

Press-Herald

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A Big Day for the YMCA

The day towards which hundreds of Torrance families have worked for many years will come Sunday when the doors of the new Torrance Family YMCA are opened to the public at 2 p.m.

The new Leadership Training Building, the culmination of eight years of careful planning by hundreds of volunteers and experts, is certain to become the model after which other such facilities will be patterned in years to come.

Visitors to the new structure at 2900 W. Sepulveda Blvd. Sunday afternoon will find some of the traditional YMCA features missing, but will find instead space and personnel to direct one of the world's most active branch YMCA programs. These programs serve more than 6,000 members; 4,738 families, and 270 youth clubs.

Highlights of Sunday's program will include the official ribbon-cutting at 2 p.m.; dedication of the giant Signature Tile Wall at 4 p.m.; and a brief formal worship service at 6 p.m.

The best way to give the YMCA a big send-off in its new facilities would be to attend one or all of the special events and to tour the building.

Turbulent Youth

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover writes: "The American college student today is being subjected to a bewildering and dangerous conspiracy perhaps unlike any social challenge ever before encountered by our youth. On many campuses he faces a turbulence built on unrestrained individualism, repulsive dress and speech, outright obscenity, disdain for moral and spiritual values, and disrespect for law and order."

Mr. Hoover goes on to say what is obviously true—that the majority of college students are of a different stamp. But the minority he describes are extremely vocal; they have a gift for making the headlines, and they present to other peoples and nations a malevolent, distorted view of the American character and the American attitude. Moreover, our communist enemies—who we are fighting on the military, political and economic fronts—are making the most of this and intend to make more.

The failure lies in homes, where old virtues are disregarded and discipline is a forgotten word. It lies, too, in the colleges where, in many instances, there has been a declining stress on those principles which are the rocks on which American freedom, strength and responsibility are built. This country and all its citizens need to remember that, in Mr. Hoover's words, ". . . liberty and justice are not possible without law and order."

Opinions of Others

Regardless of our party affiliations, our loyalties, and our apprehensions, government is a major concern of the people. We are the people. Therefore, government is our concern. We must be involved to have a truly good government organization. Otherwise, government will be above us or remote to us. Under ruling such as this, we, the people, would be reduced to utter socialism. We must not only show that we are interested, we must produce an extra measure of care. Or, it will be too late to salvage any type of government that really belongs to the people.—*Star City (Ark.) Lincoln Ledger.*

Why bother to climb the ladder of success? Wait a while and the government will probably build you an escalator.—*Sheldon (Iowa) Mail.*

This year's administrative budget—and this is considerably smaller than the sum total of the Treasury's total expenditures—was announced at under \$100 billion by President Johnson. However, the best estimate as of now is that by the end of the fiscal year on July 1, 1966, the Administration will have gone at least \$10 billion over what was budgeted. This will give the Treasury one of the biggest peace-time deficits in history. This is one reason why the Administration is talking of increasing taxes. The Great Society may be great—but it's expensive, and to all of us.—*Safford (Ariz.) Guardian.*

Remember that old Bible story about the handwriting on the wall? Maybe there was a little handwriting on the wall when in the eastern states the lights went ka-fluey and no one could figure just why. Then along came this subway strike in New York City and traffic jams in the streets. Maybe that handwriting on the wall is saying, "Decentralize, Decentralize." Wonder what would happen if the filling station operators got together and struck at the same time the subway workers struck?—*Chickasha (Okla.) Star.*

Mailbox

To the Editor:

A lot of protest has been heard about topless garb for women. Agreed that this is in extremely bad taste and needs to be suppressed, but why not more concern about other garb almost equally offensive?

You cannot venture out on the street or to the store without seeing someone in skin-tight trousers which reveal every outline, or in baggy loose trousers with

no style at all. A lot of people are sensitive to this.

The marchers (male and female) are a disgrace. What is the significance of such unkempt appearances. Does careless and sloppy dressing mean careless and sloppy thinking? Neat appearance does mean something and we certainly need more emphasis on it.

American women are the best dressed in the world. Ugh!

D. J. M.

Send More to Viet Nam?



STAN DELAPLANE

Take Europe's Back Road, He Says; It's Safer, Too

From spring mail I'd guess there will be a big rush this summer on driving rent cars in Europe. It's the most rewarding way of seeing Europe. Keep in mind that—

The kill and injury rate on European roads is three times that of the U.S. France and Germany are the most dangerous.

If you follow main highways, you won't see much, and fast traffic will scare you to death. Take the parallel secondary roads.

