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All Roads Lead . . . etc.

In the days of the Caesars, all roads led to Rome. With the continuing development of Southland freeways, Torrance is gaining a measure of the same enviable position without the doubtful benefit of the Caesars. As pointed out by Mayor Albert Isen during dedication ceremonies Friday for the newest section of the San Diego Freeway which will traverse Torrance when opened to traffic in another week or 10 days, the freeways and major roadways have gone a long way in justifying earlier claims that Torrance would be the hub of the Greater Southwest area in a few years. Proponents in the fight to bring permanent facilities of the Southwest District Superior Court to Torrance pointed out that motorists throughout the Southwest could drive to the Torrance Civic Center as easily as to any other part of the Greater Southwest, and could find ample parking when they arrive.

With the completion of the San Diego Freeway northward to San Fernando Valley scheduled for next year, Torrance will be accessible to an ever-widening circle of Southern California residents. Two major needs still exist: Opening of Del Amo Boulevard from the ocean to its present terminus at Wilmington Avenue east of Torrance would give a direct access of the growing South Bay Cities of Redondo Beach, Hermosa Beach, and Manhattan Beach to the central Torrance area and its civic center; and the improvement of another major north-south artery through town to supplement Crenshaw Boulevard and Hawthorne Avenue is needed. Councilman Nick Draie is pushing for extension of Van Ness Avenue through Torrance, carrying it over Arlington, Border, and Cabrillo avenues into Lomita.

Plans to extend Anza Avenue through Torrance as a major thoroughfare need only to have an outlet north of 190th Street and a major improvement between Torrance Boulevard and Del Amo Boulevard.

All these improvements should become realities in the near future giving status to the boast that all roads lead to Torrance.

Such improvements also would give major significance to the city's claim as "The Capital City of the Great Southwest."

Opinions of Others

"There is a national lack of precision tools, including a Federal economy knife."—Gerald K. Young, *Blakesburg (Iowa) Excelsior*.

"Government should be like your stomach. If it's working right, you don't know you have it."—Frieda J. Monger, *Duluth (Minn.) Publicity*.

There ought to be more women working for the government in Washington. Think of all the fun they would have moving those bureaus around.—Celina (Texas) *Record*.

In the old days, a man who died with his boots on was known as a "bad man." Now he's a pedestrian.—Priest *River (Idaho) Times*.

ROYCE BRIER

Red Nations' Chow Lines Raise Spectre of Famine

Fifty years ago in urban America you would often hear a rooster crowing in a backyard. You probably never saw a city pig-pen, but there may have been some.

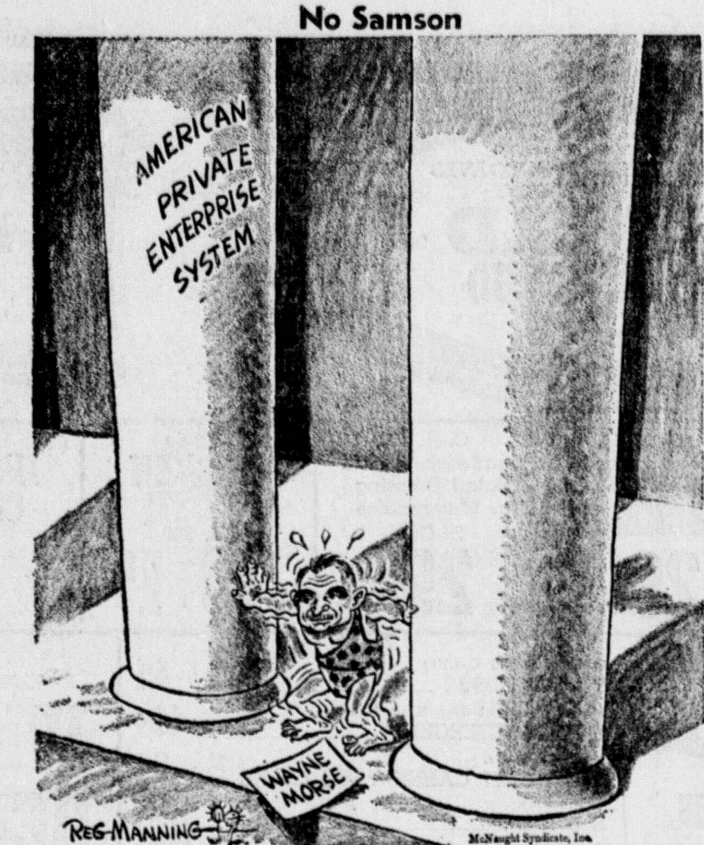
Recently from East Berlin Neues Deutschland urged East Germans in cities to make backyard chickens and piglets fashionable.

The paper didn't say so, but food rationing is reported imminent. This is not due to drought, but to maldistribution of East German farm products, and low industrial

output, making it impossible to buy West German food, which is abundant.

Dispatches say in East Berlin fresh meat, sausage, eggs and dairy products have about disappeared from the markets since early May and queues to get the trickle of supplies are a commonplace.

