

Press-Herald

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REID L. BUNDY . . Managing Editor

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'Report to the Nation'

"Freedom is indivisible. It is not secure in America when it is brutally denied elsewhere on this earth."

Thus did President Johnson open his 1966 Armed Forces message. "The struggle to be free," he said, "is a struggle worthy of man's unceasing sacrifice."

With the tense international situation heightening an interest in America's armed strength, Saturday's Armed Forces Day celebration in Torrance serves well to focus the attention of all Californians on those young men and their leaders who are defending our freedoms today in the quagmires of Viet Nam.

Saturday's Armed Forces Day parade, highlight of a busy weekend, is traditionally the largest military salute in the West, and will include more than 100 units and several thousand persons in the line of march.

Called a "Report to the Nation," the 1966 parade will feature Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, as the grand marshal. Each year, one of the outstanding military authorities of the nation lead the line of march and Torrance is fortunate this year to have the leading Congressional military authority to head its celebration.

Congressman Rivers will deliver a major address Saturday noon at the awards luncheon which traditionally follows the parade.

Such celebrations do not come spontaneously. Saturday's event will be the culmination of many hundreds of hours of hard work on the part of city officials and employees; on the part of Chamber of Commerce representatives, and on the part of local industrial and business leaders and representatives of the nation's armed services.

A special salute is due the general chairman George S. Wing for the general supervision of the parade planning, and to his assistant, John T. Hales, for the job of promoting the event.

By all standards of measurement, Saturday's "Report to the Nation" parade in Torrance will be the biggest salute in the West to our armed forces on their day. We recommend strongly that the people of this area join the salute from the parade route sidelines beginning at 10 a.m. It should be two hours well spent.

Something of Value

"The person who donates a unit of blood is making a very personal kind of charitable contribution. He is, in a sense, giving a part of himself. The wealthy man can give a million dollars, but he, like everyone else, can give no more than five units of blood a year. If this element of personal giving is lost, not only will medical care suffer, but something of value will disappear from the American character."

So writes the magazine, *Changing Times*.

This element of personal giving is the basic principle on which the Red Cross Program operates.

The Red Cross knows from the experiences gained in past wars and in establishing a national voluntary blood donor program, which now meets half of our nation's blood needs, that people WILL, without payment, give blood to help others.

Our local Red Cross blood program provides the channel through which we can do this. We believe that the people of our community will demonstrate their generosity by giving this priceless donation when the Red Cross Bloodmobile visits the Torrance Eiks Lodge, 1820 Abalone Avenue, Thursday.

OTHERS SAY

No Help From 'Uncle'

Even with unprecedented help from Washington, our great cities are not gaining on their problems. Robert P. Gerholz, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce has said that: "It is as if we were building cities to serve some other purpose than the well-being of people." He observes that the federal urban renewal program, whose primary purpose should be to help disadvantaged people, has been a virtual failure. A million people in 1,500 projects in 750 communities have been driven from their homes. Most of them were poor and . . . couldn't pay enough rent to make it worthwhile to build new housing for them, so they were left to push their way still more densely into the slum housing that remained."

