

All-American Honors

El Camino's student newspaper has done it again! For the 21st consecutive semester, the El Camino Warhoop has been designated an All-American college newspaper by the Associated Collegiate Press. The honor comes for the fall semester publication.

Five years ago, the Warhoop received the highly prized Pacemaker award at the American Newspaper Publishers Association convention in Miami.

Such recognition is a high tribute to the college, to the students, and to W. A. Kamrath of the El Camino faculty who has directed the efforts of the college's journalism students.

We offer our congratulations.

Be a Bacon Saver

As one reads the newspapers from all over the country, it is increasingly clear that people are becoming more tax conscious. Taxes are variously estimated as taking from one quarter to one third of the average family's income. More people are wondering how much of the rest of the world we can continue to supply with money and products while at the same time we are fighting a war and setting up a welfare state at home. It is becoming clear to more people that when we demand gifts, grants and aid from federal and state governments we must pay the bill out of our own pockets via taxation.

There is one way to save our bacon—curb our own demands and vote "no" on men and measures that require the spending of tax funds beyond government's normal increase in tax revenue that accompanies the growth of the country. Only in emergencies involving national security should major exceptions be made. In the long run, government is no different than a family. It will wind up bankrupt if its members follow a spendthrift course. The country needs officials who will stress this fact.

A Laudable Example

In these days of high taxes and expanding federal, state and local spending to provide playgrounds for the public—everything from golf courses to 100,000 acre wilderness areas—an example from Florida is of more than passing interest. It illustrates how an investor-owned company has provided park and recreational facilities for public enjoyment as part of its development program without expense to the taxpayers.

On an 1800-acre tract of swampland, the Florida Power & Light Company is preparing 40 acres for enlargement of its power facilities. While dredging and channeling was being done for the plant, the company's board chairman, McGregor Smith conceived the idea of digging canals and creeks and making the land not needed for power facilities available as a park area. Landscaping was done, creating small rolling hills and valleys. A white sand bathing beach was provided; mangroves were left standing as islands and a Boy Scout camp area was established. There are miles of trails and hiking routes with walk-over bridges to special scenes and hundreds of acres of bird and wildlife sanctuaries. And 21 acres on a bay are being put in the hands of the Marine Division of the University of Miami for experimental work with shrimp and other crustaceans. Says the Pensacola, Florida, News, "... we hope this idea—like laughter—is extremely contagious."

Opinions of Others

There's a certain popular uneasiness about computers. But it isn't because people are afraid they will someday be automated out of their jobs. It's just a feeling that machines are becoming too humanlike. This was revealed in a study based on interviews with 3,000 persons. It was found that many people believe—wrongly—that the computer is infallible and that it is a kind of superbrain which thinks as humans do and which can provide instant solutions to highly complicated problems that the ordinary man cannot even begin to understand. As more and more people come into daily contact with computers, however, this modern-day myth is expected to lose its force. Familiarity in this case will breed not contempt but better understanding of thinking machines' true capacity to think—which is no more than men give them.—Lead (S.D.) Call-Pioneer Times.

District Judge Lester H. Loble of Helena, Mont., says publication of the names of juvenile offenders, and their parents, has been directly responsible for cutting the crime incidence in his area—in half.—Platteville (Colo.) Herald.

Morning Report:

