

Press-Herald

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Friday--A Landmark Day

Most of those present appeared in agreement Friday. The groundbreaking for the new Del Amo Financial Center at the northwest corner of Hawthorne Boulevard and Carson Street certainly made the day one of those landmark days in a community's development, and Friday may have been among the most significant of them all.

Ceremonies hailing the start of the \$30 million financial center attracted the top echelon of Torrance and Southern California civic and business leaders.

The center could become the focal point of financial interests throughout the entire Southwest area of the county, and most certainly will be the hub of the Torrance, the South Bay cities, and other Peninsula and Centinela Valley communities.

Officials associated with the \$30 million complex speak of banks, savings and loans, brokerage houses, insurance companies, accounting firms, legal firms, mortgage institutions, real estate developers, and other related businesses as the prime tenants now being signed for the new center.

The first phase of the construction which was begun Friday will account for 10 per cent of the 200 acres to be developed by Del Amo Properties. Plans for the balance of the property call for extensive retail, commercial, and residential development. The development, when completed, will utilize all of the property between Madrona and Ocean avenues, and Torrance and Sepulveda boulevards.

The Press-Herald agrees that Friday certainly was a landmark day in the development of Torrance into its true potential as the capital city of the Southwest.

More Than Stunts Needed

A tough little man named George Schuster, who is still alive at 93 in Springville, New York, back in 1908 rode a Thomas Flyer around the world, driving himself through Siberia and Europe, to win the incredible New York-to-Paris automobile race. He tells its story in a new book, "The Longest Auto Race," published by The John Day Company.

It was such a great feat that President Theodore Roosevelt received and praised Schuster and his crew. While the car didn't meet with everything in the recent fictionalized movie based on the race, it surmounted real difficulties, so many that when we read a short version of Schuster's story in *The Reader's Digest*, we wondered why every other American car today is not a Thomas Flyer.

Schuster's book gives the answer. Immediately after his triumph, the Thomas factory in Buffalo worked day and night filling orders. But the next two models were "lemons," not only inferior to rival cars but more troublesome than the Thomas that won the race. Hundreds were returned to the factory. In 1912, the Thomas company went bankrupt.

It seems that there is a moral for 1966 as well as 1908 in this story. It is that stunts are not a substitute for quality, character, and reliability in an important product.

Voice of the Motorist

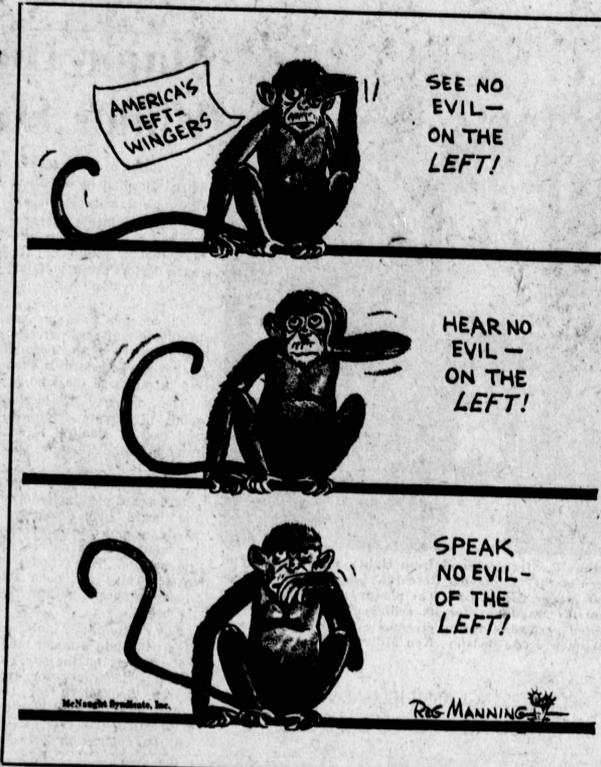
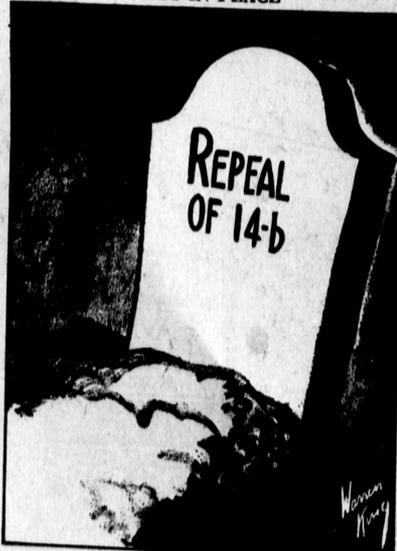
Practically every American family regards the automobile as a necessity. We are a nation on wheels, in which mobility is always the order of the day.

According to Bureau of Public Roads estimates, some 93.6 million Americans are licensed to drive motor vehicles. And, every time they start the engine, they pay a pretty penny for the privilege.

In 1965, says the publication *Oil Facts*, we Americans paid about \$7.2 billion in state and federal motor vehicle fuel taxes. That was three times the amount collected 15 years ago. And the gas tax is a good example of how, once government gets its hands into the taxpayers' pockets, it is never satisfied. It digs deeper and deeper.

The voice of the motorist must be constantly heard if any limit at all is to be imposed on this tax. Few out and out luxuries much less an absolute necessity bear so heavy a burden. It's time to call a halt to further raids on the motorists' pocketbook.—*Industrial News Review*.

REST IN PEACE



SACRAMENTO REPORT

Legislature May Go Home April 15, Solon Reports

BY CHARLES E. CHAPPEL, Assemblyman, 46th District

The most controversial question affecting the State of California is: When will the legislature adjourn?

The word "adjourn" means in plain words, quit and go home.

When the legislature adjourns, both the assembly, of which I have been a member for almost 16 years, and the State Senate cease operations and return home. This can be done without the consent of the governor by a concurrent resolution which is nothing more than a formal declaration of quitting passed by both houses of the legislature.

There is a catch to this like there is to most things which appear to be simple and easy. The Constitution of the once sovereign State of California gives the governor the power to call the legislature into extraordinary ("special") session anytime he wishes. In theory, the governor is empowered to do this only when something extraordinary arises, but the governor has the authority to decide what is an extraordinary occasion or an emergency.

Since 1966 can be divided by two without having anything left over it is an even numbered year, which makes it a "Budget Year" and according to the State Constitution we are supposed to be in session for only 30 legislative (working) days. This is all right as far as it goes but His Excellency, Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, called us into the First Extraordinary Session four days after we started the Budget Session on Feb. 7. He issued so many proclamations placing subjects on the agenda for the First Extraordinary Session that most people had to buy new spectacles to read them. Since I have had what the ophthalmologists and optometrists call 20/20 vision since birth, this presented no problem to me, hence my comments on the governor are somewhat unbiased.

On March 10 we resumed the Budget Session. Now it must be remembered that no bill can be introduced by anyone unless it pertains to

the budget without the consent of the governor, and that also is in our State Constitution.

All this leads to considerable uproar, chaos and confusion on the part of many of our more vocal California politicians, both in and out of public office. Consequently, people are telephoning me, writing me, and sending messages tied to the legs of carrier pigeons, asking when the California State Legislature will save the taxpayers money by adjourning and going home.

My best guess is that we will adjourn on or about April 15, 1966, but I am not betting on this or charging for my prophecy. However, many well-informed ladies and gentlemen who claim to know more about this than I do insist that the legislature will not adjourn until about May 15, 1966. Notice that sneaky little word "about." That is a weasel word, a cowardly little five-letter word that is used as an escape hatch. Of course when I say that I think maybe the legislature will adjourn "on or about" April 15, 1966, I am also playing safe by providing myself with two escape hatches just in case I am a poor guesser.

This is not all. The same people who seriously and conscientiously say that we will adjourn on either April 15 or May 15, also go on to call us back into still another Extraordinary (Special) Session on or about July 15, and that the legislature will thereafter remain in session, by fits and starts, through almost all of the remainder of 1966.

One basic cause of all of California's troubles for many years has been our rapidly increasing population. Not only is our native population increasing, but everyone in the world seems to want to live in California, especially Southern California, more especially Los Angeles County, and even much more especially in the beautiful 48th Assembly District whose shores are washed by the beautiful Pacific Ocean, including Santa Monica Bay. This population ex-

ploration creates problems for all schools, freeways, rapid-transit plans, hospitals, churches, cemeteries, doctors, nurses, and lawyers.

The other basic cause of our troubles is the war between the United States of America and communists, whether those communists are found in Soviet Russia, China, Viet Nam (known to me as part of French Indo-China when I was in China), Cuba, Santa Domingo, or right here at home. This war, whether it is a declared war or an undeclared war, is a war and not a police action. Our own flesh and blood are getting killed right now in Viet Nam and elsewhere. All this creates additional problems for the people of California, and for the State Legislature, hence I am in earnest when I say that during most of this year the legislature, of necessity, will be in session at the State Capitol in Sacramento.

My permanent mailing address is Post Office Box 327, Redondo Beach, but during most of this year you can reach me by writing to me at Room 4001, State Capitol, Sacramento 14, Calif. I wish this were not true. I much prefer to look out of the windows of my home where I can see the coastline from the shores of Torrance to Malibu, I am more than glad to report.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Josie Too Loveable and Talkative for Own Good

A literary genre that never really absorbed me is the affectionate, humorous fictional memoir of the "Life With Father," "I Remember Mama," "Cheaper by the Dozen" school. Over the years it has been a popular form, as efforts by Clarence Day, Kathryn Forbes and others attest. Except for an occasional remembrance of a lovable Mormon uncle (or do I just think that there have been more than one of these?), the form has dwindled recently—presumably giving way to television's "Hazel," or to such appalling electronic entertainments as "The Munsters."

"Josie, Con Amors," by Milla Logan, revives this family-style form of fiction. Josie is a character with an unmistakably capital C, probably a familiar one to many old-time prowlers of North Beach.

The unsinkable Josie Panelli of this amiable fiction is the proprietress of a family-style restaurant, La Corona (Est. 1870), a San

HERB CAEN SAYS:

He Doesn't Like Being 'Sush'ed in the Saloon

OUT OF MY MIND: I'm tired of being "sush"ed in jazz joints for raising my voice slightly to order a drink. A saloon isn't an opera house, and most jazz musicians get more attention than they deserve anyway. Classical musicians rehearse carefully, show up on time and play their instruments well; too bad so many of their jazz counterparts don't do likewise (but of course the latter are "creative"—and sloppy Bat-man's Batmobile looks like what you'd get if you ordered ALL the optional extras Ostracizer: an implement for chopping people into small pieces Who needs Australian slang? Add lookalikes: all the girls are Bing Crosby's sons marry. They all vaguely resemble a "Miss San Francisco" of some bygone season I realize that tow trucks have only four hours in which to make a killing, but the way they race around the downtown streets, looking for cars to lynch, seems illegal in itself; they're more of a menace than the obstructions they remove The Calif. Highway Patrol's official slogan is "Stop, Look and Miss'em," which seems to lack a certain dignity. I'm not even so sure the advice is helpful. Too many drivers stop for a look without signaling.

ARE YOU, dear lady, occasionally bothered by those creeps who phone and just breathe heavily, never saying a word? Well, a correspondent of mine has the answer. When this happens to her, she carefully puts down the phone, gets a large skillet from the kitchen, sets it alongside the mouth piece, and beats hell

San Francisco
out of it with a hammer. Brilliant.

SAN FRANCISCO IS WHERE: There are 10,000 friendly squirrels in Golden Gate Park — and not a single place within miles where you can buy a bag of peanuts to feed 'em The only people up and about at dawn are the scavengers and the stockbrokers Everybody talks about the great restaurants, but the biggest seller on the biggest street is — hot dogs People are parking lots in parking lots; either there, or under "No Parking at Any Time" signs The United Nations flag has been barred by the Trustees, in whose Opera House the UN charter was signed A socialite is somebody who gets her picture taken with a cigarette in one hand and a drink in

the other The natives enjoy doing the same things that the tourists like to do (which may be the definition of a true World City) The funny little hats aren't worn by women but by men (those narrow-brimmed high crowned jobs) The reason the grass looks greener at night in front of the Fairmont is — green spotlights When a native says "it's like a summer day," he means it's cold and foggy. And no wonder the visitors think it's always gloomy here. The sightseeing service is called The Gray Lines, isn't it?

CAENDID CAMERA: Humorist Henry Morgan signing the guest book in Sausalito's Alta Mira and scribbling under "Comments": "New York still stinks!" A local character, shaking his head over the new, dark-pinkish Herbert Hoover Memorial Stamp: "Ach, those Democrats. Now they have got him dead AND red!" Peter Estes, the GM vice-pres. in charge of Chevrolet, at the Fairmont conferring with his zone chief, Jack King. "By the way," said Estes, "do you have an outside income?" No, why, "those cigarettes you're smoking." Eeek! Galaxies! (A dealer saved the day, subbing a pack of Bel-Airs).

ROYCE BRIER

Rusk Quotes Statistics But Ignores the Facts

In his prepared statement and testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Secretary of State Rusk was so profoundly earnest as almost to give a tinge of color to his usually gray presence.

But any analysis of what he said revealed it is only a rephrasing of what he, the President and Defense Secretary McNamara have been saying for six months in justification of the Administration's Viet Nam policy.

There is no doubt at all Mr. Rusk believes implicitly in the logic of his pronouncements. There is nothing of the charlatan or slick diplomat in his attitudes, as exhibited before the committee. Yet there attached to most of what he said a curious evanescence. It was as if he were offering the American people a mountain of gelatin when they were hungering for a T-bone steak of reassurance.

Mr. Rusk — and the Administration's — central theme is that the Viet Nam war is not a civil war, an

internal revolt, but primarily a war of invasion from North Viet Nam. The Administration's insistence on this point has a good reason, clear to a schoolboy.

American intervention against outside aggression has a good name and a good tradition. But American intervention on the side of a rebellion has not a good

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name or tradition, and when we have tried it we have usually been sorry.

Many Americans opposed to the Viet Nam war believe the war from the start has been intrinsically a civil war, hence suspect from the start. Rusk calls it a "misunderstanding" of the war, and attributes it to the deucedly perfidious Communists who, by wile have made the war out to be "indigenous," when it isn't.

Sometimes Secretary McNamara overwhelms you with statistics. Secretary Rusk has not that kind of

mind, and is not at home with slam-bang statistical "proof" of a given proposition. Indeed, he only uses statistics incidentally to his effort to convince you by rhetoric.

Thus he noted that in 1958-61, about 10,000 infiltrators were fed into South Viet Nam from North Viet Nam. For 1962, he gives the figure 13,000. Then he said that "by the end of 1964, North Viet Nam may well have moved 40,000 guerrillas, armed and unarmed," into South Viet Nam.

Mr. Rusk then abruptly departed the train of argument. You aren't sure whether he meant 40,000 infiltrated 1962-64, or whether this figure includes the 10,000 and the 13,000.

So about all you know is that Mr. Rusk believes a lot of infiltrators have come from the north. He doesn't say where he got the figures offered (God forbid it should be the CIA).

Quote

" . . . I believe the drift toward statism — toward strong central government — can be halted is because we are the reason. We who have allowed the drift — have also the power to restrain it by the simple act of accepting the burden of being citizens in a free nation — by ceasing to shrug them off onto the broader shoulder of federal government. They're not national problems which can only be solved on a national level. They're local problems which we ourselves can solve. If we accept these problems, if we assume the burden of solving them locally, we halt the drift toward statism — toward solution by government." — Ralph M. Beese, president, The Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company.

"I miss no opportunity to reiterate my opposition to federal aid to education. As a matter of fact, the more I talk about it and the more I think about it, the more serious does that threat become. It is almost stupefying that intelligent people cannot see what may happen if we continue to promote movements in that direction." — Dr. John Howard, president, Rockford College.

Morning Report:

Eggheads are trouble all over the world. They won't stop thinking. They keep coming up with ideas — some good, some bad.

The Commissar-in-charge of ideas had his shoes off in Moscow the other night as he watched TV. The panelists suggested that Russians go back to calling each other Mister and Missus, instead of Comrade. His blood pressure surpassed the five-year-plan by 100 per cent. And he fired the station manager.

Panel programs are dangerous. Re-runs of "Boy Meets Tractor" are safer.

Abe Mellinkoff