

# Press-Herald

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## Rain Threats Eased

The area's old-timers—and that includes anyone who has lived here for eight or ten years, had occasion this week to appreciate some of the major projects completed in recent years by the cities, and the Los Angeles County Flood Control District.

Most of us can remember what would happen here a decade ago when a 3-inch rainstorm hit the area. The sumps and frog ponds just were not big enough to handle the resulting storm water.

This week's rain left relatively few inundated areas—relatively speaking.

Oh sure, Sepulveda was flooded between Normandie and Western; parts of South Torrance had problems with sliding mud from new construction sites; and a new supply of water has been added to Dominguez Slough.

With the completion of Dominguez Channel through Southwest Los Angeles, Torrance, and the Carson-Dominguez area, the threats to homes and highways which once would have been generated by the storm run-off has been largely eliminated.

Those who worked for approval of the projects to carry storm waters safely away from these Harbor Area communities deserve the thanks of the rest of us who were able to greet the rumble of rain on the roof as a welcome and pleasant sound.

It hasn't always been so.

## Training for Tomorrow

"An investment in knowledge pays the best interest."

So said Benjamin Franklin in his Poor Richard's Almanac. Some two centuries later, we have mounting evidence of just how right he was. It is estimated that industry spends between \$15 and \$24 billion on employee training and educational activities. The Wall Street Journal estimates that \$5 billion is spent each year on management training alone.

Taking the lowest estimate, we find a striking comparison in relation to the expenditures for public education. A recent story in the Washington Post quoted the Congressional Quarterly to the effect that the total expenditure of all 50 states in education was \$13.4 billion in 1964. If the higher estimates are used, the comparison is even more impressive.

In one major company nearly 2,000 employees are engaged in various types of training work, while scores are working full time on updating employees' skills.

Another company runs a correspondence school to teach 15,000 employees; an insurance company spends \$5 million a year for campus style education while another corporation operates a four-year institute of college rank to train 2,500 students annually.

This leads to the conclusion that it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of human capital; that Poor Richard was right in his estimate of the value of knowledge, as he was about so many things.

## OTHERS SAY:

### A Job for Localists

An excellent suggestion comes from Robert P. Gerholz, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. He says that renewing the nation's cities is a job for "localists" who mobilize their own resources, help themselves and leave Washington as free as possible to concentrate on areas of high decision.

To quote him directly, ". . . in an age such as this—in a warlike time on your own planet and at the dawn of the astounding era of space exploration—it is rather ridiculous to expect the federal government with all its vast responsibilities to keep on shouldering more and more of our community housekeeping."

In other words, the central government simply isn't capable of doing everything and can't as these lies capable of doing everything and can't afford to do everything. Beyond such hard practicalities as these lies the fact that when government assumes the responsibility for local problems it takes something vital out of the American character. It saps the initiative, pride and independence of spirit which constitute the backbone of the nation.

The cities certainly have their troubles. But to dump them in the lap of Washington is to create more and greater troubles.—*Industrial News Review.*

There is an increasing recognition among the American public that we are befooling our air to a dangerous point, particularly in and around our large industrial cities . . . and it's high time something is done about it.—*Mt. Airy (Md.) Community Reporter.*

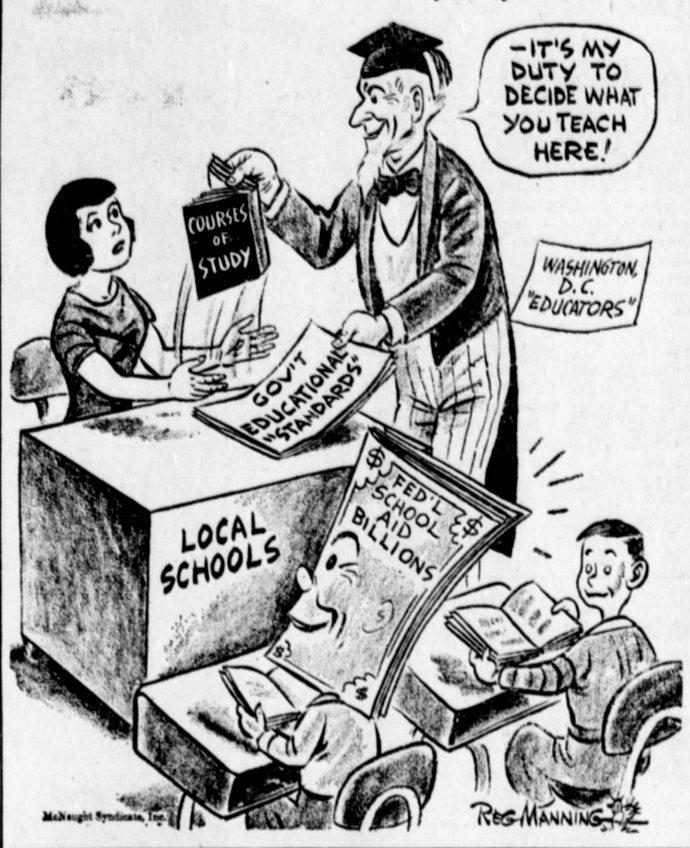
## We Quote . . .

