Your Right to Know is the Key to All Your Liberties

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL ..... Publisher
REID L. BUNDY .. Managing Editor

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Yes on School Bonds

Among the measures appearing on the Nov. 8 ballot which will be handed to Torrance voters is a $9 million school bond issue for the Torrance Unified School District.

Passage of the measure, which will appear as proposition V on the ballot, is a must if the Torrance schools are to meet the immediate educational needs of this community in the most economical manner. The measure requires a two-thirds majority for approval

The $9 million bond issue will provide funds for the purchase of new school sites, for construction of new schools, and for new and needed classrooms at many of the district's 38 existing schools.

The need for these facilities is obvious. Nearly 900 youngsters are now attending school on half-day sessions and that number could increase significantly if the district is unable to continue its construction programs.

Bond funds authorized by the voters three years ago have been exhausted. As much as $600,000 from the district's general fund-monies collected each year to finance operating expenses—will be required to pay for buildings now under construction if the bond issue is rejected.

School bonds offer the taxpayer the most economical alternative for new classrooms. If the bonds are rejected, the present Board of Education will have little choice but to attempt to meet the staggering needs of the district through an increase in taxes. That increase would add $40 to $50 to each homeowner's tax bill next year to finance a "pay-as-you-go" construction program.

Bonds, on the other hand, would mean little or no increase in property taxes. The present tax rate would merely be extended for several years, thus spreading the cost of school facilities among future generations who will use them.

Proposition V represents the most economical solution to the problems occasioned by the rapid growth of the Torrance schools and the Press-Herald strongly recommends a "yes" vote on it.

And remember, it requires two "yes" votes for every "no" vote if it is to pass.

A Crusade for Humanity

People need people, and that is the story of the United Crusade.

A crusade, one dictionary says, is "any remedial enterprise undertaken with zeal or enthusiasm."

Remember the military expeditions carried on by the Christians in the 12th and 13th centuries to recover the Holy Land from the Mohammedans? They were crusades.

In the 20th Century, United Crusade is the story of people making a gigantic effort to help people. It is the largest fund appeal in the nation; a partnership of the United Way and the American Red Cross

United Crusade raises funds for more than 310 health, welfare, youth, and disaster services in Los Angeles and adjoining communities.

Beneficiaries are the 6,520,875 people who live in the United Crusade area.

Here in the Harbor Area, 4,500 volunteers are working hard to reach a goal of $260,000 before the campaign ends Nov. 22. This is the Harbor Area's share of the total goal of $21,750,000 for the Los Angeles area.

Your gift to the volunteer calling at your door can work many wonders . . . reaching from your own neighborhood to the jungles of Viet Nam . . . to the family in your neighborhood that needs family counseling . . . to the teenager steered away from delinquency by a youth program . . . to the elderly who receives home nursing care and the knowledge that someone is concerned.

"Your $3 gift at Children's Hospital will buy a period of ambulation walking training," said Paul Vanderpool, campaign chairman for the Harbor Area. "Or a $6 gift will be a period of ambulation gait training."

People need people. And no one said it better, perhaps, than John Donne when he wrote long ago:

"No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent; a part of the main."

Through United Crusade, people in communities everywhere link themselves with all humanity.

Stick to the Facts

During an appearance before them earlier this year, Governor Brown admonished editors and publishers of California's newspapers to "stick to the facts" when reporting the events of the day.

While the governor can be commended for his desire to "stick to the facts," he can be faulted to not listening to his own advice.

Along the campaign trails of California, the governor has been guilty of voicing some of the wildest, most irresponsible—and unsubstantiated— charges about his opponent and the opposing political party candidates.

He apparently operates under the maxim: "Do as I say, not as I do."

It's time the governor was admonished to "stick to the facts."

Opinions of Others

We don't happen to think the average taxpayer can stand another increase in taxes. And he wouldn't have to if our men in Washington would quit playing footsie with each other and do the job they are sent there to do.—*Providence (Ky.) Journal-Enterprise.*

STAN DELAPLANE

Old Castle in Ireland Becomes Elegant Hotel

DROMOLAND CASTLE, IRELAND—This gray stone Irish castle dates back to the time Drake started around the world. When Philip of Spain was planning the Armada.

