

# Press-Herald

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Wednesday, July 28, 1965

## A Welcome Sight

A welcome sight to thousands of Torrance motorists these days are the new traffic control signals operating at Madrona Avenue and Torrance Boulevard. True, the construction crews are still busy with paving, street laning, curbing, corners, and sidewalks, but the terrible bottleneck that has plagued motorists in the area for many years has been greatly eased and will be aided further when the project has been completed.

Those who remember the problems which confronted the city when plans were being pushed for this improvement can appreciate the progress shown over the weekend by activation of the signals.

The area is bisected at an awkward angle by a railroad spur line, necessitating the approval and participation of the rail company in any planning, and the approval of the Public Utilities Commission on all the grade crossing plans and the traffic control devices.

That the City Council and several city departments persisted with bulldog tenacity and that the completion of the work is nearly at hand, deserves notice.

On behalf of the thousands of motorists who benefit, we thank you.

## Crime and the Courts

A great many people in California are deeply concerned about the rise in crime, and the growing tendency in the courts to extend new technical protections to those accused of crime. The Dorado decision, which was an extension of an earlier U. S. Supreme Court ruling, has been the key to what many law enforcement officers protest is a Pandora's box of restrictions upon their work.

A particularly sharp attack on recent court actions was made in San Francisco by Rex A. Collings, Jr., professor of law at the University of California. Professor Collings warned a meeting of San Francisco's Commonwealth Club that we are losing the crime war in this state, that crime is increasing "three times as fast as the population."

"Catching criminals is war," he said. "It is not a game to be played by arbitrary rules developed by judges with no down to earth contacts with the problems involved." The professor added wryly that his efforts to produce a manual for police arrests cannot keep up with the changes being made every day through new court rulings.

As has often been asserted, the American philosophy of justice requires that every accused person be protected in his rights as a citizen. No one can quarrel with that, and the courts properly must make every conscientious effort to preserve that protection. What is so disturbing to so many citizens is what seems to be an unrealistic stretching of technicalities into a deadly cord around the throat of law enforcement. The rights of society, after all, must also be conscientiously protected.

## High Handling Charges

Numbers of people, apparently, believe the government gets its money out of thin air or from some mysterious source that has little to do with themselves.

This, basically, was the thought of Congressman Lipscomb of California when he said: "It should come as no surprise to anyone that the money the federal government spends must ultimately come from the people, though all too often it seems that this fact is overlooked or ignored."

One reason for this is that except for income and property levies, most of the taxes we pay are hidden. Everything we buy, from an article so small as a loaf of bread to one so large as an automobile, carries a multitude of taxes levied at the raw material, manufacturing, processing, transporting, retailing and other levels. And those taxes, like all the other costs that enter into the production of goods and services, must be paid by the consumer.

These are truisms that should be known to every schoolchild. But they tend to become lost in the face of the widespread belief that government "gives" us things. The truth is that government can "give" nothing. It can only take the money from the people, now or on some future date to pay the costs—and, also, it tacks on handsome sums to cover the administrative and bureaucratic overhead.

Nothing material in this world is free—government least of all.

## Opinions of Others

"The New York Times recently printed the following news item: 'Accrington, England—Derek Jopson, 25 years old, was informed by health authorities recently that he could have his tonsils taken out soon at the local hospital. He has been on the hospital's waiting list for ten years.' Is this what we can look forward to under Medicare in the United States?"—Petaluma (Calif.) Argus-Courier.

"When the richest nation in the world must seriously consider penalizing any citizen who leaves the country as a tourist the sum of \$100, then things are in pretty bad shape. . . . The \$100 head tax is designed to discourage Americans from going overseas and to reduce their spending there if they do go. . . . The Russians do the same thing, of course. They always have. But . . . there remains—just in case anybody thinks it's still worth mentioning—that little deal called freedom, which the U.S. government is supposed to respect. To restrict the free movement of citizens is not to promote freedom."—Marysville (Calif.) Appeal-Democrat.

## Meet Your New Board Member



ROYCE BRIER

## Succession Bill Flawed, But Better Than Nothing

There appears to be one curious lapse in the Presidential succession amendment to the Constitution adopted by the Senate and House for submission to the states.

That is the provision, Section III, that the President upon disability, shall "transmit to the president pro tempore of the Senate and the speaker of the House of Representatives his written declaration that he is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office."

Upon his written declaration, the vice president shall become Acting President, until the disabled President declares himself able, also in writing.

The flaw is that a disabled President may not be capable of a written declaration. This is a commonplace in the Presidential age bracket, notably in cerebral hemorrhage, where a "stroke" is short of fatal, but leaves the victim in a coma, which can last for weeks.

