

Torrance Herald

SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1963

Jaycee Action Sound

The United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, represented in Torrance by a vigorous group of young men on the way up, has long been noted for unwavering devotion to economic principles in the best interest of the country.

These young men again have risen to statesmanlike heights by their endorsement of the Herlong-Baker tax rate reform bills and rejecting the Administration's tax proposals. In so doing they again have proved their willingness to subordinate self interest to the national welfare.

The Administration's proposals, an obvious appeal to mass support by weighting the reductions in favor of lower income taxpayers, were turned down even though most of the Junior Chamber's 200,000 members are in those brackets.

Richard C. Headlee, the Jaycee's national vice president in charge of governmental affairs, addressed the proposition in a commendable manner when he said:

"Although the largest portion of Jaycees are presently in the lower taxable income brackets, it has been the position of the Jaycees that the farsighted approach which means the most to individuals, business and the nation as a whole requires proportionately less reduction of tax rates at the bottom of the income scale in order that substantial reform can be made through the middle and upper brackets where the largest release of capital would occur.

"It is capital, and not purchasing power, which has the greatest bearing on job creation. The legislation co-authored by Representatives Herlong and Baker is designed to serve the general public interest rather than to apportion tax relief among disputing claimants."

The Jaycees are young, but smart enough to realize they cannot advance unless the national economy advances. That is why they see the Herlong-Baker bills and advantage of a 25 per cent cut for every personal taxpayer thus releasing capital now being taxed away in middle and upper income groups that is needed to revitalize long term economic growth of the country.

Freeway Dividers Work

Those Torrance motorists who are regular or frequent users of the Harbor Freeway cannot help but be impressed with the ever increasing number of damaged sections of the chainlink dividers and the length of time lethal debris remains at the accident scene to pose further threat to the whizzing traffic.

Traffic authorities have said the fence dividers often are damaged by involved motorists who never make a report of the accident, indicating that somehow they were able to get away under their own power. This proves two things: (1) the dividers really work when the cables hold (2) there are a lot of illusive drivers running around who don't respect the law or the penalties for damaging public property and failing to give proper notification—\$500 fine or six months in jail.

The debris left on the highways after accidents can become lethal when properly deflected by fast revolving tires. Drivers who use the freeways daily report seeing jagged pieces of metal and wheel discs laying along the divider strips or on the pavements for weeks after the accident, suggesting a more thorough patrol cleanup by maintenance crews is called for.

Happily, the dividers seem to be performing their main function of reducing the number of head on collisions.

Food Faddism Deplored

The fight against food faddism is an exceedingly difficult one. All manner of exaggerated unsupported and plain misleading claims are made for diets which the medical fraternity, out of its wealth of research and experience, regards as dangerous to health and life. But great numbers of people innocently accept the claims and follow the advice. And the problem has become steadily worse in recent years.

Writing in Today's Health, Dr. W. W. Bauer, director of health education emeritus of the American Medical Assn., put the case for a sound diet in simple unequivocal terms: "Anyone whose diet contains items in sufficient quantity from each of the four basic food groups can forget all the extraneous worries about food. . . . He can rest assured that if he is a normal individual and will eat as he should he will suffer no deficiencies of vitamins or minerals or proteins. He need not be disturbed by fears of cholesterol and other substances which are of concern mainly to the abnormal individual under medical treatment. You can and should sit down to a well-cooked, well-chosen, attractively-served meal in a happy frame of mind and enjoy yourself in reasonable moderation. . . ."

This means that the normal individual needs—for both mental and physical health and general well-being—meat, dairy products, fruits and vegetables. The food faddists who would change this represent a danger to health—and, frequently, their unsupported claims have a commercial origin. They have a product to sell. Special diets should be established only under the direction of a qualified physician.

Although we in Southern California will benefit, we shouldn't forget that a nodding acquaintance with the man in the moon is going to cost about \$20 billion as represented by Project Apollo.

A Torrance wag suggests Drive-in banks were established so that the cars could now and then see their real owners and that opportunity is hard to recognize because it usually goes around wearing work clothes.

Our recent halcyon weather makes us forget the inevitable bad effects on the water table we can look forward to with no great satisfaction. The foresight of Torrance city fathers who were among the first to join the Metropolitan Water District should receive a kind thought while we're enjoying these cloudless skies.

For President In '68?



EMPHATICALLY NAUGHT! I'VE NEVAH EVEN CONSIDAHED THE IDEAR!

BOBBY KENNEDY



NEVAH! NOT A CHAHNCE! POSITIVELY NO!



SEE? I TOLD YOU HE'S PLANNING TO RUN!

ROYCE BRIER

Africans, Communists Discover, Do Own Thinking

We may have our Gaullist France, but Chairman Khrushchev has his Bulgaria.

Not that the Comrade is a man conspicuously attuned to the cultural nuances of mankind, but he does set himself up as knowing fellow men when it comes to selling his bill of goods.

So in great Africa, where clusters of tribes thinly veneered with modern attitudes have emerged as nations in the past few years, the Comrade has been scheming to bring these struggling and bewildered people into his camp.