No opportunity is ever lost. The other person takes those you miss. — Orville Campbell, Chapel Hill (N.C.) Weekly.

Profits of American business, the wealth created by American enterprise, have made possible the giving of \$77 billion worth of foreign aid since World War II—aid that rebuilt a devastated Europe and Japan and is now bettering the lot, and relieving the suffering of deprived peoples in less developed countries in Africa and Latin America. — John T. Connor, Secretary of Commerce.

It has been argued for many years that poverty and unemployment are the basic causes of crime, yet crime rates have increased as the federal government has spent more for welfare programs—on the theory they will eliminate poverty and crime. From 1933 to 1963, the population of the United States increased 50 per cent; crime rates increased 1,231 per cent, and government spending, about half of which has been used for welfare programs, was hiked 1,213 per cent. — Sen. Carl Curtis (R-Neb.)

## When You Enroll My Boy--



STAN DELAPLANE

## Inter-Island Freighters Sail When There's Cargo

"Any information you can give us about freighter trips to out-of-the-way islands in the glamorous South Pacific . . ."

Local sailing schooners serve the coconut atolls. They carry trade goods out and bring back dried coconut—copra. The accumulation is then shipped in freighters to Europe or America for soap and margarine. There's not much of a schedule. The schooners sail when there's cargo to go and copra to pick up. Some home ports to catch these would be Papeete in Tahiti, Suva in Fiji, Apia in Western Samoa. Nothing fancy, but they do carry some inter-island passengers.

Then there are the big freighters that serve these home ports. Many of them pretty out-of-way such as Tonga Islands and New Hebrides and the Cooks. Good accommodations. Only 12 passengers. And usually a waiting list a year ahead. Try a letter to Pacific Islands Transport Line (Norwegian freighters) care of General Steamship Corp., 1 Bush St., San Francisco.

A far out freighter run is on Micronesian Lines through the wartime Trust islands—Truk, Penape, Majuro, Kusaie, Kwajalein, running up to Yokohama and Kobe. Supposed to be good accommodations and pretty regular service—you fly to Guam to catch them. Write to Stanley Coppel, Atlas Steamship Company, 141 Battery, San Francisco.

As for glamor, Tahiti is the island for dancing and music. Suva is British colonial. Apia in Samoa was the choice of Robert Louis Stevenson after he tried all the other islands. The Cooks are pretty untouched—a huge canoe with about 50 paddlers, flowers in their hair.

came out to watch our flying boat land. The first they had ever seen.

"What are the clubs that take charter flights? What do they cost? And how do you join them?"

Almost any club or association can charter planes anywhere. European round trip is almost half the regular fare. The cost is what membership costs—variable. The club must be operative six months before it can charter. There are ski clubs, golf associations, camera clubs, etc. All traveling charters.

There's a rule that the club cannot be formed just to get charter rates. (A nonsense regulation. It puts a premium on cheating or an unfair burden of full fare on the strictly honest. But that's the way it is.) There's one good ski club I know of. A couple of good golf associations. Charters usually include the family. It's the cheapest passage to Europe.

" . . . how to dress in Mexico? Are slacks all right for women?"

I see some Mexican women wearing slacks in the country. But so few I'd say be conservative and don't. Slacks and shorts are OK in Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta. In Mexico City, city street and evening wear. No formals but cocktail dresses. Women rarely wear hats. Carry a scarf for daytime sightseeing. You cover your head on entering churches.

"Where do you wear women's gloves in Europe and where are the best buys?"

