

Press-Herald

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A Significant Step

The decision this past week to continue with planning for the proposed Watts-Willowbrook Hospital represents a significant step toward the construction of that facility.

Certainly there are many problems about financing the new hospital which must be solved before it can be built. But there is every reason to believe those problems can—and will—be solved. In the meantime, the preparation of plans can continue and valuable time will not be lost.

The need for the proposed hospital has been recognized by many leaders throughout the county. This newspaper pointed out some of those reasons in urging support for the hospital bond issue last June.

Although the bond issue gained a popular majority of more than 60 per cent, it fell short of the two-thirds majority required for approval. But the failure of the bonds does not obviate the need for the hospital. Watts area residents seeking hospital aid must now travel to Los Angeles General Hospital or Harbor General Hospital—and both of those facilities are faced with rapidly expanding populations in their own immediate service areas.

All five members of the County Board of Supervisors have expressed support for the hospital, despite the differences over ways to finance the construction. The reluctance of some supervisors to proceed in the face of voter rejection of the bonds is understandable, yet the need continues and it will not disappear.

Whatever the final decision, this past week's action assures the plans will be ready when construction can go forward. There is much to be gained by planning for the hospital now, and very little to lose.

Others Say:

Standards Will Decline

"Medicare," observes U. S. News and World Report, "is just getting started—and already there's pressure to broaden coverage, add more benefits. It's what happens with most new government programs." And a prominent medical educator observes, "The machinery already has been created for a National Health Service, whose aim will be to provide government-supported medicine for all." Two big questions are: What would a total health service cost; and what would it do to medical standards? Total outlays for such a service are estimated at some \$48 billion a year—nearly half of the current federal budget. The ultimate impact of a National Health Service on medical standards is harder to measure.

The possible dangers and pitfalls of the system are clearly indicated by the experience of Great Britain, where a National Health Service has been in force for nearly twenty years. Britain's health service is on the brink of bankruptcy, although its cost to the government will be \$28 billion for 1966. But the real tragedy of state medicine in Great Britain cannot be measured in terms of cost to the taxpayers alone.

The wife of a British doctor, writing in a late issue of The Kiwanis Magazine, says, "Since socialized medicine was introduced in the British Isles, doctors have been struggling . . . to make a success of this all-time high in welfare service. But now they are exhausted... physically incapable of dealing with the workload . . . Government directives and restrictions have robbed them of the clinical freedom essential to the practice of good medicine. They have no assurance of a decent income during retirement or the means to break the vicious cycle of an increasing number of patients and a declining number of doctors."

State medicine in Britain has demonstrated that when practitioners of the healing arts are compelled by law to become public servants medical standards inevitably decline.—*Industrial News Review.*

As their empires have expanded the government administrators, most of whom are secure in their employment under the provisions of Civil Service tenure, have become more and more confident of their own abilities, and more and more impatient of the statutory requirements that give accountings to those whom they are paid to serve and to the taxpayers who dig up the money for their salaries. They tend to close their doors to snooping newspaper reporters and seek more and more to discourage the publication of bid notices, of tax income and tax expenditures, the publication of administrative budgets, election board listings, assessment lists, delinquent tax lists, and so forth.—*Telford Work, Los Angeles Newspaper Service Bureau.*

Morning Report:

It's escalation again. This time in the undeclared war between Communist mobs and American embassies. We're installing steel doors two inches thick in Moscow. This means that the next time they attack it will have to be with medium artillery using armor-piercing shells. And then the doors will be replaced with four-inch steel.

Of course we could retreat and move our Russian embassy from Moscow to Milwaukee, but I don't think that would be very efficient.

Instead, I suggest we build a new embassy over there out of light-weight, very combustible plastic. This would make the next thousand-man, rock-throwing, club-carrying mob look foolish. Our ambassador would just light a match.

Abe Mellinkoff

I Can't Understand Why You're Getting Weaker



SACRAMENTO REPORT

Follow This Advice and You Will Need a Lawyer

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL, Assemblyman, 46th District

The word probate is derived from the Latin word meaning proof. Thus, a will is probated when the appropriate court of law receives proof that a will offered in evidence is, in fact, the last will and testament of a dead person. In California, our superior courts are our probate courts.

Since the probate procedure is governed by laws enacted by the California State Legislature, I have been very much interested in this subject for the nearly 16 years that I have represented the 46th Assembly District.

A book titled "How to Avoid Probate," by Norman F. Dacey, and published by Crown Publishers, Inc., New York City, has been on the nonfiction "best seller" list of many magazines and newspapers for the past several weeks, including the reputable "Publishers Weekly," to which I have subscribed for about 20 years.

