

# Torrance Herald

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## Unseen Highways

There's a "highway," which amounts to one of the great transportation systems of world history, which few of us ever see, or so much as know about. It consists of some 800,000 miles of intricately laid underground petroleum and natural gas pipelines, carrying millions of gallons and cubic feet of low-cost energy fuel each day. The overall length of these lines is the equivalent of nearly two round trips to the moon.

In fact, oil and gas are transported more swiftly and efficiently than ever before, no matter what agency of movement is used. The largest commercial U. S. ship ever built is an oil tanker of 106,500 tons. She recently completed her maiden voyage, carrying a load of 20,356,000 gallons of heating oil and gasoline from Texas to New York.

There has been comparable progress in land transport. A recent development is a "bulge-in-the-middle" design for rail cars, which permits a shell capacity of 30,000 gallons per car, three times that of a conventional tank car. Yet the car is only a few inches over 58 feet long. And pressurized cars carry big quantities of liquefied petroleum gas.

The whole idea is to get oil and its products to the consumer as quickly, efficiently, and economically as human ingenuity allows.

## Historical Heartway

Summer is on the land again, and the great American pastime of loading up the family car and taking off for far places is about due to get into full swing.

Some will spend their time in carefree relaxation at beach and mountain resorts. Others will seek not only relaxation, but a little more knowledge of the places and events that mark the colorful and inspiring history of the United States.

One area which is well worth such an exploratory trip is Long Island, New York, which was settled well over three hundred years ago by Dutch and English pioneers. As islands go, Long Island is, without a doubt, one of the most unique in the world. Its western end is an important part of the world's greatest city—New York. It extends 120 miles out into the Atlantic Ocean. Its long southeastern shore, exposed to balmy gulf stream breezes, gives Long Island a climate unexcelled on the North American continent, and offers beautiful beaches for swimming and picnicking.

The rural wooded areas of Long Island must look much the same today as they did in the days of Teddy Roosevelt whose home, Sagamore Hill, is a national shrine which thousands visit every year. One of the first "tourists" to visit Long Island was George Washington, who kept a diary of a four-day visit in the year 1790. Each community has its legends and tales concerning this trip. Long Island's more recent history is no less fascinating. It is the site of many aviation "firsts." It was here that Charles A. Lindbergh took off on his epic flight to Paris. Long Island is also the site of New York International Airport, whose terminals and international arrival center offer a dramatic spectacle of the jet age, almost on the very ground that George Washington rode across on horseback 172 years ago.

So when you are traveling this summer, think of Long Island. It is worth seeing.

## Opinions of Others

The American Medical Association observes that there is no cure for poison ivy, and warns against wasting money on quick cures. The best precaution against poison ivy, it adds, is to know how to recognize the plants and avoid them. Any natural history book and many encyclopedias have photos of the plants. The main identifying factor is the three-leafed twig.

ROYCE BRIER

## Thoughts on Leisure and The Fate of the Romans

A great many people spend a great deal of time describing the bad state of the world, and particularly lately, of the United States.

Sebastian de Grazia, a political scientist at Rutgers University, thinks this leisure we talk about is a delusion—a "myth," as he called it, in a study for the Twentieth Century Fund.

He defined true leisure as an opportunity taken to cultivate the mind, contemplate ideas and use the imagination. He said the Greeks had this concept of leisure, hence excelled in the cultural arts, and in development of a rational political system.

So we work for shorter hours than our fathers and grandfathers, but all we get out of it is more "free time" than we had.

This reminds the writer that a lady once told him she was much happier than her mother, because she had a

washer, dryer, ironer, dishwasher, vacuum, floor polisher, Volkswagen and power cultivator for her garden. She said she saved 30 hours a week for bridge. She also had an electric barbecue, and the neighbors were invited over. At his leisure, her spouse took off with the neighbor lady. She busted him in court, but they were happy, being poor and working hard.

Another link here is provided by Billy Graham, the evangelist, who told 118,000 people in Chicago there is a striking parallel between the Roman Empire and the United States.

He described Rome as a world leader, rich, stable, with an invincible army. Yet it was not the barbarians who destroyed Rome, but inner decadence.

"A nation never falls until it starts to decay at the center, at the home," he said.

