

# Milk Price Cuts Back the Rising Trends

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR

Capitol News Service  
SACRAMENTO — With the announcement by Earl Coke, state director of agriculture, that milk prices to consumers will be reduced a cent a half gallon over a large area of Southern California, the strangle-hold the multi-million dollar milk trust has had on California for the past many years, appears on the way to being broken.

Coke's announcement said that the reduction in mini-

mum milk prices came following a series of public hearings which were held in Los Angeles, San Diego and Santa Barbara as part of a continuing study of the economics and trade practices of the state's milk industry.

That the study has been long over-due is attested by the fact that the reductions were ordered. In the past, history of the milk industry, which is one of the few in California which enjoys the privilege of having the prices it can charge fixed by

government ukase, has had a series of increases in price paid by the consumer after the public hearings called by the department of agriculture.

"Part of the savings in distribution costs developed by highly efficient milk distributors," Coke said, "should be passed on to the consumer."

Thus, instead of pocketing more profits as the result of improved methods of distribution, the milk trust is being required to share

some of the profit with the people who buy the product.

And another indication that milk prices have been too high is the fact that the state took steps to protect consumer interest at a time when inflation and increasing prices are more usual than a price cut.

At the moment, milk consumers in the heavily populated areas of Los Angeles county, and all of Orange county, will benefit from the price cut order, as will consumers in Ventura coun-

ty, a major part of Santa Barbara county, and the metropolitan areas of San Bernardino and Riverside counties.

There will be no reduction at this time in San Diego county, Coke said, as studies are continuing in that marketing area to determine if a cut is warranted.

Not only will the reductions be effective in retail stores, but also in on home deliveries and sales at milk depots and dairy farms.

At the same time, Coke announced that further milk price hearings are under consideration for other milk marketing areas of the state. Should the outcome of these hearings be similar to those held in Southern California, consumers throughout the entire state have opportunity to benefit from the activities of the state in regulating minimum prices of this vital product.

Originally, the legislature gave the department of agriculture the authority to

fix minimum prices on the theory that such authority would serve the interests of the public in assuring a continuous supply of milk for Californians.

In only one other instance does the state enter into the price-fixing field. This is in the case of liquor, where it enforces a fair trade practices act, with the actual prices being fixed by the liquor industry itself through a system of posting the price at which a particular brand may be sold.

Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties

## -Comment and Opinion-

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1968

### Mail Users Lose Again

Announcement this week of still further reductions in postal services should come as no surprise to patrons of the U.S. Post Office Department.

Briefly, the Post Office Department has announced it no longer will collect mail from collection drop boxes on national holidays—except for Washington's Birthday and Veterans Day.

This means patrons who want mail processed on a holiday must travel to the main post office—or to one of the branches in the city—to be assured mail will be collected and processed.

This curtailment of service, while

not of major proportions to be sure, nevertheless reflects what appears to be a continuing trend of the federal postal service—to reduce or eliminate services wherever possible.

And it comes on the heels of a threatening campaign which finally won the Post Office Department exemption from the Congressionally ordered cutback in federal employees.

This latest reduction in service is a small one. But we wonder what the next step will be—and just how long before everyone will be required to call in person for their mail.

### For Labor Day—1968

Labor Day provides a time for all to salute the millions of men and women who are America's workforce. In turn, it seems like an opportune time for those of us who make up the greatest workforce in the world, to give a moment's thought to the unexcelled working conditions we enjoy, and to the security shared in knowing that our personal and family obligations can be met.

Maybe it's a good time to consider the source of much of this security—"second paychecks" in the form of benefits which touch nearly every

aspect of our lives: health, education, disability, leisure, recreation, savings plans, insurance, retirement, and even death, to name a few.

It will cost U.S. companies an estimated \$70 billion in 1968 to provide this security for their employes, and many experts feel the actual total is millions higher.

These fringe benefits are a mutual investment by management and labor in the continued well-being of employes and provide added evidence of the unsurpassed rewards of participating in life the American way.