A few years ago they made it into a 70-room country house hotel — the most elegant I've ever seen. Not inexpensive. But not out of reach either. For anyone headed for Europe it might be worth spending a little. To walk in the great green park by the misty lakes and live like the Irish Barons whose arrogant portraits line the stately halls.

An attractive folder. Write Dromoland Castle, Newmarket - on - Fergus, County Clare, Ireland.

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"We would be interested in taking a house in Europe next summer . . ."

Down here in County Clare. They are planning something that looks good to me: Thatched roof cottages (modern) in the old village of Quin, alongside the roofless stone abbey that Cromwell's soldiers fired. These will be for weekly and monthly rentals (with service) in a quiet and beautiful part of Ireland. Should be rather inexpensive living. Ask about it by writing Brendan O'Regan, Shannon Free Airport, Ireland.

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". . . where you find out about an Irish family's coat of arms?"

I saw these the other morning on O'Connell Street in Dublin. Thomas Mullins has the best private collection of heraldry books in Europe. A wall plaque in copper and hand-enameled color on polished oak runs only $5 to $10. (They have other European heraldry besides Ireland.) Write for a catalogue to Thomas Mullins Exports Ltd., Heraldic House, O'Connell Street, Dublin 1, Ireland.

"We are planning to drive to Mexico with some concern as we have never driven outside the United States . . ."

Mexican traffic goes on the right as we do. No problem. In small towns traffic is often one-way, especially in circling the main plaza. Look on the wall of the building on each corner

Travel

for an arrow with the word "transito" or "circulacion." The arrow points the one-way direction. The double-headed arrow means two-way traffic. Sometimes it says "preferencia." Meaning you have the right-of-way. (Don't press it. All taxi drivers think they are bullfighters.)

Traffic policemen stand on a little box. Often at the side of the intersection rather than in the middle. If he is facing you or back to you — "stop." If he's in profile — "go." If you miss, look sad. Apologize. Ask if you can buy him a beer. Mexican police are lenient with tourists. In the last 15 years I've only been halted twice. Once I ran through his signal to stop. The other time I got wrong way into a oneway road. No ticket either time.

Learn the sign "narrow bridge"—"puente angosto." Because they aren't kidding. Go slow on blind curves. There's a stalled truck on one side and a string of burros coming up the other —probably.

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"Some of our friends advised us to take a sweater for nights in Hawaii. Others say we'll never use it. So we're asking you . . ."

Hardly ever wear a sweater. But when I've gone without one, I've had nights I wished I had brought it. (Especially on the northern island of Kauai.) Take one, and you'll probably insure weather so that you don't need it.

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"What clothing to wear in the Caribbean around Christmas?"

Now here's country where I NEVER needed a sweater. Too hot for a coat. Unfortunately, these are pretty dressy islands. Big hotels require coat and tie for dinner. Daytime wear for men and women is resorty — shorts and slacks. But not short shorts on women in town. (Especially in the British islands.)

These are sticky islands. You need changes. Keep your stamps and envelopes unglued in wax paper, or you'll find they've sealed themselves automatically.

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"You once mentioned oysters in Australia and where to get them . . ."

ANY restaurant in Sydney or Melbourne serves the delicious Sydney rock oysters, the best in the world. If you're in Melbourne, have them opened at the counter of the longest oyster bar in the world. It's in Flinders street. Get a bottle of Australian wine with them — a real sleeper.

Morning Report:

Now that Detriot has stopped plugging speed and is pushing safety, I think it is also time to decelerate the nomenclature. What I mean is sales managers should take a long warm bath and cool down.

The names of the cars and their engines are getting so exciting, I'm afraid to get behind the wheel. Cyclone, Toronado, Whirlwind, Thunderball, Jaguar, Mustang, Roadmaster, Thunderbird, Barracudo. I begin to wonder who's in charge—me or the vehicle. I'd like something a little milder—a Dove, Fawn, or Gazelle would do.

And as for what goes into the tank of one of those terrors, you take the tiger, I'll settle for a pussycat.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Even Fire Department Gets Unlisted Number

If you want an answer to the age-old question—"How exclusive can you get?"—try this: Pauline Irons of Burlingame noticed flames leaping out of the Bing Crosby estate in Hillsborough, dialed "O" and asked the operator for the Hillsborough Fire Department. "Sorry," replied the op, "that number is unlisted." Fortunately, it was only a minor brush fire . . . S. F. Airport is now running a bus around the place, known officially as "The International Tram Service." When it first went into service, it was called "The Interconcourse Tram Service," but you know how it is with people who read too fast. Not to mention the jokers.

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Speaking of airports: If you had been loitering around Los Angeles International one day recently, you'd have seen two distinguished personages boarding a plane for S. F., one of them holding a perfectly ordinary looking box wrapped in May Co. Department Store paper. The personages were Thomas Carr Howe, director of the Legion of Honor Museum, and Mme. Agnes Albert, a Museum trustee. Inside the box: Rembrandt's portrait of his son, Titus, for which Collector Norton Simon paid $2,234,000. Simon, who is lending the masterpiece to the Legion of Honor for its "Age of Rembrandt" show, specified that the painting "must be delivered by hand" —and it should be added the hands of Howe and Mme. Albert were trembling only slightly.

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Fake: Two months ago, the Satevepost sent a writer-photogger team here to take pictures of our smog problem for its big article on air pollution. They waited

San Francisco

around for days and no smog (naturally). At last, they appealed to Ted McHugh of Bay Area Pollution Control, so he assigned Technician Dario Levaggi to the task. Dario's recipe: "Take some crystal - clear San Francisco air, add nitrogen dioxide, a pinch of one-butane, cook slowly in ultraviolet light and voila—SMOG!" The Post photographer shot our skyline through the mixture and produced the strictly libelous picture that appeared in the October 8 issue.

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Oh sure: Thanks to the ubiquitous Tony Kent, we can report that when you board the Goodyear Blimp, you rre handed a sheet reading cheerily: "Should the pilot of this airship become ill while in flight, follow these instructions. Remove pilot from seat. Passenger should take his place in pilot's seat" — after which come about 1000 words on how to land the blimp. "Above all," advises the notice, "REMAIN CALM." Tony did. He debarked before takeoff.

The affluent society: Parked at the gates of Hobart Manufacturing in an S. F. suburb, is a light blue car occupied by a jolly - looking fellow who spends most of his time reading the papers. A sign on the car reads: "PICKET —AFL-CIO." It's a Cadillac, of course.

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Reading the papers for fun and profit: Women's Wear Daily headlined the recent local events as follows: "2 Stores Damaged During Racial Riots in San Francisco" . . . Also nicely angled is this social note from the Sebastopol Times: "George Fiori, an avid opera fan, attended the season's opening last week. Also present was Lady Bird Johnson" . . . Headline in the George Washington High Eagle: "Our Student Body Card Saves!" Jesus and John Lennon have company? . . . Berkeley Barb reporter to Berkeley policeman during the S. F. riots: "How're things around here?" Officer: "More normal than usual" . . . But the quote of the week has to be Gen. Hershey's, bless'm. Questioned by Yale students about George Hamilton's deferment, he replied: "I don't read much about the movie business so I didn't even know he was alive till this summer. I understand now that he is." Beautiful.

ROYCE BRIER

Nonfood Items Get Bigger Share of Shopping Dollar

You can have your race riots and Viet Nams, and these are impressive manifestations of social and historical change. The intelligent American housewife is interested, and holds opinions about them.

Those who are obsessed with them say this housewife is stupid to have any interest in her own affairs, those which touch her daily. But that is another story.

But if you have an annual income of half a million, the cost of household supplies cannot interest you. You may be outraged by this or that price level, but your outrage is an abstraction. If you have an income of two thousand, you are not interested, either. You can't buy much, anyway.

But not many housewives are in the half million or two thousand bracket. Their bracket is the six-to-twelve thousand, and a great deal of their concern and talk, at home and socially, is about the cost of household supplies and its upward creep over the past few years.

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They are preoccupied because the cost of household

Books

supplies determines how they are faring in the present American socio-economic framework.

