

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
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A Lid for Expenses

Torrance's new City Council, tackling a heavy agenda at its first regular meeting following installation of three new members, wasted little time in answering at least one obvious complaint of the voters which was evidenced in the city elections earlier this month.

Setting out-of-pocket expenses at \$125 a month for councilmen and \$175 for the mayor may be less than full compensation for the time, effort, and personal sacrifices made by the conscientious public official.

It's an honest approach to a problem, however, and should ease the complaints from those of us who thought some were abusing the privilege.

The move to set lids on expenditures at home and while conventioning has more behind it than a desire to hush criticism from the community, we trust.

The Press-Herald will continue to check for abuses as it has for several years. We hope we never find any.

Respect for Law

Community groups throughout the southwest area will be conducting programs this coming week in observance of Law Day, May 1.

Under the sponsorship of Los Angeles County Bar Association, speakers, including attorneys and judges, will appear before groups to discuss the individual's obligation to uphold the law of the land.

Law and order are the very foundations of a free society. Its strength is only as strong as the conscience of the people and their willingness to observe the statutes which they, themselves, established through the democracy process.

Wholesale disregard for law and order results in a Washington, D.C., or a Chicago riot type of recent weeks.

Historically, when law and order have failed, the nation, itself, quickly follows—and no nation is totally indestructible.

The rights of all men are prescribed by law—and no man has any right without the protection of law. Yet, under the guise of civil liberties, mobs have roamed the streets and destroyed portions of our cities in direct defiance of law and order.

Liberty and freedom of any type—for anyone—cannot exist in a lawless society.

Without this nation there is no freedom—and without respect for law, there is no nation.

Cut Tax Spending

The American public's concern about inflation has reached a new high point.

Six out of 10 families report that they have been hurt by inflation, and the rising prices of many necessities are causing a change in shopping habits.

The proportion of people who are "greatly concerned" about inflation has jumped from 44 per cent last August to 54 per cent today; 86 per cent reported some concern about the problem.

A majority of the families, 52 per cent, said higher prices have caused them to change their habits when they go into the marketplace. This feeling is shared by a broad cross-section of the public, regardless of age, occupation, education, region, or political affiliation.

There is one way that this public concern can be translated into positive action. If the American people tell the members of congress and legislators in Sacramento to curtail spending now, if sufficient grassroots reaction is registered in the capitol, expediency will give way to long-range prudence. The voice of the people must be heard.

Opinions of Others

Is Congress a toothless watch dog of the Treasury? Who passed all the spending bills which are being denounced? Well! Old watch dog, you'd better start doing some watching. People are getting fed up with a Congress which lays off its responsibility to the Executive branch of the government.—Zion (Ill.) News

FROM THE MAILBOX

News Staff Praised for Reports on Clubs, Youth

To the Editor:

Thank you for the full picture page you ran preceding the Torrance Unified School District high school science fair. Your interest in the endeavors of these young people above and beyond their regular classroom experiences helps to focus attention in these troubled times to some of the positive things young people are accomplishing.

It is gratifying to see a newspaper express this type of interest in such a worthwhile project.

J. H. HULL
Superintendent

To the Editor:

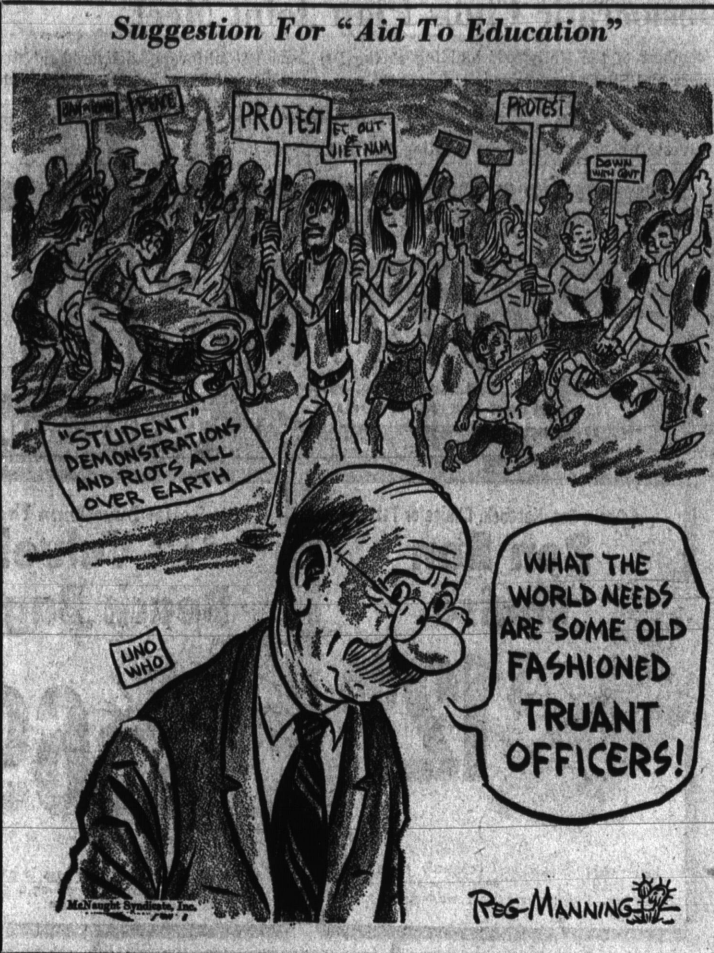
The Torrance Junior Chamber of Commerce wish to extend their sincere gratitude for your coverage of the Miss Torrance pageant.

