

Watts Hospital Needed

Of all the recommendations for action which followed the August riots in the Watts area, one can be quickly and easily met by the citizens of Los Angeles County.

Findings of the McCone Commission that investigated the riots showed that hospital facilities in the area "are grossly inadequate in quality and number of beds."

Proposition A on the June 7 ballot has been proposed by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors as the answer to this need.

Approval of the \$12.3 million bond issue would provide funds to build a 438-bed hospital to serve more than 350,000 citizens in the area between Artesia and Jefferson, Broadway and Alameda. Federal and state funds will also be available to build on 30 acres of publicly owned land.

Cost of the proposal to the average Los Angeles County homeowner has been placed at 40 cents a year—certainly an easy way to correct a serious problem.

The need for the hospital has been amply shown in statistics which indicate that this area, with 17 per cent of the population, has been accounting for more than 40 per cent of the disease cases reported in the county. Hospital care for most of the residents in this area is available only at Harbor General Hospital, 10 miles south, or at County General Hospital, 10 miles north.

This newspaper joins with the Board of Supervisors and hundreds of civic organizations and leaders in urging strong support for Proposition A, the Hospital Bond Issue, on the June 7 ballot.

GUEST EDITORIAL

This Crime Won't Pay

"Loan sharking," the underworld's practice of collecting usurious interest on loans, is one of the most vicious crimes facing our society today.

Many Americans who voice concern about mounting crime have little knowledge of this extortionary crime which haunts a growing number of hapless individuals. Usury, with its attendant strong-arm tactics, is a throwback to the crime-ridden prohibition era. It is an action of greedy men who seek power and influence and who have no respect for human rights and decency. Financially, it ranks as one of the most lucrative sources of illegal income available to crime lords today.

Desperation causes most people to borrow money from racketeers at exorbitant rates. But instead of gaining relief, they sink deeper into despair. Faced with unforeseen expenses and declining profits, small businessmen often spread themselves so thin financially they cannot obtain money from legitimate sources. When caught in this predicament, they are vulnerable to loan sharks. Many are unaware of the outrageous interest rates—usually around 20 per cent per week—and the dire consequences which may befall them if payments are missed. Others will risk the gamble, hoping to meet the demands and save their businesses. Most fail, and the hoodlums take over.

As in other crimes, loan racket victims are not the only losers. The public pays as well. When the "squeeze" is applied and the musclemen command, "pay or die," the victims frequently turn to robbery, burglary, theft, and looting, trying to extricate themselves. Broken bones, loss of teeth, and torture await those who protest or who remain delinquent in payments. Some are murdered.

Local, state, and federal authorities are working to stop this vicious racket. However, successful prosecution is not easy. Potential witnesses are afraid to testify. Many victims are lawbreakers themselves and fear exposure. Most transactions are on a cash basis or are covered by devious manipulations which all but eliminate incriminating evidence. Finally, usurious loans in most jurisdictions are misdemeanors. Meantime, blood-stained money is being poured into other illegal operations and into legitimate business, and racketeers are using their wealth and influence to add to their holdings.

A few states are seeking new laws to curb syndicate loan sharks. Recent federal legislation has opened some additional avenues of prosecution. Loan sharking cannot withstand the persistent efforts of effective law enforcement together with opposition from an indignant public. We must not relent until loan sharking literally becomes a crime that doesn't pay.—By John Edgar Hoover, director, Federal Bureau of Investigation (Reprinted from the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin, April 1, 1966).

Opinions of Others

"The best-kept secret in America today is that people would rather work hard for something they believe in than enjoy a pampered idleness." That is a quotation from John W. Gardner, the new Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Mr. Gardner appears to be quite an individual . . . it is amazing that a man like he would get himself tied up with the \$10 billion boondoggle that is HEW and which exerts cradle to grave control over the lives of the people. . . . Good men in political office cannot make a falsely conceived idea good. And every phase of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is falsely conceived on the idea that people can't and won't take care of their own well-being.—Odessa (Texas) American.



STAN DELAPLANE

Picture Postcard Island Enchants Travel Veteran

KAUALI, HAWAII — This is the picture postcard island. The Hawaiian surf makes instant diamonds on an ink-blue sea. The roads are lined with flowers. A cooling trade wind washes through the coco palms and waterfalls drop in slow motion down gray-green mountains. About \$115 and five and a half hours from the West Coast. For hotels, prices and island map write Andrew Gross, Hawaii Visitors Bureau, Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii.

"Can you tell us anything about Bali? It used to be in travel news, but lately I haven't seen anything."

I don't know Bali except for what people have told me—a pleasant, lush place. Prices a few years ago were quite reasonable they said. The political climate of Indonesia seems to be smoothing out and three new hotels are being built. The 400-room Bali Beach Hotel opens June 6 — Intercontinental management, the hotel arm of Pan American Airways.

Flying time from Jakarta to Bali is about two hours. The airline is Garuda Indonesian Airways who gives you latest information on hotels, climate, clothing. Write them at 212 Stockton street, San Francisco.