Recently I went to the Moby Dick Bookshop, in Redondo Beach, and bought a copy of "How to Avoid Probate." It cost me \$4.95, which is the regular price, plus 20 cents sales tax. With great joy I took it home to read, thinking that I could find some way to save my wife money if and when she has to have my will probated.

There are several things wrong with the book. In the first place it is not worth \$4.95 with or without sales tax. Secondly, it is bound in paper which shows that neither the author nor the publisher expect it to last

long. Third, there are 341 large pages but between one-third and one-half of the pages are blank forms to be filled out by anyone who wants to be his or her own lawyer. Fourth, the last three pages are order blanks to be used in buying more books by the author through the mail.

One of the order blanks in the back of the book is to be used in buying a book called "What's Wrong with Your Life Insurance?" The price of that masterpiece is also \$4.95. I shall not and will not buy it because there is nothing wrong with my life insurance.

Getting back to "How to Avoid Probate," the whole idea of the book is how to beat probate lawyers out of their fees by creating what is known as a living trust. Norman F. Dacey also tells you how to do that without a lawyer.

Now I will confess and plead guilty to having said some rather harsh things about unethical lawyers who chase ambulances and engage in sharp practices. Such men are just plain, old-fashioned slysters who should be shaved with dull razors without soap and then disbanded. However, before we get too rough with attorneys-at-law and other officers of the court, let us look at Norman F. Dacey and see what makes him tick.

Norman F. Dacey for many years has sold mutual fund shares, usually of the "contractual, front-end load arrangement," to use a phrase I borrowed from a friend of mine who works

for a bank. This means that people who bought mutual funds from Dacey found that about one-half of their total investment for the first year went into selling costs.

That type of mutual fund shares is perfectly legal in some states but it is not legal in California, or in several other reputable states. Nevertheless, an article by Dacey praising this type of mutual fund shares was published in 1960 in "The Commercial and Financial Chronicle."

In July, 1966, Allen Silver, Editor of "Fundscoop," another financial publication, authored an article attacking Norman F. Dacey and his book on probate.

The American Bar Association attacked Dacey and his probate book several months ago. I am not a lawyer but I agree with the American Bar Association on this subject.

There is an old proverb which says: A man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client.

A person who tries to avoid probate by following Dacey's advice is merely creating business for lawyers who will be retained by his or her widow or widower, I regret to report.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Prokosch Strips Away Veneer of Civilization

The novels of Frederick Prokosch ("The Asiatics," "The Seven Who Fleed") were very big in the 1930s. But the Wisconsin-born author's stylized, poetic prose about demoralized Russian exiles in flight, or an American's travels in Asia, dropped from fashion as the American novel got louder and tougher.

Prokosch is still practicing—he has published four books since 1960—and a new, "The Wreck of the Cassandra," shows us that he has lost none of his sharpness for geographic detail or his delight in analyzing a complicated cast of international characters under stress.

This is an exercise in literary needlework which persistent readers of novels—a minority in our culture—if ever there was one—should find rewarding, and a few points even dazzling. It is Prokosch's own version of "Ship of Fools," a shorter and, for me, a more satisfying performance than the famous Katherine Anne Porter opus of that name. It opens in an old fashioned Maugham setting, a second-rate liner called Cassandra (Hong Kong to Australia) in the late 1930s. A mixed bag of passengers plays bridge and attends a trying costume ball before the vessel burns at sea. A boatload of survivors is thrown up on a palm-fringed island, presumably in the Caroline group.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Younger Ones May Only Die in a Public Place

I don't care what anybody says, I think Atty. Melvin Belli is funny. He was in New York recently with his lady love, Pat Montandon, and Alex Haley, the writer who does most of those Playboy interviews. Mel suggested: "Let's take the train. I haven't been on the 20th Century Limited for years." At Grand Central, Mel discovered the train features a family plan, so he said: "Let me arrange this." As they started through the gate, the agent looked at the tickets and nodded: "Right, you're the husband and this is your wife, and"—staring at Haley, who is Negro—"and that's your SON???" Belli, stoutly and indignantly: "Yes he is. We adopted him." Agent: "I don't care if you did—he's not under 21, is he?" Okay, okay, so they bought another ticket.

A reader phoned: "I realize this is hardly scientific, but I remember my uncle telling me as a child, 'If you run into a man whose ears start AT or BELOW the eye line, give him a wide berth! So check the photos of Oswald, Speck and Whitman.' I did. Then I ran to the mirror . . . Hey, I'm one of the Good Guys! You, too? . . . Servicemen in uniform may now drink half-price at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop.

