

Needed: Classrooms

Torrance's classroom needs are growing at the rate of one classroom a week, and for the next three years, the need has been placed at a steady 50 a year.

That's the story facing Torrance Unified School District. Passage of a \$9 million bond issue called Proposition FF on next Tuesday's ballot would provide a continuation of the district's bonding program, limited by law to 10 per cent of the assessed valuation of the district.

The bond proposal being offered has been reduced to the minimum agreed necessary to provide the needed facilities for our schools. It has the unanimous support of the Board of Education and deserves a strong backing at the polls.

Approval would provide funds to build facilities at the high schools—which are taking in more students each year than they are graduating; to provide classrooms throughout the district; buy land for two more schools, and to implement the departmentalized program in the elementary schools.

A vital vote Tuesday is your YES on Proposition FF.

Hospital Support Grows

Approval of Proposition A on next Tuesday's ballot could answer a desperate need for a hospital to serve the huge south Los Angeles area.

Support for the proposal has come from all areas of the metropolitan Los Angeles area. Most of the county's major newspapers have endorsed the proposal and a large percentage of the civic and service groups of the area and their leaders have wholeheartedly endorsed the proposal.

Supervisor Kenneth Hahn, honorary chairman of the Citizens' Committee for Proposition A, has been a leader in the campaign since its inception.

John A. McCone, former head of the CIA and chairman of the Governor's Commission which investigated last summer's riots in the Watts area, is chairman of the citizens' campaign. One of the recommendations of his commission was a hospital for the area.

This week the 23rd District of the American Legion added its endorsement, pointing out that the hospital would relieve overcrowding at Los Angeles General Hospital, Harbor General Hospital, and other Southern California hospitals.

We believe approval of Proposition A would do far more than that, and recommend a YES vote Tuesday.

Opinions of Others

Like turning off the electric lights in the White House personally, the President has made an infinitesimal cut a symbol of economy in government by putting off building a permanent home for Vice President Humphrey. The \$750,000 this would cost is a drop in the bucket in the billions spent on other programs that waste that much in administration. However, he is trying to set a good example. With HH on the road so much, his home in Minnesota is about all the home he needs, anyway.—*International Falls (Minn.) Journal.*

Two movements in diametric opposition to each other are receiving much attention in the national press: the ecumenical movement, which is bringing about growth of understanding among religious peoples of different denominations, and the "God Is Dead" movement, which is apparently causing some to give thought to religion who had previously done little such thinking. It's perplexing that the two movements should be making such headway simultaneously. It signifies something. Could it be an increased awareness of our spiritual needs and an accelerated search for the answer to those needs? Let us hope so.—*Oneonta (Ala.) Democrat.*

Today's crystal gazing concerns insurance. Already the federal government is knee-deep in various kinds of underwritings but one of these days there is likely to be a vast expansion, unless the insurance companies take steps to forestall this action. We suggest a different course for insurance executives. Instead of waiting to be forced out of business by the rabble and their political handmaidens, they should take forceful action now. We propose a hard-hitting educational campaign to remind decent Americans of the dangers of mobocracy, and to call for necessary corrective steps. Since politicians don't show much interest in true civic responsibility, the field is wide open for private enterprise to promote it. To us, it would be good insurance.—*San Marino Tribune & News.*

It is expected that cancer will claim the lives of thousands of Americans this year. Therefore, despite the progress made, cancer specialists stress the necessity of educating the public to the fact that early cancer is curable.—*Terre Haute (Ind.) Advocate.*

Labor unions across the country haven't received the most favorable publicity due to the New York transit and national railroad tie-ups. Each struggle has cost U. S. citizens millions upon millions of dollars, and finally, the government had to step in and stop it. The government is realizing that some of these labor disputes in certain industries can be most detrimental to the security of the United States.—*John Day (Ore.) Eagle.*

The government would have more money to buy butter and pork for the boys overseas if they charged the Rural Electrification Administration (REA) co-ops regular interest on their loans instead of a measly 2 per cent.—*Marion (Disc.) Advertiser.*

Y'Got Any Gov't Pamphlets



STAN DELAPLANE

Traveling Without Those Hotel Stops - - Lotsa Luck

While I was writing from Kauai, Hawaii, Robin Kinkead of Pan American Airways was doing glittering Kalahaua Avenue at Waikiki. He writes: "For the average visitor, Waikiki is still THE place. More eating places, and you can still walk along the avenue in anything from bikini to evening dress without causing any stares. Except for dining in three restaurants, you never wear a tie. You can go barefoot if you like.