Has he not said he will aid all liberations, help all to escape the dark colonialism of a dying imperialism? His camp is where you grow up fast, where you learn the science of history and life in no time, and thereafter enjoy the benefits of a classless society which is supplanting dog-eat-dog bourgeois capitalism, and will soon suffuse the world.

Africa looks like a setup. The continent's resources are almost untouched. The people are largely illiterate. The literate ones are drunk with new-found independence, thirsting to lead the masses to latter-day glory. They are fascinated with civilized gadgetry, including big spending and deficit economy.

Comrade Khrushchev peers here and there seeking an opening, and one of his gimmicks is to invite likely Africans behind the Iron Curtain to learn how a scientific society is set up and run.

So 350 students from 23 nations went to Sofia, the flea-bitten capital of Bulgaria, and one of the first edicts of the scientific society was they couldn't have an all-African student union. National unions, yes — Congolese, Ghanaian — but none of this black solidarity. The students didn't like it, and marched on the Minister of Education.

He wouldn't see them, then would meet a delegation, then

chickened out, and the cops beat the marching Africans, and tossed them into buses, taking them wherever you take 200 Africans in Sofia.

Now most of the 350 want to leave, some for the West (there is the added incentive that the Bulgarians called them "black monekeys"), and the Premier has made a quick trip to Moscow to confer.

You won't see any communique about this huddle, but the Bulgarian Comrade had better start writing African press comment 100 times on a blackboard, or put on his running shoes. Don't be surprised if he's buried before we are.

It just goes to prove that if you were born in Russia (or Bulgaria) you don't necessarily know how to handle Africans. We don't, either. These folk in a generation have come from the Stone Age, and the glare is fierce, and there aren't any rules, even those written by old Marx.

TALK OF THE WORLD

A DIVORCE LAW

DUBLIN—Irish citizens are telling themselves they may be the first in the world to be given machinery for divorce without asking for it.

They are proud of the stability of their marriages — thanking their religious principles for it — and they are amused at even the thought of being allowed to divorce undesired partners.

The gossip is that facilities for divorce will probably be among the big changes to be introduced here when Ireland joins the European Economic Community. Some of the countries of the community allow divorce and that's what has stirred up all the talk. No one seems to be pointing to Italy where the laws are much like they are here.

The closest Irish substitute for divorce is legal separation. This does not allow one to marry again while his partner lives. But it is as difficult to get it in Ireland's conservative courts as it is to get a divorce decree in other countries.

In fact anyone caught selling contraceptives here runs the risk of a long term in prison. Since they conflict with Catholic principles, there is no demand to make the devices freely available.

Books and magazines recommending or defending their use are not even allowed into the Republic of Ireland. Irish views differ widely from those of Ireland's neighbors in Great Britain and Western Europe and they have little chance of prevailing when Ireland finds itself in the Community.

Meanwhile, Irish manufac-

turers and trade unions are calmly accepting the prospect of less efficient Irish industries closing down in the face of free competition from continental Europe and throwing about 100,000 workers out of employment. But farmers and the stronger industries welcome the opportunity of selling in a much larger market.

Many of the marriages that do break up here come to grief over the "Kathleen Mavourneen system." The name comes from a song. It is Irish and as sad as a song could be and it has a plaintive refrain that says: "It may be for years and it may be forever."

In the imaginative language of the Dublin poor she is the mysterious being who enables them to buy things that they cannot afford — on hire purchase or deferred payment. More and more of them are finding that she can be treacherous as well as helpful.

Usually husbands were the disappearing partners here. Now the role has been taken over by the wives. Those are women who buy too much on the "Kathleen Mavourneen system." They get into deep difficulties without taking the husbands into their confidence. Then they cannot face the results — including perhaps eviction from their homes — so they run away. Most of them hope to save money and return. Some are never heard of again.

This is the saddest time of the year in Dublin. Some of the Irish emigrate all through the year. Now is the time when the young people go to

Britain, the United States or Canada.

They are the boys and girls who finished high school in the fall and have failed in the search for jobs in their own country. Their case is the saddest because their parents hoped it would not be necessary for them to go.

Employment has increased here for unskilled or semi-skilled industrial workers. — Chronicle Feature

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

Thy youth is renewed like the eagle.—(Psalm 103:5)

To be eternally young is above all things, to be eternally endeavoring to give full force and free expression to the Christ Spirit, since this Spirit is eternally man's heritage.

Sincerely,
J. M. Sacks

Editor, Herald:

I think it is fine to have a local newspaper give us such features as Count Marco (yes, I say it) Ann Landers, "Pen-nies" and many others. I think, also, Lucius Beebe's recent article on "Folksey Bankers" was a gem.

I really think the Count says lots of thoughtful and this is something, I think, coming from a twice married woman whose first venture into matrimony was a dismal failure for some of the reasons Count Marco gives very often. Please don't give my name for obvious reasons but again thank you for the added entertainment provided by your feature writers.

