

Press-Herald

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College Hopes Revived

The seeming improbability that the Palos Verdes Peninsula site for a new state college to serve this area can be obtained with the funds allocated by the Legislature has revived hopes among a large number of backers of a Torrance site that their cause may not be entirely lost.

"We were so low that we had to look up to see the floor," one Torrance booster quipped this week. "Now we're on our knees."

Cause for the renewed feeling that the large Torrance site at Crenshaw and Sepulveda boulevards might yet be considered is the apparent determination of legislators in both houses in Sacramento that no new funds will be made available for the acquisition of a Palos Verdes site.

As it stands, the Legislature has set aside \$5 million to acquire the land. That money would have bought the Torrance site, local boosters say. It still may. Persons close to the picture say the land at Crenshaw and Sepulveda still is available if the state will forego mineral rights. The Press-Herald has maintained from the first that the Torrance-Crenshaw site is ideally located and still believes this is true.

We share the hope expressed by others that Torrance may still be selected as the site for the college.

Above all, however, we hope the college will be located and classes opened. The potential student body, those graduating from the many high schools in Torrance and its adjacent communities, are the losers.

Opinions of Others

"By cooperative efforts and by engaging one man for a six months period . . . twelve small industries sold \$491,282 worth of goods made in the small towns of Wisconsin. This resulted in giving employment to many people totaling 60,000 man hours of labor. The total cost of this project amounted to only \$7,200 or 1.5 per cent of the sales cost. . . . We depend too much on the national government and George to do our thinking, our organizing, and our work for us. There is power in cooperative group effort. The results are usually greater than anticipated if the proper organization is formed and many people get behind the wheel to push for common aims. Let's think about it."—Pulaski (Wis.) News.

"Thomas Jefferson was quick to perceive that representative government couldn't endure in the absence of an informed electorate. He wrote in 1832 that the press was 'the best instrument for enlightening the mind of men' . . . His plain inference was that an enlightened electorate would know how to go about organizing an enlightened government. . . . The function is unchanged since his time."—Sylcauga (Ala.) News.

NEWS SPARKS by James Dorais

Federal Bureau Calls the Shots

The decades-old controversy over application of federal reclamation law to California conditions has flared up anew following the fiasco at the recent auction of the 4,700 acre DiGiorgio ranch near Delano. Nearly 1,000 inquiries were received by the Bureau of Reclamation in advance of the sale, but only one bid—for a 67 acre parcel—was received at the auction.

Federal law limits ownership of 160 acres (320 acres if owned by a man and wife) of land within federal reclamation projects. Purpose of the limit is to discourage speculation in lands made more valuable by the expenditure of federal funds.

When the Bureau of Reclamation took over California's Central Valley Water Project in the Thirties, the 160 acre limitation was applied to all lands served by the Project, even the lands previously developed to irrigated crops, for which Project water merely supplemented existing irrigation facilities.

Most of the DiGiorgio ranch was planted to wine and table grapes, oranges and olives. It has 23 wells, and extensive packing and cold storage facilities. When Project water was contracted for in 1952, the ranch owners were forced to sign an agreement to allow the Bureau of Reclamation to divide off all lands in excess of 160 acres at the end of 19 years.

When the contract expired, Bureau officials divided the land into 31 parcels, and set prices (averaging about \$1,590 per acre) which were not supposed to reflect values attributable to the availability of Project water. After a great deal of effort to divide the physical facilities logically and to cope with the problem of dividing 23 wells among 31 parcels, the ranch was put up for sale last December.

Among reasons for the auction's failure, the California farmer reports, is that almost every class of potential buyer was eliminated by the stringent provisions of the sale. For example, husbands and wives were limited to 160 acres, instead of 320 acres.

For a five year period, re-sales were required to have approval by the Bureau. Applicants had to deposit 10 per cent of the purchase price, and forfeit the deposit if they were unable to come up with the balance within 30 days.

Division of the wells involved setting up eight "well units", providing for sharing the output of 13 wells among 18 parcels. If any new owner drilled a new well, he would have to share it with others participating in a well unit.

Probably the principal reason for the debacle at the auction is the fact that a highly developed 4,700 acre ranch just doesn't divide up logically or economically into 31 parcels.

At any rate, the DiGiorgio people have been asked to operate the ranch for at least another season.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

HHH Campaigns for Some Vice Presidential Humor

As every schoolboy knows, Lincoln was our most humorous President, not in public utterance but in private conversation. His humor was tinged with irony, as the famous tar-and-feather story shows. President Kennedy was humorous, but most of our Presidents, and Vice Presidents as well, have been on the dour side. Vice President Humphrey apparently hopes to change that.

Addressing the Young Democrats recently, he got pretty facetious, telling a yarn of Calvin Coolidge (a possible exception to the rule) that when a woman asked him if he didn't tire of the rounds of luncheons and dinners, replied, "I have to eat somewhere."

