

Press-Herald

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The Cut-Back Orders

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's announcement last week that 95 military installations would be closed as an economy measure, and the resulting howls that went up from wounded Congressmen, can give Torrance residents, businessmen, and industrialists reason to be thankful that this city's economic base is not tied to a single product or industry.

Those in years past who worked hard to persuade widely varied industrial firms to locate in Torrance deserve the thanks of today's citizens who will miss the major impact of the Pentagon's shut-down orders.

Torrance's highly diversified industrial base, ranging from basic steel to exotic electronic research, even though tied strongly to space age science, is of such a nature that the fluctuations of various industries have less impact on the city.

This has not always been the case here, and it certainly is not the case in other parts of the nation.

As a point of interest, it may be diverting to ponder the dilemma which suddenly faces New York's newly elected Senator. His attempt to build a national image was put on the shelf long enough to plead with the Pentagon to take the Brooklyn Navy Yards off the shut-down list. But it was all in vain.

Before he has been seated in office, he has abandoned his supposed concern for the nation to make a plea for local favors, and failing that may have undermined some of the confidence New York voters showed for him earlier this month at the polls.

He has several years to overcome these setbacks, however.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

A Rolls Is Two Cadillacs

THINGS TO COME: They all laughed when George Murphy stood up to dance for the Senate, but who's laughing now? As a result, it's no gag that Old Actor Ronald Reagan is dead serious about running for Governor of California in '66. Shirley Temple, for one, is ready to give her All for him, and that's enough to cinch Orange County and Disneyland right there. . . The downtown grocery stores were selling out their grapes, apples, pears, and bananas as fast as they could get 'em recently; the happy purchasers: the kids from the Leningrad Ballet, living proof that there's a serious fruit lag in the Soviet Union. . . There's no biz like showbiz (and you can have it): Comedian Mort Sahl has filed a \$4000 suit against his first and most faithful benefactor, Enrico Banducci, claiming Bandooch still owes him that amount for an engagement 'waaay back in 1961; the statute of limitations on their friendship just expired. And now a word from Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue Hillbilly, who's singing here: "I used to be terribly conceited, but my psychiatrist cured all that. Now I'm just the nicest person in the world!"

WHEE, THE PEOPLE: Trader Vic, who lost his N'York branch when the Savoy-Plaza (which housed it) was tagged for destruction, has landed right side up, as usual; the venerable Plaza Hotel will spend a million bucks to provide a new setting for his talents—with an Oct. 1, '65 opening date in mind. . . Postic injustice: Zekial Marko, author of "Once a Thief," lost his wallet (\$276, passport, driver's license, etc.) to a local pick-pocket. . . England's Dave Clark Five, who played the Cow Palace last week, are even fancier than the Beatles. Not only did they arrive in their plane, complete with their own security guards, photographer, sectys., etc., they demanded two Rolls-Royces—"or four Cadillac's"—during their stay here. . . Honor Blackman, the British actress who plays Pussy Galore in the movie version of Ian Fleming's "Goldfinger," will be here this week to plug the picture. (Few days ago in London, she met Prince Philip—a momentous occasion that the London Daily Mail headlined as "Pussy Meets Prince").

BEFORE A RECENT Warriors' game, Wilt the Still Chamberlain ran onto the floor, discovered he was still wearing his \$8,300 diamond pinky ring, and handed it to his buddy Jim Bryan in the crowd. Bryan put it on, couldn't get it off, and was last seen screaming toward an exit, Wilt in pursuit with a butcher knife. He finally settled for soap and water.

OUT OF MY MIND: There's not a man alive who doesn't think he's the best driver on the road; of course, a lot of dead men once thought so, too. . . Why do people ask if they may "borrow a match?" I mean, they don't plan to return it, do they? . . . You could make an entire and authentic Italian movie right here me, the true electronic marvel of the age is not computer—just by using the crew at Vanessi's restaurant. . . For ers, space ships or supersonic aircraft, but that dollar-bill-changing gadget in the St. Francis Hotel lobby. How does it know that's not a dollar-sized piece of paper it's changing? . . . Every time I see Chicken Tetrazzini on a menu I think of a cowardly Mafia gunman. . . Another thing that mystifies me in this mystifying age is Tar Gard's claim that "as the (cigarette) smoke is drawn through the opening its speed is increased to 200 miles per hour." Who tested it, Stirling Moss?