WILLIAM HOGAN

### Congress Feeling Bitter Wrath of Pearson Again

Over the years of covering Washington, the political reporting team of Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson has developed a number of important sources inside the government and has assembled extensive files on how our more amiable public figures make their living above and beyond the call of necessity. Pearson and Anderson have tapped both in a new book, "The Case Against Congress." This is an explanation of how the very setup of Congress at the moment makes it almost impossible for the individual Congressman to remain totally honest. Much of this may be denied, but, the authors insist, all their charges can be documented.

The result is enough to make a Borgia gasp with delight. Yet on closer examination there is really nothing new here. Pearson and Anderson have covered most of this before in their daily column; for instance the whole story of Senator Thomas J. Dodd's shortcuts to the easy dollar ("in microcosm the story of Congress"), or a re-examination of Adam Clayton Powell's irregularities as a public servant.

Yet when this team's findings are set down in book form, rather in snatches of daily investigative journalism, the story of Congressional chiseling becomes a bleak and distressing one. It tends to emphasize the authors' point that "Washington's neo-classic temples of government shelter petty

This is not a partisan book; prominent members of both major parties come in for a journalistic spunk in here — Senator Wayne Morse to Dwight D. Eisenhower. Not all of it is a catalogue of woe. There is a section devoted to what Pearson and Anderson label the "good guys" of Capitol Hill, among them J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, Mike Mansfield of Montana, George Aiken of Vermont. This is a very brief section of book, a work for all its gee-whiz stye, in which the authors come on loud and clear.

The idea, they say (as a reader slowly shakes his head), is to stimulate a public demand for genuine Congressional reform.

The Orinoco in Venezuela is one of the great rivers. Its yellow flood is as impressive as the Mississippi's. Its true value probably exceeds that of Venezuelan minerals, including oil, because it and its tributaries are capable of irrigating a vast desert bowl lying to the east of the Andes' northern spur.

Venezuela is already the richest nation per capita in Latin America, its 10 million people having an average income of almost \$900. Moreover, the Venezuelans are energetic and ambitious like the Japanese, and are effective industrial planners.

Their ambition undoubtedly stems from their oil development around Maracaibo lake. They produce a tenth of the world's petroleum.

But they are now striking out for diversified industry, including steel, aluminum, chemicals and hydroelectric power. Though oil is principally produced by North American firms, Venezuelans are developing diversified industry with their own surpluses. The complex for this industry lies around a town named Ciudad Guayana, 150 miles

up the Orinoco from the Atlantic, at the confluence of the Caroni river.

A view of this river will startle you. It resembles black coffee, from the soil of the high plateau lying between southeast Venezuela and Brazil.

The writer was at Ciudad Guayana six years ago. At the time it had a population of 40,000. The Venezuelans had just opened a model steel mill, using surplus ore from the United States Steel Corporation's ore mountain 90 miles away.

The mill was making little but wire for fencing cattle ranges in the west, but it now has reached structural and machine steel. Ore boats ply up the Orinoco, and U.S. Steel ships its ore to Maryland. The ore mountain is so rich in iron the ore excavations are electric blue.

But the Venezuelans have a bigger ore mountain 20 miles away, and they are beginning to exploit it.

In 1962, Guayana resembled a North American boom town, filled with engineers and town zealots. Population is now 120,000. Highways in the region are jammed with trucks and a city of half a million is expected by 1980.

The Venezuelans are com-

pleting a dam on the Caroni with an initial 575 million kilowatt capacity. In a few months new aluminum and chemical plants will begin producing.

The start of this industrial complex was made by President Betancourt, and is carried on by his successor, Dr. Paul Leoni, who is up for re-election.

Industrial progress depends on political stability. Venezuela with its oil and great potential has been a prime target for Fidel Castro, with his dream of a Latin American "empire." He has sent guerrilla teams into the country and has kept the capital, Caracas, in something of an uproar. But his effort to infiltrate the Orinoco back country has been a dismal flop.

