GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher REID L. BUNDY ... Managing Editor

Sunday, January 3, 1965

Welcome to 1965

Greeting a new year always is a time for reflecting the old - recapitulation, as it were, of a measurable segment of progress.

Those on hand to greet 1965 reflect many and varied reactions to the exciting year that was . . . 1964.

To many, saying goodbye to the old year must have been accompanied by a nostalgic sigh; to others, it did n't leave fast enough.

Members of Coach Keith B. Enger's 1964-65 basketball team at North High had reason enough to cheen for in the waning minutes of 1964, the team captured the championship at the Covina Invitational tourna ment, emerging as one of the Southland's strongest

Those who compute a city's greatness by number were cheered that Torrance was making great strides towards the 150,000 population mark and that builders had provided more than 2,000 dwelling units for new Torrance residents in the city during the year.

The year just gone marked the beginning of the new Superior Courts building on the civic center, probably one of the most important undertakings in this city's modern history.

The waning days of 1964 also saw the opening gambit in a move to establish the South Bay Munncipal Court in the civic center. The branch court building now occupying the site was constructed in such a manner that it can be expanded.

Those in Torrance who have been under a mantle of suspicion during the year as a result of an official investigation which has been carried on for nearly 18 months, must hope that 1965 will let them get back to

However it finds you, it's goodbye to 1964 and welcome to 1965.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

Old Number 41 Is the Fun Bus

BAGATELLE: The 41 bus in our town is fairly interesting, as buses go. It runs along a pretty street. It has judges, lawyers, doctors and nicely dressed Little Old Ladies as its steady customers. And it has Joan and Betsy.

The latter, who'd "just diiiie" if we used their last names, work in the financial district and are roommates. They are also fun-loving. And when the time and the crowd are right, they pull their favorite stunt. Joan has the hand part of a telephone, complete with long wire, which they stole from somebody's set. This she keeps in her big handbag, along with an alarm clock which, if they boarded at, say, 8:15 a.m., she sets for 8:25.

So they get on the bus and start reading their papers. At 8:25 the alarm goes off. Dead of pan, Joan reaches into her bag, and extracts the phone. "Good morning," she says, listens for a moment, and then announces loudly, "It's for you, Betsy"-handing the phone to her friend. And while Betsy chats gaily with nobody, Joan goes back to reading her paper, as the other passengers fall out of their seats in astonishment.

As I said, it's the kind of thing that makes the 41 such a FUN bus.

HARRIET MURPHY, who runs the International Student Service office here, gets letters, as you may imagine, and some of the excerpts are delightful . . From a Thailand student: "I am glad to say hollow to you from Los Angeles" . . . Indonesian: "I am safe

now in Rockfrod. You can stop to worry please" . Korean: "Please send all information about your services. I am interested in money" . . . India: "Please inform my host that I am a strict vegetarian, which means no eggs, let alone meat or fish, and as such she should not trouble herself over my menu" Japan: Thank you for your kindful treatment in Cisco. I could have pleasure time there. I am in Las Vegas. I have many temptation here. Take it easy" . . . Russia: "You will recognize me when I arrive. I am a card-carrying YMCA member" . . . Argentina: "I am having a terrible trouble. May I help you?" . . . Ceylon: "After San Francisco we go to Los Angeles by taxi" . . .

Pakistan: "I am a graduate student and want to travel in the United States without my wife. Please help me"
. . . France: "I like the United States very much, but have something very horrible for lunch today. I think its name is peanut butter" (You-out! Everybody else can stay).

FILE CLOSED: For several years a man named Red Pendleton has been trying to cancel his Carte Blanche credit card - but you know how it is these computerized days. Once you sign up for anything it dogs you to your dying day. Literally.

After getting his annual bill for the second un- 00 wanted year, Red wrote "Deceased" across it and mailed it back. End of story? Hah. Back came a letter from Carte Blanche, addressed to his "estate," asking for the return of the credit card: "Imperative that it be returned at once to prevent the possibility of fraud-

Red's wife thereupon took typewriter in hand to inform Carte Blanche that her "late" husband was "so enamored of his credit card that he requested it even be buried with him. We, of course, complied."