Servicemen over 21, I mean. The younger ones may only die in public places. . . . Graffiti in a North Beach menzroom: "Allen Ginsberg is Edgar Guest in drag." Beneath this, in Allen's own handwriting: "YOU, madam, are a drag."

An unford admirer went to Abercrombie & Fitch's gun dept. and announced "I want a pistol to shoot Herb Caen." Salesman: "Sorry, you have to wait five days for a hand gun. That's the law. But you can buy a rifle right now and shoot him from a distance." I believe the foregoing was said in jest.

My quest for the perfect razor (something a man searches for his entire life) led me to the new Gillette Technatic, with a blade that unwinds like a roll of film. Good cutting edge, but its "feel" is a little light, and it will soon end up in my bathroom closet, along with all those other "adjustable," push-pull, click-click jobs and every electric razor under the sun. I will return, as I always do, to my ancient three-piece Gillette—a model that, I think, came out circa World War I. Like

the rubber sink stopper and the black knit tie, it has never been improved upon.

Good old summertime: A reader with nothing better to do, seeing that the U.S. consumes 530 billion cigarettes a year, got out his old slide rule, and figured that, placed end to butt, they'd circle the earth 11,125 times and make 579 round trips to the moon and sun. I tellya, LSD (means fine tobacco) just isn't IN it! . . . Restaurateur Al Malatesta has done it! Come up with an answer for those barbers who, after cutting your hair, hold up a mirror and ask "Okay?" Growled Al the other day: "Not quite. A little longer in the back, please." Bright boy, that Malatesta.

The city is a silly place: A newsman was in a downtown bar, standing next to a guy who'd had five drinks, maybe six. At last he said to the bartender: "Doesn't the house ever buy a drink?" Bartender: "When was the last time your service station gave you a free gallon of gas?" Guy: "Well, at least they wash my windshield." The bartender picked up the bar towel and flicked it across the guy's glasses. "There," he said. "Satisfied?"

ROYCE BRIER

Deadly Triangle in Asia Involves a Third of Man

It is hard to find amusement in Asia these days, but if you look at history and men in perspective, you may find something droll developing there. It involves one-third of mankind, the United States, Red China, the Soviet Union.

For 20 years or more the people of old Indochina have been fighting. Twelve years ago the United States, by Dulles inadvertence, took a small hand in this fight, as "advisers" of one faction. This continued until two years ago, when we began feeding combat troops into the conflict.

In an accelerating process still going on, this changed everything. It put the military power of the Americans on the Asian mainland, giving the Red Chinese a bitter cause, echoed by the faraway voice of the Russians.

In a groping and opportunist way, President Johnson increasingly aggravated this semi-global predicament by declaring his unalterable determination to stop communism wherever he found it, pinpointing the test in Viet Nam.

Quite aside from the profound effect on the American people and Mr. Johnson's future and repute, this faced the Asians and the whole world with a formidable dilemma.

World Affairs

Red China and the Soviet Union are theoretically in accord as "socialist" societies. But they have widely differing outlooks on Marx, the world and history, and what is far more important, they are deadly rivals for domination of the Eurasian land mass.

In this struggle, old Indochina is important, not in itself, but because it is the gateway to all southeast Asia, a region strategic and potentially rich. But the American armed presence

there has increased that importance, and the struggle, at least tenfold. Red China wants southeast Asia to round out its empire. The Soviet Union wants it presumably in its world gamble, but in any case, it doesn't want Red China to get it, lest the acquisition tip the balance of power in Eurasia.

When the Russian hierarchy was elected for another four years, Premier Kosygin was like a new President or a President with a new mandate—raring to go. Right off the bat he blasted Peking.

He said the Chinese are incorrigibly attacking the Kremlin instead of the "imperialists." China is rendering a "big service to the Americans."

As you know, this is the obverse of what the Chinese have been howling for a couple of years. They say the Russians are in collusion, in a conspiracy, with the Americans, to dominate southeast Asia, and in fact the world.

Never before have the Americans been in this situation, with two world forces resisting their will, but laboring each other about it from opposing motives. This triangle would indeed be comic, or at least grotesque, except that it deals with the human fate, which isn't funny.

Quote

We've become a nation of militant minorities and an pathetic majority, and it's time we stood up and did something about it.—Robert DiGiorgio, S. a Francisco business executive.

When children see law-breakers it implants in them a contempt for law and authority.—E. A. Moore, Hollywood.

What a cartoon subject—the taxpayer, Atlas held on his shoulders the bureaucratic world of waste, loony decisions, and political greed!—Audis Waite Bohrer, Claremont, Calif.

What I really dislike about some women columnists is that they turn stupidity into an art.—Diann L. Pemberton, San Mateo, Calif.