

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor

Torrance, Calif., Wednesday, November 16, 1966

Our 'Man of the Year'

Many times through recent years, this newspaper has found itself saying nice things about the Torrance YMCA and its able executive secretary, Joe Wilcox.

We have found it easy to think of nice things to say, because the Torrance YMCA under the leadership of Joe Wilcox and the dedicated men who direct the activities of that organization have made it the focal point for literally thousands of Torrance area families.

The name, the Torrance Family YMCA, tells the whole story. It is a far cry from the YMCA of our own youth where the boys went skinny-dipping in the pool, played some table tennis, or lolled around reading magazines—often too old even for a dentist's office.

The Torrance YMCA has become, instead, a program center from which radiates lines of activity over the western half of the United States.

It has sponsored High Sierra pack trips, raft rides down the Colorado River, missions of mercy to American Indian settlements, carrying tons of food and clothing to descendants of the first Americans.

The YMCA has become a family oriented organization in Torrance and is the principal away-from-home activity of many Torrance families. Its programs involve mom, dad, and all the youngsters.

The dynamic Mr. Wilcox has been proposed several times for Torrance's Distinguished Citizen Award, but the award is designed to recognize those who are doing outstanding community service outside the scope of the regular vocation. The rule book says Joe is only doing his job.

In this case, it's a pity. Although the Distinguished Citizen award is not being considered at this moment, it's appropriate, we believe, and "out of the blue," to use an old phrase, to remind Torrance about the tremendous job Wilcox and the YMCA are doing for Torrance.

We know any recognition would embarrass Joe, but in our estimation he richly deserves to be treated as Torrance's "Man of the Year."

Charter Studies Needed

Torrance's city charter, a patchwork of amended sections, obsolete provisions, sections since ruled unconstitutional and plainly undesirable sections, needs a thorough overhaul.

More than two years ago, the League of Women Voters of Torrance adopted the study and evaluation of the charter as a current local study program.

Everything started out hopefully the group held three meetings, toured city hall, worked up a digest of the charter for its members, interviewed city personnel, and began basic research into the charters of Torrance and other cities.

Members of the City Council and its finance committee met with League members to discuss their proposal to appoint a broadly representative and qualified citizens' committee to review the entire charter.

The result, the League has since charged, was the instruction to the finance committee to prepare a charter amendment proposing a raise in the salaries of the mayor and councilmen. The committee idea was scuttled.

Since the League first began its work toward a complete charter study early in 1965, the City Council has proposed six amendments for the charter and four have actually gone to a vote. Only one received voter approval.

We agree heartily with the officers of the League of Women Voters that the piecemeal revision of the charter is most undesirable.

What is needed is a thorough study by a qualified committee of citizens and a comprehensive updating of the charter to reflect the needs of California's tenth largest city.

The City Council can offer little reason why we can't get on with the serious business of studying the charter. We say it's time to get on with it.

Opinions of Others

In answer to labor's demands the government is constantly imposing greater burdens on business management. Doesn't the government have an obligation to compensate for these increased burdens by providing incentives to those whose industry, ingenuity, and capital investments provide the jobs, without which the economy would grind to a complete stop? . . . "cooling off" as the theorists put it, let it be by less government spending and not by taking away incentives.—La Plata (Md.) Times-Crescent.

The current struggles between school administrators and boys with long hair is not new to American education. According to B. B. Chapman of the Florida State University History Department, back in 1901 the Office of Indian Affairs began a campaign to make young Indian males stop the "objectionable and immoral" practice of wearing long hair. The Indians resisted, and it wasn't until they became more assimilated into American culture that they voluntarily gave up their long hair, says Chapman.—Waltham (Mass.) News-Tribune.

Cartoonist Al Capp, addressing the International Association of Chiefs of Police in Philadelphia, stated that American youngsters are being taught to "demand everything from America to make their lives easier, but we have not taught them to love America." And when you stop to think about it, he is right. We are beginning to look at our country as a benevolent source of sustenance; we are asking it to help us finance almost everything we do. As a result, patriotism and respect for this great land of ours has gone out the window.—Everett (Pa.) Press.