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

East Asia Is No Bonanza For Ambitious Merchants

A Hong Kong report says the Red Chinese are an-noyed with the new Japa-nese Premier Sato because he is too friendly with the

West.

A Peking mission in Tokyo to buy industrial goods
was told to suspend negotiations. But when the Japanese said they wouldn't renegotiate later, the Chinese
bought the \$12 million in
steel anyway. steel anyway.

The Japanese industrial machine, now third largest

in world production, has plenty of market area, but naturally would like more. It would like to be the dominant supplier of mainland China and southeast Asia, and it has ample potential, taking into account produc-tion and distribution costs, to achieve the goal. But the goal is presently latent, a market exceedingly thin and lacking in cash or ex-change.

For consider the going-on 700 million Chinese, and one-seventh as many Japa-

In Japan every farmer has a small television set, a tractor and at least a motortractor and at least a motor-cycle, and the city prole-tariat is similar equipped.
All have transistors and cameras, and many have electricity and washing ma-chines. Automobile popula-tion grows rapidly, and new high ways. Petrochemicals and electronic goods flood the country. There is heavy construction of buildings construction of buildings construction of buildings and in industry to meet ex-panding trade, foreign and domestic. There is initial research, betterment of products, and accretion of technical men in all work

But the Chinese peasant, say 500 million, and the proletariat, say 150 million, have virtually none of this, for his income is \$60-\$100 a year. The artifacts in his house differ little from those 50 years ago. For communication he has a vil-

trudges his dirt roads and tills his soil about as he always did, not because his rulers want it, but because mass progress is difficult. Technical production of consumer goods is minimal and business and industrial consumption of heavy goods is

What goes for produc-tion, goes for import. Why ship ten thousand small TV sets to Red China when there are only 50 buyers? Why ship a steel or chemi-cal plant, when distribution facilities are negligible, and technicians to man the plant are lacking?

This is the Japanese di-lemma in the so-called East Asia market, which looks so inviting because it com-prises one billion people. Yet few of the billion can afford a fountain pen, let alone an automobile. Technology being irrepressible this may work itself out, but hardly in the lifetime of ambitious Japanese tradlage or district radio, a po-litical necessity.

So the Chinese peasant to conquer. ers looking for new worlds

BOOKS by William Hogan

New Cold War Thrillers Keeping Him Up at Night

As a relief from weightier tomes—indeed, from some of these physically over-weight holiday blockbusters —I take refuge and plea-sure in a well-turned spy novel. I think John Le-Carre's phenomenal best-seller "The Spy Who Came In From the Cold" deserved its reputation and success. It also emphasized that the It also emphasized that the political crisis in Berlin, uncomfortable though it remains, has provided the thriller trade with a whole new source of income.

A new entertainment based on Cold War field espionage has kept me up nights. This is "Funeral in Berlin," an emphatic and successful performance by a British specialist in the genre, Len Deighton (Putnam; \$4.95). Deighton's hard-as-nails protagonist is a British operative who prowls both East and West

My Neighbors



"The clerk said it's so light even a woman can handle it, so I bought you one."

Germany, with side excursions to Prague, the Span-ish border and Bordeaux during his master chess match. Deighton is a tougher writer than John Le-Carre. He is almost the Raymond Chandler of the cloakand-dagger set, and far more believable than the late Ian Fleming who, to me, remains the Elvis Pres-ley of this branch of the en-tertainment business.

"Funeral in Berlin" can "Funeral in Berlin" can be as confusing as a Los Angeles freeway inter-change if you don't pay strict attention to details. But Deighton knows what he is doing; and his geographical settings bristle with both tension and au-thenticity. Recommended to the spy fiction aficionado

I am late catching up with Helen MacInnes. Recently I raced through "The Venetian Affair" in its paperback edition (Crest) and found it a crisp, intelligently plotted foray into the mechanics of Cold War spying. I was so pleased with its therapeutic, or at least es-cape values, that I reached immediately for the paper-back edition of an earlier MacInnes, "North from Rome." This is all right, too, and should be, for the plot is almost identical with that of "The Venetian Affair" - even to the Ameri-

rescue his agent-girl. (In "The Venetian Affair" this scene is played atop an old palazzo overlooking a canal.) * * *

My enthusiasm for Miss

MacInnes as an inventive story-teller cooled at this point, although I must admit that her geographical mit that her geographical detail and local color is exciting, as Hemingway's duck hunting and Venetian se-quences remain in that otherwise depressing novel, "Across the River and Into the Trees." I wish I had not taken two Helen MacInnes spy books at a single, piggish gulp, Almost nobody does this and therefore suspects that there is much more to Cold War espionage in her dressy European locales than meets the critical eye.