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Presidential Succession: Why Must It Be Awkward?

It is curious, and not particularly creditable, that the people, who have been carrying on a more or less intelligent democracy for 173 years, have never made the Presidential succession airtight.

The Constitutional clause, Art. II, Sec. 1, dealing with succession, is manifestly defective, because if a vice president succeeds, the vice presidential office is vacant until the next election. This has been our situation for more than a year.

By statute, the Congress has devised lines of succession after the vice president, but these necessarily designate appointive government officers, in some cases not men of presidential caliber. We have not yet had a succeeding vice president who did not live to the next election, but the danger is ever-present.

This gap, and the failure of the Constitution to define

a President's "inability to carry on the powers and duties of said office," has worried many for years, but a kind of oppressive inertia has been on both people and Congress while they worried.

There are bills partly to correct this omission, and it has been suggested that we need two vice presidents, as well as talk of changing the line of succession after the vice president.

Now we have another gap, consequent on the first, and we are in the middle of it. Should the Presidency be vacated before Dec. 4, when the Electoral College meets, most authorities agree we would have an interim President until Jan. 20, when the vice president designate would take office as President—again without a vice president.

But the authorities don't agree how this would be brought about. The Electoral

College has the power to elect the vice president designate as President but they are not bound to that choice.

Moreover, should the Presidency be vacated between Dec. 14 and Jan. 20, the Congress has the power to reconvene the Electoral College and force a new vote. To complicate it, there is another date, Jan. 4, when the Congress backstops the College and counts the vote. A few authorities think a President can only be qualified by this formality.

In any case, we are now in a period of 78 days in which we still have no vice president in office, and in which, if the Presidency was vacated, we would have an interim Chief Executive who could only go through the motions. Then a President minus a vice president.

The whole period has an awkward potential, but why MUST the self-governing process have awkward moments in any particular?

BOOKS by William Hogan

'The Abecedarian Book' Traces Growth of Words

"Words, words, words!" sighs Henry Higgins in "My Fair Lady." (Actually Hamlet said it before him.) A good English dictionary might contain 600,000 entries which is much too many words for most of us, even for those who hate to say the same thing twice. Yet we borrow, or steal blindly: Menu, matinee, chic, naive, hors d'oeuvre. And on the Latin, Greek, Arabic.

We are reminded of all this in an intimate, literate, neatly designed book of fun and game with words called "The Abecedarian Book," by the editor and biographer Charles W. Ferguson. Abecedarian is a real word, about 300 years old. It describes a person who is either learning or teaching the ABC's. So this is a sampler that analyzes some big words for precocious adults.

It is also a sophisticated primer that children might

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

When he, the spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth. —(John 16:13)

If we but turn to Him the best teacher is the Spirit of God within us. We should always be receptive; ready to follow God's instruction since it is an unerring source of deep wisdom.

enjoy especially if it is read aloud. For some of these words, like "antedeluvian" as Ferguson suggests, have little bells ringing in them, and almost all have stories behind them. "Pusillanimous" is a name-calling word: the Latin 'pusillus,' or very small, and 'animus,' for mind or spirit.

Bioluminescent; Gerrymander; innovation; nostalgia. Or quintessence—the fifth essence beyond the four we deal with every day. And Malapropism, named for Sheridan's engaging character in "The Rivals" (1775).

So this little exercise is great fun. My sole objection, as Ferguson traces the roots of words and draws the blocks, or syllables, on which they are built, is that there are only 30 words represented. Yet it is an invitation to learning in that the author urges us to keep our ears and eyes open, and to use clues to find our way in and around other words that seem to be equally mysterious, but are really not. The more I think about it, the more this becomes fun and games for young readers, even down into the primary grades.