Your cooperation helped make our pageant an enormous success.

TORRANCE JAYCEES
and JAYCETTES

To the Editor:

We of the Torrance Business and Professional Women's Club wish to express our deepest appreciation to



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Movie Clan Prefers Bay Action Over Real McCoy

Well, whaddya know — another major movie company has moved into town for a five-month stay. Leader of the group: the extravagantly talented Woody Allen, who has written the movie "Grab the Money and Run" — and will direct it, as well as star in it. The music will be by a lesser talent — say, Johannes Brahms. "The news about this film," Woody confided over a crumple at Enrico's, "is that it has absolutely nothing to do with San Francisco. The setting is a city like Gary, Indiana, so we're trying to find locations here that are not altogether beautiful. The reason Woody picked San Francisco for the movie is simple: "Who wants to spend five months in Gary?"

Folksinger Noel Harrison (Rex's son), a sensation the first time he played the hungry i, bombed this time around. Owner Enrico Banducci claims he had to close him out after one disastrous week and wave Mort Sahl in from left field, while Noel counters that he left because he still hasn't been paid in full—and the matter is now being thrashed out among lawyers, agents, AGVA, and whatnot. But, all in all, that particular entertainment week wasn't good for anybody, including even the talented Harrison. As Daily Variety headlined across its front page: "King's Death Affects Showbiz" . . . Sen. Eugene McCarthy is now getting contributions from old-line Johnson Democrats who'll do anything, even THIS, to hurt Bobby Kennedy . . . General Matthew Ridgway was at the Palace

Hotel recently, refusing to be interviewed. "I don't do that any more," he said. "I'm too old for it." Translation: General Gavin is saying it for him.

Howard Gossage, flying back from N.Y. on TWA, was unimpressed to hear the Capt. announce: "Our crew represents 75 years of flying experience." "What they

Report From Our Man
In San Francisco

got up there," he asked the stewardess nervously, "five 15-year-olds?" . . . And there is Pan Am's Ken Ashby, who went out to play golf on a recent stopover in New Delhi India and found himself with eight caddies for \$1.35. One carried his bag, four ran ahead to scare off the monkeys who steal golf balls, and the other three shoed snakes out of the rough. Ken didn't shoot much of a score: "I tried to keep my eye on the ball, but with all those other things going on . . ."

I have devoted more space than is strictly necessary to Nerey Els-Hokin's attempt to win the Reverse Status Symbol Derby by selling his Daimler and Jaguar and buying a pocketmarked '58 Buick—but we must record these words from Jack Solinsky, Jack, who works for a local Chevrolet outfit and sold that Nowhere Car to Jeremy, says with some asperity: "I feel I have a much stronger claim to the Reverse Status Symbol championship. I am a fourth generation San Franciscan, a University of Calif. graduate, member of the Society of California Pioneers, grandson of a Polish Count, and reduced to selling used cars to eccentrics like Jeremy Els-Hokin."

I guess spring is here, all

right. Couple of mornings ago, a hippie got off his motorbike at the Marina Green, stripped to his shorts, danced around under the revolving sprinkler, ran about a bit to dry, dressed, remounted and awaaaay, clean and sparkly . . . At Johnny Kan's restaurant the other night, the last of the great swingers: Director John Huston, dressed in Nehru-guru-Mao finery, hippie beads around neck, Italian Contessa in tow, and saying, "If I weren't a country boy at heart"—some country boy!—"I'd live in San Francisco. Not London, Paris, or Rome, but right here. If there's anything left to be said for city life, you people are saying it." Having said that, he and the Contessa left the next day—for Paris. Ciao, baby.

WILLIAM HOGAN

State Department Policy A 'Blind-Spot Syndrome'

Like Hollywood, apparently, the U.S. State Department is a comic institution and it is difficult to write about it without being funny. A novel called "The Triumph" is a funny, ironic work about a serious business, the monolithic, perhaps dangerously archaic machinery of the State Department and the labyrinthine processes of diplomacy, especially as practiced by mediocre career men of which the department seems to be so richly endowed.

This is by a most unlikely first novelist, if one vastly informed in the area of diplomacy—John Kenneth Galbraith, the Harvard economist and author of such respected serious works as

SACRAMENTO SCENE

Probe of Bidding Abuses In Local Jobs Requested

By HENRY C. MACARTHUR
Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO — An assembly resolution by Republican Patrick McGee of Los Angeles, calls for a thorough investigation of the so-called force account and day labor methods of contracting for relatively minor jobs involving the expenditure of public monies on public works projects.