There won't be a revolution over it, but the free world, particularly leftist segments of it, should be interested in satellite food difficulties in East Germany and



James Dorais

Demos May Lose Campaign Issue in Medicare Defeat

A couple of months ago, Democratic party strategists openly viewed the Kennedy Administration's Medicare proposal—the late-lamented King-Anderson bill—as a sure-fire vote-getting issue for the fall Congressional campaigns. If the measure secured Congressional approval, it was reasoned, Democratic candidates could point to it as a great party achievement. If it failed, even better: the issue would still be alive.

But since the King-Anderson bill's defeat, misgivings as to the issue's political potency have set in, despite the President's expressed determination to take the case to the people.

For one thing, it is recognized that the case already has been taken to the people. Rarely has any legislative proposal been so thoroughly publicized as the King-Anderson bill—through endless

press releases, speeches by public officials, and a televised Madison Square Garden rally in which the President participated.

For another, some opinion polls are disclosing that the more knowledgeable people become about the terms of the Medicare bill the less they are disposed to support it.

For example, in February of this year, Rep. Robert J. Corbett of Pennsylvania polled his constituents on the question: "Would you vote for medical care for the aged financed through Social Security payments?" The result: 56 per cent voted yes; 44 per cent no.

Six months later, Corbett sent out another poll on the question, changed the wording to reflect a more accurate

description of the proposal: "Would you vote for the King-Anderson bill to provide deductible hospital insurance to Social Security beneficiaries over 65, financed by increased Social Security taxes?" The result this time: 30 per cent voted yes; 70 per cent no.

Another recent poll on the issue was taken by Rep. William C. Kramer of Florida. His district contains the nation's highest proportion of persons of 65 or older—one in every four—and is an area of modest income. Responses to the questionnaire were two to one against the King-Anderson bill.

A significant aspect of the Cramer poll results was that the most avid supporters of the Social Security Medicare proposal were ill-informed about what the bill would do, while those opposed showed much more awareness of the bill's provisions.

The most common objections to the President's Medicare bill voiced by the poll's respondents were: it would not pay doctors, dentists, or nurses' bills; it would not permit choice of the type of health care coverage or non-coverage; Social Security tax-financing would place much of the burden on those least able to pay; the bill would not prevent the well-to-do from receiving benefits; it could lead to government control of hospitals and nursing homes; the tax increases proposed in the bill would probably prove inadequate.

"I made some bargains with God—but I always was sure that, somehow, I'd be rescued."—Airman Gerald Becker after being trapped 3½ days in an abandoned mine.

"He told me he just wanted to see if he could get away with it."—Trooper J. A. Lively after a 15-year-old confessed robbing a Georgia bank of \$5,000.

"While in space I did everything as though I was on the ground. I did work, envisaged the flight program, ate with appetite, did exercises, slept well without dreams."—Lt. Col. Pavel Popovich after multi-orbit space flight.

A person who wrongfully uses a credit card to buy over \$50 worth of goods commits a felony and can go to state prison.

With your credit card, you also undertake legal duties for the company. You may have to give notice if you lose the card, or turn it in when you move, change jobs, or when asked to. You must give true answers when you apply for a card.

Quote

"The pooling of powerful raw material reserves and the internal harmonization over the most varied fields, at which the Common Market aims, are a living contradiction of the Communist conception of how capitalism operates."—Dagens Nyhetes.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Lessons of a Lifetime: This Is What I Believe

We can freeze to death in a cold war just as easily as we can roast to death in a hot one.

I don't know which is worse . . . those who can't stand Picasso, Hubert Humphrey, the John Birch society . . . or those who never heard of them.

The world must be getting better. So far we have been successful in confining germ warfare to the TV commercials.

There is nothing in the world which can truly be possessed. Death holds the key to possession. It is true also in life. No one worth possessing can be quite possessed.

How wonderful it would be if our friends kept their fear to themselves, but shared their courage with us.

People want peace so much that one of these days the politicians will step aside and let them have it. That will be the miracle.

Most of the evils that communism claims to remedy are not one fraction as evil as communism itself.

The moment you are willing to die for your country, or a loved one . . . you really love them.

Changeable women are much more interesting than the monotonous ones. It's true that they are sometimes murdered, but hardly ever deserted.

Each new cigarette commercial is phonier than the last. They claim so much improvement that anyone who doesn't smoke is expected to be in poor health.

Driving on the Pennsylvania turnpike the other day was like playing Russian roulette . . . it's hard to tell which driver is loaded.

Too many U.S. tourists abroad do not seem to realize that the country they are visiting is expected to please its own people, not foreigners.

Not one person in a thousand can get it into his thick skull that the real purpose of life is to enjoy it . . . as much as possible.

I learned a long time ago not to insult the alligator until after I swam the stream. A lot of people take a drink to make some other people bearable.

A Hindu sage reminded me one day in Bombay that "when you think you're going down for the third time, it's always possible that in the excitement you may have counted wrong."

If you really wanted to kick in the pants the fellow responsible for most of your troubles . . . you wouldn't be able to sit down for a week.

There is nothing as complicated as simplicity.

