

Torrance Herald

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GLENN W. PFEIL

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REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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Today Is 'Hope Sunday'

The Southland is the home of a unique pilot medical center. In its more than 50 years, no patient has ever paid a cent for care. Nor has any patient been asked about his race or creed. To be ill is enough.

Such is the role of the City of Hope. Located near Los Angeles, the national medical center has taken patients from all over the country, and countless Southern Californians have gone to receive its free care.

There is only one criterion for admission: can this medical center offer help to a patient who has been referred by his physician? Is the patient afflicted with cancer, leukemia, or some disease of the heart, blood, or chest?

There is more to the role of the City of Hope. Besides being a focal point of patient care and treatment, its accomplishments in research into the causes of catastrophic maladies are a source of pride to all who support it. This is a phase of its efforts which is of extreme importance to all of us.

The hard fact is that the City of Hope depends on the generosity of the public to keep its doors open to those who come for help.

Once a year, some 100,000 Californians go door-to-door and ask for direct aid for the hospital. Today — June 7 — is "Hope Sunday" and a neighbor probably will call on you for help.

There is hope in the help given to this worthy institution.

Opinions of Others

The eight-nation group created by the communists in frank imitation of the Common Market not only has failed to relieve the economic chaos in Eastern Europe, but in many ways has actually worsened it. So nightmarish is their job that the satellite economists have begun to grumble openly. — *Time Magazine*.

It's incredible that any part of the government should operate on the peculiar principle of investing taxpayer funds in projects that will decrease the potential tax income, but it's happening. — *Wall Street Journal*.

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

40 Years Ago

A check for \$3,712.50 was presented to the city trustees by City Recorder James King. The money, according to The HERALD for June 3, 1924, was collected by a local judge as fines for law breakers.

The judge also outlined the cost of some minor violations of the law. Speeding could cost you "plenty" if you went over 45 miles in a 20 mile zone, and other fines ranged from \$10 to \$25. If you went over 50 in a 35 mile zone, the judge promised a "heavy fine and jail." Bootleggers would pay a fine of \$200 to \$500 if convicted, and the judge also noted a parking violation a second time would bring "more than a warning."

The Torrance oil field was pumping the black gold at the rate of 61,000 barrels per day. The HERALD noted, The eastern boundary of the field had been pushed to Normandie Avenue.

30 Years Ago

Plans for the construction of a new post office building in Torrance were announced in The HERALD for June 7, 1934. The site which had been selected was on Marcelina Avenue. The authorization for construction was cabled from Washington to city engineer F. R. Leonard.

In the world of sports, the Torrance High tennis squad claimed the Marine League championship, then turned around to watch the Tartar golf team annex the Marine League flag.

Another sports story told of a three-year string of first place medals in track meets throughout California. Louis Zamperini had done it again, and this time he

claimed the 1,500 meter victory at the Los Angeles Coliseum AAU meet.

20 Years Ago

During the month of May, the Torrance court netted \$1,209.50 in fines, reported The HERALD for June 8, 1944. Heaviest fines were paid by persons convicted of drunkenness in Judge Otto B. Willett's court. A total of 23 persons were convicted and paid a total of \$455.

The same edition announced the city would have a tanker named after it. The ship, the SS Torrance Hills, was to be built in Sausalito, Calif.

The fifth war bond drive in Torrance got under way with the help of the Boy Scouts and news of the invasion of Normandie. Goal of the fifth drive was \$175,000.

10 Years Ago

Torrance residents appeared at the polls in numbers less than expected in the primary election of June, 1954, according to editions of The HERALD for June 10, 1954. Less than 50 per cent of the 18,246 registered voters actually took the time to vote.

At Torrance High, plans were being made for graduation of the largest class in Torrance history.

A grass fire which began near an oil derrick was extinguished by firemen after four hours of fighting, but not before the wooden derrick had fallen to the ground aflame.

One thing seniors didn't have to look forward to, according to employers in the area, was jobs. There were simply not enough jobs to go around and high school students and graduates couldn't find anything in the way of work in local industry.

