

Press-Herald

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REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor

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Out of Disaster Class

That some progress is being made regularly in the disposition of storm waters was emphasized again this week with the onslaught of a series of storms which dumped several inches of rain on the city.

The rains were enough to cause many of us to remember the not-too-distant past when that much water would have virtually cut this part of the Southland off from the rest. That this is no longer the case is directly attributable to the vast and growing network of storm drains constructed in recent years under the county flood control system.

Even a decade ago, a storm that would dump four or five inches of rain on this area would cause the closing of streets all along the dirt-lined Dominguez Channel. The corrugated conduits running under Arlington Avenue (now Van Ness) would clog, the water would back up and close Crenshaw, and Torrance was marooned.

Broadway, Main Street, Figueroa—all went under water. Artesia Boulevard disappeared in a brown sea. Hawthorne Boulevard was more suitable to boats than autos. Lesser streets were worse.

Water threatened homes in North Torrance, along Ocean Avenue near Sepulveda, and in Hollywood Riviera.

The advent of a fully developed Dominguez Channel, the installation of millions of dollars worth of storm drains, the network of freeways now serving this area, coupled with the development of more local water retention areas has gone a long way toward keeping the city out of the disaster class during such storms.

Certainly some low spots still exist, and some streets are still flooded at the slightest hint of a storm. But progress has been made on a major scale. The tax monies Torrance residents have paid out in the flood control bond program has been returned in direct benefits.

Which can't be said for all the tax monies taken from us.

We Doff Our Hats

The harried motorist who finds Sepulveda Boulevard or Carson Street near the Del Amo and Fashion Square shopping centers on his regular route can doff his hat to those responsible for securing and installing the temporary signals at major entrances to those areas.

Quiet, small-town traffic—which can be remembered even by some of the youngest among us—has given away to the onslaught of thousands of cars, trucks, and buses using the major streets of the city each day.

Add in the holiday shopping traffic that naturally is generated near such commercial magnets as Torrance's major shopping centers and traffic can conceivably reach the point of impasse.

The simple and relatively inexpensive signals appear to be aiding measurably.

On behalf of those who find their vehicles traveling these busy streets, we say thanks.

OTHERS SAY

And A Bonus, Too

Charity as the responsibility of the state, rather than the individual, is a rather new concept that has been implemented only in the most advanced nations of the world. Like all public programs, social welfare is subject to the human errors and the human relations that are an inevitable part of any political project. It also seems to create a greater sense of "right" on the part of beneficiaries than does private charity. This is not too surprising in view of all the speeches that have been made declaring that such right does, indeed, exist.

Demands for such charitable rights can, however, become a little unreasonable in the eyes of the paying public. For an example, the 50 San Francisco welfare recipients, calling themselves the "Welfare People for Justice," presented 18 demands for changes in "unfair" policies to the city's Social Services Commission. They included increases in welfare allowances, lower public housing rents, provision of all necessary household appliances, and a \$50 Christmas "bonus" for each client.

The needy among us we must help as best we can, heaven knows. And our methods are not always flawless. But too many cries for "more," too many demands for "rights" can create a dangerous reaction. The hand that feeds doesn't like being bitten.—California Feature Service

No, it is not love of war that prompts us to support our troops in Viet Nam and demand victory there. It is love of our country and the realization that however much we pray and work for peace, there are still forces in the world that will let us live in peace only at the price of our freedom. The young radical probably doesn't deserve the blessings of liberty he enjoys, but millions of youngsters in America today and, we hope, many generations to come, rely on us now to preserve and defend their heritage. This is what the war is about.—Rep. Frank Bow (R-Ohio)

This Administration is attempting to fight a war and create a "Great Society" at the same time. The effort may well be more than the taxpayers can afford.—Gooding (Idaho) Leader.

We seem to have embraced the slogan of the airlines: Fly now, pay later; but we are not even living up to that slogan because all we intend to pay later is the interest on the rising debt.—Sen. A. Willis Robertson, (D-Va.)



STAN DELAPLANE

This Old Spanish City Still Unspoiled Place

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS — The famed "Taygoose." Central American adventurers. Banana soldiers-of-fortune. It's a Spanish colonial city, almost unchanged by time. Warm days and cool nights—about 65 degrees average now. Military bugles blow open each fine day, and you step back a hundred years into ox cart economy. The Gran Hotel Lincoln is your place — not so Gran but adequate. Maya ruins all over the place. If you're looking for the unspoiled country, this is it.

"We have not been able to find much reading material on Central America but are very much interested . . ."

The Pan American Union has the best information on these countries. Pan American Airways is good, too. They fly a daily plane through the five capitals. Best towns to me: Guatemala City (but spend some time in Antigua nearby); Tegucigalpa; and San Jose in Costa Rica.

You can drive all of this on the Pan American Highway, leaving it to go up to Taygoose. Full of stories—O. Henry laid over here. A blowup from his story "The Lost Blend" is on the back bar of the Lincoln. For many years, Honduras had no extradition treaty with the U.S. And they say you could have started a major bank with the high-priced bank presidents who were in residence while the lawyers at home agreed on a plea to a lesser charge.

