

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
REID L. BUNDY Editor and Co-Publisher

Torrance, Calif., Sunday, April 23, 1967

Good News for Drivers

Announcement that the city was planning to go ahead with the project to widen and improve Sepulveda Boulevard between Cabrillo and Western avenues comes as good news to those thousands of motorists who regularly use what has been a most inadequate thoroughfare.

The project, which will require the cooperation of the city, the county, and the state (because of the railroad crossing) will tie into the improvement of the boulevard eastward to Normandie Avenue which the city of Los Angeles is about to begin.

As any commuter will tell you, if your job brings you into Torrance from the east, or if you need to go from the Torrance area toward the east, you're in trouble. There are no adequate crosstown arteries between Artesia and Pacific Coast Highway which can handle more than local traffic.

Now if someone could just rummage around in the dusty bins and find out what ever happened to Del Amo Boulevard.

Our Lopsided World

We're living in a lopsided world.

And Southern California and its funny seasons is the best example of it all.

When visitors from the east learn that our winters consist solely of a few inches of rain (snow in higher elevations) during the months normally associated with the season, they find it hard to comprehend.

Likewise, the visitor, accustomed to summer thunderheads and sudden rain showers, find it equally difficult to understand that without imported water, Southern California would dry up and blow away during the long summer months.

The only solutions, as we see it, is to convince our friends that this, indeed, is how it is; or find a way to schedule some of these rainstorms during the summer.

Most of us, however, probably like it just like it is. Our friends can go hang.

Opinions of Others

La Porte (Ind.) Herald-Argus: "Reducing the incidence of the major crimes such as murders, forcible rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny, auto theft, constitutes a social task of magnitude, but it would be interesting and startling, to assemble statistics, on infrequently publicized 'white collar' crime, defalcation, fraud, pilfering, shoplifting, embezzlement, blue sky salesmanship, and other dishonest and illegal activity which does not involve violence. . . . A large business security firm estimates that business losses through fraud, thievery, and related crime by employees rose 15 per cent last year over 1965. Employee theft in business generally is now estimated at \$2 to \$3 billion annually . . . dishonesty is making vast gains."

Clifton (Ariz.) Copper Era: "The young aspiring police officer who dreams of someday nabbing a bank robber might even consider it inglorious to arrest a citizen who thoughtlessly discards . . . items of litter. Nevertheless, the litterbug is breaking the law and his crime, statistically, is proving much more costly than the bank robber's. For instance, in 1965, \$4.5 million was stolen in bank holdups and burglaries across the country. But in the same year litterbugs committed a crime worth \$500 million, the amount paid by taxpayers to pick up litter from highways, city streets, parks, and other public areas. Furthermore, a good deal of the money robbed from banks is recovered, whereas there is no recovery of the money spent cleaning up after litterbugs."

Mailbox

Editor, Press-Herald,
The success of the library bond issue on its first attempt is a tribute to the intelligence and foresight of the voters during the recent election.

There were so many citizens involved in the success that to name individuals would be impossible. The new Torrance Library System acknowledges the efforts of the Torrance League of Women Voters; the Citizens' Bond Steering Committee, and the chairman, Mr. George McMullen; the Torrance Friends of the Library; Bullock's Department Store, radio station KKOP; the Torrance Press-Herald; Mr. Stanley Dunn; and the speakers' Bureau that performed so admirably.

The Library accepts the mandate of these wonderful people and promises a program that will provide superior service for all segments of the community.

RUSSELL J. WEST
Torrance City Librarian

Morning Report:

It must be closer to presidential election time than we mere voters realize. Even if we don't, Bobby Kennedy does. First he made it clear — by oath if necessary — that he wouldn't be a candidate against LBJ. Next he issued a fervent call for the re-election of Mr. Johnson, and to add to his mark of Democratic loyalty, he added a good word for Hubert as well.

It's the end — at least the temporary end — of an era for Bobby. He will now stop embarrassing the President by trying to make a personal peace with North Vietnam. And he probably will taper off his campus appearances as the glowing, if fuzzy, symbol of youth's golden aspirations.

In fact, I'll give 2 to 1 he gets a massive haircut before the convention opens.

Abe Mellinkoff

Monument Over Hitler Rubble



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Negotiations Unlikely in Battle With The Hippies

A San Francisco city official who desires anonymity — his actual words were, "You quote me, you sumbitch, and I'll shove your teeth down your throat!" — says the unspoken agreement on the Haight-Ashbury District is "to harness the hippies just enough to keep 'em on their toes, but not enough to make 'em move out to other areas. We prefer that they stay in one section — easier to control that way." In other words, it's the enclave theory as opposed to search & destroy, and one would have to add that the prospects of a negotiated peace are dim.