The most famous Vice President who didn't succeed to the Presidency was the fictitious Throttebottom, of the musical comedy, who, when urged to run, said "What if mother finds out?"

This persistent American feeling that Vice Presidents aren't much shucks, triggered some droll Humphrey remarks.

He bade his hearers recall four "storied names from our glorious past"—William A. Wheeler, Daniel D. Tompkins, Garret A. Hobart and Henry Wilson. These were Vice Presidents respectively under Hayes, Monroe, McKinley and Grant.

But in reality these four were not obscure in their day, at least until they became Vice Presidents. Wilson was a noted Massachusetts abolitionist, a three-term United States Senator, and chairman of the powerful Senate Committee on Military Affairs during the Civil War. Wheeler was a congressman and Hobart was a businessman and rather brilliant. Perhaps the most distinguished was Tompkins, Governor of New York. Many contemporaries thought he was more talented than Monroe, but he came from the wrong State.

The Humphrey sallies: "I weighed this decision about the Vice Presidency very carefully— not long but carefully," and of Johnson's designation of his running mate before the Democratic National Convention: "It was the greatest speech he ever made."

It is not of record that George Washington ever said anything whimsical, though there are hints that with friends over a bottle of Madeira, he had a few rowdy stories. They never got out, though. The biographical psychologists said Lincoln told funny stories to relieve the appalling burden of the war, but that's the myth. The frontier people told wry yarns to get over the rough spots, which were many, and Lincoln had a total recall of thousands of them.

Humphrey showed up for the speech in a new tailored suit with cuffs on the sleeves as well as the trousers. That's funny! Thank God he isn't Cary Grant, or we'd all be stuck with them.

BOOKS by William Hogan

'Hitler Moves East' Is Story of Russian Front

Histories of the second World War, and of Germany during that time, continue to appear and continue to draw respectable audiences. Occasionally a title in this category will soar to enormous popularity, like William L. Shirer's "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." More frequently they are military esoterica, like Alexander Werth's 1,100-page "Russia at War 1941-1945," or even Samuel Eliot Morison's multi-volumed history of the United States naval action in World War II. Collectors are alerted to this season's full-dress military compendium: "Hitler Moves East 1941-1943."

This is by the German scholar and military historian Paul Carell, who once wrote a history of D-Day at Normandy from the German point of view called "Invasion: They're Coming." Already a best-seller in Europe (especially in Germany), the big, extensively illustrated new book will appear in an American edition on Feb. 23 (Little, Brown; \$10).

I am tired of planners advising young people that hard work 'dwarfs and cripples human development'—DOROTHY BLAIR, Los Angeles.

It concerns Hitler's Russian adventure which began in June, 1941, when he unleashed 3 million soldiers in a surprise attack. The outcome was not, as Hitler anticipated, settled in eight weeks. It was settled a year and a half later at Stalingrad. Carell's history draws on both Russian and German sources and, like "Russia at War 1941-1945," is elaborate in its detail. This anecdote, I think, illustrates the enormity of the German debacle: A lieutenant of the 100th Bomber Group was the last to fly over Stalingrad. "Have a look to see whether fighting continues," he was ordered, "or whether escaping parties can be seen. Then drop your load." The load was bread, chocolate, bandages and some ammunition. The pilot circled the city at about 6,000 feet. No flak. Dense fog over the steppe. He dropped lower and lower, finally to 250 feet. There, his observer suggested, were not those people being shreds of mist. "Lower away." The supplies fell into the snow among the frozen and the few who were still waiting for death. The drop did little good. Only one German, a Sergeant Nieweg, is known to have gotten out of Stalingrad. Twenty-four hours af-

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplano

Kiss Her Twice, But Only If She's A Married Woman

"We are going to Jamaica to Ochos Rios. Can you tell me the best buys in this area?"

This is a free port country. No duty, no tax. All kinds of imports: Japanese transistor radios, French gloves, German cameras. You order, but you can't get delivery until you are on the plane leaving the country.

Nothing locally produced except straw hats and baskets. Most of them sold on the roadside near Montego Bay by a brigand known as "Honest Information." He charges about three times what they sell them for in the stores in town.

... and any suggestions for sightseeing?

From Ochos Rios it's a pretty ride of a half hour or more to the little town of Montego Bay. On the way in, you pass the ruins of Rose Hill plantation house in ancient days, a lady named Annie Palmer tortured her slaves and was eventually killed by an abeah—or voodoo—man, 'a-maicans say her ghost walks the place. And the caretaker tells a great story.

There's a nice train ride over to Kingston. Your hotel will arrange a one-day trip. These are descendants of runaway slaves—they run their own show and have a treaty with the Jamaica government.

"How do we find out what shots we need for a trip around the world?"

