

GUEST EDITORIAL

Support Hospital Bonds

By SUPERVISOR KENNETH HAHN

Residents of the Torrance-Harbor areas are fortunate to have good, modern hospitals and emergency service available to them in their own communities.

In the Watts-Willowbrook area of Los Angeles County, the people are not so fortunate.

With no major hospital close at hand, they must depend primarily on two already-overcrowded hospitals, County General—10 miles to the north, and Harbor General—10 miles to the south.

More important, there is no direct public transportation to either of the County hospitals from the south-central area.

It is not uncommon for mothers with sick children to spend two hours on crowded buses, making two or three transfers, to reach the hospital.

Disease statistics in the Watts-Willowbrook area are alarming.

In 1963, 43.5 per cent of all disease cases reported in Los Angeles County were from this general area, which has only 17 per cent of the population.

Rates of whooping cough, measles, hepatitis, rheumatic fever, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and dysentery are high. The ratio of infant and child deaths is far higher than in other parts of the County.

The need for a major hospital in the Watts-Willowbrook area is well established.

The McCone Commission, USC and UCLA Medical Schools, leading labor organizations, and scores of other civic and governmental agencies at all levels have underscored the necessity of providing a major medical facility there.

The State Advisory Hospital Council has assigned highest possible priority to establishing a hospital in the Watts-Willowbrook area.

Proposition A on the June 7 primary ballot gives all citizens of the County of Los Angeles the opportunity to help meet this need.

Passage of Proposition A will provide \$12.3 million in hospital bonds to build a 438-bed hospital to serve more than 350,000 citizens in an area generally bounded by Broadway, Jefferson Boulevard, Alameda, and Artesia.

The Federal and State governments will provide an additional \$9.1 million to construct the hospital.

The facility, including a large outpatient clinic, emergency services, and pediatric units, will be built on 30 acres of already publicly-owned land in the heart of the service area.

In the past, voters of Los Angeles County have strongly supported bond issues to build the Harbor General Hospital in Torrance, additions to County General Hospital in Torrance, additions to County General Hospital near downtown Los Angeles, and Olive View Hospital in the San Fernando Valley.

Disease and human suffering know no boundaries.

If one area of a great community has inadequate health facilities, all areas are affected.

Our government is spending millions of dollars in foreign aid to improve the health and living conditions of unfortunate persons around the world. Surely, we should take care of our own fellow citizens who live, work, and raise their children—not thousands of miles across the ocean—but in our own Los Angeles County.

I urge all voters give their strong support to Proposition A, the Hospital Bond Issue, on the June 7 ballot.

No bond issue in history can fill a greater need.

Aren't You Going To Stop Them, Officer?



STAN DELAPLANE

Madeira Offers Excellent Facilities for Vacationer

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA — During the long time of currency control in England, the English discovered all the cheap vacation places in Europe. This is one of them. The very best hotel charges \$5 a day for room, three meals and a hearty afternoon tea.

You can live here for a lot less than that. It's a subtropical island off Africa. People are Portuguese. Madeira wine and lace are the exports. Funchal is a city of 100,000 filled with flowers. (But I'd get rock happy if I had to live here more than a few months.)

Casa de Portugal, 447 Madison Ave., New York City will send you a list of hotel rates for here and all Portugal. For hotel rooms with meals, look under "pensao."

"We are in our sixties but in good health. Had thought some of retirement in warm, inexpensive places such as Madeira or the Canaries. What do you think are the hidden difficulties?"

Change of food bothers me over a long period of time. In England, I missed American hamburgers. (The English don't know it, but the thing they sell called a "Wimpy" is not it.) You can make most things at home. England is not much of a change—might be quite different in Madeira.

There are compensations. English bread is far superior to ours and a joy to eat. Fish on Madeira are really fresh and excellent. Wine is good and very cheap.

If you have to change language — no matter how well you learn it—it's tiring. You have to think about it, reach for words. You'll miss the supermarket and the great American drug store. But, again, you can have year-round vacation weather. And live well on very little money.

General Charles de Gaulle is not exactly giving our troops in France the bum's rush. Not at all. They have four full months to clear out. Time to buy souvenirs, pack foot lockers, have a last fling in Paris, and still catch the boat.

Arrival and departure of Yanks from France have always been emotional affairs. The French like parades and we have staged some pretty good ones over there. I hope the Pentagon is planning a doozy—or a Duesey as it was called in another day.

I suggest placards in the line of march: "Lafayette, We've Been Had," "Remember the Marne," "Bastogne—Nuts," and maybe even "Goodnight Charlie." I'm sure there wouldn't be a dry eye on the Champs Elysees.

