

A Choice for Mayor

One of the most important decisions facing voters when they cast their ballots here next Tuesday will be the selection of a mayor to guide the city during the coming four years.

Seeking re-election is Mayor Albert Isen, who has served since 1955, and is now completing his second term as the elected mayor.

Campaigning to unseat him is Nickolas O. (Nick) Drale, who was defeated by Isen in the race for mayor in 1958; who lost a bid to unseat veteran Democrat Assemblyman Clayton Dills in 1962, and who was defeated in his campaign to stay on the Torrance City Council in 1964.

Four years ago when Mayor Isen campaigned for re-election, he said he should be elected "because he has demonstrated seasoned capacity for the office, because he has spent long hours in the city's behalf, and because he successfully has guided the city during the period of important growth."

The four years that followed has vindicated that choice. Mayor Isen has continued to devote long hours to the welfare of the city he loves. He has provided dynamic leadership at a time when tough decisions had to be made. He has shown again and again his capacity for converting enthusiasm into action. He gets things done!

Any man in public office who is called on to stand up and be counted on the issues week after week is certain to displease some of the city's citizens. Mayor Isen has his share of critics, but he has been above them; he has continued to serve the best interests of the city with vigor and with a large measure of specific knowledge of municipal affairs and with the common sense of the informed man.

We do not believe the city would be better served by the mayor's opponent.

For these and for many other reasons, we recommend the re-election of Albert Isen as mayor next Tuesday.

The Council Race

The need for a strong City Council, a deliberative body composed of men who can do their own thinking and make their own decisions, is probably more pressing now than at any recent time.

Among the candidates seeking election to the City Council next Tuesday, incumbent Ken Miller, a native of Torrance and a successful businessman and civic leader, has measured up to the demands of the office. He has proved himself to be a man of honor and high principle who is seeking honest solutions to the city's problems.

Convinced of his qualifications for the office, the Press-Herald last Sunday endorsed the re-election of Councilman Ken Miller who has shown during his four years as a Councilman that he is capable of doing his own thinking on the many weighty problems which the job presents.

Using the same yardstick, a member of responsible citizens have suggested that the resident and taxpayer of Torrance might be better served if the other incumbent candidates, J. A. Beasley and Ross Sciarrotta, were replaced.

Much of the criticism which has been attached to the two has been unwarranted, and even their critics concede that each probably will be returned to office unless a groundswell of opposition develops at the polls on Tuesday.

Replacement of the incumbent is in order when he abuses the office, or when—in the minds of the voters, the office can be improved with a new occupant.

We are not here concerned with the first, but are convinced that two of the challengers offer Torrance voters a chance to improve the council by adding aggressive leadership to that body.

We have been impressed with the campaigns of Orin P. (Bud) Johnson and Ed Talbert—and campaigns are important. We have been unimpressed with the campaigns of the two named incumbents.

We believe that Johnson and Talbert, each running an independent campaign, would be healthy additions to the City Council. Both are skilled in administration, and both have had wide professional experience which should be put to work on behalf of the city.

Johnson spent four years as an assistant city manager and 20 years in industry filling increasingly responsible technical and administrative posts. He was industrial and plant engineer for a Torrance firm when he was asked to join the city administration in 1962.

Talbert, a Torrance bank manager, has 20 years of experience in banking and finance. He has served two years as a member of the city's Planning Commission, and is well aware of the city's major needs in planning.

Each man has the support of a large number of Torrance civic, business, and professional leaders.

Several other candidates have made impressive campaigns—and we have observed over the years that a man's performance can be measured largely by the way he campaigns for the office.

However, observation of the candidates along the campaign trail and a review of their experience and training convince us that the best interest of Torrance will be served by the re-election of Ken Miller and by the election of Orin P. (Bud) Johnson and Ed Talbert on April 12.

Charter Amendments

The Press-Herald has published two editorials in earlier issues which were critical of the City Council request for pay increases (Charter Amendments A and B on Tuesday's ballot) and has published an editorial strongly endorsing a YES vote on Charter Amendment C, the so-called Go-Go Amendment, which would outlaw topless attire in public places in the city. We here reiterate those recommendations: Vote NO on A and B, YES on C.



STAN DELAPLANE

American Youth Hostels Can Help Young Traveler

SAN FRANCISCO—This is the time of year we get mail from young people. Long on ambitious travel plans, short on cash. Here's a tip: Write American Youth Hostels, 14 West 8th Street, New York City. Ask for tour programs.

And don't overlook the tours they have here in the U.S. Interesting travel by bus, car, boat, bike and canoe. And the price is moderate to cheap.

"I am picking up my new car in Germany but want to tour England and Ireland, too. Question: Is it better to ferry the car over or rent a car in Britain?"

The biggest advantage of buying a car overseas is the use you get out of it there. (They are cheaper than here. But by the time you ship them home and pay duty and several other costs, I can't see that you make much.) I'd ferry the car over rather than rent. Air ferry England-France is about \$16 for car and two passengers.