Historians don't think Rome's fall was that simple. The Romans had a capacity for rigid law, but their idea of home and family never faintly resembled our modern idea. Rome was never rich, but a dog-eat-dog society, in which the ruthless and cunning kept the wealth and power, and the weak were mercilessly oppressed. The lot of the Roman masses never changed, and nobody thought it should. The average Roman of 400 A.D. was no worse off than the Roman in the conquering time, 500 years earlier. By 100 A.D. "Roman" legionaries were almost to a man Romanized barbarians.

Such a system, brittle, sterile and senseless, lacked the faculty for economic growth or social invention. When it got big enough it fell in a heap, its rigid law rubble which was picked up and refashioned later.

Life was not easy for a serf indentured to Mr. Benefield. He wanted authors to produce. Every morning he would call me at my desk at the Herald Tribune to see if I was in operating condition. If the departmental secretary gave him an evasive answer he would, with unerring judgment, call Bleck's Artists & Writers' Saloon, then a speaksy, and command Henry, the senior barman, to cut off my elixir of life forthwith. "Beebe is a scoundrel," he would snarl at the terrified man of bottles. "Don't serve him another thimbleful. Bid him eschew the hooch and get upstairs and start smiting his Remington."

Highest in my regardful recollections of the world founders, however, is Mrs. William Haskell who followed Benefield at Appleton-Century in the pontifical reign as senior editor of John

## For 'Medicinal Use,' Of Course



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

## Author Glances Back to Days as Publisher's Boy

The urbane and ubiquitous Bill Kelley was in town a short time back spreading literary good cheer in the form of limitless Dom Perignon in the manner I admire to see in a distinguished man of letters. Mr. Kelley, whose name I will spell in full since its abbreviation to "Mr. K" has at least two other connotations, both of them libelous, is a publisher's agent and in the world of beautiful letters what George Kessler and Manny Chappelle used to be to the wine business.

Kessler and Chappelle were notable wine salesmen in the Diamond Jim Brady and Girl From Rector's era whose entire obligation to their principals was to appear with the best looking women in the most acceptable lobster palaces, Delmonico's, Sherry's, Bustanoby's and the Waldorf-Astoria Roof, attired in Wetzel tailcoats and boiled shirts and send double bottles of their product free gratis to distinguished customers at the adjacent tables. The wines they represented, Mumm's and White Seal, as a result were the biggest sellers on the wine card.

Mr. Kelley, who is youthful, handsome and black-Irish, a one-time Catholic of Jesuitical upbringing but subsequent sophistication, is, of course, himself a highly successful novelist and the author of a best seller of a couple of years back called "Gemini." He is an elegant

fellow, given to Italian silk dinner suits and the aforementioned Dom Perignon in double bottles and reputedly on the largest expense account of any procurer in the Maiden Lane of beautiful letters.

Within my personal experience of this glittering fellow he has been in the employ of three New York publishers in the upper bracket, high pressure group and since the time I last encountered him at Alexis' he may well have joined another tong for all I know. While on the payroll of Doubleday a few years back he solicited and obtained from me a book job, but by the time it was published he was elsewhere as senior editor at McGraw-Hill. At the moment, to the best of my knowledge and belief, he represents Simon & Schuster, and very stylishly, too.

Whose bread I eat, his song I sing. Only with Kelley it's whose "croustade de champignons a la creme" I eat. He drives a Mercedes-Benz and has offices in the ornate splendors of the Hotel del Coronado. He is also in enormous demand as a speaker at women's culture groups where he insults the tottering haridians to their raddled faces with all the charm of Mercurio and gets away with it, too.

The estate of being a man of beautiful letters has come a long way since I read galley proofs on my first book, which was just before General Lee showed up at Appomattox Courthouse. My first editor at Appleton-Century, now Appleton-Century-Crofts and only heaven knows who Mr. Crofts may be, was a banty little gentleman of great charm and personal attainments named Barry Benefield who had just written "Valiant Is the Name of Carrie."

Life was not easy for a serf indentured to Mr. Benefield. He wanted authors to produce. Every morning he would call me at my desk at the Herald Tribune to see if I was in operating condition. If the departmental secretary gave him an evasive answer he would, with unerring judgment, call Bleck's Artists & Writers' Saloon, then a speaksy, and command Henry, the senior barman, to cut off my elixir of life forthwith. "Beebe is a scoundrel," he would snarl at the terrified man of bottles. "Don't serve him another thimbleful. Bid him eschew the hooch and get upstairs and start smiting his Remington."