About 150 miles driving a day tires you like 400 a day on American highways.

Travel

back, sides and top. Show them the photos and they get the idea. (Same for men on haircuts.)

"Can you tell me how a single man goes about living in Tahiti? How to get a job? How much does it cost a month?"

I can't say exactly. Last I heard you could stay for six months, then you had to leave for six months. The job thing is surrounded with so much red tape you'd have to ask a French consulate.

France has opened the islands to tourists rather reluctantly—because it costs more to support them than they take in from local products. They want tourists but don't want residents. (After living there a month, the tourist begins to live in one with the local economy. That is, he quits spending money like a tourist. Who wants him?)

"Can you tell me how I can buy Irish linens by mail?"

Write Brown, Thomas Ltd. in Grafton street, Dublin for a catalogue. Linens, tweeds, Waterford glass, Irish lace.

"We would like to drive from France down into Spain but have heard the Spanish roads are impossible . . ."

The main roads aren't in as good repair as most of Europe. But they are cer-

tainly all right. I've driven all over Spain with no trouble. Go to a drugstore first thing in Spain and get a bug bomb. Spain doesn't screen windows. The dawn patrol of flies is a problem.

There are few cars on the roads in Spain, and a lot of back country that is untouched by tourists, inexpensive and beautiful. My second choice for driving trips after Britain.

"We have been trying to get a German recipe for raw ground beef with caviar . . ."

That must be schlemmesnitte. Only place I've had it is Luchow's on 14th Street in New York. Two big tablespoons of top quality ground beef on toast. Sprinkle with chopped raw onion. Put a spoonful of salty caviar in the center of the beef. Sprinkle with fresh ground pepper—but no salt, the caviar takes care of that. With German beer, of course.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Carol's Standby Finally Jabs the Overdue Needle

RAVESVILLE: The sight (and sound) of a Real Pro in action is one of life's rare pleasures, and therefore we recommend Mel Torme at the hungry i. Although he had the flu, the fever and a foggy set of pipes (and had spent most of the day in bed), he bounded onto the stage, made not a single excuse, and turned in as rousing a performance as those old brick walls have ever rocked to. A wizard show. Also on the bill: Lisa Carol, who spent some of the best nights of her life waiting in vain for the Iron Maiden, Carol Channing, to get ill (she was Carol's standby in "Hello, Dolly," and as such got nothing but rest). Her best number, oddly, is one that plunges a venomous needle into the saccharine Channing, a needle that is long overdue.

San Francisco

Midwest town, the regular Trouble was ill, so they auditioned for local kids—and picked a bright boy who, on stage practically raped the soprano. The "kid" turned out to be a 30-year-old mid-get.

GUANO MARCHES ON:

A local joint has blossomed out with a Batchek stand plus Batrooms labeled Batman (his) and Robin (whose?), while another is starting a Batgirl of the Month contest. I don't know where it will all end, but any time will do . . . Warning: wear mittens and a muffler to "Dr. Zhivago." It may not be the longest, loudest or even best picture of the season, but it's definitely the coldest—like three-plus in a deep freeze. Sort of a frostbitten "Gone with the Wind."

CAEN OPENERS: Bob Orben knows why the Russians have forged ahead in the space race: "They don't spend half their time and most of their money fighting communism!" . . . And Paul "Red" Fay Jr. is putting the finishing touches

ner (4½ million) is "Thunderball." None of his others come close.

CULTURAL ASIDE LIGHT: Ex-Diva Rise Stevens, now a boss of the Metropolitan Opera's National Company, was laughing here about the troubles they've had on tour with "Madame Butterfly"—especially with Trouble, Cio-Cio-San's child. In a

his recollections of JFK, titled "The Pleasure of His Company," written in laborious longhand on weekends only, with no ghost in the background . . . Today's major minor mystery: The No. 1 best-selling record in Singapore at the moment is "Santa Claus is Coming to Town." You figure it out—I can't . . . At Doro's the other noon, Car Salesman Rudy Ortega sighed: "I once lost eight million bucks by the thickness of a piece of paper." Translation: He once fought Floyd Patterson and lost by a split decision—the deciding judge scribbling "Patterson" on a slip of paper. Floyd went on to earn \$8 million by the time he was 30 . . . Screenstar Paul Newman, lunching at the Alta Mira, wrote in the guest book: "Lovely, exciting—THIS is San Francisco!" Uh-uh THAT is Salsalito.

