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REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor
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Another Judge Sought

Official action toward securing approval of a fourth judge for the local municipal court district has been started by Assemblyman Charles E. Chapel in Sacramento.

The Assemblyman's move probably will be cheered by lawyers and litigants alike who have been caught up in the heavy court calendars and forced to spend more time than they should waiting to get a hearing.

While we have never been convinced that judges (local or otherwise) are as overworked as their case load statistics might indicate, there is little doubt that a fourth judge is needed in the local court — among the busiest in Southern California.

Expansion of the court is merely another milestone in the development of Torrance and the Southwest as the focal point of this end of Los Angeles County.

The Sheiks of Torrance

How would you like to have a job that required practically nothing of you and paid all the way from \$60 to \$150 an hour or more?

Like, who wouldn't, man?

There are several such jobs in the world: there are Sheiks in Arabia, presidents of giant corporations, the Beatles, and members of the Redevelopment Agency of Torrance, to name a few.

We're not sure what is required of an Arabian Sheik, and only a little more about a corporation mogul and the Beatles.

What is required of the Redevelopment Agency of Torrance, however, appears to be mostly limited to answering a roll call once a week at a meeting—elapsed time from 3 to 5 minutes — and collecting the \$15 stipend. Computed at an hourly rate, it's handsome, to say the least.

(The federal government pays the tab, you'll be told. You might remember this when you send off your income tax check in the next few days. You know who pays the freight on these federal government "gifts" to cities like Torrance—and there are thousands of them.)

Of course the members have other duties to occupy their other hours. They are — without exception — members of the Torrance City Council for which they get paid another \$20 or \$25 per meeting.

While the councilmen have been calling for a pay raise and will ask voters to approve one next month at the polls, they have been strangely silent about the easy \$60 a month they pick up as redevelopment agents. Doesn't that count, too?

Opinions of Others

We see the spread of growing bureaucracy like octopus arms spreading out to every nook and corner into business and private life, to bring about rule by man, and not by law. We are being driven by authority in Washington just as relentlessly as Pharaoh's Army drove the Children of Israel . . . there is one resolve that should be made by all, that is that the only government under which free men can live is that of constitutional government . . . rule by law and not by man, with checks and balances as laid down by the founders of our Nation. This is the best form of government under God's shining sun, and the liberty of the individual is our most precious heritage. If you want freedom, you must fight to keep it. . . it is a precious thing that must be earned every day.—Prentiss (Miss.) Headlight.

Life is such a scramble today that we haven't the time to stop and appreciate what it means to be an American. Some of us don't even know what it means. Worst of all, some of us don't even care. The future of this nation is being seriously challenged at this moment and it's important that we're aware of the fact that our way of life is worth preserving. It's important to appreciate, at this critical time, the wonderful heritage we have been handed down by the people whose patriotism was never hidden.—Wellington (Kans.) News.

Better world monetary machinery to handle world trade is sought. The idea is to make the wheels of global finance produce more with fewer revolutions.—Brownsville (Pa.) Telegraph.

In Sweden, where compulsory health insurance has been in effect 10 years, largely paid for by state subsidy, the system in its present state of development is less than a conspicuous success. Doctors, practically all of them overworked, are compelled to turn away thousands of patients a year. Many of the uncared-for patients are old people in need of service. The shortage exists in spite of the fact that the number of doctors has doubled and nurses nearly doubled since 1950. Number of hospital beds has increased 25 per cent while population has gone up less than 10 per cent. A Swedish insurance official says, "Before medicare, people used to call the doctor only in an emergency. Today everyone can afford to pay the doctor and go to the hospital." It does not necessarily mean that medicare in the United States will follow that in Sweden, but in view of this country's beginning venture, the experience in countries that have tried it is pertinent.—Huntington (Ind.) Herald Press.

A newspaper ad is more than cold type. More even than cold type carrying a message. To the businessman, a newspaper ad is the adrenalin that makes a tired sales curve spring to life and shakes a sleepy economy awake.—Warrensburg (Mo.) Star-Journal.

Is That OUR Boy?



STAN DELAPLANE

Builders Are Taming the Wilds of Havasu Lakeside

LAKE HAVASU, ARIZONA — They're building a new city for 60,000 people here in the widest, rugged part of the desert.

The Colorado river is dammed below here, piling up a 45-mile blue lake framed by desert pink mountains. The city will have 40 per cent light industry. And 40 per cent will service boaters, fishermen, rock hounds, and desert tourists in 10,000 hotel rooms.

The projection for residents shows they'll need everything from accountants to women's wear salesmen. If you get that gone feeling when the desert turns its sunset colors, this is the place for pioneers. Present population is 2000 and there are two hotels. From Highway 66 or by air from Las Vegas.

"We would like to know about Mississippi riverboat trips and whether it's possible to take our car?"

The only paddlewheel steamer on the river is the Delta Queen (with calloppo music). No room for cars. But it's a wonderful trip. The boat nudges into the bank for shore trips in some fine river towns.

