

Torrance Herald

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REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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A Public Accounting

Did you ever wonder how the tax assessment on your home compared to homes in your neighborhood . . . or across town?

As the result of action by the Board of Supervisors this week, you will be able to find out in the future, merely by checking your community newspaper.

This new service will not be complete this year, but the Board of Supervisors has ordered notification to property owners of their assessments through publication of assessment rolls in newspapers.

The vote of the Board of Supervisors was unanimous after County Assessor Phillip E. Watson said it was his opinion that the publication of the county's assessment rolls, house by house and street by street, would enable taxpayers to compare values and assessments with their neighbors.

It has been the custom in past years for property owners to receive notice of assessment only with their tax bills in the fall.

The Herald agrees with the assessor that the publication of assessments is in the public interest . . . a "public audit" he called it.

This week's action of the Board of Supervisors in ordering the assessor to begin newspaper publication of assessments was one of the options available to the board under provisions of 1963 legislation which made it mandatory to notify property owners of any assessment increases.

The board could have ordered publication this year of the entire assessment rolls, publication of only the changes in assessments, publication of assessments in one-fifth of the county with changes only in the balance, or notification of each property owner of his assessment by postal card.

Supervisors did the prudent thing, we believe, in setting the pattern of accountability to the taxpayers and spreading the initial impact of the cost over a period of years.

It's a case where a public body has moved to let the people know what was going on with an eye on the costs at the same time.

Opinions of Others

The U. S. Army has at long last discovered they have currently 35,000 men in the wrong jobs at the cost of \$48 million in training funds. They didn't need a survey to tell them about this square-peg-in-round-hole problem; any former G.I. would have been glad to inform them. —Corvallis (Ore.) Gazette-Times.

The brave patriots who founded this country, who dreamt the dream of freedom before there was freedom, saw so very wisely what an important role newspapers could play in the life of this Republic. Because of this, they gave newspapers certain rights and privileges which they felt exercised would guarantee the continuance on and on of a way of life among the noblest ever conceived by the mind of man. —North Vernon (Ind.) Plain Dealer.

LETTERS From Our Readers

Reader Challenges Book Selection by Educators

Editor, The Herald

I am impelled to take issue with your "Penny for Your Thoughts" column. (April 23)

The answers your reporter received were very interesting, but it is my conviction that there is another book which would receive more general endorsement than any of the ones mentioned . . . in "moral and spiritual values," as the first lady suggested . . . in "secondary meaning," as suggested by the second answer . . . in "simplicity" and "universal appeal" as indicated by the third lady . . . and in "character values" and "steadfastness and dedication" and "integrity" as delineated by the final one in answer. In addition, it has the virtue of Truth, and infinite variety.

I suggest . . . The Bible. SUSAN SPARKS Susan is right that the Bible would receive more general endorsement. For that reason, the Herald reporter and those responding to the question agreed to consider books other than the Bible. The Herald may have erred when it did not make this clear in the column. —Editor.

EDITOR, The Herald In your newspaper of Thursday, April 23, report was made to the effect that the GOP Women endorsed Steven Anthony in his stand against condemnation proceedings.

I certainly do not argue his, or anyone's right to use every facility of the law. Certainly some innocent people lose suits in court, but

our method of law is still the best in the world. Anthony had access to, and used, every available court, a luxury that few can afford—and it would seem to me that getting the judgment of the Supreme Court should be good enough for anybody.

That any group should support his kind of antagonism . . . his tactics . . . his lack of respect for the law, is unbelievable. The law enforcement officers should be commended for their patience and ability to avoid bloodshed, in the face of his obvious desire to cause trouble, and win publicity.

What is important to me as an individual and a mother, is that in our great country there are so many who fail to uphold and assist enforcement of the law, who endorse such disrespect, and thereby assist the climate of violence that threatens our strength and security. Ungovernability should make ALL of us indignant at those who would use force when the verdict of the courts does not suit them personally.

Too many people have taken the attitude that the law does not concern them. And too many people jump on the bandwagon.

Passivity and indifference to the law is riddling our society and becomes contagious. As far as I am concerned, and contrary to his statements and those of his attorney that "everyone is with him," he should be charged with anything possible in the books. Preventing law enforcement officers from



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Sherman Had the Answer; But He Was an Eccentric

Spring and early summer preceding a Presidential election in the United States is a period to try the American mass soul, which vaguely idealizes the leadership principle.

It is a period when men of reputed stature walk gingerly on clay feet, exhibiting their most self-serving sides, touched with little hypocrisies, with evasions, with furtive calculations, with secret longing for place and glory which they cannot keep a secret from their fellow men.

There are practically no exceptions in this faintly melancholy manifestation of human nature. You can recall, but one, really, in all the history of our four-year intervals.

So it is not unique to the present — you only note the present because it is here. Supposing Mr. Johnson said:

"Of course, I'm running for President . . . are you nuts?" What would happen?

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Why his friends (never mind his enemies) would be struck in a heap at such bleak integrity. All their cunning designs for thrusting the nomination upon him would be demolished, and simple honesty would be interpreted as a kind of inexplicable treason.