Morning Report:

Any solution to our crisis in Laos and South Vietnam is going to be bad news. And that's why we can't solve anything until after the election in November.

Obviously what we're doing now is getting us nowhere. But even nowhere could be a lot worse than some of the places we could land in. Such as where the French landed at Dienbienphu.

But to really change things over there, we will have to get in deeper with men and money. Or extend the war. Or get out. None of these alternatives is exactly a popular campaign issue. The best that Mr. Johnson can hope for is that China will let us stew as we are for a few more months.

Abe Mellinkoff

Rescue



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Chocolate Beatles Enter Swiss Economic Picture

BERN, SWITZERLAND — In Bern you can't get a good-sized carved bear, though the bear is a major Swiss export, and the candy stores are infested with vermin. And you guess it—they're symbolic of the four lads, and nobody foresaw it when the town was founded around 1200 A.D. But neither did we as late as 1963 A.D.

You will perhaps forgive another economic column, after the watch piece. But Switzerland is in an economic state of mind, as well as a land of people. Fifteen American reporters came here the other day by Swissair to see the works, and the works is solid. The always temporary President here doesn't speak of poverty and unemployment. Both are practically zero.

After the war, Switzerland didn't soar, as did West Ger-

many and Japan. It just climbed steadily, and as in Japan, prosperity is a little out of hand. Now they're beginning to frown on over-buying of raw materials, and on skyscraper apartments, even in small cities. Yet there is no inflation—the Swiss are just not the inflation type.

The country has no extensive grain area, and like England, has never fed itself. It must import most of its raw materials for precision instruments. Thus it makes only watch movements for export, having no gold—except bullion, and it has plenty of that.

A study of the import-export position is interesting. For instance, you can't buy French Lalique glass—because France doesn't buy many watches. But Switzerland has doubled its total export in eight years, and it now stands at \$2.5 billion.

One booming category is heavy machinery and machine tools, doubled since 1955. Now some watchmakers

are building electronics divisions, and the Swiss industrial system is turning to petrochemicals. Another big gainer is pharmaceutical products.

West Germany is the largest buyer of Swiss goods, and by far the largest supplier. The United States is second in buying, fourth in supplying.

Speaking of bullion, the Swiss are said to have a Fort Knox under an ancient square fronting the central bank. But they shrug, rather than speak, of the numbered, secret accounts in Swiss bank.

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BOOKS by William Hogan

Chaplin Story Could Put New Life in Book Clubs

Announcement from Simon & Schuster that "My Autobiography," by Charles Chaplin, will be published simultaneously in nine countries on October 1 coincided with a Book-of-the-Month Club announcement: The long-awaited Chaplin story will be its October selection.

I don't know how many potential members this will shake into BOTM. It might entice some; for the great little clown is held in vast esteem by millions who remember his artistry from "The Tramp" to "City Lights." Simon & Schuster tells us that it is an outspoken autobiography. It takes us from the London theater of Dion Boucicault and William Gillette to Chaplin's stormy postwar years to his present idyllic family life in Switzerland.

Book clubs could use a little razzle-dazzle, even a little controversy, which the Chaplin opus no doubt will stir. The clubs are encountering a cooler reception from Americans, the Wall Street Journal reported in a lengthy survey recently. Rising sales resistance to book clubs is pushing up the cost of recruiting new members; old members are not buying as many books as they once did.

Reasons include pallid selections — the Literary Guild was famous for its innocent "escape reading," but has im-

proved the quality of title in recent seasons. The Journal noted that discount houses offer best sellers at prices comparable with bargain book club prices. Then there is the enormous popularity of low-cost quality paperbacks, plus fierce competition within the book clubs.

There are some 125 book clubs in the U.S., not necessarily all competitive. About 20 are directed to the general reader; others are for scientists, gardeners, other special-interest groups. Doubleday & Co. runs 30 book clubs of its own, apart from its vast and complex publishing program.