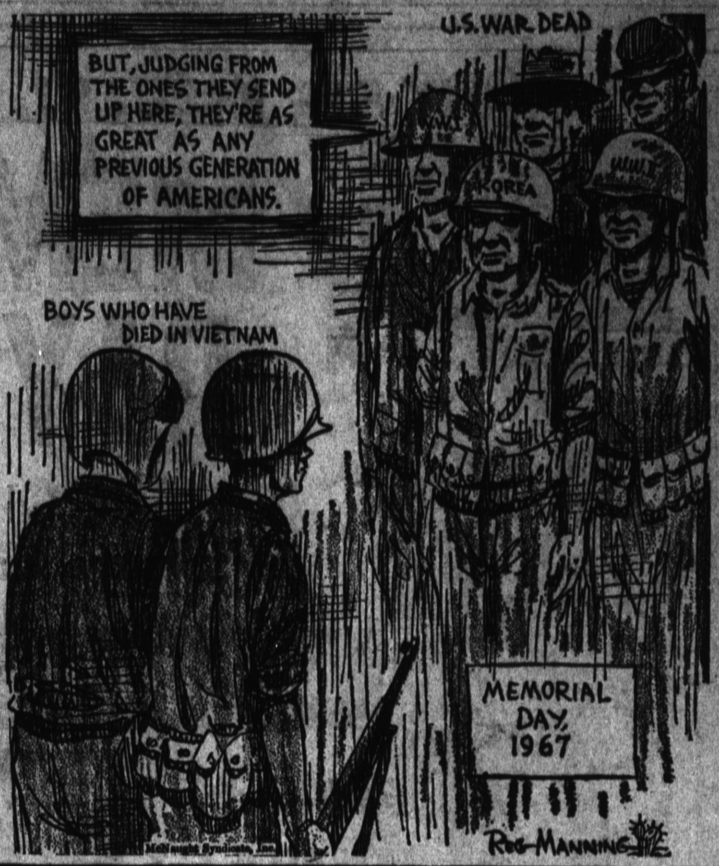
The language of diplomacy, already ranked in obfuscation somewhere between Sumerian cuneiform and Egyptian hieroglyphics, has taken still another turn for the worse. Our State department, in a rare burst of frankness, conceded it didn't know what the Russians were telling us by bumping a destroyer twice in the Sea of Japan.

So now we are confronted with Destroyer Diplomacy. Something brand new—the latest unfortunate break through of recent times.

Unfortunately because it's sure to be escalated. Bigger and bigger crashes. Also if we can't understand a bumped destroyer, we can confuse them even more by bumping one of their cruisers.

Abe Mellinkoff

They Said Modern Kids Were Decadent—



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Seersucker to Velvet: 'One of Us Is Wrong'

Sartorial study: Publisher John A. Viator attended a party the other night wearing a strawberry red seersucker jacket, button-down shirt, Yale tie, baggy gray slacks and 1940ish white buck shoes. The first guest he ran into was art dealer Billy Pearson, attired in a black velvet suit lined with white satin, striped shirt, stiff white collar, string tie and gold watch chain across his vest. "Bill," said Viator gravely, "One of us is wrong."

Mixed bag: The daughter of the last Emperor of Vietnam—the French puppet, Bao Dai—was living quietly in San Francisco up to a few days ago. Well, fairly quietly. Her *raison d'être* was a handsome young Frenchman who suddenly scampered back to France, leaving her bereft and bereaved. . . . A Negro intellectual's bitter line about Senator Edward Brooke, dove turned hawk: "In your heart you know he's white!" . . . Speaking of which there's a large sign outside a house on the S.F. peninsula: "Houses For Rent. Hawks Only. Doves Need Not Apply" . . . This line belongs to Art Buchwald: "Dean Rusk is a recorded announcement" . . . Entirely ridiculous thought while gazing at a clear and spectacular night sky: It must be much more difficult for an astronaut to hit a crescent moon than a full one . . . And, written in black crayon above the little crank on the paper towel dispenser in the children's

restroom at the Presbyterian Church in Los Gatos: "Not over 500 RPMs."

Streetscene: Now here we are at Grant Ave. and Sutter St. My, it's a lovely day. Except for that filthy, dirty hippie standing there selling copies of the Berkeley Barb, that awful underground paper filled

San Francisco

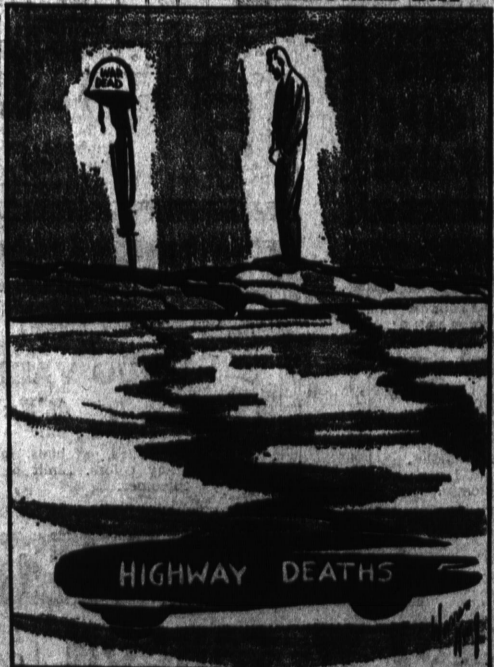
with terrible stuff about sex, narcotics, and love. Along comes our Little Old Lady, neat as a pin and sharp is a needle: "You're a disgrace!" she jabs at the hapless hippie, "and that paper you're selling is even worse. Here,"—handing over a \$5 bill—"I want to buy every copy. Somebody has to teach you