I think Italy has the best prices. In Rome, Perrone's in Piazza di Spagna or An-

timeri on Via Sistina are good. Best in Madrid is Loeve's on the Gran Via. Many in Paris. I usually go to Freddy at 10 Rue Auber. Big tourist shop. Big selection. Use travel checks and ask for a discount. (Freddy will send a very attractive catalogue if you want to shop by mail.)

"We are going on a freighter. — I imagine it is very intimate as there are only 12 passengers. How do you address crew members?"

You'll probably eat in a passengers-officers dining room. The Captain is addressed as "Captain." The Chief Engineer is "Chief." All other officers are "Mister"—with their last name if you have them. Stewards are addressed as "Steward."

"Can you tell us a little about Curacao?"

A Caribbean island with free port prices. Run by the Netherlands. Dutch is the language. Native blacks speak a mixture with some Spanish and English called papia-mento. Looks like a Dutch town. Good beaches. Good prices. Serve a lot of peppery Javanese food.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

## Story of ACLU Bristles With Battles for Rights

In view of current protests against military action in Viet Nam, the mounting counter protests against such opinion, let's look at a record published in 1919. This is a pamphlet, "War-Time Prosecutions and Mob Violence," issued by the National American Civil Liberties Union. There are instances of mob violence in the World War period, quite apart from hundreds of assaults on parades, meetings or raids on pacifist offices. We find it also casually inserted in a history of the ACLU, "The Noblest Cry," by Charles Lam Markmann: "For preaching pacifism and refusing to aid the war effort: Four persons painted various colors (preferably yellow) from scalp to sole; 22 forced to kiss The Flag; two hanged; 31 tarred and feathered; 24 kidnaped; and whipped; nine physically deported from towns in which they lived.

"For participation in labor disputes: One hanged; one hanged for a while, then cut down; 27 tarred and feather-

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Pressure-Bearers Alter Billy's Honeymoon Plans

IN ONE EAR: Billy Wallace, Princess Margaret's former beau, and Elizabeth Hoyer Millar, who were married recently in England, planned to spend their honeymoon in San Francisco until pressure was brought to bear by official pressure-bearers (the idea that the newlyweds would be here at the same time as the Princess and Tony was insupportable). Result: The Wallace honeymooned in La Quinta, near Palm Springs . . . Further romances: Kathryn Grayson, who's starring in "Kiss Me Kate," requested that Singer Johnny Johnston be signed for the male lead—for an excellent reason. He's her ex-husband, and this way she can get more fire into her celebrated "I Hate Men" number . . . Stepin Fetchit, the great old Negro comic who co-starred in many a Shirley Temple movie, is now living in Oakland and will cut a record for Fantasy. "Rock'n'roll, man," grins the 72-yr-old Stepin. "I believe in keeping up with the kids." . . . Blue-eyed Rita "Green Eyes" Tushingham was barred from the Fairmont's Crown Room the other night because the guardian of the gate wouldn't believe she's over 21 (she's 23); this is what comes of wearing one of those Little Girl mid-thigh dresses. She wound up at L'Etoile, where she charmed everybody.

QUIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT: Bob Orben at Enrico's Coffee House, ruminating on the anti-Viet

Nam marchers at Cal: "Disgraceful! Can't they let the Government have its war in peace?" And: "I know a fella who carried a banner in 32 peace marches. They gave him The Order of the Purple Navel" . . . Bing Crosby, discussing Dean Martin: "He'll drink on any important occasion—like a warm handshake."

ODDS WITHOUT END: Johnny Kan Supplied the Chinese ideographs for "Love," "Tranquility" and "Harmony" that adorn the front of Merle Oberon's new house in Acapulco . . . Yves Saint Laurent, the greatest name (after Dior) in haute couture, dined at Ondine, where he discovered that he and Model Mimi London have something in common: they both wear the same size Levis—28" waist, 32" length—and isn't it nice to be skinny . . . Classy Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Baltimore Colts, took the entire team plus hangers-on, (60 in all) to Ernie's for dinner when they were in town, picking up a tab of \$807 plus tips. Not so classy: most of the Colt players. Were they grateful for Carroll's largesse? Hah. After they returned to their hotel and passed the bed check, most of 'em sneaked out the fire exits and lived till all hours of the morn. But danged if they didn't beat the 49ers next day anyhow. If there's a moral here, forget it.