Television competition has cut into middle-class escape reading that was so much a part of the American scene in, say, 1926 when the Book-of-the-Month Club offered its first selection to 4,750 members. First title was "Lolly Willows," by Sylvia Town-

send Warner. By the end of that year, membership had grown to 40,000. It reached a peak of 918,000 in 1946, but has declined in the TV era.

No book club has ever pretended to offer the "masterpiece" of the month. BOTM has struck a good average over the years—"Gone With the Wind" to Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman." Its July selection will be Robert Payne's "The Life and Death of Lenin;" in August, the new James Gould Cozzens' "Children and Others," his first since "By Love Possessed" seven years ago.

Any advantage in joining a book club? Some premiums are astonishing — the \$49.50 one-volume Columbia Encyclopedia at \$9, for instance. Joining one is fine if you live out in Nebraska someplace; in an area studded with fine book stores, I feel one is better off shopping around himself. Yet that Chaplin autobiography, at much less than retail price, is an inducement.

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, to guard thee.—(Luke 4:10)

If we but seek it through reverent prayer we can always have the protection of God, no matter where we go or what we do, provided our motives are good and sincere.

Quote

While the conservative is against change imposed from the outside, he welcomes changes that well up from the deep underlying trends. —Stephen B. Miles Jr., Los Angeles.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Decided About Summer Yet? Here's Some Tips

LONDON—"You said that using youth hostels, you estimated \$5 a day for student expenses in Europe. Then you add — 'At \$100 a month, you're in clover.' Thirty days times \$5 does not come to \$100. So what?"

So I should have been a better student. The figure is \$100 per month—given to me fresh by a young man just returned from several months of such travel.

"You say that camping is 'pretty good' in Mexico. I have heard it is unsafe in every way . . ."

I don't remember recommending camping in Mexico. Some of the back country is definitely not safe. I think if you camped on beaches near tourist centers you'd be all right. But I wouldn't even drive alone on some back roads in more primitive country.

"Where do you get free, good road maps of Europe?" Gas up at a big ESSO station. The company does print maps and has a touring service. However, I find smaller stations hate to give them away. Best maps I've found are Michelin (for sale in book stores) or the AAA (for members).

Free maps, free tire-checking, free windshield cleaning, and free matches are rare outside the U.S.

"We planned to be in Europe six weeks but now find we have only three—while the other two couples stay on. We would like something to do that is unusual and gives us the most."

Can you get one more person? Or another couple? This is a little expensive—a charter inland yacht at \$40 per day per person—but you live like a king.

You get off the plane at Amsterdam and WALK across to the yacht. The price includes services of crew, chef, three stewards, and all food and incidental expenses.

The yacht sleeps eight comfortably. Has a dining room and living room and sun deck space. You have 50,000 miles of inland waterways. There are several bicycles aboard—if you want to bicycle through villages. Or—included in the price—an eight-passenger station wagon trails the yacht. Get off and ride when you want to.

I get this from a friend who just did it. Says it is absolutely great.

"Are there any drip-dry fabrics that really do what they say—that is, wash and hang up and wear without ironing? We are going to the Olympics in Japan."

I never had a drip-dry shirt that looked as good as one that was ironed. Anyway, laundry is good and fast all over the world now. So why drip-dry?

"We are going by Matson to Hawaii but flying back. Therefore weight is a problem. Does my husband have to carry a Tuxedo?"

He won't need it in Hawaii. In these elegant ships, he will find three-fourths or more of the men wearing dinner jackets at night. The other hardy fellows will wear dark suits. Or fake it with a bow tie and a linen casual jacket.

"We are flying from New York to Paris. Would it be all right for a woman to wear slacks?"

In and out of these dressy cities, I think you'd feel better wearing a dress. But pack the slacks in a flight bag and put them on while flying. (A

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little crowded in that little bathroom. But they seem to make it.)

"By the time we reach London, my sports jacket will be pretty well beat. Can I buy a ready-made one to advantage?"

Try the Daks jackets at Simpson's in Pacadilly. About one day for alterations.

"Is there a good train that I could take down the West Coast of Mexico?"