Speaking of war, the other one is costing us about \$3.4 million per hour, a tidy sum that apparently doesn't include necessities. The University of San Francisco is currently conducting "a drive for soap, badly needed for our boys in Vietnam. We have been asked to donate 1,000 bars." The soft variety may be sent directly to Dean Rusk . . . Further local angle: The Vermont Marble Co., out there on Third St., is busy, too — shipping tons and tons of marble and granite to Saigon, for the new U. S. Embassy to be built there. You may take it for granite that we're there to stay . . . Culture lurches on: Hundreds of screaming teenagers descended on the Curran Theater because Jane Asher, once the girl friend of Beatle Paul McCartney, was starring in "Romeo and Juliet." Jane escaped most of them, but one teenybopper

got through to say "Gee, I loved the show — it reminded me of 'West Side Story'!" Jane was nice. Didn't explain . . . Who needs it dept.: Since it doesn't accept Jewish members, why did that local yacht club feel it had to have a priest AND a rabbi to perform the annual "Blessing of the Yachts" —

and what's with that rabbi, anyway? . . . Anonymous Inc.: A local politico is sending out campaign letters via a new machine that not only types each letter individually but also "signs" it and adds an allegedly personal, handwritten PS: "Counting on you to be with us." But, I'm relieved to add, the machine is not perfect. Several people have received several copies of the "personal" letter! . . . Out there in S.F.'s Hippie-land, Mark Wright asked a young beard if he would ever become politically involved. "Yes, man," came the reply. "I'll vote for the first presidential candidate who promises a pot in every chicken."



AFFAIRS OF STATE

New Skyscraper Capitol Proposed by Legislator

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR
Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO—The idea of Senator Randolph Collier, D-Yreka, for a huge legislative building to be a part of the Capitol complex is not a new one. Senator Collier proposes a sky-scraper of some 24 stories, to house the state legislature, all its attaches and the aides who keep the wheels moving.

The proposed building, which is in the initial planning stages, is estimated at about \$32 million, and it would be located just east of Capitol Park in Sacramento, on two blocks of land which already has been purchased or is in the process of purchasing, by the state for the Capitol complex.

The problem of space for the growing functions of government is one which has plagued not only the legislative, but also the executive branch of government for the past half century.

When the Capitol annex was constructed less than 15 years ago, it was thought at the time sufficient space would be provided for a generation to come.

However, it didn't work out this way, and demands for more space were appar-

ent scarcely before the annex was opened.

Thus, the present state Capitol and annex are hopelessly inadequate to meet the growing demands for legislators, attaches, committees, and other who need to be housed with offices befitting their stations.

The old Capitol building itself, started soon after the

Civil War, is a crumbling structure, built of brick. For years, attempts have been made to keep it from leaking, but no matter how much it is repaired, every rain brings its toll. It is kept alive only through extensive continuous repairs and painting, which cost the taxpayers, it is estimated, much more than would construction of a modern building.

In addition, the old Capitol dome, once a great tourist attraction, has been closed to the public for years, because of an unsafe stairway. The elevators are antiquated, employees are forced to work in airless inner rooms lighted only artificially, and it takes something of a mathematician to figure what floor you're on

when going between the old building and the annex. . . . Many adhere to the contention that the best thing that would happen to the old Capitol building would be to start at the gilded knob at the top of the dome, and tear it down brick by brick until the 12-foot brick foundation is gone, thereby relieving the taxpayers of additional maintenance cost. . . . There are others, of course, who think it should be maintained as a historical replica of California's early days, and this may have some merit if there's plenty of money to spend. . . . However, it probably will be a good many years before the legislature goes modern with a new skyscraper, if the governor's mansion is a criterion. For more than 30 years, there has been agitation to replace the mid-Victorian mansion at 16th and H streets with a modern structure in a desirable part of town. . . . So far, however, it's only been agitation, and Governor Ronald Reagan moved out to live in a little more modern home, at least temporarily. At least, where there's talk, there may eventually be some action.

ROYCE BRIER

New Hitlerism Doomed By Lack of a Fuehrer

A visitor to Germany in 1946 with access to German officials under the Occupation, would note a smugness about them.

These officials all had at least a technical record of opposition to National Socialism during the late regime. They were delighted their former enemies, the Nazis, were either in jail or underground. That is, the prominent ones. The mass of Germans, who had supported the regime while it prospered, were neither jailed nor underground, but they didn't count.

There's ensued years when little was said about how the Germans viewed their catastrophe and its author. They said little to each other, and nothing to their children. For two or three years, however, there has been concern outside Germany and talk inside, of a revival of the Nazi spirit, as manifested in several political parties or factions or splinters of the ultra-right.