I have started a dozen books and ended up by finishing only a rather unimportant one. I can never understand why two authors get together to write one. It's like three people getting together to have a baby.

A theory is not always a very educated hunch.

In my profession of writing and speaking you have every chance to be great. Then the job puts every pressure on you to prove that you just haven't got what it takes. It never takes away the chance . . . and never eases up on the pressure.

It used to be that U. S. students waited until after graduation from college to take over the world . . . now they go after it in high school.

A man can be grateful if in his lifetime he has found a woman he can completely love . . . a friend he can completely trust . . . and a country he would not change for another.

There are people who run out the clock for six days sowing wild oats, then go to church on Sunday and pray for a crop failure. Some men look at free en-

terprise as a cow they can milk. Not enough of them ever think of feeding it.

Probably some of the most important careers in the world are entrusted to amateurs . . . like parenthood.

Love is never as blind as hate.

They ought to put automatic defrosters on people, too.

The book-of-the-month usually last about that long in sustaining popularity and genuine contribution.

Of all the gems I have read or heard around the whole world for three decades, one stands out as all-encompassing to the business of living. I don't know its origin, but its author had an uncanny insight to the world about him. He wrote: "God grant me the serenity to accept things I cannot change . . . the courage to change the things I can . . . and the wisdom to know the difference."

Our Man Hoppe

Our Congressmen Appear Priceless

—Art Hoppe

Congress, as you may know, is in a furor over recent newspaper articles disclosing that each of our congressmen costs us taxpayers \$275,000 a year. And I'm on our congressmen's side. They aren't worth it.

The reporter said each congressman gets only \$22,500 a year in salary, but \$16,894 in free phone calls, free telegrams, free air mail stamps and free stationery. Plus free parking on Capitol Hill.

I guess the maddest was Sen. John J. Williams of Delaware, who has just issued an open letter, denying the whole thing. "There are," writes the senator indignantly, "no parking meters around the nation's capitol."

Moreover, says the senator, he personally spent only \$891.56 of his extra \$16,894. Like only \$3.50 for airmailing letters from Washington to his constituents. In Delaware. And while entitled to \$3,944 for telegrams, he nobly put in for a mere measly \$25.35. I was so overwhelmed by this savings that I promptly wired him my congratulations. Collect.

But most elated of all by the furor is my vicarious friend, Mr. J. Speckles Chintz, candidate for Congress in the 167th District. "I'm as good as elected," said Mr. Chintz, happily plucking a butt from my ashtray, straightening it out and lighting it expansively.

He was? "The public cries for economy," cried Mr. Chintz, thoughtfully removing a length of string and winding it around a big ball of twine. "But how many congressmen practice it! Personally? Personal economy is the heart oak of my platform. First of all, I will refuse the \$22,500 salary."

He would? "Yes, I will serve for \$19,998.98. Furthermore, I will meet and undercut any lower bid."

A clear savings, I said. "Secondly," said Mr. Chintz. "I shall be frugal. From my pup tent on the mall, I shall hitchhike to Capitol Hill thus eschewing the free parking places. Most important, the taxpayers will never be burdened by the expense of printing my stands on grave issues in the Congressional Record."

They won't? "Absolutely not," he said, removing his glasses to adjust the adhesive tape on the rims. "I have promised never to take a stand on grave issues. It is costly. Not only must they be printed in the Record, but the congressman who takes one must then explain to his constituents in free telegrams and franked letters. I herby pledge that, once elected, my constituents will never hear from me."

A boon to mankind, I said. "Vote for Chintz!" cried Mr. Chintz, fishing an empty cigarette pack from the wastebasket, removing the tinfoil and marching out. "He's a bargain!"

Mr. Chintz certainly looks good. He's just what the public seems to want these days: He's noncontroversial. And he's cheap.

But I don't know. Having met some of the dedicated public servants running our \$70 billion-a-year Federal enterprise, I think we ought to pay them more, not less. Perhaps they do get what they deserve. But so do we.

Morning Report:

General Gavin quit as our ambassador to France because he couldn't afford the job. And he was replaced by Chip Bohlen, who is no richer than Gavin. As an experienced diplomat, I suppose he'll make it by feeding the family beans on quiet nights in the embassy.

America is one country that realizes the value of the expense account and the high-priced salesman.

We have lots of money. If our ambassador feels he has to get the entire diplomatic corps in Paris drunk six nights a week to help our image, let's let him. We can afford it.

Abe Mellinkoff

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



You can still get a meal in a Havana restaurant for about 10 pesos (one peso is officially one dollar). In this accounting, bean soup costs \$1, a small steak \$6, and lobster or crab, \$4. Until recently Moro crabs were plentiful and cheap.

On the new black market pork will cost you \$2.50 a pound, and eggs 15 cents each. But you'd better not drive to the country for black market eggs or chickens because there are checkpoints, and militia may search your car.

The writer was in free Venezuela in March, when Fidel Castro announced rationing, and there was a flap among leftists, though outright Communists never batted an eye. Senator Castro says rationing is necessary because everybody's getting more money, and demand exceeds supply. Communists naturally believe this story.