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L. B. Williams. She wore businesslike clothes, black bombaline I think, and a chataleine watch and her hair was done at the back of her head in a tight pug. She looked like a cartoon version of an early-day suffragette, and when she wanted service it rattled all the glasses on the back bar.

Appleton-Century in those days was hard by the McAlpin Hotel in Herald Square and the hellish Mrs. Haskell and I frequently found it convenient to conduct our devotions at the shrine of belles lettres at the bar of that establishment.

By merely stepping out the door into Seventh Avenue one could obtain a matchless view of the facade of the old New York Herald building which James Gordon Bennett had ennobled with a pair of bronze bell-ringers from Switzerland who emerged from an ornate portico on the hour tismite the time with bronze hammers on a bronze bell. They were one of the things to see in old New York and I had never seen them in action.

Mrs. Haskell and I would prolong our devotions to the muse from hour to hour in an effort to obtain a glimpse of this edifying spectacle, but always, and I never knew it to fall, a chance acquaintance would set them up or the bartender would announce this one was on the house, just as time, treading on the dial's point, approached the hour. The muffled bonging of the Bennett gong would announce that we had missed the Swiss bellringers again and were, of course, obliged to tarry another 60 minutes.

There must have been some sort of symbolism in it. Another day, another dollar. Another book, another round at the McAlpin bar and another date missed with the bell-ringers of eternity.



AFTER HOURS By John Morley

## High-Geared Propaganda On Medicare Misleading

Welfare Secretary Abraham Ribicoff called it "black-mail" when a group of New Jersey doctors declared they "will not treat patients under the terms of the King-Anderson bill." But he failed to quote their full statement, which said: "... but we will continue to treat any person of any age group who needs medical care, free, if they are unable to pay for it."

Furthermore, Mr. Ribicoff said: "We are not going to allow 180,000 doctors in the AMA to flout the welfare of 180 million Americans..." implying that 180 million Americans are in favor of his King-Anderson bill. The polls across the nation are overwhelmingly against Medicare and he knows it. How dumb does he think we are?

The bureaucrats tell us that Social Security costs the worker only \$150 a year on a 3 1/2 per cent of \$4,800 income. But when the worker pays \$150 a year, his employer is also forced to pay another \$150 a year. And out of those "hide" does the employer's \$150 a year come? ... the worker's, of course, as from all other consumers.

When the employer sells a product or service, he adds the \$150 to his costs. So Social Security costs \$300 a year, not \$150... and is going up each year. How dumb do they think we are?

Mr. Ribicoff's high-geared propaganda machine released figures indicating "53 per cent of all persons over 65 years old in the nation are earning less than \$1,000 a year" ... which probably is true. But it leaves you with the illusion that this is exceptional.

What they don't add is the fact that almost 60 per cent of all persons under 65 years old in the United States have incomes of less than \$1,000 a year, too. For there are millions of people over 65, as well as under 65, who are unemployable — such as the retired, the very elderly or all persons over 65 ... as well as infants, children and unemployables under 65.

The public is so skillfully misled by socialist propaganda through the biggest brainwashing job in modern time that it's a wonder to this reporter how they can believe much of what politicians tell them anymore.

The people are misled about costs of Medicare, too. The propaganda is that "we need only to add one-half of one per cent of our taxable earnings to the Social Security tax" ... which means in hard-earned dollars a rise from the present \$4.80 to \$5.200 taxable earnings.

This extra \$400 would be taxed at the full Social Security rate ... which means

that workers who now pay \$150 a year in Social Security taxes would be paying \$253.66 by 1968 ... an increase of nearly 90 per cent in just six years.

It also means that his employer will also have to pay another \$253.66 ... and this increase also has to come out of the product or services he sells ... and up goes the inflation spiral.

A better way to do it is to give every person in the 20 per cent to 30 per cent income tax bracket a credit of \$125 a year, with the proviso that he buys his own health and hospital insurance through a private insurance company of his choice. His benefits would be far superior to those proposed under Medicare ... including doctor's fees, not covered under the King-Anderson bill.

the Administration. But they are covering up the flaws. Even Governor Nelson Rockefeller has joined in the deception. In support of Medicare he is quoted in the New York Times as saying: "The only sound program of medical benefits for senior citizens is through the fiscally sound and proven contributory system of Social Security."