Another problem for Dr. Leoni has been territorial claims against Guayana since 1966. Our old Marxian and dentist friend, Dr. (from which the city was named), a former British colony which won independence in 1966, is trying to regain power in Cuayana with the wistful support of Senor Castro.

### Press-Herald

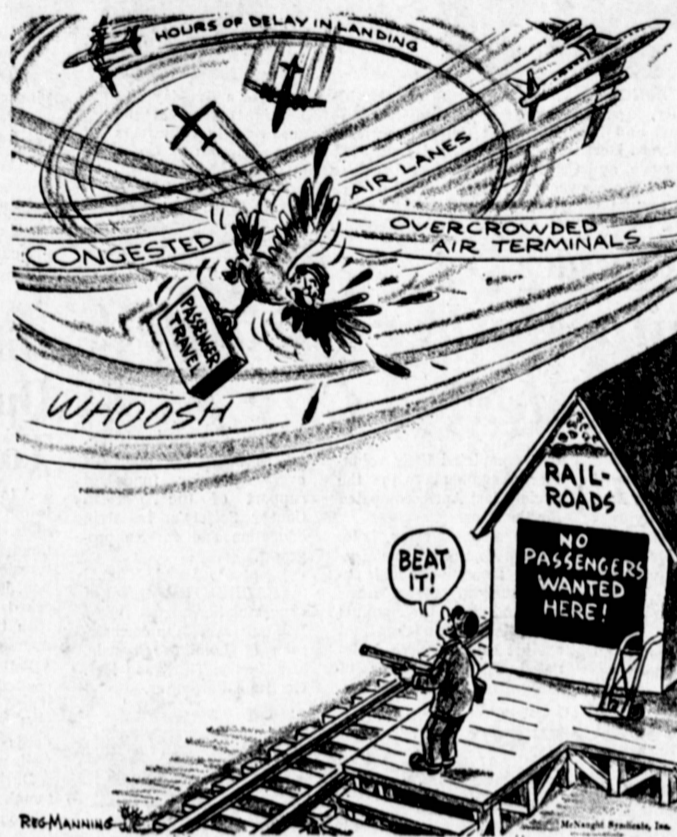
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### Extinction For Another Passenger Pigeon?



ROYCE BRIER

### Venezuelans Striking Out For Diversified Industry

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HERB CAEN SAYS:

### Bermuda Shorts Belong to Tads

Antisocial observation: Nobody over the age of 14 should wear Bermuda shorts or knee-length socks. . . The Golden Gate Bridge isn't painted red; that shade is known as "International Orange." . . . Sodden thought while watching the meter maids at work; what this country needs is a tire with chalkproof sidewalls. . . Add life's little triumphs: arriving at the mailbox, letter in hand, just as the Post Office collection truck is pulling up. . . If, every time you pass that S&H Green Stamp "Redemption Center," you feel a sudden urge to go inside and pray, we're in the same boat.

Bodkin's odds: S.F.'s Barbara McNair in H'wood, making her first film, "Night Hunt"—and a scene last wk. called for her to appear in the nude. Husband Jack Rafferty was right there on the set, glowering at anybody who looked twice and warning the director: "You'd better shoot this scene in one take." Done. . . Steve McQueen is now convinced that this is an utterly mad city. The terrace outside the Mark Hopkins had been cleared for a scene in his "Bullitt"—"Quiet on the set! Places everybody!"—when, unexpectedly, into the courtyard drove a long black hearse. The back doors were opened by a man in black tie, and out came—a harpsichord! At the wheel of the hearse: Famed Harpsichordist Margaret Fabrizio, who was delivering her instrument for a Pacific Music Society recital inside. McQueen may never be the same.