Section IV attempts to cure this by empowering the vice president under certain safeguards to certify the President as disabled, but this provision is then entangled with other provisions as to the President's resumption of office, which seems to be ambiguous.

Returning to our coma hypothesis, if a President regains consciousness and presumably mental competence he may, again in writing, declare himself able, "unless" the Acting President demurs, with support of a "majority of the officers of the executive department," or the Congress.

Unfortunately this invites possibility of a serious political struggle between the elected President and his supporters. It also invites a medical controversy over the physical and mental competence of a stricken President, whether he has suffered a stroke, or a grave accident of outside origin.

We have encountered both kinds of disability.

President Wilson was a stroke victim, and his mental faculties were impaired. These he recovered, but paralysis remained. President Garfield suffered a fatal gunshot wound. But until the terminal stage his mental faculties were unimpaired.

Yet it must be conceded it is impossible to write a fool-proof succession law. The vicissitudes of life are such that they cannot all be met. The new amendment is so much better than the old provisions which luckily served us for 176 years, that there should be no delay in adoption.

In one respect a burden is lifted. A glaring fault of the original provision was that when a President died and was succeeded, there was no vice president until the next election. This was the situation of Coolidge, Truman, Johnson. The new provision is simple: if there is a vacancy in the vice presidency, the President nominates, and the Congress is empowered to confirm.

WILLIAM HOGAN

## White Repeats Success With Campaign of 1964

The obvious question: Could Theodore H. White repeat the success of his spirited journalistic panorama, "The Making of the President, 1960," four years later? "The Making of the President, 1964," is, of course a totally different story. And truthfully, as White admits, neither Lyndon Johnson nor Barry Goldwater had the dramatic qualities that John F. Kennedy and Richard Nixon projected. But to answer the question:

Yes, the present book is another brilliant, disciplined recapitulation of an American presidential campaign and election. It is one that just about everyone who voted in the election will want to read.

Once again White applies his talents both as novelist and superlative political reporter-analyst to a tremendous running story, or series of stories. He begins with the assassination. He observes Mr. Johnson coolly and professionally assuming the reins of government, even though the shock at Dallas might have been part of a conspiracy, a Communist strike, a native right-wing putsch. The outcome of the 1964 election, White suggests, probably was decided within minutes of the fatal shot.

The opening chapters are as stirring as anything White wrote in his narrative of 1960, and one would have to be completely indifferent to recent history if he could put aside White's book at this point. As craftsman and dramatist, White has whittled a lean, highly selective, anecdotal book from what must have been an overwhelming mass of material. This would include the primary races, beginning in New Hampshire; the conventions; the campaigns, deals, bitterness, riots, confusion, hate and political subtleties—such as Mr. Johnson's calculated dumping of Bobby Kennedy before Kennedy could maneuver toward the Vice Presidential spot.

The trouble, if any, with "The Making of the President, 1964," is not White's fault. It is the generally depressing story he was forced to tell as the year unfolded.

In a matter of four years, the United States had entered a new period in its history. The trauma of the assassination still disturbed the national mind. The civil rights revolution, in full swing, dominated the political atmosphere. The situation in Viet Nam was escalating. The civil war in the Republican Party grew to historic dimensions. The Goldwater candidacy was equally historic, as a major coup d'etat in American politics. The powerful GOP Eastern Establishment suddenly was impotent as Nixon, Lodge, Romney, Scranton, Rockefeller, all fell out of the picture and Goldwater's "movement" collected the malcontents, segregationists and rightwing psychopaths as well as honest conservatives.

It is only a year since the San Francisco convention, which in retrospect seems to have been a horror show to which even Eisenhower contributed some macabre moments. White's account is a fresh retelling, filled with surprise, an element which appears in just about every segment of this intriguing report.

## My Neighbors



"... Thought he'd kill two birds with one stone!"

STAN DELAPLANE

## Everything Shipped In, So It'll Cost You More

HONOLULU — "Do you think it is possible to retire on a modest income in Hawaii

for lunch "at the Watlynge Street." And if you look on the map of London, you'll find Watlynge Street starting at the Thames. It was the old Roman road to the north. And it begins there.

ettes. Restaurants and liquors are about the same as here. An excellent buy is the London theater.

Friends of mine were transferred here after living in San Francisco—which is high-priced by national standards. They find it more expensive here. Major costs are because so much has to be shipped in.

"If you think it's possible to live (retire) in England on small income, what do you advise?"

"We were thinking of driving as far south in Mexico as the Tehuantepec peninsula but would like your opinion."