Cortez came down this way and, on an angry day, hanged the hostage last Aztec Emperor. The filibustering William Walker—"the gray-eyed man of destiny"—was a brief President of Nicaragua. The Hondurans stood him against a wall at Trujillo and shot him. You need a smallpox vaccination certificate — dated

within the past year. U.S. Public Health advises tetanus, typhoid and yellow fever shots for all these countries. And there's some

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malaria. Ask your doctor for preventive pills.

"Would you recommend a holiday grog?"

On the little German trains that rush through snowy, Christmas card villages, they serve grog with der Jamaica rum at this time of year: An ounce of rum with four ounces of boiling water, Twist a large piece of fresh lemon peel into it and top with a sprinkling of cinnamon.

"We planned to drive on a side trip from Mexico City to Vera Cruz . . ."

Drive down on the new road through Orizaba — Fortin de las Flores with the gardenia-filled swimming pool is a pretty, tropical stop overnight. Return to Mexico City on the road through Jalapa.

In Vera Cruz, I stayed at the Hotel Emporio — not great, not bad. There's a very pretty plaza. At night the lights float in it like little golden moons. Sea food is excellent. Get the stuffed crab with dark Orizaba beer. Best place used to be Prendes, outdoors under the arches on the corner.

"My husband must stay

Quote

The essence of strength lies in being willing to risk what you want by standing up for what you believe.—Glenn Ford, Hollywood actor.

Religion is looking more and more odd, seeming more like astrology. — Rt. Rev. James A. Pike.

Morning Report:

It would be an amazing, if horrible, cosmic joke if we, the human race, ran out of air even before we ran out of food. At least, this world's richest city was short of air the other day.

As long as smog was a Los Angeles specialty, it could be ignored as a local problem. But when millions of New Yorkers are advised to shut their windows, I suppose we can now say it's a national problem.

Maybe Washington can make a deal with the starving third of the world. We will send them fertilizer to grow more food and pills to cut down the mouths to eat it. They may have no dollars to meet the bills but we could take payment in barrels of fresh air.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Church, Cash Register Bells Mark the Season

And so it begins again — the joyous season, the ineffable combination of church bells and cash registers, high piety and low greed, the warm glow of tradition and the chill of the big bill that waits around the corner of next year.

The downtown streets will be crowded with beggars playing accordions, strumming banjos and singing tunelessly. You will feel the seasonal guilt and react accordingly. The mall will be heavy with pleas for cash, gifts, clothing, food — and you will feel the dark mystery that pervades the riches country in the world: in the course of spending billions, why can't we take care of our own?

The streets will also be fat with overstuffed limousines with overstaffed ladies, driven by chauffeurs who are more snobbish than their mistresses, and you will reflect that the rich, like the poor, are always with us. "God must have loved the poor, he made so many of them." No memorable kind words for the rich, but they don't need them.

The Christmas gimmick, and what will it be this year? What kind of cunning bottle that doesn't look like a bottle will the bourbon come in? How many ashtrays, cigarette lighters, tie

clips and earrings are destined to end up in the dusty reaches of the bottom drawer? "Really, dear, we have to spend more on THEM—suppose they return it?" How many Santa Clauses will forget to take Sen-Sen after their noonday nip and

lose their jobs with a ho-ho and a sorry-about-that?

One year, I Magnin in San Francisco created a sensation with its first mink Christmas tree, ten feet tall, and people came from a hundred miles around to gaze upon it. Other stores in town that had plain old REAL trees felt old hat; even if the hat was mink. Since then, of course, we've progressed to aluminum, fiberglass, plastic and transistorized trees (just as well, considering the depleted state of our forests) but that first mink tree was memorable. At the time it appeared, this poem ran in my column, authorship bashfully declined:

I know that I shall never see
A more unlikely Christmas tree;
A tree whose branches seem to say
For Christmas joy a man must pay,
And every girl should aim to wear,
A crown of diamonds

in her hair;
And so it's very plain to me:
God did not make this Christmas tree!

Satire is a dangerous game: In its Nov. issue, on the assassination of JFK, Ramparts magazine ran an apparent review of two books on the subject—"Time of Assassins," by Ulov G. K. LeBoeuf (Levittown Press, four volumes, \$24) and "Oswald, Patsy Without Portfolio" (Vantas Press, paperback, 85c)—and booksellers across the country have rec'd thousands of requests for copies. Neither book exists. The point of the satire—the almost ludicrous conjecturing and detail in actual books — was missed by most of the readers, apparently.

Barrel's Bottom: Dr. Chauncey Leake of the University of California Medical Center was in Vienna a short time back, watched our Josef Krips conduct "Fidelio," and then repaired to the Sacher Hotel for supper. Enter Josef, who asked Dr. Leake: "And what are you eating?" I ordered the Doctor. Josef, merrily, "I hope they eat it properly!" . . . Footnote on the Miniskirt Age: here's this little lost kid in the police station, reporting tearfully, "I tried to keep hold of my Mommy's skirt, but I couldn't reach it."