You might look into Shannon Free Airport, Ireland. They sold all makes of foreign cars at duty-free prices—and I suppose they still do. But write and be sure they have your model in stock when you arrive.

Shannon used to be the best place to get a Volkswagen. Not so many people took delivery there—they didn't know about it. So their quota wasn't used up as fast as other countries where you had to wait several weeks for delivery.

"How can we rent a house in Mexico from here?"

On newsstands with for-

"We will be going to Tahiti, Samoa, and Fiji in July and would appreciate any tips on clothing, health, things to carry."

Very, very lightweight clothing that leaves as much skin exposed as possible. Men should have shorts and bush jackets made by the Indian tailors in Fiji—they make them for about \$15 or \$20. Suva is just British enough they want you to dress for dinner. The bush jacket without shirt is considered dress. (Otherwise you're stuck with coat and tie.)

In Samoa and Tahiti, aloha shirt is considered dressy enough for everything. Pack a folding umbrella. Raincoats are too hot. Put stamps and envelopes with waxed paper against the sticky side. Or you'll find they seal themselves forever automatically. No health problems, except heat. The umbrella can be used for a sunshade.

Best shorts I've found are American-made in the style of German lederhosen. A man without a jacket never has enough pockets. These shorts have four in front, two in back.

Write Dan Sanborn Travel Service, McAllen, Texas. They'll route you, give road conditions, places to stay etc. It's free. Dan Sanborn sells Mexico auto insurance (which you have to have—your U.S. insurance is no good there). He hopes you'll buy it from him.

"I will be going to Mexico by car and want to buy and bring back a guitar. Can you tell me where to go?"

If you can find it, there's a small town whose sole industry is making guitars. But how to find it. I've never been there. Can't remember the name. It's in the State of Michoacan—somewhere off Highway 15 between Guadalajara and Morelia. So you might ask the Mexican Tourist Office in Guadalajara.

If that fails, you can do it the easy way. Just go to a guitar shop in Mexico City. I bought a guitar from Casa Ricardo—there are two of them. Look in the phone book. (But finding that elusive town sounds like more fun.)

Our Congress has made the down payment on a house for the Vice President. Right now it's expected to cost \$750,000, but with 535 owners in Congress looking over the shoulder of the architects, I'm sure the figure will go much higher before anybody moves in.

Already the new house has evoked some very bad poetry—a sure test of the seriousness of the matter at hand.

The residence will be built but not before enough oratory has been split to carpet the floors and paper the walls. Does a Vice President need five toilets? And is the kitchen too big? It's an issue we and our representatives can understand. Five billion bucks for space? Moved, seconded, passed. Who can know?

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Triple Rolls-Rice Owner Dickering for a Rail Car

Meet the people; John Barry Baldwin, 26 yr.-old grandson of a late Pres. of the Southern Pacific (he has a Nob Hill town house, three Rolls-Rice and runs the World Travel Center), is dickering for Millionheiress Doris Duke's private railroad car, now in Oakland's Western Pacific yards. If he swings the deal, he'll lease it for tours . . . Dr. Martin Niemoeller, the famed anti-Nazi cleric of W'War II, dined with the Lawrence Wades the other night, and reminisced about his career as a W'War I German sub commander. One night, off Crete, he fired at a ship whose passengers, he learned later, included Albert Schweitzer. The torpedo missed "My bad marksmanship," smiled Dr. Niemoeller, "saved a great humanitarian for the world, and a dear personal friend for me" . . . When we said Singer Mel Torme rec'd his solo pilot's license the other day, we offended him. He has had THAT for a long time. This is a private license, which means he can take passengers. And his first passenger was, of course, British Screenstar Janet Scott, without whom he is seldom, if ever.

Oh, woe: For weeks now, Kurt Herbert Adler, boss of the S. F. Opera, has been trying to land the very hot soprano, Rosanna Carteri, for the '66 season—and at last got her name on a contract. Greatly relieved, he

packed his bags and was about to leave town on an audition tour when, just as in a bad movie or a worse item, a telegram arrived. As follows: "Doctor informs me am pregnant. Must cancel all engagements. Carteri!"

These I like: The luncheon regulars at Jack's, who shake dice with their own embossed Florentine leather boxes (since the era of monogrammed shaving mugs is long gone, this is the next best thing) . . . A. E. Hotchner's series on Ernest Hemingway in the current Sat-eeposts—bringing Papa to life again in all his many moods (not all of them ingratiating) . . . The crepe soufflé at Ernie's; Maxim's of Paris invented this wondrous dish, but can't make it any better . . . The ancient marble open air lunch counter at the Golden Role on Market, where, no matter what the weather, you always see an overcoated old-timer hunched over a bowl of clam chowder.