His use of the word "contributory" is highly misleading ... because it gives the impression that participation in Social Security is voluntary. It is not—it is a program of compulsory taxation. Secretary Ribicoff adds to the deception with "Medicare permits people to contribute during their working years to the relatively heavy costs of medical care in their senior years."

The proposed Medicare bill would not "permit" anyone to "contribute" ... but compel everyone to contribute. The joker in the whole Medicare mess is obvious. The executive earning \$52,000 a year will pay exactly the same premium as his secretary earning \$5,200.

Many secretaries and other workers would have to wait 30 to 40 years to collect hospital benefits, while the executives, because of their higher age, will be drawing them in about half this time. Other older \$52,000-a-year executives could begin drawing them immediately without having paid one cent.

Our Man Hoppe

## Newsmen Trace Missing Mogul

Art Hoppe

A couple of months ago, I attempted to launch a nostalgic new series entitled: "Where Are They Now?" It was to be about once-famous celebrities whom the public, in its careless way, had cast aside and forgotten. Unfortunately, as my first subject I chose Mr. Lyndon B. Johnson. Remember him? But darned if I could find out Where Was He Now.

You can imagine how his disappearance from the public eye must have affected his millions of old-time fans. "Whatever happened to Lyndon Whatshisname?" they'd be worrying. "Wherever he is, I hope he's getting enough to eat," they'd be worrying. "You don't think he's taken his own ... Oh, no!"

So a wave of heartfelt thanks must have engulfed the nation when dedicated newsmen, in the finest tradition of Stanley & Livingstone, at long last tracked him down. Still alive! In a place called Mission, Texas. The brief but poignant news was flashed to a waiting world thusly:

"Mission, Texas—Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson dedicated a sterile screwworm factory here today."

The stories, with a callous disregard for human interest, went on to explain what a sterile screwworm factory was. As though we fans of Mr. Johnson cared. As one might expect, a sterile screwworm factory is a factory which makes sterile screwworms. Or, more accurately, a factory which makes screwworms sterile.

The stories said this factory has a peak capacity, barring labor unrest, of 75 million screwworm flies a week. And each screwworm fly is being rendered sterile by radioactive cobalt. Which, if you ask me, is a hell of a way to treat a screwworm fly. Although, to be sure, it could happen to any of us these days.

The male screwworm flies, the stories wound up, are then thrown out of airplanes to mate with non-sterile female screwworms in hopes of eradicating screwworms forever. Which is as good a way to go as any.

But what about Mr. Johnson? How did he look? Has he grown a beard? Is he thin? And most important of all: Is he happy down there in Mission, Texas, with all his screwworms?

We millions of his old-time fans certainly hope so. We feel that since he renounced the public spotlight for the simple anonymity of the Vice Presidency, he deserves a rest. And we like to think of him now in the evenings, a-sitting and a-rocking on his porch down there in Texas, a-looking out serenely over his vast screwworm spread.

"Tex," he says philosophically to his foreman, "running the country was a mighty hard chore. And you can't buy peace of mind like this in Washington. But we better mount up. We got to cut a couple million head out of the north forty before roundup time and check for rustlers. Git along, little screwworm, git along, thar!"

And they ride off into the sunset together. Which is a lovely ending to a "Where Are They Now?" type piece. And it warms the hearts of us millions of old-time fans. Because we who watched Mr. Johnson manipulate his way to the top in Washington know he's not going to have a mite of trouble riding herd on a couple of million sterile screwworms.

## Quote

"Remember — when your boy goes to summer camp, you're not losing a son. You're gaining two frogs, a garter snake and a field mouse." — B. J. Dahl, Chewelah (Wash.) Independent.

"Come a few warmish days and all a kid will want out of school is himself." — Bert Masterson, Hartsdale (N.Y.) Masterson Press.

"Although they may tear up the house frequently, children rarely break up a home." — Fred W. Grown, Edgewater (N.J.) Bergen Citizen.

"A pat on the back develops character — if administered young enough, often enough and low enough." — Merle Hudson, Schaller (Ia.) Herald.

"It would seem that the younger generation resembles the older generation in many respects." — Gerald K. Young, Blakesburg (Ia.) Excelsior.

"I'm tired of arguing with my teen-age son about borrowing the family car. I've decided the next time I want it, I'll just take it." — Hamilton V. B. Riggs, Fillmore (Calif.) Herald.