Add literary notes: I must have had lousy taste even when I was a kid. As a pre-teener, or whatever they called us in those days, I devoured every Oz book as fast as they were published—and now I find that only ONE Oz book is stocked in the Children's Room of S.F. Public Libraries. For this I have the word of Coordinator Effie Lee Morris, a pleasant but firm lady. "We allow 'The Wizard of Oz,'" she says, "but the others have been consigned to the historical sections. We think they're below the acceptable level for today's children. Badly-written, you know." So much for my childhood hero, Arthur L. Frank Baum. Alas. . . As for the Dr. Doolittle books, interesting news there, too. Only the "Treasure of Dr. Doolittle"—excerpts from several books—has been okayed for the Children's Rooms. The others have been banned because of the author's predilection for racial references, even unto the word "nigger." Our childhood wasn't so innocent after all.

Lucky Lucchesi, Enrico Banducci's bodyguard (certainly he needs one), is hooked on cream puffs, which he buys by the dozen, stashing them behind the bar. Lately, most of them have been stolen—but ah, revenge is even sweeter. The other day, he bought a dozen empty cream puff shells, filled them with shaving cream, and sat back to enjoy the sight of people with hands over mouth, streaking for the powder rooms. Several hours later, he absent-mindedly bit into one himself, and that's life in North Beach.

Nancy Solomon was aboard a Sutter St. bus that stopped for 10 seconds near Scott while Driver Jimmy Brown scrambled out, retrieved a tennis ball from the gutter, and hoped back on. "I get one a day here," he beamed to Nancy. "I'm a tennis nut and I NEVER have to buy a ball. These rich people in there, they hit the ball over the fence and don't even bother to retrieve 'm." (That's the backside of the California Tennis Club, whose members are always glad to contribute.)

Caendid camera: Y. A. Tittle is an absolute snite. He's caught his son, Pat, using Chivas Regal for fuel in his go-cart! (Billy Watson, the ex-49er star, thinks it's great—he sells Tittle his grog.) . . . Prince Kanieri di San Faustino buzzing along Union St. in his shiny new Fiat 850—a birthday gift from his illustrious nephew Gianni Agnelli, ruler of the Fiat empire. . . The fabled and fabulous Ina Claire Wallace walking out of the Medallion Room in a cloud of laughter. An old friend who had walked right past her suddenly swung around to say: "Sorry—you look so good I didn't recognize you!" . . . Romantic breath of air in an otherwise sterile area of redevelopment concrete: the Normandy-style apartments at Ellis and Gough, designed by Architect Jorge de Quesada. . . Tourist to Fritz Drager as the Ferry Bldg. siren sounded at noon: "What's that for?" Fritz: "To remind the ladies to take a pill."

### Quote

The real problem is that in a democracy we have all the automobiles. Over in the socialist and communistic countries, they have all the parking spaces. —Richard DeVos, president of The Amway Corp.

The Wyoming Truckers Association says that frequent naps keep you from growing old — especially if you take them while driving.—Ray Savage in the Thermopolis (Wyo.) Independent Record.

### Browsing Through the World of Books

thieves and bold brigands—the political Pharisees of modern America."

"The Case Against Congress" carries a high gossip quotient. It is never dull as it covers "backstage persuasion," lobbying both domestic and foreign, the fine art of Congressional junketing, padded payrolls, nepotism, the "senility system" of committee chairmanships. The authors are testy, too, on our "lethargic press" which they feel has shirked its job of monitoring the ethical conduct of public officials.

### Morning Report:

It seems that the best thing for Czechoslovakia is to move. Get away to some quiet spot in the world away from all the people who want to run the country from the outside.

Thirty years ago, it was Germany. Hitler ringed the country with troops on the move and the Czechs collapsed. They would have been slaughtered if they had not. Russian troops are on the move these days and Moscow papers issue dire warnings on what will happen if Prague doesn't listen to red reason.

The two situations, however, are not as identical as they appear. In the '30s, Czechoslovakia was no menace to Germany. Today, she is a menace to Russia. Because if freedom is permitted in Czechoslovakia, it very well could spread across the border to Russia.

Abe Mellinkoff