YELLOW PERIL: Dave Botsford, chief of the big Botsford, Constantine & McCarthy ad agency, is under wraps in his digs, recovering from an attack of jaundice that felled him in New Delhi, India, where he had flown to give a speech titled "The American Tourist" at a travel conference. "Ironic, isn't it," he smiled weakly there. "I take all my shots as a good tourist should, and still get nailed by a foreign bug." Even more ironic: the incubation period for jaundice is two weeks. Ergo: He had picked up his exotic ailment in San Francisco, before he left.

ROYCE BRIER

Television Newsmen Are 'Stars' by Own Efforts

There are few literate adults who could not identify David Brinkley. They may not catch him every night, but they know his approach to television news.

So Brinkley, with his associate Chet Huntley, and others of like stature such as Walter Cronkite, are "stars" in our common use of the word. The mass communications medium has made them so.

But just as Cary Grant, for instance, is a star in another category of communication, by reason of projection of his personality, so the stars of the newscast are stars by their own achievement. Their mere appearance in the medium will not confer preeminence upon them.

So it is with a certain confidence (mixed with indifference), that one must take issue with Mr. Brinkley, who told a Columbia University journalism audience

World Affairs

recently that stars of television news are on the way out.

You'll allow this comes curiously from Mr. Brink-

ley. You don't hear Mr. Grant making a comparable prophecy about screen stars. But Brinkley is a pretty objective fellow, which he proves by questioning his own status, and he advances an argument.

He said news is now so complex that no one man can comprehend it, and spread it out for the people to comprehend. He said you "can't keep up with everything" anymore. He thinks there may be one more generation of news stars, but that already news is being fragmented, that is, presented by those who have got it at its source.

Thus in his view we are moving into a time when several men, or many men, will work all day on one kind of news, or on one story, get on the air and report what they have learned

WILLIAM HOGAN

Saga of Western Honor Almost Classic Tragedy

"Rage of Honor," a short first novel by Denne Bart Pettitclerc, is a serious "Western" played in a town north of San Francisco some years ago. This might be Sonoma, or Santa Rosa. The scene is very West. The 76-year-old hero, Mark Chamberlain, a remnant from the age of 19th Century cattle empires, is certainly a candidate for the Pantheon of the American West. But the tragic drama that unfolds around Mark Chamberlain is almost classic Greek, as are episodes and scenes in which one or more actors take part (only the chorus is missing).

Books

climax of "High Noon" proportions, to bursts of gunfire in a symbolic rain and the old man's horses darting into the hills.

A San Francisco journalist who recently has been a writer on the Bonanza television show, Pettitclerc has hammered this spare, stylized drama into something akin to a tight-lipped, starkly black-and-white strip of cinema. For the most part it is written in simple declarative sentences, like telegrams. They suggest the influence of Ernest Hemingway, whose protégé Pettitclerc was some years ago when the young man was working on the Miami Herald and often visited the famous writer in Cuba (and to whom, among others, this book is dedicated).

Pettitclerc has written the Mark Chamberlain story with such seriousness that it becomes almost a mock-ser-

iousness. The novel is so spare, whittled to the marrow, that a reader becomes conscious of the author's preoccupation with style rather than with the subtleties of his story. "Rage of Honor" is a far more literary performance than the standard "Western" of Luke Short dimensions. The impression it leaves is stylized film rather than an inventive novel.

Notes on the Margin

The new book by Cornelius Ryan ("The Longest Day") is a recreation of the climax of World War II, the fall of Berlin. Titled "The Last Battle," it is due from Simon and Schuster this month.

Langston Hughes has selected and edited "The Book of Negro Humor" (Dodd, Mead; \$5). W. C. Handy, Richard Wright, James Baldwin, tales, blues, "in-jokes," pulpit and pew, scores of entries.

"Duncan Dancer," an autobiography by Irma Duncan (the Hamburg-born Irma Dorette) who studied and performed with Isadore Duncan and was one of the noted "Isadorables" who were the sensation of two continents in the World War I era, is published by Wesleya University Press (illustrated; \$6.95).

Morning Report:

President Johnson and Senator Fulbright are friends as actors in Hollywood are friends, but also deadly rivals. First, the distinguished chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee took the Viet Nam War "over the head of the President" to the people with a TV series.

This was only fair as often the President goes over the heads of Congressmen—all 535 of them.

Now, the Senator is coming back with a new series on China—which he hopes will beat the sagging ratings on his old Viet Nam show. But I'm sure LBJ has a spectacular warming up. In the end, it may be Nielsen, rather than McNamara or Rusk, who will call our shots in Asia.

Abe Mellinkoff