"A buck and a quarter feeds you dinner at a cafeteria with tables out under palms and banyans. Twelve dollars gets you by (in black tie) at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel's Monarch Room with a slick show.

"Off the beach hotels have rooms as cheaply as \$6 single, \$8 double per day. (List available by writing Hawaii Visitors Bureau, Honolulu.) The Reef Hotel on the beach is under \$10 single and has a breakfast of all you can eat for \$1.50.

"The full extent of Waikiki beach is public. Anyone can park his skin there for nothing, same as people in a \$40-a-day suite at the Royal."

"Would it be possible for two people to get around Europe in August without advance hotel reservations? We don't like to make firm plans."

A friend of mine living in Europe wrote me: "Without reservations this year, you won't be able to get into a dog house."

Now that's the standard tourist route. I think you could wander around if you stay off any route or town that attracts tourists. I mean completely off. Even that's chancy, but I think it could be done.

The drawbacks? Well, it means staying out of some of the best French and Spanish beach towns. The Shakespeare country of England is out. The major capitals, no

hope. Be pretty rough and ready life. But interesting.

"How can I wire a birthday gift to a friend in Europe?"

If it's England, Harrod's Department store, Knightsbridge, London is used to

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overseas orders and delivers anywhere in the world. In France, Galeries Lafayette is the department store for Paris. You'd have to wire the money and tell them what you wanted sent. Don't send things from other countries to Spain or Portugal. Never passes the red tape of Customs.

And it's a poor idea to send surprise gifts to any other country from here. Foreign duties are much higher than ours. And your friend winds up paying more for the gift than if he'd bought it at home. Don't surprise people. Write and ask.

"We are planning a trip to the British Isles this year but don't want to go in the rainy season . . ."

When I was living in London, it seemed to me it was ALWAYS rainy season. English weather is unpredictable.

Quote

Managing California is a little like tuning a car going 65 miles an hour. It isn't just the problem of taking care of the engine, it's running along side while you do it.—Gov. Edmund G. Brown.

Californians are always trying for something different. Sometimes we come up with nothing more than a new style of bathing suit and sometimes it's a camp revolt.—JoAnn Schwartz, New Jersey senior at UC Berkeley.

Morning Report:

We are getting around to the third anniversary of MORNING REPORT — PUF the shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald by Jack Ruby and the legal machinery of Texas is still grinding away—if not too finely. Millions of us saw Oswald get in on Nov. 23, 1963.

Since then, Mr. Ruby has been in and out of courts. I don't know how many lawyers and judges have been involved or how many writs and other documents have been filed, amended, overruled, confirmed, postponed and rejected, but the killer is still in the Dallas bucket. A "sanity trial" has now been ordered "without further delay" by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals.

But that's just law talk. I still think it's too early for anybody to get impatient.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Shouldn't the Commander Have Been Made Admiral?

Confused this fine day is Commander Whitehead, who certainly should have made Admiral by now (politics?) He's baffled by Trader Vic's, where he made a speech the other day: "Here is this Polynesian place, owned by a Frenchman, and they direct me to an English-style room decorated with a painting of Lord Nelson. I never did get my bearings" . . .