More than an entertainment: "The Night of the Generals," by Hans Hellmut Kirst, published last March and which I have not forgotten. This is a savage portrait of highly placed mem-bers of the Wehrmacht and a manhunt that mixes mass murder, espionage and high satire on the wartime German officer corps. One of the year's best of its kind.

the year's best of its kind.

***\frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{ ing around the edges of an velopment of an art old castle in an attempt to

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Take Half the Clothing, Twice the Money Planned

our trip to Europe! Our first. We have six months to prepare everything: Places to go: transportation; clothing. Would appreciate any advice for the first-time traveler."

I'd start with a basic guide book that has recommended restaurants, hotels, tipping. Here are three: New Horizon World Guide by Pan American Airways. Most book stores. Temple Fielding's Guide to Europe. Book stores. TWA's series of small booklets called of small booklets called
"TWA Travel Tips for"—
whatever the name of the
country may be, Half dollar
each in any TWA office,

I would get them allthey'll help you make plans. Then choose the one that looks best and carry it with you. This gives you ready advice to fall back on in your hotel room when you are planning the day. Keeps you from rattling around.

* * * "How much money per day should we budget? How much clothing to take?"

The rule is this: You budget the trip. You plan your wardrobe. You put all your clothing and all your money on the bed. Now you throw away half the clothing and double the money.

It always costs more than you plan. So have a little reserve. You always take too much clothing. So cut it. Keep in mind that you're seldom around the same people twice. You don't need many changes.

I couldn't say how much day. Living at the same per day. Living at the same clip a year ago, Paris cost me \$50 a day—(for two adults and a child) and Spain cost only \$16.

* * * "We wonder about hotel reservations . . .

You should. You are planning July-August. The time when all America and all Europe are traveling. Can't you push that trip over to mid-September? over to mid-September? You are planning the hot months, the crowded months. Like going to Chi-cago during mid-summer with a big convention in

If you make firm hotel reservations through a travel agent, he must make a service charge. Even then, European hotels become pretty arrogant during these months and may not honor the reservations, I would do it through American Express. They're pretty much of a factory and too busy for much personal sympathy. But they do have powerful local offices who can make the local hotels

Another way to beat this is to get on a chain, like the Hilton Hotels. Leap from one to another like Eliza crossed the ice cakes. The cal color let into bars and dining rooms. But they are

Quote

"The other man isn't a problem for me; I make my-self his problem." — Roger Rischer, California heavyweight boxing champ.

☆ ☆ ☆

"It is so much easier to

drift than row against the current that many are will-ing to change their destinations to accommodate con-venience."—Douglas Meador, Matador (Tex.) Tribune * * *

I am extreme enough to feel that "extreme" measures should be taken with these U. C. "extremists." Kick them out.—Mrs. B. D. Stone, Stockton. 京 京

"When, as a society we are willing to double our efforts for the guidance and education of our youth, then we may expect to reap the dividends." — Thomas W. Fine," La Crescento, on juvenile crime.

"At 25 you can still make a mistake; at 45 marriage is

a mistake; at 45 marriage is more serious than ever."— Bert Talbert, Tilburon bachelor, on marriage.

comfortable, efficient, and a lot of personal experience they fix you up on your things.
next jump.
There's an adventurous "Are there hotel and res-

and inexpensive way, too. If you contact the Government tourist offices, most countries have a little-used plan to have you meet and stay with local families. I've had some glowing reports some glowing reports on this from people who did it. Average cost for meals and rooms seems to be \$3 a day for two.

"Can we drink the water safely?" What will the weather be like?"