Hope Y'Do As Well, Lyndon



STAN DELAPLANE

Coastal Road, Gleaming Beaches Circle Island

PONCE, PUERTO RICO—A fine, tropical coast road runs clear around the treasure island of Puerto Rico. It's a pleasant, easy ride. Past gleaming white beaches edged with tall coco palms. Through sunstruck, peeling fishing villages beside a sea like blue ink.

Halfway around you stay overnight at Ponce. And in the morning come over the highlands back to San Juan. It's cool and fresh in the mountains. Banana and coffee country. The road is full of Calmadons — (papaya general stores)—with wonderful names: "Here I Wait For Thee." "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

Up in the mountains, they make a soft white, flavorful cheese. Eat it with sweet mango preserve and steaming black Puerto Rican coffee.

"Should we rent a car when we go to Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands?"

In Puerto Rico, yes for a round-the-island ride. But not in St. Thomas in the Virgins. You run out of islands in a day's drive. Take taxis.

In Puerto Rico, distances are in kilometers — from the Spanish influence. Speed limits are in miles — from the American. To get kilometers roughly into miles, multiply km. by 6. Drop the last digit. Example: 22 km. is 13 miles.

In the American Virgin Islands, traffic goes on the left side of the road, a hangover from Danish days. (Watch it when you step off the curb. Your tendency to look to the left is all wrong.)

"Any health precautions we should take?"

I never got anything in these islands except something they call "the monga" — like mild flu. U. S. Public Health sets up the rules for the Virgins and Puerto Rico. In Puerto Rico you don't swim in fresh water. They've got some kind of bug that

goes right through the skin. If you fall in fresh water, bathe completely and right away in alcohol.

"Could you suggest the best buys?"

The Virgin Islands are a free port—meaning no duty is charged on imported goods. (Puerto Rico is not.) If you buy at other free ports, such as Jamaica, you can bring \$100 worth back

Travel

to the States without paying U. S. duty. But from the Virgin Islands, you're allowed \$200. Best buys are French perfumes, German and Japanese cameras, Danish silver, English gloves and liquor.

"Can we ship anything back?"

No more — as I just found out sadly. I shipped some new clothes from Ireland and am now paying duty on them. Anything under your duty-free allowance must be carried in.

"When is the hurricane season in the Caribbean?"

It's right now — the winter. But they rarely hit, and there's plenty of warning. What you usually get are fringes of the storm. A tropical rain by the bucketful for an hour or two and a wind that rattles the palms.

"Would you care to suggest any side trips or things to see . . . ?"

The ride around Puerto Rico absolutely. Be sure to see old San Juan, the greatest fortifications of Spain in the New World. Ponce de Leon is cast in iron from captured British cannon in front of the old San Jose church.

The islands are stiff with lost treasures. You can swim over a dozen wrecks and dive in 10 feet of water and bring up cannon balls.

Morning Report:

If you can't get a handle on a man's arguments, it's only natural to put a handle on the man. I think that is why Richard M. Nixon has been called "Tricky Dick" in the past and why President Johnson called him a "chronic campaigner" the other day.

LBJ was annoyed. Nixon didn't say he was against the idea of bringing our troops out of South Viet Nam in six months if the enemy left. He just leveled at the President for bringing them all the way home. No way to get at a fellow who is both for you and against you at the same time.

Still, the President was rough in calling Nixon a "chronic campaigner" in that LBJ is a continuous campaigner himself.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

But Lady, I'm a Police Officer, Not a Playboy

Disguise: Two young ladies of San Francisco's Tenderloin District were arrested on prostitution charges and released on bail — and apparently they love their work. I mean, they were back on the job right NOW. In the Hall of Justice elevator, they found themselves going down with a tall, handsome, wavy-haired, dapper fellow wearing dark glasses. "Well!" said one of the newly bailed ladies, her eyes wandering all over him. "YOU look like a playboy—let's get out of this dump and have some fun!" "Sorry, ma'am," replied Inspector "Natty Nat" Pedrin, "I'm not a playboy, I'm a police officer." Pregnant silence. Then one of the girls sighed to the other: "When they start getting cops who look like playboys, we're really in trouble!"