Throwaway line from Shirley Temple Black: "Say, did you know that I married Ronald Reagan? Well, I did. In 'That Hagen Girl,' made around 1948 at Warner's. The reason this hasn't become a campaign issue is that I don't think anybody saw the movie' . . . I learned something else yesterday, too, by reading the S. F. Zoo's entertaining and informative bulletin. As follows: "When a baboon presents his naked glowing red posterior to you, he is greeting you in the most friendly, courteous way he knows." Since the foregoing was written not by a baboon but by Mr. Edgar Stone, I wonder how he can be so sure, but let's take his word for it. After all, Mr. Stone is much closer to the baboons than we are.

Lt Triviata: A girl I know hears that the local rebels are considering something new — a Sweat-In. "The participants," she reports, "will paint slogans on sweat-shirts and wear them day and night for six weeks, after which they will go to the Federal Building and air their grievances" . . . Another girl told me about a friend who took aspirin instead of birth control pills "but it worked out fine — she didn't have a single headache while she was pregnant" . . . And at the Atherton Club, an elderly,

just-retired exec sighed to the bartender: "I think the company felt it wasn't losing a vice president so much as it was gaining a parking space."

If there's anything a local columnist hates, it's being scooped on a local item by a faraway publication. So imagine my dismay to read in the London Style Weekly that the original Levi

San Francisco

Strauss, the man who gave Levi to the world, named his pants 'jeans' in honor of his wife, Jean, "back in the 1850 gold rush days." I put in an angry call to the Levi Strauss people and sat around in a funk for hours, wondering how I'd missed THIS fascinating piece of Early Californiana. Finally, blessed relief! The original Levi Strauss was a bachelor, and the term "jeans" is a corruption of "Genoese," deriving from the blue pants worn by early Italian sailors. That London writer had made up the story out of whole cloth. Blue.

Turning the Other Cheek: Henry Vandervoort, the big S.F. wine importer, hosted a lunch at Jack's for Henri Gault, the Paris food-and-wine writer (for Paris-Press) who wrote the most damning review of the California wines exported to France recently by — Henry Vandervoort.

M. Gault, whose kindest words for our wine were "Poor," "No body," and "Flat lemonade," turned out to be one cool customer. "You should have sent us your best wines, not your worst," he said calmly to poor Mr. Vandervoort, while spooning a superb crab leg cocktail. "Quite good," he

said, examining a big leg with as much care as he might devote to one of Brigitte Bardot's. "I had one less good at Di Maggio's yesterday. He is quite famous, isn't he?" "Not for food," interposed Mr. Vandervoort hastily.

"Only the leg of the California crab is good," Mr. Gault went on. "The body of the French crab is better. Perhaps we should mate them." "Or put them together with a Swiss movement?" suggested Mr. Vandervoort. A beautiful rack of lamb appeared. "We have Spring lamb six months of the year," said Mr. V. "Quite good," said the Frenchman, chewing away. "Not bad at all."

M. Gault gave high points to our sourdough bread and the Rouge et Noir (domestic) camembert. "I had a good Chinese dinner at the Imperial Palace last night," he said. "Tonight I have two dinners — a other Chinese, and then Trader Vic's. I skip breakfast." As for Mr. Vandervoort, he took no chances on the wines. First a kyr (chilled white wine with creme de cassis), then a Meursault and a Magdeleine. Mr. Gault didn't even bother to ask why no California wine was served. Very French.

Speaking of a belle, a Hillsborough grande dame who goes to Paris every year was asked by a 200 per cent American: "How can you bear to go there any longer? Don't you just HATE De Gaulle?" "Not enough," replied the great lady . . . Sign posted (briefly) alongside the pool at the Church Divinity School of the Pacific in Berkeley: "Please Do Not Walk on the Water" . . .

ROYCE BRIER

Will Hostilities Cease For Viet Nam Elections?

Senator Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, asked Secretary of State Rusk if he "really" believed elections can be held in South Viet Nam in September.

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Rusk confidently. He was appearing in behalf of the foreign aid bill, but the hearing was bogged in the Viet Nam question. He dealt with other matters, but his sharpest testimony had to do with elections, because it was tangent to Premier Ky's attitude toward formation of a successor government.