This is one of those air fare structures where you can fly the whole Pacific. Go out through Hawaii, Tokyo, Hong Kong. Go home via Australia, Fiji, Samoa and Tahiti. About \$1100 but a lot in the package.

"My husband will be flying several times this year to Tokyo on business. Has anybody found a way to deal with 'jet lag' I read about?"

Jet lag is simply the way you feel changing time zones — and you feel bad. Nothing I know except take sleeping pills a couple of nights. It keeps you from waking up at your accustomed hour which is usually the middle of the night. One

doctor estimates it takes one day for every one hour change to get to normal. That would be nine days for Japan. It takes me three or four days to get over that groggy feeling.

P-and-O Orient Lines has a combination air-sea ticket for businessmen. (I haven't done it, but it sounds logical.) You fly to Honolulu — two hours time change is no problem. Then you take a P-and-O Orient Lines ship five days to Yokohama. The time change is gradual. You should arrive feeling great.

"We heard there are slides at certain times of the year on the road from Mexico into Guatemala . . ."

There are slides on El Tapon (The Cork) pass all year, but mainly in the rainy summer. However, there's an all-year route nearby everybody uses now down near the coast. You cross at Tapachula.

Better check in Mexico City — try Pemex, the gasoline company. And then check again all the way down. Actual road conditions in Mexico are often a mystery to Mexico City. They must send reports in by pigeons.

"I've been told that you cannot get dinner in Spain until 10 at night. We are accustomed to much earlier dinners . . ."

And 10 o'clock is the children's hour. The big dining hour starts about 11. I used to starve until I found the Spanish have what is called a "merienda" — a snack time about 6. There are lots of little bars with snacks set along the counters. Hotels serve you a merienda in your room or downstairs. And that's how you get by until the late dinner.

"What to wear in the Bahamas in the summer please?"

Sports clothing, a little on the dressy side. Bermuda shorts are all right for

women in town. But not short shorts or bathing suits. Coat and tie for men at night. The Caribbean generally is much dressier than Hawaii.

"Is it possible to camp near a beach in France?"

"Le camping" is a big thing with the French. There are dozens of camp grounds along the Normandy coast. The best are privately owned. You pay a small fee. The French don't rough it. The camps are barbered, and the campers whip up bouef bourguignonne and such on elegant little rented camp stoves. Camping clothing is quite sporty and dressy.

Quote

There is considerable evidence the new look in foreign aid is little more than a "face lifting" in the hope of hiding the same amounts of give-away funds and many of the old objectionable features behind a fresh paint job. — Sen. Strom Thurmond, South Carolina.

WILLIAM HOGAN

His 92 (Count 'em) Years As Publisher Just a Start

A man who claims to have spent 92 years in the publishing business visited San Francisco the other day with one of his prominent authors of this season, Cornelius Ryan ("The Last Battle").

The publisher is Leon Shimkin, who is about to become sole owner of the vasty successful house of Simon & Schuster. A business genius of middle age, he started as a bookkeeper with Simon & Schuster when it was founded in 1924. (That's 42 years.) He helped launch Pocket Books (26 years) and the phenomenally successful children's line, Little Golden Books (24 years). That's 92 years, he insists, if you count it as terms served consecutively.

For some time Shimkin has been 50 per cent owner of Simon & Schuster, as well as controlling stockholder of Pocket Books (more than 1 billion distributed). He recently agreed to purchase the remaining 50 per cent of the firm. As sole owner he will merge it with Pocket Books; Washington Square Books (an educational paperback line), and the juvenile titles of Messner, which Shimkin also recently acquired. This, the new Simon

HERB CAEN SAYS:

He Finds Those Hospital Jokes Are Too, Too True

The University of California Medical Center is certainly one of the most impressive sights in town — a complex of 13 mighty buildings dedicated to the betterment of mankind and the pursuit of learning and nurses. For years, I've admired it from afar, wondering vaguely what goes on up there among those skyscrapers where the lights burn night and day. Last week, I had a chance to admire it from near, and I emerged completely impressed, partially cured and extravagantly tattooed from stem to stern, especially the latter, by eager needle-wielders. When in doubt, give a shot. When not in doubt, double the dose.

Since I hadn't spent any time in a hospital since I was a child, I was fascinated to discover that all the old jokes are true. They do wake you up to give you a sleeping pill. They do stick a thermometer in your mouth and then ask questions, like dentists who launch into a conversation while drilling a cavity. To survive a week in a hospital, you have to be in great shape; if you're really sick, you're better off someplace else, because the traffic in and out of the room is terrific. Complete strangers, dressed in white, walk in every few minutes, throw back the covers and look you over with great interest; sometimes they bring a friend for a look (exit chuckling to each other). As another old joke goes, the only way you can get an

hour's sleep is to ring for a nurse (repeat: that's a joke). UC Hospital itself was full — "That's where the REAL VIPs go," a nurse told me in ego-denting reproach — so I was assigned to the Herbert C. Moffitt Hospital, a vast structure that is sort of Miami Beach on the outside and North Beach on the inside, at least as far as activity is concerned. Such a hustle and a bustle! ("Dr. Millberry, report to dentistry," "Dr. Dingleberry, you're wanted in pathology," "Nurse Night-

San Francisco

ingale, where are you?") "UC might get the celebrities, but we've got the view," my nurse went on. I trotted to the window and gazed wanly over the magnificent scene. To the West, the overcast ocean. To the North, Golden Gate Park, and beyond that, the Golden Gate, with its perennial inbound freighter. To the South, Sutro Forest. There was no Eastern prospect, but I could imagine Medicare creeping in on little socialistic feet. I sank back into bed, gasping "You're standing on my oxygen hose." When she looked confused, I apologized "Just a joke, sorry." "Funneeee," she said, giving me a shot in the rump that made my toes curl for 10 minutes.