Quote

Some opponents of this measure say it is not quite sporting. But, I can't equate sports with death on the highway. —Assemblyman William M. Ketchum. Pao Robles, on CHP request for multicolored cars.

The 971 previous arrests, 694 of which were due to drinking represent a pathetic monument to the failure of the punitive approach to prevent further difficulty with drinking. —Dr. Julian A. Waller, state department of public health, on study records of 150 persons arrested for drunken driving.

REFLECTION FOR MEMORIAL DAY



AFFAIRS OF STATE

Assemblyman Is Outraged At 'Political' Politics

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR
Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO — Assemblyman Leroy F. Greene, D-Sacramento, announced recently he was "outraged" at appointment of Lt. Gov. Robert Finch as a member of the nominating committee for selection of the president of the University of California, decriing the appointment as "political" in nature.

Greene outrages easily, especially when confronted with the fact that members of the opposite party might have something to say about running the state, as directed by the people.

The Sacramento Democratic assemblyman says he is "amazed" and outraged that the special nominating committee to propose candidates for the presidency of the university includes a partisan political office-holder.

The partisan amazement Greene has may open the door to some basic thinking as to the operation of this higher educational institution which the taxpayers of California support to the tune of many millions of dollars annually for the benefit of future generations and the advancement of learning and culture. Historically, universities

have been the centers for the promulgation of advanced thinking, new ideas, and the exposition of thought which the oldsters might term radical in comparison with established practices.

And this is as it should be, for without new ideas and thinking, there can be no progress. And without progress, deterioration of the state can easily begin.

On the other hand, there appear to be some limits as to the length a public educational institution can go in pursuit of the fundamental purposes of the university.

Under the Clark Kerr administration, apparently the sky was the limit. Outside influences were permitted to invade the campus, and these influences were determined to be a part of a subversive program to undermine the institution.

Demonstrations by bearded beatniks disrupted the normal lives of the students and their classes as well as the course of learning. Although only a small percentage of the students were involved, the incidents were enough to cause great concern among the citizens of the state who elected a

governor dedicated to returning the university to its status as a leading institution of higher learning.

It would seem then, that appointment of a political office-holder to assist in selection of a man whose job will be to keep the university on an even keel, and at the same time make provision for progress, is not out of line with the will of the people of the state.

If Assemblyman Greene bothered to read the state's constitution, he would find that the lieutenant-governor is an ex-officio member of the board of regents. As such, the lieutenant-governor has responsibilities in directing the affairs of the university. Because he happens to be a Republican instead of a Democrat appears as no reason why these responsibilities should not be carried out.

Should the people of the state want to change university administration, they have every right to effect such changes by amending the constitution. Meanwhile, the people who pay the bills have indicated emphatically they have not been satisfied with the administration, and also that perhaps some political control might be initiated.

ROYCE BRIER

Economics Blamed for Fall of Ocean Queens

A kid whose father crossed the Atlantic at the turn of the century on the Lucania was told you could pass a freight car through her funnels and he thought the old gentleman had too much Rhine wine.

It was funnels that made ships beautiful and awesome. With a fore-structure piled up five decks a liner seemed to be going somewhere. You can hardly tell the prow from the stern of a latter-day liner, and her funnels are piddling appendages like a snail's horn, stuck anywhere topside.

When the Queen Mary was launched in 1931, she was the biggest man-made object. She had three towering funnels, one less than the Titanic, one more than the Queen Elizabeth (1936), which had a little more length and tonnage. Today a score of tankers launched

in Japan are far bigger than either.