So far, the resolution reposes in the assembly rules committee, where the subject matter is slated for assignment to an appropriate committee for study, which is the popular procedure for killing off legislation of matters the legislature, or some of its members, have no intention of handling.

There is little indication that this subject, despite the fact it involves millions of dollars of tax funds, will be seriously considered at this session of the legislature.

In the resolution, McGee pointed out that the force account and day labor methods of contracting for work, "as opposed to the open bidding methods of letting such contracts, are at worst inefficient and expensive, and at best, inconsistent throughout the state."

Competitive bidding, he stated, has long been established as the most effective means of obtaining efficiency and economy, as against the system of hiring individuals to do jobs without the procedure of finding out whether the job can be done at less expense to the taxpayer.

These jobs involve for the most part the activities of local government. Both the

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On the Sacramento Scene

state and most local governments have a leeway to use the force account and day labor methods for work under certain sums.

But, these maximum sums above which jobs must be let out to open bids, are constantly being raised by the legislature, or attempts in this field are being made by legislators.

And the requests for increases in these maximums, while they might be justified to some extent by reason of inflation and higher costs of materials and labor, are for the most part above and beyond what normally would be considered reasonable to meet the inflationary trend.

Consequently, the McGee

resolution requested the assignment of the matter for a study of various codes, the policies of public agencies expending public funds for construction, with the objective of assuring the fullest and most efficient use of the facilities of the state's construction industry.

He pointed out that it should be the intent of the legislature to encourage utilization of California's construction industry. Such utilization can't be made when government agencies at all levels hire day labor to perform work which properly should be opened to bidding.

The force account and day labor method can lead to a great amount of waste in government construction and repair activity, even when the jobs are in small amounts, as these are multiplied by scores of local agencies which have the authority to use these methods up to a certain point.

Anything other than an open bidding method opens the door to lengthening job time, padding payrolls, and using favoritism in selection of people to do the work, as well as furthering political patronage. This is a subject which could well be explored on a state-wide basis.

ROYCE BRIER

'A Jug of Wine' Turned Into Vinegar in a Gourd

Early in this century, most of the dreamy young men, and a few dreamy girls, discovered Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.

They didn't know how to spell it, but by God! it said something that was in their souls, or thought by them to be in their souls. It told about women, life, death, and what more can you ask?

If you could quote a few verses to some doll, you could pass for an extraordinary guy who understood what the world is all about, because even then there had crept into the lives of the young a troubling doubt

about how things had been arranged by their elders. It provided the answer to football brutes, mathematical grinds who understood the binomial theorem, and to the oppressions the elders visited on their children.

It said, long before the phrase was invented, keep

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of the World

your cool, take it easy, be a philosopher, perceive the depth of things under the glittering superficialities and idiocies which ruled your schoolboy companions. Many a mating, presumably for life, was generated

by its dulcet passages, and if the mating somehow failed and the dulcet passages paled, still that was how things were when they were young, and nobody could ever rob you of it.

True, the Rubaiyat was not great poetry, like Keats' Ode to a Nightingale, but who at seventeen could understand such infinity of words, or sense in full the opening lines of Milton's Paradise Lost?

These words did not tell you how to live and what to think unless you were old and crabbed and forty, they did not touch your deepest being even when declaimed by a beloved teacher. The Rubaiyat did.

Now it may be seventeen no longer reads the Rubaiyat, the slim little volumes are no longer bought and passed around. It may not have survived the lesson to be learned by Bob Dylan. The change of time and urge and thought is ever with us. But change is not forever, and there is no guarantee it will never come full circle.

Suffice it that for the young at the turn of the century, there was no catalyst for existence to compare is a sample in which "a jug possible you in your dotage still have a dog-eared copy of it, and have dipped into its nepenthe in the past ten years.

But among the learned there is a small coterie which is ever trying to improve the perfect, and this nest of egos often enough meddles in literature. It rewrites the King Lear Version and alters Lear's agony by what is called modern English.

Lucidity is the word, and the god, if some word or thought has a hidden meaning, lay it bare, that we may understand. Today, we must understand everything, or we are dead.

Robert Graves, a poet, is offering a new translation of the Rubaiyat. A British scholar says it is derived from a forgery, but never mind such trifles. The point with the Rubaiyat, and it is of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou—comes out as "a gourd of red wine, and a sheaf of poems" and "half a loaf, and not more . . ."

Who in the hell, Persian or American, can feast his soul on such Araby rubbish? No one who has a soul, or is deluded he has one, which is almost as good as having one.

Morning Report:

The President's Bandwagon — headed no place but for Johnson City, Texas — is gathering speed. The first popularity poll taken since he withdrew from the race shows he moved up from 38 to 57 per cent in voter approval. Any of the candidates who are running would happily give up two molars, without benefit of Novocain, to do as well.

The amazing thing is that his increasing popularity is not due to the traditional American sympathy for the guy with a flat tire.

No, the people are voting for Mr. Johnson in the polls because they realize that whatever he is doing about the Nation's problems, he is not doing it to get votes. They realize that he will not gain from anything he solves. He has switched — from cold pro to warm amateur.

Abe Mellinkoff