But what started this meditation was the pronouncement of Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania. No, Mr. Scranton is not a candidate; yes, he will accept a draft; then, with a belated touch of reality, who wouldn't?

This is substantially Mr. Nixon's mid-air position, though he may not have said as clearly he would accept a draft. Do not bet, however, he would decline one. Or take Ambassador Lodge, who sits in Saigon and says nothing, while his silence thunders. Let the experts say if this silence is clever, but are we to suppose Mr. Lodge didn't hear of New Hampshire, or hasn't read the polls since?

Senator Goldwater, an avowed candidate, stumps the country saying what he would do if elected, when he knows very well he couldn't and wouldn't do much of it, if elected. Governor Rockefeller has trouble finding his primary opponent, like the good

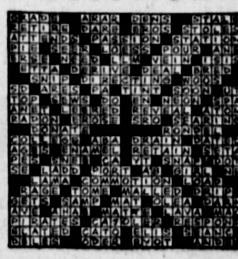
guy in the Western beset by two varmints. First he bops Mr. Johnson's foreign policy, then Mr. Goldwater's hypothetical foreign policy.

Today this is a Republican problem, because Mr. Johnson has no rivals for nomination, but it can be a problem of either or both parties.

The problem is to see through the double-talk, but it is not of record the American mass soul has ever solved it in the half-year before the conventions. It is built into the political system. You don't get out on a limb. You don't tell anybody at all what is really in your mind if circumstances project you into the Presidential dream.

Oh, yes, the exception — General Sherman in 1884 when he could have had it on the first ballot: "I will not accept if nominated, and will not serve if elected." But then, he was an eccentric, always in hot water, and not caring a damn.

SOLUTION



New Book About a Book And Some Other Doings

By WILLIAM HOGAN

Roif Hochhuth's controversial play, "The Deputy," continues to sell at the rate of about 10,000 copies a week. For a lengthy drama, this kind of interest is almost unheard of. But the subject—the late Pope Pius XII's reluctance to speak out against the Nazi murders of Jews—continues to fascinate and/or outrage readers in this country as it did last year in Europe.

Its American publisher, Grove Press, is not yet thinking of a paperback edition of "The Deputy." But it will publish an original paperback next month, "Storm Over the Deputy," containing highlights of reaction around the world to the drama. The book will be edited by Eric Bentley. All shades of opinion will be included. Among the American writers: Hannah Arendt, Alfred Kazin, Susan Sontag, George M. Schuster, others.

"Storm Over the Deputy" is patterned after a similar anthology which became a best-selling book in Germany last year: some of the material in that will be in the

Grove project which Dell will distribute. It should be well worth reading but will not, remember, be a paperback edition of "The Deputy."

Bernard DeVoto's "Across the Wide Missouri" appears among the new Houghton Mifflin Sentry reprints. If you have never read it, mark this one. It is a wonderful account of the "mountain men" who, during the 1830s, penetrated the unknown regions between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains, stripped the territory of furs, destroyed its isolation and—perhaps incidentally—welded the continent into the American nation. This was the controversial, hard-boiled old scholar Benny DeVoto at his best. It appeared in 1947, and won a Pulitzer Prize for history.

That coll. candid sociological report, "Dallas Public and Private" we discussed recently, remain a haunting business. However, in a discussion of the fate of the arts down there (generally distressing), there was one glimmer of sanity. Warren Leslie noted that fortunately some writers

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplaine

If You're on a Budget, Skip the Tourist Traps

CUERNAVACA, Mexico — "We would like to drive from the Midwest to the West Coast this summer. Could you estimate the cost for a couple? We are frugal . . ."

I guess it at \$35. A recent AAA report had it at about \$30. (And a dozen people will now write me that THEY did it for anywhere from \$15 to \$25.)

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" . . . the coolest route? The most interesting route?" I imagine Highway 40 is higher and should be cooler—though it can get fairly warm on the Great Plains, it's not unbearable. There's an excellent book—"Highway 40" by George Stewart—on the highway and the area and its history.

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"We are going to Europe (two young couples) and, like everybody else, want to do it cheaply. We will have a small car on a rent-lease plan . . ."

Just for general rules: Big cities like London, Paris, Rome are twice as expensive as smaller towns in the country. Long stays in tourist centers eat up your budget alarmingly.

France is the most expensive country. Spain is the cheapest—cost me \$18 a day for two and a child. Living it up. And with some emergency medical expense. Again that's not Madrid. It's the countryside. Madrid ran about \$30.

Food and drink are highest items. Buy sandwich material and picnic on the road. Buy local brandy and have it with water in your hotel room. Whiskey is imported except in Britain and Ireland and it's expensive.

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"My mother is determined to see her home country of Ireland but must have a diet. I can arrange this with relatives over there but I am afraid of food on a plane . . ."

Airlines get this often enough that they can arrange almost any diet from their kitchens. Have it aboard your mother's flight. Call and ask—Irish Airlines is the only one I know landing at Dublin.