Samples of Ferguson's basic simplicity and appeal, under T is Transcendentalism: "You are in good company with the Transcendentalists. (Among them were Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau—whose views were above the

views of the other thinkers of the day.) They rose above the dead level of dull dailyness. They believed in the power of the mind, that the mind was mightier than the sword and that great things could be accomplished through thought. They brought new ideas to America, ideas that came in part from European and Oriental philosophers and in part from the habit of the Transcendentalists had of thinking beyond what you can see all around you. . . It's a big word you won't see every day or even once a week, but you'll see it off and on all your life."

Quote

Out of the shadows of night; The world rolls into light; It is daybreak everywhere.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

My care is like my shadow in the sun—Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it.

—Queen Elizabeth I

He who dwelleth in eternal light is bigger than the shadow, and will guard and guide his own.

—Mary Baker Eddy

Moral light is the radiation of the diviner glory.

—Thomas Dick

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Ski Vacations Are Fun, And You Can Learn, Too

Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico "We are interested in a two weeks vacation, but it must be where my husband can play golf. . ."

Dorado Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico is the warm, golf center of the Caribbean. A 27-hole course laid out by the golf architect, Robert Jones. All under coco palms with a trade wind like silk. Luxury cottages and a gourmet dining room.

You can fly day commutes into San Juan or over to the Virgin Islands. The beach is excellent. You can bathe a baby in the water. It is not expensive. Fairly crowded with Easterners this time of year.

For summer, BOAC, the British intercontinental airline, has a package vacation that includes all the championship courses of Scotland and England. Your own rent car, hotels, etc. Ask any BOAC office for the pamphlet "British Open Golf Vacations." (If there's no office in your town, the nearest one is listed in your phone book.) This one sounds inexpensive.

For a list of golf courses in Mexico, write Dan Sanborn Travel Service, McAllen, Texas.

"We have heard that ski vacations in Europe are cheap. We like the idea but can't ski. So what do we do?"

I'm an inside, hot-buttered-rum skier, too. But here's some information from a knowledgeable skier: "For unique skiing, Norway is great fun for the sport-minded looking for something different. Cross-country skiing can be learned in about an hour and everybody is doing it.

"Try Eidsbugarden, one day's train trip from Oslo. About \$6 a day. You rent the equipment cheaply. For the cheapest places in Austria—the Otz Valley near Innsbruck: Solden, Hochsölden, Obergurgl. Prices last year were \$4 to \$7 with all meals. Ski school is a bargain with six days instruction for \$10. The night life is swinging and the supply of dance partners is satisfactory."

"We will be in Europe a year—my husband will be there on business. We had thought of living in Paris but are afraid prices will be too high. Also, are there any books for businessmen?"

Cost of living (or touring) in France is the highest in Europe. And I've found French waiters, hotel help and taxi drivers are as surly as any in New York. London is much better and a little cheaper. Especially if you can live an hour out of town. The really cheap place to live is near Lisbon, Portugal.

For a free booklet for businessmen—banking, business hours, currency, trade and economic trends: Write TWA, Dept. 368, P. O. Box 1460, Grand Central Station, New York City. Ask for "Business Travel Tips—Europe."

"We would like to drive through the English countryside next summer, staying in smaller hotels. However, we cannot get information on such places."

Reason is these places are not set up to pay commissions. Therefore, they don't get listed on tours or with travel agencies. However there is one way to do this. The "1965 Guide to 1000 Pubs and Inns" is just that. Has maps and do-it-yourself tours. You can get this for \$2.35 sent to Al Wagstaff, 177 Sloane Street, London, S.W. 1, England. (See mail takes about a month.)

Or Wagstaff will book you a tour—rent cars and reservations. The English villages are wonderful. And you stay at fine old coaching inns with wonderful names: The King and Tinker, the Scottish Piper, Ye Olde Hobnails. Not expensive and off the usual tourist run. You have to walk down the hall to the bath-

room. But I thought these trips were great.