Against all sorts of opposition and even evidence, I continue to maintain that Gov. Pat Brown has a splendid sense of humor. Case in point: When he first ran for Atty. Gen. years ago, he attended a meeting of the

State Sheriffs. "What California needs," he cried, "is new blood!" The silence was deafening (most of the top Sheriffs are old-timers, of course). Recently, he addressed the group again, seeking support for his third term as Governor. "As I told you gentlemen 20 years ago," he cried, "California needs men with experience!" Cheers, roars of approval, a standing ovation.

Maurice Chevalier, who makes Old Man River look like a quitter, rolls into town Aug. 16 for six performances . . . Since I'm not afflicted with false modesty—I'm proud to say I'm REAL modest—I must report that the Overseas Weekly, published in Frankfurt, Germany, has named the two pigeons that nest on its windowsill "Herb" and "Caen" . . . And since we're overseas anyway, London's New Statesman, in an account of a children's tea party, records a conversation between a seven-year-old boy and a six-year-old girl. Boy: "Are you a virgin?" Girl: "No, not yet" . . . Visitor from New Jersey: "Why can't I call it Frisco?" Native: "Do you call St. Francis 'Frank'?" . . . Those bumper strips that read "Trouble Parking? Support Planned Parenthood," will be updated soon to "Quit Your Kidding! Support Planned Parenthood." And while you're about it, ease the squeeze.

The Changing View: Against all sorts of opposition and even evidence, I continue to maintain that Gov. Pat Brown has a splendid sense of humor. Case in point: When he first ran for Atty. Gen. years ago, he attended a meeting of the

ROYCE BRIER

Gay Life in Havana Puts Official in Durance Vile

We have a fair example of the impossibility of prospering permanently in an authoritarian society, in the case of Major Egenio Almeida, until recently, vice minister of the armed forces of Cuba.

The Major is now in jail in Havana or thereabout, and he is likely to be there for years, if he survives at all.

He was arrested and stripped of office and rank with a score of unnamed persons. Havana Radio said he was a friend of one Cubelo, lately sentenced to 30 years in prison for plotting the assassination of Premier Castro, but the radio did not link him with Cubelo's supposed plot.

The Major's alleged crime is that he and his chums were leading a gay life in

Havana, an "illegal and vicious life contrary to revolutionary morals." Visitors to Havana say this is hard to do in the current Cuban

but in 1956 we find him a power in Castro's guerrilla forces in the Sierra Maestra. When Batista fled in January, 1959, Almeida became chief of the revolutionary police.

He played a leading role in the defense of Cuba in the Bay of Pigs landing in 1961. His police battalions are said to have suffered a third of the casualties there. But he insisted the Communist militia behaved badly, and it is said that ever since the Marxists in the Castro hierarchy have been out to get him.

Whether he turned against Castro in recent years we don't know. He is not apparently charged with disloyalty, and trial may not bring out the facts.

The facts, indeed, are seldom available in the savage quarrels in the authoritarian world.

It is a merciless world, more dangerous for the leaders than for the masses who are shielded by anonymity. There are two reasons for this (1) authoritarian life rests on conspiracy, the top man conspires to stay on top and all his aides must conspire with him, or against him; (2) when there is a quarrel the protections afforded by a self-governing society. He is automatically a bum, and is treated like one.

Literally thousands of such bums appeared in the Hitler and Mussolini regimes, and have appeared since 1917 in the Soviet Union, particularly under Lenin and Stalin. Ancient Rome was a monstrous forerunner of this way of administering a human society. Any time you play a big role in such societies, you had better be the wildest conspirator around, or you are dead.

O'Connor notes, in this continually interesting work: "Thus it turned out that, through different vicissitudes, Harte wound up a sad old man, Twain a bitter old man; Harte's struggles had mellowed him as Twain's successes had brought only disillusion."

read "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," or just heard about it?)

He was never much of a writer, although in the 1860s he advertised himself as being engaged in filling a void in the literature of the Pacific Coast." Yet his

work did contribute to the legend and mythology of post-Gold Rush California, which he first saw in 1854, before he became a printer, editor (of the Overland Monthly), story-teller, satirist and something of a poet.

Chiefly, Harte was a self-promoter. After the success of "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories," he made a triumphal tour East to capitalize on his brief fame. He wrote and re-wrote a great deal of mediocre material. In the 1870s he teamed up with his old colleague, Mark Twain, to write a play, "Ah Sin." It was a financial flop which the New York Sun considered "beneath criticism." Twain often sounded off about how he had been

World Affairs

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led by his former partner.

Bret Harte became an expatriate in England, a sort of inelegant Henry James, and curiously enough became a favorite in European literary circles. At his death in England in 1902 he was eulogized as "a powerful and original" writer. His passing drew eloquent statements from G. K. Chesterton and other members of the British cultural establishment. In the United States he was barely remembered.

Harte was not in Mark Twain's league as a literary man. Yet he had a special quality that rankled and inflamed his old competitor, the author of another California favorite, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

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