A great liner full-speed at sea got you. They tell of the old Mauritania, fastest ship afloat, diverted to a cruise in a quiet winter, and poking along at 17 knots to keep a schedule. The skipper was so humiliated he wouldn't leave his quarters on the whole trip.

The Mary and Elizabeth will leave the sea forever.

World Affairs

Mary in October, Elizabeth a year later, Cunard hates to sell them for scrap, where they rate under \$2 million each. But each has been losing more than that every year.

These majestic vessels are the victims of technological change. With all their luxury, space and comfort they are lost in the jet age. Like

the great transcontinental trains, they have been killed by 600 m.p.h.

A Cunard official said he didn't think it was the end of an era (because a smaller Cunarder is building, but he's got to be kidding. Peosimply think they have to get everywhere in a hurry, regardless of comfort. Whether this is good or bad, we don't know, but in any case our judgment would be subjective.

All ocean-going ships of the past 140 years have been the victims of technological change. Few have a life span of more than 20 years. In 1838 the Great Western was the biggest and finest ship afloat. She was 236 feet long, had a tonnage one-fiftieth that of the Elizabeth, and a speed of 9 knots. She crosses the Atlantic in 15 days, the first vessel to cross solely by steam. She was out of service in ten years.

But all her successors were outmoded and outpowered in every subsequent decade. Mark Twain's Quaker City in "The Innocents Abroad" had about twice the tonnage and horsepower of the Great Western: Twain didn't have much affection for her, but he didn't have much affection for man and his handiwork, anyway.

These earlier ships were paddle steamers. When propellers came in, tonnage, horsepower and speed doubled those of the Quaker City in 1867. Modern passenger ships are smaller than the Queens, and probably will be from now on. They cost too much to build and operate. In our time, oil is more profitable than people.

My Neighbors



WILLIAM HOGAN

A Woman Tells the Saga Of Khartoum's Collapse

Rule, Britannia: In 1884, at the height of the British Imperial adventure, most of Sudan had fallen to the Mahdi and his Dervish troops. Only Khartoum, the capital near the junction of the Blue and White Nile, remained in British hands.

It is into this serious military and political situation that a spirited English young lady returns to her birthplace, the house of her Anglican cleric father and worried mother.

Victoria Hubbard has abandoned her own cleric husband in England where, six years before, she had been dispatched to school and eventually a safe and sane marriage. But Victoria is more imperious than the Queen herself, her father thinks. Certainly she is a modern girl.

"England is supreme now, and her way is right," explains a Colonel Young, who is in charge of the depleted local garrison. Once more in an outpost of Empire with its gossiping servants, drumbeats, chance love affairs

and massive boredom, Victoria disagrees. Why can't these countries govern themselves?

"We must protect the Suez Canal, our route to India," Colonel Young explains. "Do we have any right to be there, either?" "You are something of a rebel yourself, aren't you, Mrs Hubbard?" "I am merely trying to reconcile your motive

Books

and your actions with Christianity." So fierce is her stand that the Colonel half believes she is a spy for the Mahdi.

Into this period of incipient disaster to Imperial policy, historical novelist Chloe Gartner ("The Infidel"), has staged a spirited period piece, "Drums of Khartoum."

It is a story of love, lechery, war, frustration, colonial stupidity and gallantry in a city under siege by native forces fighting for Allah and their conception of justice. The book is rather old-fashioned in the sense that

its author relies on a straight, driving, uncomplicated narrative to tell her story.

It is a predictable tale for anyone who has read in the 19th century history. The legendary General Gordon is ordered to Khartoum, but without the military backing from London he needs to save the city. Gordon knows the government is not sending troops.

Like him, Victoria (she reminded me of Vanessa Redgrave) is caught up in the resulting disaster. So are other characters, including Dr. Charles Blair, an Englishman of humble origin who runs the mission hospital and is frowned upon by the starchy imperialist colony, if not by Victoria.

Miss Gartner relates the saga of Khartoum from a feminine point of view. She has steeped herself in the history of the time and is able to project an atmosphere of heat, passion, native life and intrigue as the shadows of British banners ripple across the brown mud walls of this African outpost—then ingloriously fall.