"We are going to be married in Hawaii and would like a ceremony in a small village or something unusual."

Hanalei is a beautiful little village at the end of the

island of Kauai. (They made the picture "South Pacific" there.) Hanalei Plantation House is a honeymoon paradise. Here is an old New England mission church in the village. I am not sure of the faith. But I think it is Congregationalist. A very small village but a fine choir.

Our Man Hoppe

Zambia Picks An Astronaut

By Arthur Hoppe

After 12,000 miles by plane, bus, car, and foot, across oceans, continents, seas and the trackless bush, I finally arrived here in the very heart of sub-equatorial Africa after darkness had fallen last night—only to be beset by grave doubts:

Were the mysterious rumors reaching the outside world true? Had this newly-created Republic of Zambia actually entered the space race?

The only evidence was a single press dispatch, saying that one Mr. Edward Nkoloso had appointed himself Minister of Space Research and had launched a crash program to place a Zambian astronaut on the moon by Jan. 1 using the "Mukwa propulsion system"—an African firing system derived from the catapult."

Mr. Nkoloso, the dispatch said, was putting his astronaut through a rigorous training program by rolling them downhill in barrels "to give them a feeling of rushing through space." He also swung them from long ropes, cutting the ropes at the highest point of the arc to "produce the feeling of free fall."

While all this seemed readily plausible back in civilization where we read daily of America's and Russia's similar efforts to reach the moon, now that I was here at last, surrounded by the throbbing Africa night, I began to wonder. Had my long trek been for naught? Was there really here in the secret fastnesses of the Dark Continent such a man of vision as Edward Nkoloso?

I was up at first light. After numerous unsuccessful inquiries, I at last found a short, wizened native guide named Akuno. Yes, said Akuno, he knew Mr. Nkoloso. Yes, he would take me to him.

My heart pounding, I followed Akuno down under the blooming jacaranda trees, past riots of bouganvelia, through the dusty streets of Lusaka until we reached a green two-story building bedecked with flags and signs saying, "United National Independence Party."

We pushed through turbaned Barotse women with babies on their backs in the corridor, climbed the narrow stairs and entered a crowded room. Akuno pointed to an open door labeled, "Publicity Chairman."

The natives parted revealing a small office with a large sign on the wall saying, "SECRET" and a mysterious wire trailing down through a hole in the floor.

Behind the desk sat a short gentleman with the scars of the warlike Bemba tribe on his temples, wearing a combat helmet and a heavy khaki uniform festooned with medals proclaiming "Peace and Freedom."

I said simply: "Mr. Nkoloso, I presume."

"Yes, please," he said with a warm smile and a friendly handshake. "You have arrived at a most propitious moment. We have just decided which of our 12 astronauts will have the place of honor in the space capsule for our historic moon shot. It will be Mr. Godfrey Mwango, here. For he has demonstrated an outstanding ability to walk on his hands."

Mr. Mwango, a broad-shouldered, muscular young man also uniformed in combat helmet and khakis, smiled modestly.

"Walk on his hands?" I said.

"Yes, please," said Mr. Nkoloso. "He has also passed the acid test of any aspiring astronaut—simulated recovery from the space capsule following a landing on water. We put him in a barrel and threw him in the river."

"It was a bit fearsome," said Mr. Mwango. "I cannot swim."

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Nkoloso, "now that he has been chosen, we will redouble the vigor of his training program so that Zambia may be the first to plant her flag on the moon. We would be pleased if you would care to watch."

I can hardly wait.

Morning Report:

To the victors belong the spoils. And President Johnson already is paying off—a wholesale basis.

He's going to get rid of the tax on furs and jewelry as soon as he can. That's for the suburbs that switched from Republican to Democratic this year. At the same time his Treasury Department is changing the rules on machinery depreciation to save firms about \$200 million in income taxes. A small but pleasant nod to the Businessmen-for-Johnson committees that were so active during the campaign.

So far, so good. But Mr. Johnson's victory was so widespread, his job now is tough. Just about everybody is lining up for something.

Abe Mellinkoff