I suppose all of us have dreamed at one time or another of a week in the hospital with a comparatively

minor ailment. A true return to the womb: All our needs cared for by an expert staff, hours to read and doze, no responsibilities, snug and secure in a warm white cocoon. Well, it really isn't like that. In the first place, hospital beds aren't all that comfortable. They adjust to every position except the right one. You can read, but not for very long ("Do you want it in the right or the left side this time?"). You can watch TV, but I imagine massive infusions of daytime television have cured more patients than penicillin. Then there are all those visitors who have to entertain.

Well, you live and you learn. The other day, I made passing reference to "The Good Ship Lollipop" (the old Shirley Temple hit), implying that it was indeed a ship — and now a lot of smart-asses tell me it was an airplane. True to my habit of going to the source only when it's too late, I put the question to Shirley Temple Black herself. She speaks:

"Well, let's program the old mind now. It was from a movie called 'Bright Eyes,' and I remember a toy barrel with wings. But nope, that wasn't the Good Ship Lollipop. NOW I remember. I was an orphan but didn't know it yet. My mother was killed crossing the street with my birthday cake — wow — so some airplane people took me for a ride. Jimmy Dunn was the pilot and I sang the song on the plane. So maybe it was a plane, or Supermar."

ROYCE BRIER

Key to Auto Safety Still The Nut Behind the Wheel

Somehow, as you join the commuter drag each morning, you have a sneaking wonder at all the hullabaloo over the safety of the American automobile.

You see some wrecks at the roadside, maybe a couple a month, and you read about those in your sector you don't see. Occasionally a guy has noisy, bad brakes, and that is not the fault of the brakes. But you can make a run for ten years and never see a wheel come off or a door fly open, of the tens of thousands of cars in motion about you.

Automobile safety zooms as the biggest technical news of the year. Governors,

safety groups folk and experts sound off daily. A man writes a book about it, an automobile firm sicks a private eye on him, then apologizes, because it's a free country, ain't it?

The manufacturers seem World Affairs

in a masochistic daze under the pressure, because there is nothing so nervous as ten billion dollars. They mobilize armies of design technicians, call in the cameras, display rubber interiors in mockups soft as an infant's crib.

There was a wisecrack saying a few years ago, when the country was normal, that if manufacturers were to increase door-bolt thickness one-quarter of an inch, thousands of lives would be saved yearly.

Maybe. The writer is not an expert. He only observes that some machines don't work as well as others. Some jetliners are fine, and some are dogs. Some used cars work fine, and some don't.

There is a curious thing about commuter runs. Five days a week each commuter seems to know about what another commuter will do on the road. But drive the same road Sundays or at unusual hours, when the bunnies are out, and it will spook you.

So the writer, an ordinary observer, observes that while some machines have defects, and all doubtless could be improved, what needs improving most is the brains of automobile drivers.

Automobiles gas a certain proportion of people. It is unnatural to move at 60 m.p.h., when you control the motion. The psychic state of the drivers is heavily involved, not only his general psychic state and his experience of speed and space, but his daily psychic state in a given minute or hour.

Arrogance is a bad psychic state, always. It makes Hitlers and fills hospitals and morgues. The gambling instinct, when put on the road, is a bad psychic state. Ginnill fuzzi is a bad state. Imperception, slow reaction to moving patterns, is a bad psychic state in an automobile. Perhaps worst of all, because the arrogant gamblers seem to survive, but the dull thinker is going to get it one day.

Everybody knows the cut-in type, the gun-it-boys, the woolgatherer, all targets for millions of muttered curses they can't hear. It is a guess here that of the 50 thousand and we kill on the road yearly, 40 thousand are killed by bad driving. You are entitled to your guess, according to your lights. That's fine. And about those infant crib interiors—infant cribs are not propelled 60 m.p.h. by infants.

Morning Report:

This Lyndon Johnson will stop at nothing. In 1964, he took over millions of Republican voters and ever since has been taking over scores of Republican votes in Congress. Now, in a lightning thrust south of the border, he has adopted the original Mr. Republican.

The President flew to Mexico City to have a hand in the dedication of a statue of Abraham Lincoln. During its darkest days the GOP faithful could always stage a Lincoln Day Dinner. But if they try it again, a lot of people are going to get the idea it's nothing but another LBJ testimonial.

Of course Mr. Johnson has still left the GOP with Presidents Rutherford B. Hayes and Benjamin Harrison. For the time being, anyway.

Abe Mellinkoff