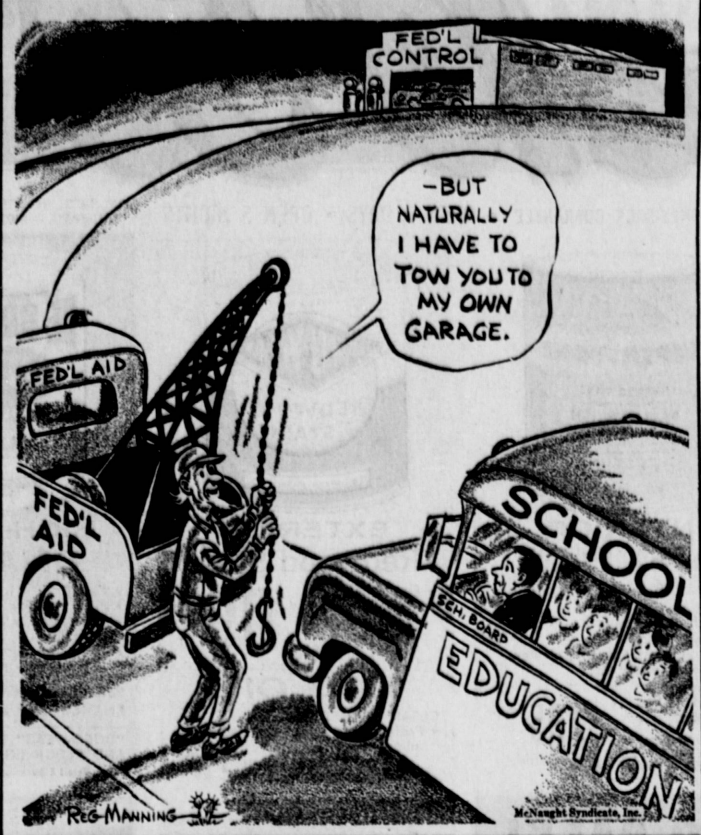
"George" can't do it for us and neither can "Uncle Sam." In a small town, it is easy to see the importance of individual effort in community progress. But in a city, where problems are larger and more complex, there is all the more reason for leaders in local government, business, and civic affairs to take the initiative and responsibility for solving the problems that they know best. There is no other way.—*Industrial News Review*.

Conscience is a small inner voice that warns us not to do something after we've done it.—*Pennsburg (Pa.) Town and Country*.

Federal aid is giving yourself a transfusion by drawing blood from your right arm, returning it to your left—and spilling 90 per cent on the way across.—*The Bergen (N.J.) Citizen*.

Many a man who misses his anniversary, catches it later.—*Joe Harrison in The Texas (Dickens County) Spur*.

It's A "Free" Service



STAN DELAPLANE

Waikiki -- Ideal Spot for 'Boy Meets Girl' Safaris

HONOLULU—For girls in the unmarried set (who seem to be set on getting married) this is the place where Boy Meets Girl. The beach at Waikiki. Can't assess the quality, but there is plenty of quantity. If you're single-o, as the song says — "there's no place like Hawaii."

"For two secretaries (25) where would you suggest for vacation? Mexico? Hawaii? One of the National Parks?"

Hawaii, as above, is Number One. But keep it on Waikiki—the Outer Islands are too chancy. The action is all in this area. Hotel social directors advise you to meet people on the beach where everything is informal. They also advise you to stay loose. There's a lot of traffic. Something better may come along on the next plane. Aloha!

"We will be in Spain for a few weeks and are concerned about medical treatment if my husband should need it . . ."

The British-American hospital in Madrid is supposed to be very good. But out in the country, I don't know. Only experience I had was in a small town. After prescribing a shot, I found the doctor doesn't do this himself. A fellow called a "practicante" comes to your house and does it. Mine had an assortment of used needles which he pulled out of a tobacco tin.

Most Spanish cooking is drenched in olive oil. If it's a little old, you've had it. Better learn to say "cooked in butter." Madrid is OK. In the country, drink bottled Solares. The late dinner (10 to midnight) may throw you. So get the Spanish habit of taking a "merienda" — a snack — about 5 or 6 o'clock.

The Spanish custom of a

big, big lunch with plenty of wine, starting about 1 o'clock, bugs me. I hold it down — maybe just the soup and salad. You get a lot of anxious — "Is something wrong, señor?" But you feel better.

Change of time and food are the traveler's hazards. A Mexican friend of mine tells me he gets sick every time he comes to New York. "I

Travel

order bottled water there," he said, "and the waiters think I'm crazy."

"We are told we should drink only bottled water in Mexico . . ."

So they say. And so I do. Yet nearly all of us drink it with ice. Which is probably NOT made with purified water. One comfort: Mexican doctors say people over 30 are 10 times more resistant. (Youth will be served, and it serves them right.)