Pick it up at Nogales. Recent passenger on this train tells me it is a little old-fashioned (upper and lower berths)—but comfortable and not expensive. This train goes inland below Mazatlan and then to Mexico City.

OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

Nobody Carries Off the Prize

I just wish you could have been at Nobody for President Headquarters for the big party the night of the crucial California primary. It was an evening to remember — a gay, mad swirl of high-pitched apathy.

The homely "Nobody's Sweethearts" in their drab costumes passed out free balloons. The Young Nothings for Nobody pressed stale doughnuts and tepid coffee on passers-by. And over in a corner, an elderly Nonentity for Nobody chalked up returns as the fanatic supporters of Nobody yawned themselves hoarse.

The high point came shortly before the polls closed when the huge HAKENSAC-NJ Computer predicted, on the basis of E. S. P., that Nobody would win the Republican primary by more than two million votes. Nobody promptly announced he had prepared a statement conceding defeat. Just in case. As this strategy appears unique, allow me to quote the statement in full:

To all of you who worked in my campaign, Nobody said, "let me say in defeat that if you'd gotten off your duffs, we might've won. But I was beaten," Nobody said, "by a better man. And I pledge here and now that if he wishes to call on my loyalty and support in the trying months ahead," Nobody said, "he can go climb a tree."

Fortunately, however, the first scattered returns showed Nobody well out in front. Strategists immediately credited the numerous newspaper editorials enthusiastically endorsing Nobody, coupled with the forthright public statements of Republican leaders across the land, announcing they were beholden to Nobody.

With victory seemingly assured, Nobody turned off the free beer, saying why should he provide for a bunch of freeloaders.

But at 7:01 p. m., with 16 out of the State's 32,861 precincts reporting, the tide dramatically turned. For three out of four computers had conceded to Mr. Goldwater. Nobody quickly called a press conference to issue an unqualified victory statement.

"Victory?" inquired an inquiring reporter.

"I have won an overwhelming victory," said Nobody, chewing on a pickle. "Firstly, there is no question that the vast majority of rank and file Rockefeller supporters will now march ardently under my banner, hoping and praying that Nobody gets the nomination."

"But what about delegate strength?" asked a keen political analyst.

"Exactly," said Nobody. "With Senator Goldwater so close to the prize, everyone agrees the moderate candidate will unite against him. But ask yourselves: 'Who can cause these hopefuls to sacrifice their personal ambitions for the good of the party? Who, at this late hour, can unify all the dissident factions? Who, in a word, gentlemen, can now stop Goldwater?'"

As I say, I wish you'd been there. The name of our candidate made the rafters ring.

(For a free "Nobody for President" campaign button, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Nobody for President Headquarters," care of The HERALD.)

You Don't Say!

For Herald readers curious about the strange ways of Washington, we offer this recently cleared dialogue:

MR. A:—How do you have a (deleted) at any time?
MR. B:—(deleted)
MR. A:—On what? How do you do that?
MR. B:—With the (deleted).
MR. A:—Just by (deleted)?
MR. B:—That is right.
MR. A:—Not by (deleted)?
MR. B:—(deleted)
MR. A:—And it has been anticipated to use the (deleted)?
MR. B:—That is correct.
MR. A:—Or whatever your (deleted) is?
MR. B:—That is right.
MR. A:—And this doesn't work?
MR. B:—It doesn't work in all circumstances.
MR. A:—So you are going to use something besides (deleted)?
MR. B:—(deleted)
MR. A:—Thank you.

Now in case there is any uncertainty, that is not an indecent conversation expurgated for public consumption. It is what is left after Pentagon censors finished with a military budget hearing colloquy between Sen. Clifford Case of New Jersey (Mr. A) and Lt. Gen. W. W. Dick Jr. (Mr. B), chief of army research and development.

As the Chicago Tribune, which uncovered the emasculated report, observed: "We certainly hope that General Dick never has to have another (deleted). If he did, it might put the (deleted) right back in the (deleted). And that would be extremely (deleted); particularly if the (deleted) got wind of the (deleted)."