This is an enormous story, less a military story than it is a talented journalist's (and researcher's) eye view of the human side of this last act of war. There is military narrative, of course, as Marshals Zhukov and Koniev race for Berlin while the Americans and British are held at the Elbe. Churchill and Roosevelt both wanted the Western Allies to take Berlin (as did the Berliners). General Eisenhower saw Berlin as "no longer of military value, a fateful view, as it turned out."

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HERB CAEN SAYS:

'Holy Graduation' Would You Believe He's Only 32

Go-Go-Go: The multimillion dollar (and beautiful) Sierra Tahoe Hotel on the Lake's North shore has lost its gambling license—kapow! — apparently because its new landlord, a Miami Beach type, was convicted of fraud along with Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa. . . . Further blabbermouthings: Adam (Batman) West tells the press that he's 32 years old, but the truth will out, Robin. Connie Kruger forwards the alumni bulletin of Whitman College in Walla Walla—the Batman's alma mater—which places him in the Class of '51. "Holy Graduation!" expostulates Connie. "That would make him 17 when he graduated. Would you believe 36 instead of 32?" Added revelation: West's real name is Bill Anderson. . . . Sen. Bobby Kennedy may come to Calif. before primary time to get in a few licks for his close friend, Tom Braden, a candidate for Lt. Gov., as who isn't. . . . "If you or your wife think you are getting too old for sexual pleasure, read this message," state the big ads for a book titled "Sex and the Mature Man," by Dr. Luis P. Saxe, and all I want to know is—Saxe the past tense of sex?

Caenfilially: The entry of Lloyd Hand, the State Dept.'s ex-Protocol Chief, into the race for Lt. Governor has shaken up California's Democratic Establishment considerably—but the official line (being spread

by grapevine) now has it that (a) Hand does not have LBJ's blessing, and (b), when he left Washington, LBJ didn't even wish him good luck, and was, in fact, happy to see him leave. Pass it along. . . . Pan Am and Slick Airways pilots who fly regularly into Saigon suffer a recurrent nightmare: that the Viet Cong will shell the airport runways as they come in to land — "and," adds a pilot, "they're in good position to do it, too." . . . Johnny Weissmuller Jr., son of the immortal Nat, got so carried away by the Spring weather at Sausalito's Trident that he stripped down

to his shorts, plunged into the Bay, and entertained the mob with "some of the strokes my father taught me." Style note: he wears leopard-dotted shorts.

Ma Bell Lurches On: Reporter Judy Stone, on the trail of a story, placed an overseas call the other 4 p.m. to a yacht somewhere in the Bahamas. At 11:30 p.m., an operator finally reported back: "You'll have to place the call again—this time through New York." Judy: "Why didn't you tell me that at 4 o'clock?" Operator: "Well, somebody around here just remembered that the Bahamas AREN'T in the Pacific!"

Meet the People: Adam (Batman) West, hiding out

at Sausalito's Alta Mira for a few days, checked out with this inscription in the guest book: "What a kicky place!" Under which his mgr. Bill Dyer, wrote: "Absolutely the warmest!" That camp enough for you? . . . Sad Sam Rosey, who worked with Guy Lombardo's band years ago, journeyed down to the Palos Alto Cabana to hear the band, noticed Carmen Lombardo wasn't singing, and asked his wife why. Mrs. Lombardo: "He has laryngitis." Sam: "You mean he lost the voice he never had?" Splat.

Notes and Quotes: Over in Sausalito Novelist Ernie Gann typed the final period on his latest novel, "In the Company of Eagles," clapped the cover on the typewriter, vowed loudly, "I'm not going to write another book for 15 years," and took off in his own plane for Baja California, "to sit there and watch the whales make love." His parting shot: "By the way, I'm old-fashioned. I don't take LSD, I DRINK!" . . . An Army officer, just back from Viet Nam, discussing the sounds in the jungle night: "If it moves, you shoot it. Next morning, you look around, and if it's animal, you eat it—if it's human, you bury it." And: "Over there in the rice paddy, you see this guy wearing black pajamas and you ask yourself — is he a simple peasant, a Viet Cong or that nice Japanese photographer from Life? You don't have much time to decide."

San Francisco

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ROYCE BRIER

Ranch-Size Radio 'Ear' Proposed to Space Agency

In Berkeley, and on college campuses across the Nation, the young people are complaining that they have lost their identity.

The story is that the college campus is a cog in a vast machinal civilization which has a sterile existence of its own, and ignores the needs and dreams of the individual.