"Can you tell me if the rates are lower in the Caribbean in summer?"

They are, but they vary with the resorts. Roughly, you can figure rates in July and August will be half what they are in winter. Some islands are sliding the

scale downward in the months between mid-winter and summer. Like about three-quarters of the winter rate from May 15 to July 1.

"Will our transistor radio work in Europe?"

Just like at home for local stations. I got Armed Forces Radio out of Germany, too, as far as Normandy. But you have to switch to short wave to get Voice of America.

"How about a travel iron?"

They work if you have the ones that switch from 110 volts (American and French) to 220 (British and Portuguese). But then you need alternate plugs, too. I think anything you have to plug in is a nuisance. Pressing is fast in all Europe hotels. Or you can steam clothes out in the bathroom — my favorite.

" . . . if there are any famous restaurants in Europe?"

Sad to say I didn't bring my files here to the beach at Waikiki. (Where I had the king of fish, mahimahi, this morning, and if you get to the islands, don't miss it.) Wheeler's Oyster Houses in London — the best one is Vendome.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Spring Book Lists Leave Him Greatly Unimpressed

Negative Approach: The trickle of spring novels has grown to a seasonal flood, inundating this desk. For the most part they are indifferent efforts, signifying nothing. "Timid with false heart and congested groin," as the critic John W. Aldridge describes the fiction of John O'Hara; "emotionally sweaty."

In recent days I have poured over a stack of new fiction, passing from one title ("Shame, Shame on the Johnson Boys"), tailored specifically to the needs of a television audience, to another called "Hopscotch," by a South American, Julio Cortazar, who appears to have read too much James Joyce and whom I couldn't understand at all.

There have, in recent weeks, been occasional bright spots in the new novels. These would include: "The Competitor," by Thomas Bontly, who at 26 has chosen a curious subject for a first novel, a day in the life of a tired shoe salesman, and brings it off with subtlety and compassion. And

HERB CAEN SAYS:

A Long, Terribly Silent Look Was a Proper Reply

I have been watching the TV nightly newscasts for the first time in years, and the longer I watch, the more I wonder why so many newspaper editors consider these programs competitive to the point of ruin. Huntley-Brinkley, Cronkite, Jennings, Grimsby, et al, are charming people (except in the eyes of Robert Welch, who considers them part of "the conspiracy"), but the shows are unbelievably repetitious, and the so-called "on-the-spot" interviews childish. Case in point: A "newsman" sticking a mike into the face of a U.S. officer who survived a bombing in Saigon, and asking (I swear it): "Do you think it's fair of the enemy to do things like this?" The officer gave him the reply he deserved — a long, long, terribly silent look of disbelief. Something seems to be killing off the newspapers, but it can't be these "news" shows.

Non-startling statistics: Seven out of 10 housewives don't get up to fix breakfast for their husbands, according to an exhausting poll by the Home Juice people. Of the seven men thus relieved of the sight of their wives in wrappers, hair up in curlers, four content themselves with juice and coffee, two eat downtown and one cooks a proper breakfast for himself. It's the one meal men are fairly good at. No statistics on the number of men who bring their wife a breakfast tray in bed, but I

imagine it's considerable (what — you too?) . . . If a woman hasn't eaten five hours before going into a supermarket, she will spend \$5.76 above her average. If she eats well two hours before, she spends \$7.84 less. Moral: Bring your wife a GOOD breakfast . . . Another surveyor chides me for saying that Skid Row guys are muscatel drinkers. "If you bothered to examine the empties," he says,

San Francisco

"you'd see that white port is No. 1, followed by tokay, red port, burgandy, Thunderbird and vin rose" . . . Which brings us to another pet peeve; radio and TV announcers who call the latter "vin rosay." If they're going to say "vin," they might as well say "rose." Apparently the French pronunciation of both words is verboten, may poorkwah?

