

CITY HALL GOSSIP

The Wilshire Lament

I built me a house by the side
of the road,
And fashioned a border of green.
The motorists glance
From the concrete expanse,
And say: "What a beautiful
scene!"

I've draped it with ivy; I've
banked it with fern:
But my work seems not to avail.
For the spot zoning boss -
Has saddled his hoss
And is riding hard on my trail.

He cracks his whip and jingles
his spurs,
And says with a wicked swank:
I must give up my land
To a lemonade stand,
And put in a gasoline tank.

Ed. Note: For fear some of the customers may think this department has gone poesy, the above epic is the typewriter work of Arthur Johnson, embattled Wilshireite and secretary of the Hancock Park Owners' Association.

They're Down; Kick 'Em

Today the Council will consider an amendment to the License Ordinance which will prohibit flower stands from being erected in streets or alleys and making it possible to collect licenses from stands on vacant lots.

Several months ago the Council adopted an ordinance fixing an annual license of \$300—three hundred dollars—upon flower peddlers in the streets.

One of these individuals who eke out a bare existence managed to hire an attorney and make a fight on a test case. The jury turned him loose.