The others go into Shannon.

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"We want a most comfortable, even luxury hotel, for our parents while they are in Mexico. They are elderly but in good health . . ."

The newest and most luxurious are the new Maria Isabel and the Tecali. Both on the beautiful Reforma. Balconies, suites. High by Mexico standards but not by U.S. The Maria Isabel runs \$18 double. The Tecali is \$44 and includes two baths, living room, bar and kitchen.

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"We have made arrangements to rent a boat with outboard motor on an inland lake. Is there any special life

jacket recommended for children?"

The U.S. Coast Guard has definite recommendations on such jackets. You can write them at Washington, D.C. I've seen a number of kids in pools wearing a very small, lightweight air bubble on their backs. Looks like a giant size pill. Made in plastic with a belt on it. Sporting goods stores should have them.

"We would like a cool route to Mexico during the summer."

It just doesn't get cool until you get on the plateau at Guadalajara. No matter what route, you have to sweat it out to that point. (It's 80 today here in Cuernavaca and this is 5,000 feet.) After Guadalajara, Highway 15 through Morelia is high and cool.

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"We were told not to buy

shoes in Spain but to buy them in Italy . . ."

Right. Hand-made women's shoes in Spain sell at a tempting \$8. But they only last a couple of months. Cost twice that much in Italy. Last three times as long or better. "Is there a place to see Siamese dancing when we go through Bangkok. We have only one night."

The fashionable Erewan Hotel has these antenna-on-the-head neck dancers on a built-in basis. If they aren't working that night, the desk clerk probably can tell you where they're moonlighting.

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"We are shipping our car across by air from England and would like a nice place to stay in the vicinity of Lydd airport."

The Mermaid at Rye is your place. Like Benbow Inn in "Treasure Island."

OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

Miss Amanda's Withdrawal Tic

"Please, young man, may I come in?" It was my good friend, Miss Amanda, national commander of "I," the super-patriotic stamping-out society. I hadn't seen her for months and the change in her was shocking.

Gone were her tennis shoes! Gone her lead-weighted reticule! Gone her ever-present look of one who smells a Commie rat! Could this be the lovable stamper-outer who devoted her life to stamping out fluoridated water, civil rights, Polish hams, mental health and other Kremlin plots? "Miss Amanda!" I cried. "What has happened to you?"

"Happened," inquired Miss Amanda, adjusting her sensible cloth coat about her shoulders and gazing primly down at her sensible walking shoes. "Why, nothing has happened. I simply dropped by to respectfully suggest your earnest consideration of the eminent qualifications offered by that leading presidential candidate, Senator Goldwater."

And with that she gave me two pieces of salt water taffy, a brochure containing not a single exclamation point and—so help me—a polite smile!

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Unnerved as I was, I managed to inquire what glorious stamping-out crusade she and the good ladies of "I" were currently engaged in.

"I" said Miss Amanda, not even stumbling over the punctuation. "Oh, that. Well, we decided to lay aside our 'I's until after the elections. After all, Senator Goldwater is a very responsible and distinguished candidate and it is the feeling of his campaign managers that we can better serve him through diligent precinct work, stamping envelopes and maintaining a discreet silence on the issues of the day."

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Oh, I said. But what about Red China, for example? Wasn't Miss Amanda tempted to stamp out seven million Red Chinese? I could see her foot twitch, ever so slightly. "Let me tell you," she said hastily, "about the delightful kaffe klatsch we had only yesterday for the Senator. 'Be Merry for Barry,' that's our motto, ha, ha."

And look at Zanzibar and Ghana. I went on relentlessly. Obvious dens of African communism. Wouldn't stamping out Red Blacks be a challenge?

Her feet began to tap, her shoulders twitched, fine beads of perspiration appeared about her bifocals. Oh, the agony of her withdrawal symptoms! But with a supreme effort she pulled herself together.

"We have confidence," she said, swallowing hard, "that Senator Goldwater will initiate a sound, constructive program for dealing with these crises upon his election to the White House."

But what, I asked, if he loses? "I can hardly wait!" shouted Miss Amanda, leaping to her feet with the old fire in her eye. "It'll prove the Commie rats have taken over the country! Wake up America! Stamp out Americans!"

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Well, no offense to Mr. Goldwater, but I can hardly wait until he loses either. For I miss the fiery old Miss Amanda and her fiery old friends. They had zip and zing. And I don't think I can stand the new, respectable Miss Amanda much longer. Nor, I suspect, can she.

Morning Report:

For a long time, our side was afraid the fight between Red Russia and Red China was some sort of secret, Communist window-dressing. Now, things are worse. We are afraid it's the real thing.

Before, international thinking was easy. Everything was black and white. Or at least red and white.

But if Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Mao Tse-tung stay mad at each other, where does that leave our speech writers? How do we bend the "free enterprise system" to include Russia? Do we abolish "the iron curtain" or move it to the Manchurian border? Maybe we'll just have to create a whole new set of cliches to make international life bearable again.

Abe Mellinkoff

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