This view, perhaps rational if somewhat painful, is furthered by our modern educational ethic which finds itself unwilling or unable to inform the individual what he is and where he is in the universal scheme.

Whether the individual would be benefited by postulating what and where he is, may be debated. But you can always say the Australian aborigine doesn't know. It could be a sense of unimportance is valuable. Does it

World Affairs

help to know the average star in the universe is comparable to a buckshot in a cube of space 125 miles on a side?

Anyway, this vague if a little precious prelude may introduce us to a proposal of Dr. Bernard M. Oliver,

outgoing president of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, at a New York meeting.

Dr. Oliver, an executive of Packard-Bell, suggests the Space Agency spend \$3 billion on a radio telescope complex which would dwarf all existing radio installations combined.

It would consist of 10,000 movable dishes in an area 10 miles in diameter, capable of receiving 1,000 times more radio energy than the largest dish now in use. It would be a gigantic lens, which would reveal the "path of space," as the dispatch puts it.

It is conceived to produce an actual picture. As laymen are rather thinly aware, the Mars pictures are not pictures like the pictures you snap with a camera. The Mariner probe transmitted points of light, which were then coordinated to form an optical picture. In the Oliver proposal, starlike points of light would become a photograph which might show 100 times the detail presently possible.

The human view of the firmament took a revolutionary step with Galileo's telescope, and an equally big step with the application of photography to telescope. But the visual telescope has limits, while radio telescope developed in recent decades seems of almost limitless potential.

Out of it has come our understanding of the family of galaxies (fields of energy) like our own, now expanded to several billion light years with no end in sight. We know roughly what the galaxies are and something of how they behave, but their source of energy and what they "mean" in the universal environment is hidden from us, and is the subject of disputation among cosmologists.

It is suggested, however, that the more we can learn about this mystery, the more effective human beings will be, unless you are content with the aboriginal consciousness. It may hurt to know how small you are, but possibly the hurt will increase your stature. Or is that a campus sophistry?

WILLIAM HOGAN

Ryan's Story of Reich's Last Days Superbly Told

A torrent of vignettes runs through Cornelius Ryan's apocalyptic drama, "The Last Battle," a superbly researched and narrated account of the three-week assault on and capture of Berlin in the Spring of 1945. We see, for instance, Herr Heck, keeper of the Berlin zoo, tragically forced to shoot his animals before they can escape. Or Russian soldiers "liberating" the wardrobe department of the big UFA film studio, then in the streets in outrageous costumes from Spanish doublets with white ruff collars to Napoleonic hats, all while the battle was raging.

In his previous book, "The Longest Day," Ryan observed the opening of the last act of the European war, the June 6 invasion of Normandy. Here he reconstructs the end of that act—German's Gotterdammerung, as the Nazis heralded 1,000-Year Reich crumbled under the lashings of classic vengeance.

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Opinions of Others

President Johnson's proposal that a Department of Transportation be created is likely to encounter some trouble so far as public acceptance is concerned at least in the early stages. It is probable that many will draw back almost instinctively from the idea of adding still another Cabinet bureau so soon after one was established for housing and urban development. . . . It is a mistake to turn to the federal government for everything. But it might be a serious mistake not to coordinate our transportation before rapidly expanding population makes the task far more difficult.—West Point (Miss.) Times Leader.

The problem of taxation is quite simple. You can shear a sheep repeatedly, but you can only skin it once.—Tenino (Wash.) Independent.

The Nationalist Chinese have an estimated 600,000 troops and it doesn't take any Phi Beta Kappa to know that they have been kept, food and lodging, for the most part by the American taxpayers for 10, these many years. Another known fact is that they have been chomping at the bit. . . . to engage the Chinese Reds in mortal combat. Why they cannot be used in Viet Nam instead of feeding American troops to the jungle hell is one of the things we will never be able to understand. And if some highly intellectual member of the Great Society can explain it intelligently to us we promise to listen to the next LBJ sob story on the tube.—Tallassee (Ala.) Tribune.

No matter how safe a car is made from the manufacturer's standpoint, no matter what is done to improve safety measures in them, the human element is unpredictable. The safest car manufactured is not safe so long as the driver does not pay close attention to his job. Human beings cannot be altered by manufacturers. They must be willing to assume the responsibility of watching their own driving and the driving of others on the highway. . . . Until human beings are willing to assume this responsibility, until they are willing to realize that it can happen to each and every driver, accidents will occur.—Williamsville (N.Y.) Bee.

Abe Mellinkoff