ROYCE BRIER

Kennedy Beats Johnson In The Greatness Poll

Some poll-takers who have been reading the significant Washington gossip columns, set out to discover what Americans think about the relative greatness of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson.

Mr. Kennedy won, 5 to 1. The poll was hedged somewhat, dealing with ultimate greatness. Today of course would be meaningless because Mr. Johnson has some years to become great, or rather, to be thought great.

The people polled were not very lucid in their reasoning, many of them naming Mr. Kennedy "because he was a martyr." You'll never martyrdom does not necessarily confer greatness, though it may make one remembered, depending on the circumstances of the martyrdom.

With a recent decline of President Johnson's popu-

larity, the significant Washington gossip columns have been saying he is a man ridden by the memory of President Kennedy's place in

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the affections of the people—that he has determined to rival Kennedy, and is not succeeding.

Whether true or not, it is not pertinent to this column. Unfortunately we often regard greatness and repute of greatness as interchangeable terms. But many men in history reputed to be great were quite ordinary, while some never thought to be great were extraordinary men.

Moreover, greatness—repute of greatness involves a manifest time factor. Some men are stamped with greatness in their lifetimes, but

many are not. George Washington was "great" while he lived, partly due to the republican zealots of Europe. Abraham was considered "great" by a few million partisans while he lived, but not by the world in general. Clearly his martyrdom advanced his repute for greatness among many who could not offer better reasons for calling him great. Yet martyrdom did nothing comparable for Garfield and McKinley.

In a century Lincoln's repute of greatness has grown out of reckoning. But this is the fate, usually in lesser degree, of many figures of history.

Hundreds of miserable monarchs and conquerors were called great when they were not, while great men of their time are forgotten.

Winston Churchill is our most recent man of true greatness, but what time will do to him we cannot say. He could remain vivid a century hence, or fall into the twilight of such as William Pitt the Younger.

Leaving out Washington and Lincoln, great American presidents have not been plentiful. Many would include Jefferson and Jackson for ideas and action. Theodore Roosevelt held high rank early in the century, but has lost it. F. D. Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson were deemed great in difficult times but there has been some withering of their repute. Grant was a great general and a poor President, which only shows you the pitfalls of the Presidency, which are obvious to the meanest politician.

As to Kennedy and Johnson, it would be presumptuous to venture at such close range. The story is not yet told, and probably won't be for a generation. Both have yet to meet the judgment of posterity, and that will settle it.

The Old Timer



"Sticking your nose into other peoples' business is the surest way of coming face to face with trouble."

WILLIAM HOGAN

Holy Mission Made Her Foremost Hell Raiser

Carry (Amelia) Moore was born in 1846 in Garrard county, Ky., "a district of ferocious and nerve-jangling piety." She married a Molden, Mo., physician, one Charles Cloyd, a hopeless drunk who died. Later she married an itinerant minister, lawyer and sometimes school teacher, David Nation. At Medicine Lodge, Kans., Carry Nation became convinced of her divine appointment to destroy the American saloon.

By public prayer and personal destruction of private property, namely bottles, beer kegs and bars, often by hatchet, she did much to accomplish her holy mission. Even David Nation couldn't take the callopie hysteria of this feminine zeal. He divorced Carry in 1901, after which she devoted her life to the temperance cause in a style so flamboyant that even the WCTU became alarmed.

In "Vessel of Wrath: The Life and Times of Carry Nation," the novelist and biographer of W. C. Fields, Robert Lewis Taylor, presents a wry and thoroughly

fetching appraisal of this unlikely woman. He tells her story with wit, irony and a stylish aplomb which would do credit to that late observer of the most outrageous American scene, Lucius Beebe.

Taylor writes of his subject with no little affection.

Books

He is convinced her story is important in the history of American women. So we watch her roaring on; driving men from the near-religious sanctuary of beer halls and "giving women heart."

She performed in a 19th Century time when the suffragettes surged and muttered for freedom—among these Amelia Jenks Bloomer, Margaret Sanger and Sylvia Pankhurst in England. Carry's present biographer presents her as a marvelously complex and memorable person, a little touched by genius.

While a full-dress, \$6.95 portrait of the lady might appear too much of a good

thing, Taylor bears down on Carry Nation's times. The result is a narrative that sparkles with vignettes of life, death and drunkenness, especially in the Midwest, that rises in velocity of Taylor's memorable American novel, "The Travels of Jamie McPheeters."

We watch Carry joint-smashing in Crawfordville, Enterprise, Kiowa, Topeka, Wichita and other rum-soaked places. She was against tobacco, sex, nude paintings in saloons, politics and politicians. But it was the consumption of alcohol that really set her heart on fire.

At the peak of her frenzy she yearned for the martyr's crown. "Oh, I want to be shot," she cried, but was spared a violent death. She died alone at Belton, Mo., in a grave nobody bothered to mark until 1923. But humanity has a blessed way of righting the slights and rebuffs of its giants, her biographer concludes in this rousing, funny and poignant tale: "Grateful temperanceites are yet building monuments to her memory."