You write to Greene Line, Public Wharf, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a folder. I only went on the Mississippi. But I think the trips on the Ohio and the Tennessee might be more attractive. The Mississippi is wide and the country is a pretty much hidden by levees. Rooms and food were very good.

"Coming down through Texas, where should we enter to go to Mexico City?"

Several choices including a super highway I haven't been on. But I like the original Pan American highway (enter at Laredo or Brownsville) — Highway One. It's a pleasant two or

three day ride. Cross that last mountain pass into the Valley of Mexico at midday. You can get thick clouds like fog in morning and evening it can be dangerous.

"We are still planning our July-August trip to Europe. Our problem: Should we take a tour? What if we don't like the other people on a tour? Can we go alone?"

At that time of the year —(and this late date)—I'd take the tour. It gets so

Travel

crowded on the tourist route, you'll spend all your time on your own chasing baggage. Getting sightseeing tours. Restaurant tables, etc. Take the tour and let them worry about getting you to the airports.

Now—to keep from being too regimented. You don't HAVE to take every local sightseeing tour. Go around on your own. I've seen a couple of good tours where you can drop off for a week if you like. Pick up the next week's tour. (That might solve the problem if you get stuck with a group you don't like.)

Best tours to get on to see a lot are the ones that have the big, air-conditioned motor coaches. Usually cheaper, too, because they use good but not expensive, de luxe hotels. Average price will be \$1100 for six weeks.

"How can I get tickets for the Salzburg Music Festival?"

For special events, I go American Express.

"Would you suggest a hotel for us in Athens? Our first time . . ."

The Athens Hilton is the most elegant of all the Hiltons. The old Bretagne is

getting a little too antique. That Hilton is great. Watch your step and don't slip on the marble floors.

"Please suggest a beach town in France . . ."

The Riviera is the stylish place to go. But I am sold on the Normandy coast, though I don't think the swimming is as good. Dozens of beach towns. The place I go is Villerville. The place to say is Chez Mahu, a wonderful, small Normandy inn where you eat outdoors under apple trees. One star Michelin. There are only two of these on the whole coast.

"We will be in London and want to go to one typical pub . . ."

Shepherd's in Shepherd's Market (behind Piccadilly) has good atmosphere — and good dinner or lunch upstairs. Or any of the pubs along King's road in Chelsea. Have the taxi driver pick one for you. The door marked "saloon bar" is the one you want. About 5 or 6 in the evening. Or noon to 2 p.m. on Sunday when the earnest pub crawlers are out. Half a pint of bitter is the usual drink. But if this is too warm and flat for your taste, ask for a cold lager. That's like our beer.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Circulation Wars, News Battles Spark Biography

"McCormick of Chicago," billed as "an unconventional portrait of a controversial figure," is not the newspaper biography that W. A. Swanberg's "Citizen Hearst" was. This is because Colonel Robert R. McCormick, late publisher of the Chicago Tribune, was a far duller fellow than his late California contemporary.

McCormick simply was not an exciting man. Infuriating yes — and pompous, vain, businesslike, hard-headed. Also absurd in most of his political notions and his apparent attempt, over the decades, to keep civilization beyond Chicago's gates. Where "Citizen Hearst" was a radiant portrait, the McCormick book is flat, lifeless, and exasperating.

Yet Bertie McCormick was an incredible figure. And Frank C. Waldrop, associated with the old Washington Herald, does the best he can in this ob-

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Governor's Pearly Prose Slips and A Gem Is Born

Or neither: Gov. Brown's prose has been so pearly of late that we almost despair of another Brownism—but at last the Old Guv came through! Questioned about the alleged Christopher-Reagan deal (that one would withdraw from the race, depending on the polls), he said: "Well, Reagan says there was no deal, and Christopher says there was, it's obvious that one of them is lying—maybe both!"

Onward, ever onward: Dean Acheson's law firm will represent (for free) Harold Painter, the Walnut Creek cottager whose son was taken away from him by an Iowa Supreme Court that decided he was "too bohemian and intellectually stimulating"; the boy is now with his grandparents, and the case will go to the U.S. Supreme Court . . . Maan, it takes the so-called national magazines a long time to latch onto a story. Esquire is finally out with a spread on the topasses, and Life uncovered Nude Beach in its March 11 issue . . . Rene Cardenas, part owner of the Kingston Trio empire began wondering how our tax dollars are being spent in Saigon, so he flew there (strictly on his own), wandered all over South Viet Nam—and even crashed a Top Security base simply by flashing his Diner's Club card at the sentry! His most painful impression, aside from the slaughter: the unbelievable black market activities in Saigon.

The treasure of Palomares: As the details are grudgingly unfolded, the story of the lost U.S. hydrogen bomb in Spain begins

to sound more and more like a bad Ian Fleming. And the resulting guts sound like good Bob Orben: "I'll say the Spaniards are worried about that bomb—menoco dancers are doing it in bedroom slippers!"

Now that amateur spies are "explaining" via Insider's Newsletter, why security officials have closed off the entire Paimonares area. "The debris," we are told, "is a dead giveaway to a closely guarded U.S.