Labor is a little cheaper. Maybe in the outer islands you'll find living easier. But the little plantation towns don't have much. All the theaters, shops, music, restaurants are around Honolulu, an expensive city.

I found living in London very expensive. The main thing that chewed me up was the short-term tourist rent at high rates. I'd advise reading a small paperback "How Two Do Europe on One Retirement Check." The writer and wife lived and traveled on about \$350 a month. This is a simple, readable account of how they did it. Buy it for \$2.50 from Charles Planck, 1258 Filton Court, Fremont, Calif.

I found it pretty buggy and hot. Colorful and dirty. The only hotel is very medium. Take anti-malaria shots. Take a look. And get out. Good road now over to the East coast and the new road down to Yucatan.

"Some friends of ours heard about brass rubbings in England. Now we are going . . ."

Inexpensive items for me were meat, cheese, milk, household and repair labor. Expensive items were fruit, vegetables, gasoline, cigarettes.

"How would you plan to find your way around Paris?"

That's getting to be quite a hobby for visitors. These are brass images of the person buried beneath the church floor—carved in intaglio. You put a sheet of paper over it and rub it with a special wax. The wax comes up on the paper. It's exactly like you used to do as a child. Put a piece of paper over it and rub it with a special wax. Image face of the penny is reproduced in pencil marks.

Get a pocket map (free) from one of the airline offices. One way to figure where you are: Find any Metro (subway) entrance. There's a big map on the sidewalk. Where you are is spotted in red.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

## He's a Tourist In Own Town

THE GOOD tourist towns, to me, are those in which the visitor can go about HIS business without feeling he's an object of special attention—be it amusement, scorn, pity or avarice. That's why, for example, I find Mexico City so much more rewarding to visit than, say, Hawaii. The tourist business is big in Mexico, as it is in the Islands, but in Mexico you are surrounded by a rich and fascinating native life that goes on whether you're around to watch it or not. In Hawaii, you are conscious only of other tourists, and of being catered to at all times; the native culture, what there is of it, is tied in too directly. I agree, the natives are friendly, and you can drink the water, but it takes more than that to make travel rewarding. There has to be the feeling of strangeness, the promise (however spurious) of adventure waiting under a street-lamp around the next corner.

ALTHOUGH THE city's critics seem to think otherwise, I'd say San Francisco doesn't do enough for the tourist. It was only recently that the Convention & Tourist people got around to opening an information office on Post—something we've been hollering for for 25 years. We don't have enough street signs, our San Francisco is still one of the world's exciting cities: tions to the so-called "Skyway" are almost non-existent. We have far too few comfortable places to sit and watch the world go by—especially since Union Square became a pigeon-coop. Paris, London, Rome and Madrid boast no finer park than our Golden Gate, but ours is badly located for the tourist: too far from downtown. There should be better direct transportation to it—and once there (something else we've been yelling about for 25 years) the tourist should find at least one good restaurant.

BUT THESE are small things. The big thing is that left and is suddenly caught by the sight of a great blue-ask any visitor from Minnesota whose overloaded station wagon dies at the crest of the Taylor St. hill and begins to slide backwards. Ask any kid from Iowa who has whooped down the Lombard St. curlycue. Ask any motorist from Iowa who stops at a red light, glances left and is suddenly caught by the sight of a great blue-and-white freighter slipping past at the bottom of the street. Or ask me. I was wandering around Broadway and Pawell the other afternoon as six French sailors, very drunk, came rolling out of the Hotel de France. From behind the doors of the Sinaloa, you could hear guitars and castanets. Across the street, Chinese music was playing loudly, attracting attention to a Free Chest-X-Ray truck. Entranced, I felt like a tourist in my own home town, and, like most tourists, I was delighted to be here.

SODDEN THOUGHTS: Add definitions of maturity: going to a Japanese restaurant and sitting comfortably at a table instead of painfully on the floor; admitting to yourself that button-down shirts no longer make you look collegiate; buying tickets to the Royal Ballet without asking whether Fonteyn and Nureyev are appearing . . . The only thing I have against cocktail parties is that as soon as you have a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other, along comes a maid with a cheese spread that requires both hands . . . Flat statements I don't believe: "My ex-wife and I are better friends than we were when we were married." "I just met my ex-husband's new wife and I ADORE her." "You haven't changed a bit." "Don't worry about it—pay me back when you feel like it." "Of course I don't mind your disagreeing with me, it's a free country, isn't it?"

## Morning Report:

(Abe Mellinkoff is on vacation. His Morning Report feature will be resumed on his return.)

Abe Mellinkoff