Regular Reader

A Bookman's Notebook

Physical Fitness Craze Recalls General's Feat

William Hogan

Already that 50-mile hike nonsense seems to have gone the way of the Hula-Hoop. However, here is an accompanying story of the President's fitness program that also goes back to the Teddy Roosevelt era.

In 1903, Teddy Roosevelt felt that there were too many Civil War veterans on active duty in the Army. He decreed that all officers would make a cross-country horseback ride of 90 miles in three days. All who could not complete such a ride would be eligible for retirement.

In part this decree was aimed at Nelson A. Miles, Commanding General of the Army, with whom Roosevelt was having continual battles over policies concerning just how the Army should be run and by whom — the general or the politicians.

General Miles was a month short of his 64th birthday when the order was issued. Holder of the Medal of Honor, he wore the campaign ribbons of the Civil, Indian and Spanish-American wars. His reply to Roosevelt was direct, if wordless. An account of this particular fitness program is found in "The Unregimented General: A Biography of Nelson A. Miles," by Virginia W. Johnson (Houghton Mifflin; \$6.95).

"Miles could hardly let

such an order pass unchallenged. At 5 o'clock on a July morning, Miles, accompanied by several officers, a non-commissioned officer and a packer, cantered out of Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for Fort Reno. Miles wore leggings and shoes, a summer helmet and a light blue shirt without insignia of rank. Relay points with fresh mounts had been set up at 10-mile intervals. Miles made the first 34 miles out of Sill in two and a half hours. By 8 o'clock it was 90 degrees in the shade; by noon it was a blistering 100 . . .

"A newspaper reporter timed Miles' ride in nine and a half hours, which seems nearly incredible. Whatever

the exact time, it was an equestrian feat. Gray with dust, Miles drew rein at Fort Reno. Only one officer, a 34-year-old cavalryman, was able to stay the entire distance, and he showed signs of stiffness while the general, nearly as fresh as when he started, changed to a plain blue uniform. He then reviewed the troops on an unshaded parade ground and greeted his old scout, Ben Clark, and the enlisted men who had served with him in the Indian-fighting days. After a quick lunch, Miles rode another four miles to catch the 4 o'clock train for Fort Riley, Kansas. Such was Miles' answer to Roosevelt's 90-mile ride order . . ."

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"I read your story on the discovery of the tomb of de Anza. Can we drive there? Is it worthwhile?"

If you set yourself up like an expedition, you could drive there. South of Nagales, Ariz. There's no hotels, no restaurants, no telephones.

It's a poor community. It just is off the main highways and doesn't get visitors. So why build a hotel or restaurant? Any north Mexico map will show you the way.

"How can I cash dividend checks forwarded to me in England?"

There's a Bank of America branch in Davies Street, about a block from the famous Claridge's Hotel. Have your bank write a letter introducing you to the manager and describing your dividends. They'll cash them—in pounds or in dollars.

"I read somewhere you could hop an air freight across the Atlantic for as little as \$200. Do you know about this?"

No. And I doubt it. I know air freight pilots can and do smuggle friends on once in awhile—maybe there's a little selling goes on too. But I don't know about any.

Cheapest rates on the trans-Atlantic are charters. You must be a member of a group. Second is the non-IATA carrier, Iceland Airlines which has to be reserved far in advance. They're usually crowded.

"We have some time in Mexico and would like to find an off-beat trip but one on paved roads . . ."

Try the new road from Vera Cruz down to Merida in Yucatan. I'm sure not many people are on it yet. It just opened.

Most off-beat trips are NOT on paved roads. That's why they are off-beat.

"Can you do any better by buying foreign currency in Switzerland or any other place in Europe?"

Not on countries this side of the Iron Curtain. European currencies in the West are hard. You can get about three times as many rubles for Russia as Intourist gives you inside Russia. But if the Russians catch you, I imagine they give you a permanent pass to Siberia.

"Should we take cigarettes on our trip to Europe this summer? Is the price high for American cigarettes? How many can you take?"

The cost is murder! About 50 cents in most countries to 70 cents a package in England. (Spain is the exception —35 cents in Madrid, 25 cents on the black market in Mallorca.) Take what you can.

The rule in most countries is two cartons. But if you don't put them all in one place in your suitcase, and you are a little vague, Customs overseas are pretty lenient.

When they ask me how many I'm carrying, I say: "About enough to smoke while I'm here." The real reason for setting a limit is to keep people from smuggling and selling. And I'm sure you aren't doing that, are you?"

Stan Delaplaine finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland, and Spain (10 cents each), send coins and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to the Torrance HERALD, Box RR, Torrance, Calif.

Morning Report:

Excuse me while I blow my nose. Now science has just discovered the cause and cure of the common cold—again. The cause, as befits something as common as the common cold, is sulphur. Which is very common indeed. In the words of the Surgeon General: "There is strong circumstantial evidence that airborne sulphur compounds trigger outbreaks of upper respiratory infections."

The cure is easy. Stop burning oil and coal anywhere. And end oil refining. That way we'll have no sulphur in the air even if the cars won't run. Excuse me while I blow my nose.

Abe Mellinkoff