There has been talk recently of one Adolf von Hadden, head of the National Democratic party which has shown some growth. Hadden is said to express frankly an explosive nostalgia for Adolf Hitler "who saved our homes." He tends to mug like the fuehrer, to bellow and to become hypnotic when he discusses restoration of German glory.

World Affairs

It has long been averred here that the Nazi idea died in the fuehrerbunker with Hitler. It died because it failed. It is conceded some fascist-type parallel might arise, but nothing with the relentless drive and world-shaking importance of Hitlerism, because the forces producing Hitlerism were unique, personal and fortuitous, and cannot be repeated. Every stone of the Nazi edifice was laid by Hitler; the rest of the workers were mere shadows.

To replace Hitlerism, you must find another Hitler, but the search appears hopeless. For Hitler was one of the greatest political geniuses of all time, possibly the greatest, in that black side of politics concerned with demagogery. He was self-hypnotized and he hypnotized millions to follow a cause founded on blatant lies and hallucinations. Aside from its abysmal malvolence, "Mein Kampf" contains few political ideas which are not asinine with false premises and conclusions. His anti-Semitic delusion was but a small part of this gigantic mass of nonsense.

Yet this genius, who ultimately could sell such rubbish to half the world, barely made it to power. Time and again in his struggle, 1922-1933, he was knocked flat, only to arise. He escaped assassinations by inches and minutes. When he reached power, he proceeded slowly to strangle himself on his own insane mish-mash.

No political career has ever been more heavily documented than this one, and it's a wonder those fearful of repetition don't read it sometime. Such a tremendous man and his works — tremendous in force and resolution, in screaming error and unmitigated evil — will hardly be seen on earth again. Mankind is fortunate.

Quote

Senator Hugh M. Burns, D-Fresno: "There are two very sensitive spots in the average American citizen. One of them is his home, and the other one is his kids. If you fool around with either one of them you're going to get into trouble."

Senator Lawrence E. Walsh, D-Huntington Park: "I think that it's just about time that the people of this state serve notice on those who ignore the over-all purpose of the welfare program that we no longer intend to buy their groceries while they burn and loot the store."

Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch, on opposition to anti-pornography bill: "I also am aware that opposition comes from those who march not under any constitutional banner but, rather, under the flag of the green dollar."

WILLIAM HOGAN

Hersey's Newest Derby Entry Poses No Threat

I was studying Mark Roberts' Golden Gate Handicap predictions and found that Lemon Tart, a three-year-old maiden, "closed gamely in the mud," that a two-year-old, Fiddler's Boy, "made up ground tardily." Another horse, Rullah's Count, was "off slow and showed little."

They reminded me of writers. It is difficult to compile a chart of American writers now that the big ones are not around — Hemingway, for example, who, as Mark Roberts might put it, "galloped home with ease."

Steinbeck is still around ("long idle; may need out-ting"). And in horse parlance, Norman Mailer "lacks room on the turn." The big literary derby potential is a rare beast today, although some observers might log John Hersey as "best chance play of the race."

With dozens of books to his credit ("A Bell for Adano," "The Wall"), Hersey has built a reputation as a quiet, thoughtful stylist. Solid and dependable rather than flashy or exciting. Yet Hersey's "Too Far to Walk" was an odd, often

infuriating replay of the Faust legend on a college campus; "White Lotus" a parable of race relations; "The Child Buyer" a parable about modern education; "The Marmot Drive" a symbolic tale of New Englanders ridding a valley of woodchucks. I doubt if any of these will be studied in the

Books

year 2009, as "The Great Gatsby" (1925) is seriously studied today.

Hersey may consider himself a competitive writer. But the reputation is interesting. Usually, it seems to me, he promises more than he delivers, and his reputation as a fine writer remains secure because there are not many Thornton Wilders around to dispute it.

"Under the Eye of the Storm," Hersey's latest novel, promises more than it delivers. It focuses on two couples aboard a yawl out of Martha's Vineyard which is caught in a hurricane. The boat is skippered by a young medical man, a specialist in that mysterious organ, the liver; the other

male aboard is an electronics specialist, a kind of mechanical man. The novel is an investigation of a life-and-death struggle with the elements, and of two unstable marriages. The idea is that man needs a hurricane, or some catastrophic prod to test his worth, that under the eye of a storm one might find the dead center of reality.

Books

An amateur yachtsman, Hersey writes strongly and with authority about the sea, small boats and an emergency afloat. The book's most interesting character is the yawl, misnamed Harmony, a boat sick with dry rot, a patient with a dysfunctional liver, as its skipper might put it. The four human characters are less fascinating. (She repeated: "It's all over, isn't it?" "Over? What do you mean?" "The storm's over. It's finished, isn't it?" "No, lamb," Tom said. "That was just the eye.")

As Mark Roberts noted the other day about a four-year-old competitor named Miss Cuz: "Didn't threaten over the route."