Caenid camera: At Enrico's the evergreen Olivia de Havilland telling about the end of her long infatuation with Director John Huston: "He phoned the other day for the first time in a long time and I was so surprised I said 'Oh my God!' Having identified him to his own satisfaction, he allowed me to listen to him for a while — and when it was all over, it was ALL over." . . . Comedian Henry

Youngman, en route to the Sahara 'Ahoce, killing time at S. F. Airport with the story of the low-pressure insurance salesman who pitches "I'm no hard-sell guy. You just take this \$100,000 policy home to-night and sleep on it — and in the morning, if you wake up, call me" . . . On Mission St. a barefoot bearded beatnik standing alongside a newspaper rack, strumming his guitar — and loudly singing the headlines . . . Harold Lipset, the distinguished private eye, filling a tablecloth in a Chinese restaurant with sketches and finally explaining: "I'm trying to figure out how to get a microphone into a fortune cookie."

The SPCA has made a slight dent at the Water Wonderland, the pet shop that has been advertising (via a sandwich board on the sidewalk): To Watch A Snake Devour a Live Mouse. The SPCA having discovered an ordinance against same, and Owner Martin Dias is properly outraged: "Why, it's EDUCATIONAL. Customers thank me on their way out. I'm blowing six or seven mice a day on

this act, and it can't go on forever." Dotnize.

The crew manning American Nazi Party S. F. hdqrs. at 14th and Balboa Sts. is a little shaky. Somebody hurled a Molotov cocktail at the place — a bit inaccurately. It struck the front door, charring it, but says Fuehrer Geo. Lincoln Rockwell's aide, "If it had come through the window, it would have got us all." Immediate results: the landlady is demanding they move out, although they have a year's lease. The people living on the floor below have moved out. The family living on one side has its house for sale. The family on the other side has installed an iron grill at the entrance. And whenever the Fuehrer's camper truck is parked out front, a Nazi armed with a rifle stands at the window. And it was once such a peaceful neighborhood.

The talkat lounge: Only three from the Bay Area have rec'd invitations to Author Truman Capote's "Party of the Decade" at N.York's Hotel Plaza Nov. 28 — Prof. Mark Schorer of UC and Whitney Warren of T'graphill being two. In Manhattan, those who haven't won bids are slashing their wrists and measuring windows for jumping.

Dedication of Redondo Harbor Slated Saturday

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL, Assemblyman, 46th District

The Redondo Beach Harbor will be dedicated again at 11 a.m. Saturday, Nov. 19, at the southwest corner of Harbor Drive and Beryl Street, in Redondo Beach. There will be an old-fashioned fish fry for which adults will be charged 50 cents (Johnson money) and children will be charged one Johnson quarter (silver plated). Infants in arms will be given free fried fish, their mothers permitting.

If the ocean and the air are not too cool, there will be a water carnival. Cruises of the harbor will be conducted by a lessee of the Redondo Beach Harbor, free, instead of at the usual high fees.

There has been some talk about dancing in the streets to the tune of a volunteer band led by a frustrated pharmacist but as this report to the people goes to press the question of a street dance has been held up until a report is received from the musicians' union. The harbor festivities should attract a good crowd because the harbor at Redondo Beach has been financed through taxes federal, state, and city. I know this to be true because state laws which I authored made possible the original construction of the harbor. I hope to see you there!

or floating more state bond issues. You can rest assured that Ronald Reagan already is assembling the best available experts in the field of state finance and is planning ahead for 1967. This will be no narrow partisan effort. The best brains, Democratic and Republican, will be needed to save the State of California from plunging further down the steep road toward bankruptcy.

Sacramento

use an accrual system of accounting, which barely squeaked through the Legislature this year, 1966, provides an entirely false method of accounting for the state's income and expenses. This was done to enable Governor Brown to go before the voters of California and claim that the financial condition of the state is healthy, which it is not.