San Francisco

military secret." You see, "every grain of plutonium or uranium scattered in the crash carries its own "fingerprint," making it relatively simple for a physicist to identify the components of the bomb."

This tale pays off in a truly Flemingsque manner: "Said an Allied official in Paris: 'Anyone with guts enough to get inside the U.S. security net and pick up a spoonful of dirt could name his own price at half a dozen embassies.'" Holy jujin! fission! Undoubtedly a member of SPECTRE is even now wriggling snake-like through the underbrush, a silver spoon in his mouth.

Kaleidoscopes: The Communications Satellite Corp. will sling a satellite into the Pacific skies sometime this year—but I don't think this means we'll be seeing Mao Tse-tung on "Meet the Press" — one of these days . . . New word in Washington for the Pentagonists who want to escalate the war but are afraid of China: "Chickenshaws" . . . Further news from overseas: the Suzy Wong Bar in Honolulu

is now featuring Bottomless Brigitte, a marvelously callipygian lass of 24 who confesses shyly: "I tried the topless but found it too embarrassing" . . . The Sterling Haydens, who were scheduled to fly back to N'York, chickened out in the face of all those plane crashes, and took the train instead . . . The Zoro Mostels and the Richard Lesters (he directs the Beetle movies) were at Mingelya, celebrating Zoro's 51st birthday; the Japanese waitresses sang that dreadful birthday song in Japanese, to a Beetle beat . . . Willie Mays likes American Airlines so much he even allowed himself to be quoted in an airline brochure thusly: "It's the little things that make the difference." By this, I guess he means the AA stewardess he has been dating.

Writer Alex Haley of Playboy magazine was at Enrico's Coffee House talking about the long interview he just did with the American Nazi, George Lincoln Rockwell (it appears in Playboy's next issue). When he phoned Nazi hqts. to set up the interview, Rockwell asked: "Are you a Jew?" "No SIR!" replied Haley, who is Negro. As he walked into Rockwell's office, the Nazi said: "No offense, of course, but you know I think of you people as niggers. In fact, I equate you with apes." Silently, Haley plugged in his electric typewriter to record the interview. "You know how to use that thing?" Rockwell asked. Running his fingers over the keys, Haley smiled: "You didn't think we apes could type so fast, did you?"

ROYCE BRIER

Apollo's Golden Millions Attracting Moon Zealots

A few years ago moon zealots sold President Kennedy the Apollo Project. The deadline was 1970, and the cost was put at \$20 billion, though most realists would double that figure, supposing landing and take-off are possible.

We now know that getting a man to the moon is comparatively easy. He might exist there a few hours, and communicate. But nine-tenths of the problem — or more — is getting him off, and safely back to earth.

Therefore, it is not unthinkable the Russians will elect a short-cut. They might put men on the moon and not try to take them off. They would of course

soon perish, but it would not be difficult to indoctrinate them: They would sacrifice themselves for the eternal glory of the Soviet Union.

Indeed, there may be thousands about the world willing, from diverse motives, to make that sacrifice, but the Western conscience would not permit it.

All that, however, is speculative, and many less speculative considerations now appear in the space exploration problem.

The moon project is attractive because of the distance involved, the unique relation of moon and earth. This minimizes the known

physical environment of the lunar crust. But it is also attractive because of a rawing but nebulous belief that a discovery landing will rebound to the benefit, military or otherwise, of the discovering nation. Military theorists are hard to convince on this point, but many moon zealots are not.

It might in fact be easier to put men on Mars, or even Venus, and bring them back, due to the temperature factor, and some atmospheric pressure. Our Venus fly-by gave us a surface temperature of 800 degrees F., but this remains hypothetical. We don't know if the recent Russian hit on Venus, where communication failed, yielded any temperature data.

In any case, it is possibly more feasible to attempt landings, first instrumental, then manned, on Mars or Venus than on the moon.

The soggy reaction of American space scientists to the Russian probe on Venus presents a curious scientific vacuum. They said simply that they had no immediate Martian or Venusian plans. They then turned back to their drawing boards, under the dazzling light of the golden billions of Apollo.

It is high time the President, or someone, piped up a small inquiry: Is this stunned fascination with the moon target rational, or are we aboard the wackiest ship in the Nation? If you have \$40 billion, is it even primitive sense to give the moon \$37 billion, and everything else \$3 billion?

There are immense scientific questions, and human questions, which can never be answered on the moon, and may be answered elsewhere in the Solar System. The writer is not a cosmologist, and brings no authority to this matter. He is only an observer, and what he observes among the thousands of lunar fanatics is, if not unsettling, subject to some sober questions.

Morning Report:

Not everybody believed us when Washington said there was no danger from our H-Bomb, missing in the water off the coast of Spain. So Ambassador Biddle Duke went swimming to prove our position. He was cold when he got out but otherwise was in perfect condition.

It was a loyal thing for him to do but it sets a hazardous and difficult precedent. Now, the Government will have to come up with a prominent guinea pig to prove the truth of every declaration made in the Capitol.

Who will be picked to swallow a drug declared lethal by the Surgeon General? And somebody must go broke investing in a stock declared worthless by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Abe Mellinkoff