Sylvia Porter, the financial writer, did a piece on these costs recently. She shows that while rising meat costs are still a major factor in the general rise of household costs, other factors having to do with changed buying habits are creeping up on meat increases.

The key to this situation is the supermarket.

The housewife will spend $1300 in the supermarket this year. Our total food bill in 1965 was $60 billion, an increase of $3.7 billion over 1964.

But what is really zooming is nonfood purchases in supermarkets. In ancient days, say 1946, the housewife bought food at groceries, sometimes meat there, sometimes in butcher shops. But there were few supermarkets.

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Today that is radically changed. The housewife buys countless nonfood goods in supermarkets, as Miss Porter says, "from azaleas to encyclopedias." She buys there over half her toothpaste and simple medical supplies, like aspirin, and most of her houseware paper products. She even buys (perhaps for her children, who may or may not be tagging along) an "astounding" 12 per cent of the records sold, and 11 per cent of the comic books.

Of a $20 bill, almost $2 goes to nonfood buying — Miss Porter's figure — and your wife may tell you it's low. It's certainly low if she stocks liquor and beer (which of course isn't sold there in all states). But Miss Porter says there is a vertical rise in purchase of soft drinks, especially the dietary drinks.

She mentions, doesn't emphasize, that this is one-stop shopping for the house, as against the old eight- stop shopping. With every hamlet of 10,000 jammed with automobiles six days a week, this is important — or haven't you asked your wife lately?

As for the husband, caught in a work-and-commuting ratrace, he's only vaguely aware of this. He hears about it, but he's looking at the ball game.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Curt Gentry Uncovers New Frauds, Swindlers

"Today, you can cheat an honest man, not only easily but often" is the thesis of "The Vulnerable Americans." This tough, exhaustively researched, eye-opening survey of modern frauds and swindlers in our economy, and how they work, is by the San Francisco author Curt Gentry. He names names, cities brands (some very big ones), and examines just about everything relating to our fuzzy economic morality.

The book bears down on some interesting insurance practices; the rituals of the auto showroom, the semantics of TV commercials, on down to the shrinking candy bar, the shortened typewriter ribbon and a lipstick that it boldly advertised as stylishly thinner."

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"The Vulnerable Americans," a work in the tradition of sociologist-investigator Vance Packard's "The Waste-Makers" (but much more lively), could become a housewives' handbook. For among other things it examines what Gentry calls "wordsmithing," or the art of artifice, which is simply high-class lying, or almost lying, or avoiding the whole truth, in advertising, promoting or labeling products. It "translates" the language of labeling or at least demonstrates what much labeling does not mean.

The housewife will not find it a guide to avoiding

World Affairs

being duped (because nobody, Gentry shows us, can avoid that in our present economy). But it is a set of program notes on what to watch and listen for while being duped. It is, indeed, a book in which any average, fairly honest consumer will find himself a principal character.

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The work is never heavy going. Often it is amusing, even funny, if sometimes painfully so. At times Gentry has some regard, and even awe for the ingenuity and elan of the modern, highly organized swindler who no longer questions the ethics of his practices, but merely asks: "Is it legal?"

The most vulnerable American, Gentry feels, is the semi-protected American who complacently believes he's fully protected by the law, it enforcers, and all the agencies of government. He traces the frustrations of the Federal Trade Commission, Pure Food and Drug Administration and other supposed watchdogs. The most vulnerable of the most vulnerable appears to be the fellow who believes once an abuse is pointed out, and remedial action taken, the abuse stays corrected.

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This is all exasperating in that it shows there is no wholly effective defense against fraud, or no such thing as an invulnerable American. Meantime, we can only try to acquire an immunity in meeting this mass violation of trust—"by withholding our own trust." Gentry concludes, "at least until there is evidence that it is warranted, and won't be abused."

Quote

It is during periods of prosperity that character tends to disintegrate, efforts to diminish, rates of productivity to decline, and slovenly practices to emerge.—Theodore J. Kreps, Stanford professor emeritus.

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The Constitution helps men to climb . . . it does not supply an elevator to lift the lazy or incompetent to prosperity, along with the industrious and skillful.—Louise Dickens de Age, San Francisco.