A FEW DAYS ago Shirley Temple Black placed a phone call to Director Roberto Rossellini in Santiago,

Chile, to invite him to the recent big Film Festival event—the announcement of the coveted Selznick Awards, one of which went to Rossellini for "Open City." She made the call person-to-person, of course, and when the operator told him, "Shirley Temple is calling," he laughed and hung up, thinking it was a gag. The second time the operator announced "Shirley Temple is calling," he said "That's very funny but PLEASE stop bothering me." Gritting her teeth at the other end of the line, Shirley told the operator: "Tell him Ingrid Bergman is calling." THAT did it. (He was delighted to talk to Shirley, promised to come to the Festival, didn't show up, and that's very funny too.)

ADDENDUM: Since the trend is in that direction, you won't be surprised to learn that Actress Shirley is seriously considering going into politics. At the Fairmont the other night, she was heard to muse: "I'd like to run for Governor, but if I won, what would I be? The Governor? That doesn't sound right." Suggested Mary McCarey Washburn: "How about M Cam Governor?" Shirley: "I don't like that Madam part, even though my husband is a Stanford man." Barnaby Conrad: "If you run, you'll win. Why, you have more brains than George Murphy and Ronald Reagan put together." Niven Busch: "And that qualifies as the least extravagant compliment of the year."

## ROYCE BRIER

## Maybe Leif Erickson Was A Little Late After All

Recently some Yale men, who would better have saved their misanthropy for Harvard men, instead of the whole Italian folkdom, produced a map they said proved Leif Erickson discovered America. The recoil was instant: every professor between the Brenner Pass and the Strait of Messina popped from his lecture hall to brand the Yale men finks who were trying to steal Christopher Columbus's glory as the world's most celebrated explorer. Quite as promptly the Scandinavians, as descendants of the Vikings, pronounced the Yale men pretty sharp fellows, and there might have been a war had it been geographically convenient.

When the writer was a midwest schoolboy it was generally taught (one recalls a couple of teachers of Norwegian stock) that the Norsemen visited New England, which they called Vineland, centuries before Columbus was born. But their traces were few, they were not a recording people, and nothing came of the Norsemen's journeys.

When the Yale men spoke, somebody remembered that about 400 A.D. some Chinese monks were supposed to have crossed the Pacific. Comrade lacked the prestige mentioned in great pride some years ago, but as the Comrade lacked the prestige of a Yale man, nothing came of that, either.

So here is an Italian, Prof. Gattoni Celi of Florence advancing a theory that the Etruscans were the real discoverers having visited the northeast top of South America in 1100 B. C. He was Etruscan religious symbols and even some words have survived among the Akway Indians.

Now the Etruscans were more Italian than the Italians, or even the Romans, just as the Red Indians were more American and you and I. They left bronze and marble in their tombs, but the Romans who followed were a most incurious people. Modern archaeologists are not certain where the Etruscans came from or where they went and only scraps of their language have been deciphered.

The cycle will be complete if President Nasser one day tells us the Egyptians were barreling around the Americas in 2500 B. C. In any case, there is good reason to believe the earlier peoples got around, though when the kiddies asked where daddy had been all these years nobody told them, and that is just the point.

When the Western civilization was young it felt a restless urge to grow, as does a boy. It needed to trade and boil up new wealth, and to release a new freedom of the spirit which mankind had never known before. The Mediterranean was too small for it, and the dread notion that the earth is a sphere, though ancient, began to take hold.

This was the world in which Christopher Columbus was born and he became the highest material expression of it. A millennium earlier nobody would have listened to him. He came at the right time, and touch off a global explosion of man's living spaces which is still going on.

All the research, all the learned treatises, all the archaeology, cannot divest Columbus of his immortality as a key man of human history.

## Morning Report:

President Johnson went to Texas for a rest but by mere mortal standards, it was hardly that.

As a father, he had to contend with a teenage daughter and her boyfriend who flew in accompanied by a published report that they planned to get married. "Now Luci, my darling, you are only eighteen, and I want you to be happy—but." And as father to us all, the President had to contend with another announcement. Aluminum companies were raising the price to 25 cents a pound. Few of us have ever bought a pound of aluminum but pots are made out of it. The President has to worry about our pots. That's what we pay him for.

In addition to everything else, the President had an aching back. From his operation, doctors said. I wonder.

Abe Mellinkoff