So let us examine Mr. Rusk's position. Senator Fulbright did not ask him how

elections were possible, but the question would have been significant.

The other night on television there was one of those air pictures of a jungle bombing, the target reported as a village hideout of Viet Cong rebels. An inter-com voice said: "We don't know how neighboring villages will take it, but they

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may think it isn't a good deal to be a Viet Cong."

He was speaking of an electorate? We see these pictures daily, coupled with pictures of American troops ranging hostile countryside

and villages. These targets may be from 10 to 50 miles from Saigon.

If these air and ground raids continue — and there is no sign they will cease — the question arises: How will you hold an election here, where military action is actual or imminent? Could you carry out a scheduled election in American towns if they were under aerial attack, explosive or incendiary, or howitzer or machine-gun fire, or threat of them?

But that is not all. The hamlets and towns, thousands of them, are in scores of cases objects of nightly raids by Viet Cong guerrilla bands. A large segment of them is permanently in Viet Cong control, bases for nearby raids. Some are temporarily held by the Viet Cong, then lost by counter-action, either American or Ky's troops.

Quite aside from the fact that they are wholly without experience in elections, few of these peasants know at this moment any stable life whatever. They cling desperately to their huts and rice paddies, and have no time for worry about who rules them. Their days are filled with running for cover when the airplane motors thrum off there.

These tragic people, numbering millions, are wholly subjected to the application of force to their lives, whether American, South Vietnamese or Viet Cong.

An election is a rational way of determining the structure and direction of a human society. Implicitly, this society must know what tomorrow will hold. It lives every hour in an irrational physical and emotional environment.

Now if Mr. Rusk, or anyone in Washington, will tell us how, in this circumstance, an effective election, or any election at all, can be carried out, we will all be relieved. But we need details — like how will you set up a safe polling booth — not generalities or mere asseveration.

WILLIAM HOGAN

A Doctor's Inside View Of Churchill Stirs Fuss

Perhaps you saw excerpts in Life magazine recently from "Churchill: Struggle for Survival, 1940-1945," taken from the diaries of Lord Moran, Churchill's physician during this period. Along with Life, The Times of London serialized this material which kicked up a storm of controversy in Britain. While this is a detailed and fascinating historical record of the war and post-war period, it is also a detailed (overly detailed, its critics charge) medical history of the aging Old Lion.

As such it has been branded "morbid," "unethical," "overly clinical" as it discusses Churchill's hypochondria, his penchant for "miracle" drugs, his heroic drinking habits, the whole thing — including the fact that in his final years Churchill made little effort to hide his distaste for life.

I have been reading the complete book (800 pages) which Houghton Mifflin will publish next week (\$10). I

find it as absorbing as Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s Kennedy record, "A Thousand Days," which stirred controversy in this country as "instant history" by a privileged insider, or A. E. Hotchner's "Papa Hemingway," which sets down in shattering detail the grisly details of the writer's last years and his physical and mental collapse.

Books

In a preface to this book, Lord Moran tells us that he conferred with the eminent Cambridge historian G. M. Trevelyan about the advisability of publishing these heretofore unknown sidelights to the Churchill story. Trevelyan directed a lengthy stream of questions to the physician, then said emphatically: "This is history. You ought to get it on paper." Trevelyan added. Lord Moran writes: "It is inevitable that everything about the man will be known

in time. Let us have the truth."

In brushing aside any questions of unethical practice, Lord Moran notes that he could not tamper with the facts any more than he could fake an experiment in the laboratory.

In no sense does Lord Moran attempt to "debunk" the Churchill legend. This is a most articulate and respectful record that dances with life and with a wry humor that shows the wartime Prime Minister was human enough to have faults, some of them grave and reckless. This is a long book by a man who stayed at Churchill's side over a particularly dramatic historical period. Lord Moran, who previously, as Sir Charles Wilson, had been president of the Royal College of Physicians, had one assignment — to relieve the stresses and strains, both real and imagined, on one individual. This was no easy task.