The Pan American New Horizons World Guide (see above) tells you this about each country. The guide is made up in such basic sections.

"What about shopping?
The good buys . . ."
Pan American and TWA books have shopping in-formation. But 1 think leave, put it away. Get out Fielding is best on this. Has the next envelope.

"Are there hotel and restaurant guides?"

The TWA books are best

The TWA books are best on these in my opinion. While you're at it, pick up one of their maps for each capital city. They're free.

I keep a strong brown envelope on each country. I mark it with the name of the country in big black letters. I keep stuffing it with descriptive clippings. I keep descriptive clippings. I keep a map of the capital city. I keep a pocket-size phrase book of the language. I

book of the language. I keep a small envelope with about \$10 of the local money. For airport tipping and taxi money, Addresses and phone numbers of friends.

Before taking off for the next country, I get out the envelope for that place and put it in my flight bag. For study enroute. For use in the hotel room, When you leave, put it away. Get out

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Our Man Hoppe_

Yu Hoo Follows **Hoos On Phirst**

By Arthur Hoppe

It's time for our annual year-end review of West Vhtnnng, the only Southeast Asian country which makes any sense. And I'm glad to report all our observers agree that the 1965 will be a banner year in our lightning campaign to wipe out the dread Viet-Narian gorillas-the best in decades.

For there is no question that our 113,000 military advisers out there have at long last managed to instill a true fighting spirit in the Loyal Royal Vhtnnng Army.

Who can forget, for example, the stirring charge down from the hills of the Third Division led by General Hoo Dat Opp Dar? Nor the glorious defense of the capital by General Hoo Dat Don Dar? That the former succeeded in overthrowing the latter in this, the 37th coup of the year, is now enshrined as a footnote in Vhtnnng history.

It's no wonder that by November all our observers were predicting victory in 1965. "If," as they put it, "we can somehow channel the Loyal Army's new fighting spirit toward the enemy."

* *

Unfortunately, this year ended on a sour note. Our Ambassador had stopped by the palace to drop off the \$2 million we were giving daily to bolster the stable, 48-hour-old government of General Hoos Nu—not knowing General Hoos Nu had been overthrown that morning while brushing his teeth by General Hoos On Phirst.

"Hoos in?" our Ambassador inquired politely of the butler. "Hoos out," the butler replied. "Who's in then?" sighed our Ambassador. "Hoos in," agreed the butler. "Who's Hoo?" said our Ambassador irritably. "Hoos On Phirst," said the butler. At which point, our Ambassador lost his temper and hit the butler with a

The noise frightened General Hoos On Phirst, who fled to Dalat (a villa on the Riviera) taking his stable government and \$47 million with him. A passing janitor, Yu Hoo, seized the throne, he being handlest.

"Congratulations," said our Ambassador, wiping his brow, "on your stable government. Here's \$2 mil-

"To call this palace a stable is an insult to my janitorial pride," said Yu Hoo, folding his arms with dignity. "I won't take a nickel of your lucre." This unprecedented act of defiance toppled three

Cabinet members in Washington and two Generals in the Pentagon. The 14th and 47th Divisions of the Loyal Royal Army, shouting, "Yu Hoo forever!" began fighting fiercely for national dignity. They fought the 32d, 19th, and 437th Divisions of the Loyal Royal Army, who were fighting fiercely for more American aid.

Fortunately, however, all our observers are still predicting victory in 1965. Some predict it for the Yu Hoo force, some for the pro-American aid forces. A few still actually foresee victory over the dread Viet-Narian gorillas. "If," as they now put it, "we can somehow pacify the fighting Loyal Royal Army."

Morning Report:

Flash! General Eisenhower thinks that President Roosevelt's demand for Germany's unconditional surrender in World War II was a grave mistake. This flash is 21 years late but better late history than none

Since 1943, Ike has written one war book, made 2329 speeches, and signed 29 magazine articles but never has this revelation been made. And how did it happen? Simplicity itself. In the General's own words, "Nobody ever asked me."

Which proves again the old rule you have to make calls to make sales. And it's also a clarion call to historians Get off your fat duffs and start asking ques-

Abe Mellinkoff