U. S. Public Health Service—nearest office of Washington, D. C.—has a list of recommended shots for various areas. You get a yellow international health card with your passport. Have your doctor write in all the shots he gives you. And then have Public Health—or local U.S.—stamp it.

I can't remember how many times I've been stabbed in foreign airports just because I didn't get the original shot record validated.

"Would like to drive to Mexico City via El Paso, Texas. Will it be very hot?"

Not now. In fact, it's cold at this time of year. Spring is pleasant. Summer it's about 90 degrees—but dry, desert heat. About three days of this until you start climbing to the great central plateau. Then it cools off. There isn't any cool summer route into Mexico.

"Can you give us some ideas on etiquette for our European trip. I mean do they follow the same rules?"

Europeans reverse the fork—fork to mouth with the left hand. But YOU do not have to change. Europeans—men and women—do a lot of handshaking. Shake hands on meeting. Shake hands on parting. Women friends kiss each other on both cheeks. (This is on the Continent. Britain and Ireland have the same customs we do.)

France adds "Madame" or "Monsieur" or "Mademoiselle" to each sentence.

"The trouble with being blind isn't being blind; it is the way sighted people assume we can't and shouldn't do the things they do."—HARRY CORDELLAS, San Francisco.

"I thought a university was a place to go to learn, not a base for so-called political activities."—MRS. RUBY M. SCHMITT, S. San Gabriel.

"The Republic revitalization must be based on the demonstrably sound principles which gave this country its strength and vitality."—MORTON C. HULL, Ontario.

"Why should nationalism be downgraded? It would seem that love of one's own country is the first step up."—M. ELLIOT, Hollywood.

Our Man Hoppe

Sweet Revenge On Those Rats

By Arthur Hoppe

We sure showed them. As you know, a company of Vietcong guerillas snuck up on one of our bases in South Vietnam and bombarded our military advisers with mortar shells. So to teach them a thing or two, Mr. Johnson dispatched three aircraft carriers to make the first of a series of all-out bombing attacks. On North Vietnam.

Now this makes sense. Because, as our generals say, you've got to attack your enemy's source of supply. And, as usual, the 81-mm mortar shells used in the raid turned out to have been made in the United States. For the guerillas, as usual, had captured them from our loyal allies, the South Vietnam Army.

So you can see where bombing North Vietnam makes a great deal of sense under the circumstances. Because the obvious alternative, of course, was to bomb ourselves.

Personally, however, I prefer the solution we worked out in that neighboring bastion of democracy, West Vhtnrg.

It was in the 23rd year of our lighting campaign to wipe out the dread Viet-Narian gorillas. We were giving \$2 million a day worth of arms and ammunition to our Loyal Royal Vhtnng troops. But the dread Viet-Narians were growing better equipped every week. By about \$14 million worth.

Our Generals were understandably frustrated. "Above all else, we must cut off their sources of supply," they cried. "Let's bomb Communist East Vhtnng! Or maybe Red China?"

It was a grave choice and our President didn't want to do anything rash. So he sent his aide, Mr. George McBundy, out to investigate. "Good Heavens!" said Mr. McBundy. "The dread Viet-Narians are swiping their arms and ammunition from the Loyal Royal Vhtnng troops!"

"Great," says the President. "We'll teach those Viet-Narians a lesson they'll never forget. We'll bomb the Loyal Royal Vhtnng Army." But this plan was opposed by our Secretary of State on the grounds we would lose face throughout Southeast Asia. Besides, he inquired, who is supplying the Loyal Royal Vhtnng Army?

So, after further investigation, a new plan was drawn up to bomb the U. S. Ammunition Depot at Sagebrush, Nevada. But the President vetoed this because Sagebrush had gone heavily Democratic in the last election. He also rejected a second plan to attack the Morning Glory Munitions Works of Elmwood, N.J., as he felt this would destroy the confidence of the business community.

"But we must cut off the Viet-Narians' source of supply," our Generals insisted. Public clamor mounted. At last, the President decided on drastic action. He converted the Morning Glory Munitions Works into a buggy whip factory, declared Sagebrush a pocket of poverty and imposed a world-wide embargo on the shipment of arms to the Loyal Royal Vhtnng Army.

It worked like a charm. The Loyal Troops, who were always afraid some of the stuff might go off accidentally in transshipment, were happy. And, as history records, the dread Viet-Narians, eventually were forced to surrender. Having run out of ammunition.

Morning Report:

Don't, Senator Javits, don't.

Don't push your plan to put the United States Senate on television. It would be the end of TV, but even if you don't care about that, consider that it could also be the end of the Senate.

The major problem is that senators talk too much. I've read the Congressional Record and that would be the script for the Senate's show. Putting that script on the air would be the end of all programs from early morning through the late, late show. TV viewers, who are also voters, would defeat every Senator who appeared.

The truth is our lawmakers should be judged by what they do, not by what they say. So, stay off TV.

Abe Mellinkoff