This means that in the next session of the Legislature, which begins on the first Monday of January, 1967, Governor Ronald Reagan and his administration, of which I am a part, will have to find ways to drastically reduce the state expenses in an effort to avoid raising taxes, levying new taxes,

Proposition 8 passed by an overwhelming majority of votes. This was my Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 1 of the Second Extraordinary (Special) Session of 1966. It will provide new income for the State of California, without new taxes, to the estimated amount of at least one million dollars per year, annually. This was one of my efforts to help hold down taxes. One million dollars per year seems to me to be a vast sum of money but it is small in comparison with the amount needed to keep state government in operation.

I want to thank the voters for voting for Proposition No. 8. Now it is part of the California State Constitution. It was difficult for me to write and even more difficult for me to explain to the voters because of its highly technical nature.

Again, I want to thank the voters for their expression of confidence in me on Nov. 8. On the first Monday in January, 1967, I shall have completed my 16th year as Member of the Assembly from the 46th Assembly District, and on that day I shall take the oath of office to begin my ninth two-year term.

As I always have done, I shall give requests and suggestions from Democrats the same respectful attention and action that I shall give to communications from Republicans. This should not surprise anyone because I always have had bi-partisan support in all my campaigns.

There will be many new faces on the floor of the Assembly when I return to Sacramento next January. Very few of the men who took the oath of office with me in January, 1961, will be there. Some of them have become judges, some have gone to the State Senate, some have become U. S. Congressmen, several have died, and others have retired. Nevertheless, the Ship of State sails on, thanks to the American form of government!

Quote

On the "God Is Dead" issue, perhaps many people now think our Supreme Court has taken His place. —Thora C. Brown, San Diego.

Teachers at all levels in becoming unionized are trying to cover up unwillingness or inability to compete. —Paul F. Keim, UC prof on leave.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Steinbeck Misses Mark, Reader Misses Charley

The last time John Steinbeck reported on life in the United States, he did so from a camper on a vagabond journey in company with an ingratiating poodle.

"Travels with Charley" was a warm collection of anecdotes, good stories and observations. In a new book called "America and Americans," the reader misses that dog, Charley.

"America and Americans" is only incidentally a work by Steinbeck. It is, basically, one of those autumn coffee table items designed for the holiday gift trade. It is a portfolio of pictures (more than 50 photographers are represented), a "profile" of the land and its people, backed by this essay of some 35,000 words by the author of "Travels with Charley" this time in the role of historian-critic rather than traveler.

The essay is Steinbeck's own rendition of the national anthem in a strong, hoarse voice, an "evaluation" of America that seems to me as undistinguished as

the earnest efforts of a class valedictorian, as juleless as most of the pictures the text accompanies.

Steinbeck approaches his native land in an abstract fashion, as citizen-historian. He presents a capsule history—the Indians, the melt-

Books

ing pot of nationalities, the national trauma of slavery, the American present and future. It is a collection of opinions, "unashamed and individual." Steinbeck's words, he assures us, are not an attempt to answer or refute propaganda which is ground out the world over in our disfavor. His opinions, he adds, are inspired by "curiosity, impatience, some anger and a passionate love of America and the Americans." He continues: "I believe that out of the whole body of our past, out of our differences, our quarrels, our many interests and directions, something

has emerged that is itself unique in the world: America — complicated, paradoxical, bullheaded, sly, cruel, boisterous, unspokeably dear and very beautiful. . . ."

One does not argue with that. But one misses the buoyancy, style and authority he expects in an honest appraisal of America by one of its major writers.

The book misses, it seems to me, in its fundamental magazine artificiality. Not merely because it contains a picture of the Liberty Bell, or a lady attending an antique car festival at Newport, R.I., or Mudcat Grant pitching for the Minnesota Twins, the scene from "Hello, Dolly," or a face at a window in Harlem. . . .

It is simply that the photographic coverage remains tinsel rather than true grandeur and the text more appropriate to Readers' Digest than from the heart of a winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature.