

# Torrance Herald

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## A Record to Emulate

We don't often get carried away with enthusiasm for special weeks—such as National Salami Week or National Be Kind to Your Mother-In-Law Week—but the seven days starting today rate some special observance.

Elsewhere in these columns we speak of Fire Prevention Week which opens today. Running during the same seven days is National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week. We hope you'll mark it on your calendar.

Purpose of this week is to promote job opportunities for the handicapped. A notable start has been made in this vital area with more than seven million such workers now gainfully employed in American industry. Of the on-the-job performances of these persons, an industry spokesman recently said:

"Disabled employes in industry have written a record of accomplishment which more than justifies the confidence management has placed in them."

Just what can the handicapped do? Name any job—there's a disabled person to do it. No job requires all of and individual's abilities. There are handicapped secretaries, typists, accountants, office managers, engineers, editors, inventors—as well as factory workers, mail stuffers, and floor sweepers.

Hiring the handicapped is good business, as many local industrial executives can tell you. Backing up their contention is Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, who cites national figures to show that the handicapped are more productive, have better safety records, lose less time from the job, and, generally, are more pleasant than the able-bodied.

During this special week, industry spokesmen are asking all to review their job openings with the disabled in mind. It is gratifying that the millions of handicapped now working are holding their own with employes who do not have such handicaps.

## Be Alert to Fire

Round the calendar and round the clock, fire strikes and average of more than 1,000 American homes every day. Some are serious. Some are inconsequential. But every fire means a loss.

Fire takes lives, too. Last year there were 11,700 fire fatalities in the United States. And more than 70,000 persons were injured in fires.

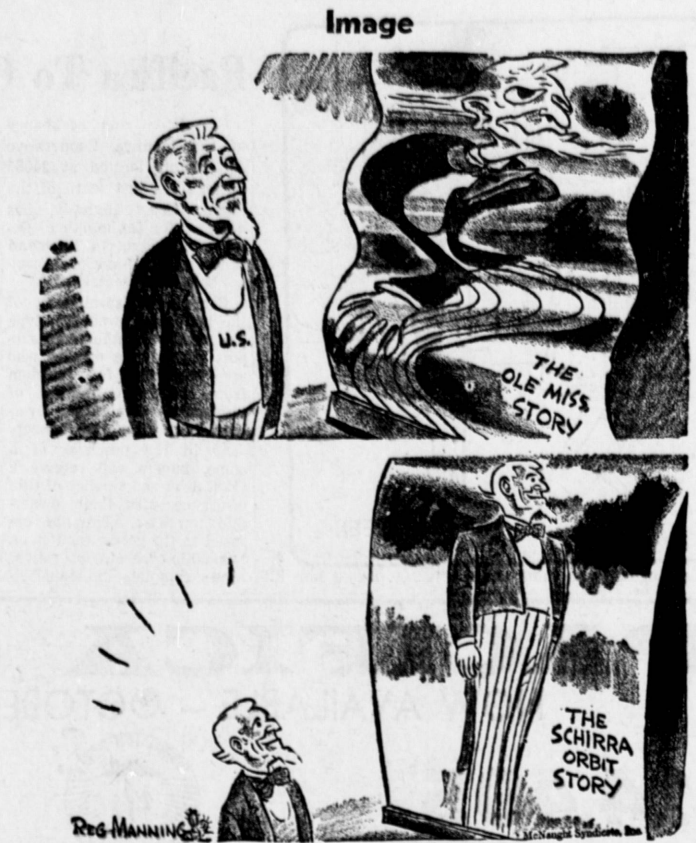
Fire plays no favorites. It hits where it is least wanted and least expected. Last year there were serious fires in hospitals, schools, nursing homes, and churches, as well as in private dwellings.

Many of these fires should never have happened. The National Board of Fire Underwriters reminds us that three-fourths of all fires are the result of carelessness, and with a little care we should be able to reduce our mounting fire toll. And mounting it is.

Last year fire losses totaled \$1,209,042,340, the greatest dollar loss in history and an increase of 9.1 per cent over the preceding year. It is the fifth year in a row in which losses exceed the billion dollar mark.

The efforts of every citizen in the nation are needed in the drive for fire safety.

- You can join the drive in many ways.
1. After you have smoked a cigarette, make sure you extinguish it.
  2. Keep matches out of the reach of children.
  3. Never leave small children alone. If you must leave children, ask an adult to stay with them or employ a qualified baby sitter.
  4. Never strike matches or carry lighted matches or candles in closets, or attics.
  5. Keep electrical appliances in good repair.
  6. Make sure your electric fuse box contains fuses of the proper amperage.
  7. Never smoke in bed.
- If we all do our part we can keep fires from happening.



## Paris Exclusive

# An Historic Institution Called French Cuisine

By CECIL SANDOZ

Paris  
"How can you expect to make friends if you don't serve decent meals? Don't you realize that good government is largely assured around the dinner table?"

This was how the Napoleon's Chancellor Cambaceres reproved his emperor for his famous lack of interest in food. A soldier and a hardy Corsican, Napoleon shocked his French court by ordering cheese and olives for breakfast, munching anchovies at any hour of day and living mainly on a diet of roast chicken—his favorite dish.

Such details of gastronomy across the centuries are such an indispensable part of the life and conversation of France that one of the current best-selling books in Paris is the badly titled "History of French Cooking," by Christian Guy, at \$5 a copy.

From this tome, the French discovered that they owe the start of their gastronomic traditions to the Romans who brought spices, aromatic herbs and subtle Mediterranean recipes with them.

Until then, the native Gauls were known for capacity rather than discrimination. They boiled together great masses of meats and fish and washed the nameless stew down with gallons of herb tea and barley beer.

The arrival of the Romans brings records of fish stuffed with field flowers, the introduction of fruit in cooking, and above all the first production of wine.

Strictly French cuisine began to get interesting around 800 A. D., under the rule of the great Charlemagne. New Yorkers, who scorn the Californian habit of putting salad on the table to start a meal, should pick a quarrel with the shades of this Medieval French emperor who titillated his appetite with a salad of hop flowers and went on to pyramids of roasted viands. The emperor was also the first to admit women to the table "provided they did not importune by heavy perfumes." Ten centuries later there are London clubs that still haven't caught on to the idea.

The Dark Ages were centuries in which soup was the key to survival. In 1428 Joan of Arc campaigned almost exclusively on soup—sometimes pouring four or five different kinds onto a measure of wine in the bottom of the bowl. Even noble women avoided meat because "munching viands deforms the oval of the face and destroys beauty."

Women had changed their views by 1549, when they were included among 50 distinguished guests invited to honor Queen Catherine de' Medici. The gluttony of the Gauls was also back in fashion,

for the dishes served were prepared from 588 peacocks, swans, pheasants, pigeons, chickens, egrets, doves, partridges, thrushes and guinea fowl. Also included were 33 hares, 24 hams, 500 asparagus and 12 dozen artichokes.

When Louis XIV died in 1714, the autopsy credited him with a stomach three times the normal size. He achieved this record with lunches that could open with four successive soups and continue through a brace of pheasant or partridge, salads, hams, garlic-flavored roast mutton and a tray of pastry, to a final dish of eggs "to clean the palate." His dinners often began with nine dozen oysters.

But under his reign also appeared chocolate, tea, coffee and ice water, as well as that great French invention—champagne. And it was to celebrate a Hungarian victory over the Turks that bakers of the time produced the crescent or "croissant"—the horseshoe-shaped bread that millions of French citizens still dunk in their cafe au lait each morning.

Thereafter, gastronomy developed thick and fast, with royal dukes and famous chefs giving their names to the great dishes still generally known and served today.

Even one of the last kings of France—Louis XVIII—got into the act by inventing his own style of preparing cutlets. He had three of them

## ROYCE BRIER

# Some Analogies on the Cuban Emigres of Today

France in the late 1780s stood at the center of the Western civilization, a focus of wealth, culture and intellect. Cuba today is an impoverished out-of-the-way nation with little influence on our civilization.

Notwithstanding, there are some remarkable similarities in the two rebellions.

In Paris a regime was overthrown, and a system had become tyrannical and stupid. The same can be said of the Batista regime in Havana. The same kind of people revolted in each case. Most of them were of good intention, hating oppression and seeking freedom.

But each revolution begot the same situation. The leaders became unhinged by the intensity of the struggle, and drunk with power, and instead of freedom, established another tyranny. Robespierre had his guillotine, and Fidel Castro has his firing squads. All moderation and common

stitched together, roasted the trio on a spit and ate only the center one that theoretically absorbed the juices of the other two. Like many gourmets before and since, the king once declared: "Gastronomy is vanishing, and with it will disappear the last vestiges of civilization."

A century ago, famous restaurants offered as many as 150 different foods, and menus were printed like small books.

By the end of the 19th century, gastronomy had become such a science that aside from a weller of cookery books, there came a volume called "Gastrophile," written by the great chef Paput-Lebeau, to explain how to relax at the table for maximum enjoyment.

He advised you to include comics among your guests "as laughter is an aid to digestion," and ruled that one should never go to the table angry, or quarrel during a meal. Above all—no exercise afterward, not even reading!

In the affluent French society today, the demand for fine food and wine is on the increase. And there are still thousands of Frenchmen ready to murmur another famous dictum of Chancellor Cambaceres:

"Please talk more quietly, you are interrupting my eating."

sense was washed out of them.

Let us test another analogy. The refugees from the revolution, called emigres, were first royalists who found sanctuary in nearby lands. But with the terror, they were joined by rebel idealists revolted by the turn the revolution had taken.

These emigres, whether die-hard adherents of the ancien regime, or disgruntled revolutionaries, were great trouble-makers. They incited hosts to war on France and paved the way for Napoleon.

So with the Cuban emigres, who have largely settled in Miami because it is convenient to the counter-revolt they hope to raise. They also consist of two rough groups: early rebel idealists estranged from Castro's new tyranny, and original adherents of Batista lucky enough to flee the island. We, and some of the Carib-

## A Bookman's Notebook

# A Sentimental, Nutty Love Story in 93 Pages

William Hogan

There is this 16-year-old, Francesca who lives in Washington, D. C., and knows she will never be in love again. She has been propositioned, and now is disenchanted. Danny is her fiance, but it is Graham she is in love with, or has been.

She has blonde hair and is about 5-feet-6. She looks at life with a jaundiced eye. Her mother is divorced. She wants to be a painter. "I mean I actually like to paint, not just some other things which I think are glamorous such as acting or singing in a night club or being a hostess on TWA." Could Francesca be one of Holden Caulfield's old leftover girl friends? She qualifies.

The conservative Boston house of Houghton Mifflin has been announcing "One Thing I Know," a novella by Pati Hill, in full page advertisements from New York to San Francisco. Some of this region's young ladies, I understand, have already taken the book to their hearts—all 93 pages of it. I looked it over quickly (it's hard not to) the other evening. All I can say is that Pati Hill, a Virginia author of two previous novels and a book of poems, is a faithful student of J. D. Salinger. A little too faithful, probably, although she does handle Francesca's blend of innocence and disillusion in a wry and sympathetic fashion of her own.

Like so many novels, novellas and short stories before it, this is a caricature of the awkward age. Francesca is a nice enough adolescent who may grow up to become an average member of the Washington social scene. Right now she is chock full of happy problems, and girls just beyond the age level of Marty Links' "Bobby Sox" characters, will identify with her. Secretly this could be their story, too, and that Pati Hill sure knows about the headaches of being a girl.

What Pati Hill has also done, I think, is to write a novella for people who are not quite ready for "The

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Catcher in the Rye." (From what I hear, that leaves practically nobody.) This is not "Little Women," remember. But there is nothing too rough or overly sexy in it for the kids, who know all about that anyway.

If this book were any longer, it would drive me out of my mind. Actually, it is much more honest, and artful, than a lot of the junk I see young-

sters reading while riding streetcars. It is a sentimental, nutty little love story related in style and tone to Salinger. Not your kind of book, maybe. But if you see the kids reading it, don't worry—even though they might withdraw and look at you, as a grown-up, as their natural enemy all of a sudden.

## Around the World With DELAPLANE

"We want to fly to Ireland to visit some relatives, after some time in England. Is there some way we can do home shopping at Shannon Airport's duty-free shops?"

You can fly to Dublin or Shannon on Aer Lingus they fly a regular shuttle to Ireland. Viscount prop-jets and a good on-time service. The thing is, to shop at Shannon, you have to fly out of Shannon.

If you are returning to England, there's a morning Aer Lingus flight. You could fly in through Dublin and exit through Shannon.

If you are on your way back to the States, a number of lines have a stop-over service at Shannon. The most regular is Irish International Airlines (which is Aer Lingus) which flies jets to New York.

Shannon is now offering a free day and night in Ireland. Just to attract tourists to the shop. Sight-seeing in the afternoon. Dinner at Bunratty Castle, a very unusual and very interesting affair. Sight-seeing the next morning and plenty of time to shop before you go on.

"Any suggestions on hotels and places to shop in Dublin."

The Gresham, the Russell, the Royal Hibernian and the Shelbourne seem to be favorite top hotels. Seemed to me that Dublin hotels have pushed prices up a bit lately.

Dublin is not the tourist bargain it was a few years ago.

Grafton Street is the shopping street. Sybil Connolly, the Irish designer, is in Merrion Square. You'll get Connolly-designed clothes there for about half what you'll pay in the states.

"restaurants and anything to do at night?"

Jammet's is still a fine restaurant in Dublin. The hotels have good restaurants. I'm partial to the Red Bank. The Bailey in Duke street is still a good pub. But the restaurant side is not what it was.

There were several restaurants new to me in Duke street and that area. But I didn't have a chance to try them. They looked good from the outside.

Some good shows are at the theaters. If you're lucky, you catch an Irish-written play being broken in. There's no night club as far as I know. But one restaurant has an orchestra and dancing.

Good for advance information. Write Shannon Free Airport, Ireland, for the catalog of shop goods. And ask for the Free Day in Ireland folder.

Stan Delaplane finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland, and Spain (10 cents each), send coins and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to the Torrance HERALD, Pox RR, Torrance, Calif.

## LIFE'S LIKE THAT By FRED NEHER



"As near as I can figure it out, I got one rest room stop, two historical markers and one soft drink stand to 'h. ' us."