Caendit Camera: Five-year-old Corky Hand, son of Lloyd Hand, handing out "Hand for Lt. Governor" bumper stickers on Market St. "Corky," beamed Father Hand, "will be ring bearer at the Lucel Baines - Pat Nugent wedding in August. Boy, I hope he doesn't drop it!" Corky's real name, by the way, is Thomas Lyndon (uh-huh) Hand . . . If Roger "King of the Road" Miller ever appears at the Fairmont again, it'll have to be as a customer — NOT as

headliner in the Venetian Room. He failed to win any friends in the front office during his three-week engagement. Final straw: Two 15-minute shows (instead of two 45s) on his closing night . . . Is the law looking in the wrong direction for Author Ken Kesey, who wrote "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and then flew the coop in the face of marijuana charges here? Eyewitnesses who saw him in Acapulco, they say, report he boarded a ship there bound for — Canada . . . Cartoonist Gus Arriola of Carmel just found out that his "Gordo" was voted "Best Humor Strip of 1965" at the N.Y. Cartoonists' Society awards dinner in N.Y. "It must be the best-kept secret of the year," he says. "Maybe you could print it in your column and keep it that way." Why do I like the guy? . . . The red carpet is getting a workout at Del Monte Lodge. Prince Georg and Princess Anne of Denmark spent the weekend there, and were followed by Prince Michael of Greece and HIS Princess.

Jack Valenti, who once said "I sleep a little better each night, knowing that Lyndon Johnson is my President," is the new czar of the motion picture industry, and is already quoted as saying "I don't ever remember seeing a bad movie." We can all sleep a little better in the theaters, knowing a man like that is in charge.

ROYCE BRIER

Bonus Payments for Big Families Ending in China

The population of Red China is put at 725 million, a fifth of mankind. Increase by births is approximately 2 per cent, or 14-15 millions, and the death rate is declining. The estimate of absolute gain is 10 million annually.

Immediately after the war, the rulers of China and the Soviet Union, and Japan before the war, wanted an expanding population in belief this conferred wealth and power on a Nation.

Japan was the first to see it as a delusion, and at the close of the war began a systematic shrinking of the birth rate. The Russians became dubious early in the 1950s, and legalized birth control. But as late as 1957, parents of mainland China were given bonuses for large families in the form of clothing and food allowances.

This family bonus system, with presentations ceremonies for bewildered peasants who didn't know how important they were, has died out across the world.

This resulted from gradual dissemination of information regarding the danger of population explosion

World Affairs

where food consumption was almost level with food production plus import.

A news story out of Hong Kong says the Mao regime in 1963 began reversing itself on the family problem, but did so quietly to save face for officials who had urged big families. Today the Party line is openly for family planning, and in big cities 21s urging contraception, sterilization and abor-

tion. A fourth child no longer earns a bonus, and the birth rate is falling in cities like Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai and Canton.

But it's a different story in the country. Over the ages, Chinese parents have considered children insurance for old age, particularly in the matter of tilling the soil. The Hong Kong story says the government is setting up birth control clinics in the villages, trying to explain why large families are no longer wanted.

Government functionaries themselves had to learn the lesson the hard way.

For some years Red China had to allocate 40 per cent of its hard currency to purchase of wheat abroad. This radically scaled down funds available for purchase of machinery and some lines of raw materials, and the ratio promised to get worse unless the population increase was arrested.

It wasn't a case of guns or butter, but of machines or wheat. In short, machines, not population expansion, confer power and wealth in the modern world.

Even the Americans, with their vast resources, are learning there is a law of diminishing returns in sheer population increase but the law is much more rigorous in the undeveloped countries. Many are learning the lesson, but not all. Apparently India, the runner-up in population, has not learned it.

The demographers with their forecasts are changing the flow of the world's socio-political forces, but nobody can comprehend it in detail.

My Neighbors



"Fred, you're not listening that still fits into the pocket to me — if you were your coat maybe."