is to sociology what Ross Macdonald is to private-eye fiction; what's more Elman plays his own Law Archer as he roams the bars, bungalows, schools, newspaper offices, sleazy motels, smog-shrouded streets and topless joints in Compton, a Southern California community of 75,000 cheek-by-jowl with Watts. In "Ill-at-Ease in Compton" Elman sees Compton, "living through the American tomorrow."

Elman has served as a research assistant at the Columbia School of Social Work, but he is chiefly a writer of documentary films for National Educational Television. He chose to live in and observe Compton at close range after preparing an unsatisfactory film profile of it. Compton is the first step up from Watts, economically. That's what sets it aside from neighboring Bell, Southgate, or other southeast Los Angeles com-

munities. Compton is fast on its way to becoming an all-Negro city.

Elman is sharp, uncompromising and depressed as he pulls back the rooftops of this town on the downgrade. The white man is fleeing for outlying areas as the Negro flees Watts, Compton is a series of ghettos, black, white, and integrated. Elman describes its tensions and distrust—Compton's mistrust of Elman was, for the most part, simply because he posed questions.

He describes a new wasteland with brutal eloquence, a "topless" town, a term he uses in a general sense, to mean no dignity, no risks, no class.

The author of a previous and widely discussed work, "The Poorhouse State: The American Way of Life on Public Assistance," Elman does not deal merely with statistics in the classic sociological pattern. He writes with the style and power of a talented novelist. These are his observations and considered conclusions; yet the real conclusions come

from the people he met, at least those who would talk. "We're in Compton, we're black, and we're proud to be black," one woman told him. "We don't want to mix with rednecks."

Elman reports on new social problems which American communities, urban and suburban, will face in the next decade. Why Compton? Because California's experience filters itself back across the country, Elman finds, and adds.

"Negro poverty at present also guarantees that Compton will be about the most immediate option for black men, and for many years to come. And then they get there, and they also turn bitter because their neighbors are, in the main, the bitter whites who have been left behind. What this ensures is that there will always be someone on the bottom, a class who must be planned for by the others who assume all the power and the prerogatives, and that theirs will be the legacy of bitterness which those on the bottom have always had for aristocrats." Illuminating stuff by a new kind of private eye.

My Neighbors



"I'm not so much interested in getting an 'A' in sand-box as in developing a favorable student-teacher relationship."