

Torrance Herald

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Keep Torrance Beautiful

Throughout the month of November, the recently organized Torrance Beautiful Commission is pushing a program which should have the full support of all Torrance residents and property owners.

It's a clean-up, fix-up, paint-up program which is designed as the first step in erasing the many eyesores which plague Torrance residents and visitors.

The group has enlisted the aid of several civic groups, and among those at work this week was at least one Girl Scout troop which ranged over a particularly trashy corner of the city and did a thorough cleaning job.

Posters are being displayed throughout the city by business houses reminding everyone that November is clean-up month. Street banners are being placed in five locations in the city to remind motorists of the city's drive to clean up its streets and business sections.

A checklist has gone out to property owners in the business and industrial sections of the city asking for cooperation with the campaign.

It's a genuinely worthwhile program, one that has needed strong leadership which seems now to be available.

It takes more than the work of a committee, however, and we suggest that all who are interested in seeing that Torrance presents a better face to the public join the drive. It's on of those cases where there are no losers—everybody wins.

Calling All Squares

There are among us some who can remember the days when "square" was a term of approbation. A square deal was a good, honest, mutually beneficial transaction. A square meal was filled with food that stuck to the ribs, that nourished, and pleased—amply. A square jackson was the sort of fellow you trusted, liked and respected for his innate desire to do his part and treat others as he'd like to be treated.

The word, like so many in our changing language, has gone through considerable alteration. Today, if it is used at all, it connotes stupidity, naivety, stolidity, instead of solidity. It often is applied to people who sweat out their civic responsibilities instead of sit them out; to globs who get involved in public services they could avoid by looking the other way or letting George do it.

This change, both in semantics and social responsibility, was highlighted the other day by an advertising executive who compared the modern tendency toward non-involvement with the very earnest and eager involvement of some of our founding fathers.

George Washington, he pointed out, had a good thing going at Mt. Vernon and didn't HAVE to do all that soldier stuff. Nathan Hale didn't HAVE to be so noble about his neck. And can't you just hear Paul Revere, that old equestrian square, if he'd acted in the all too prevalent modern way!

"What do you mean—me ride through every Middlesex village and town? And in the middle of the night, yet. Why pick on me? Am I the only man in Boston with a horse?"

Thank heavens, the Revere-Hale-Washington type of square isn't entirely extinct; but would that more of us were like them! It's o.k. to let George do it if, as in the case of the Father of our Country, that's YOUR first name.

Morning Report:

I have a feeling that if Mr. Kennedy wants to start a school in foreign relations Mr. Nehru will be first in line with his tuition fee.

Nobody could have written nicer notes to the Red Chinese. And all it got India was an invasion. Jack Kennedy wrote from the hip and—bull's eye!

This may give Mr. Nehru and others, some hope. A lot of ultimatums may be flashing over the wires in the days to come. In poker it's the hole card that counts. In diplomacy it's not the public notes, it's what's under the canvas on the launching pads.

Abe Mellinkoff



"That fortune teller was right... you must be the tall, dark, handsome man she told me about."

Wanna Bet?



Geneva Is Talking About...

An Electronic Clock

GENEVA—"Montres et Bijoux, 1962-63!" It's the great annual watch and jewelry exposition, and it's almost as important to Switzerland as Willie Mays and the Giants to San Francisco.

Every year "Montres et Bijoux" is expected to outshine all previous years. The star of the current show is "the clock of tomorrow."

Technically known as Soltronic, it is the world's first entirely electronic clock. No moving wheels, springs or other gadgets. Just a bunch of electrons to do the entire job and 12 years of complex work and ingenious invention to put it together.

Soltronic is only the beginning of "Montres et Bijoux, 1962-63." There are enough fabulous baubles and tickers to impasson a pasha, rajah, emir, sultan or dime-store heiress.

One watch is so small that it can hide its face under the

head of a match. Another is so thin that it can fit into the hollow of a \$10 gold piece.

Swiss watchmakers are champions, but they complain because everybody is always challenging them to a fight.

Once, for instance, some skilled workmen behind the Iron Curtain produced a delicate wire so fine that it is invisible to the naked eye. They sent it to the Swiss with a challenge to match it. The Swiss returned the wire to them with a note asking that it be examined under a microscope—they had drilled a hole in it.

The Swiss watch industry now maintains a special department to encourage requests for unusual timepieces and new inventions.

When the young Contessa Ruscini asked if she could have a watch made that would chime a Twist on the odd hours and a Tango on the even, she was told, "You don't have to have it made. We already have it in stock." French playboy Jean Paul Grinda now carries an antique pocket watch with wooden case and knit "tea-cozy" covers to match his cravats and braces.

Women wear watches as rings, earrings, ankle bracelets and—now that skirts

are above the knees—garter decorations at St. Tropez last summer one started even toted a watch in her belly button.

Among standard items to fill specialized needs: Braille watches for the blind, and alarm watches for the deaf.

The pocket speed trap, designed for traffic cops to check the exact speed of passing cars.

Musicians' metronomes, shrunk to pocket size, at the request of violinist Yehudi Menuhin, who pointed out that plane-traveling musicians needed something light and compact.

Golfers' watches that keep score. Medical watches to assist doctors and nurses.

Telephone watches that fit into phone dials, click off the desired number of minutes for a long-distance call, and set off warning bells when time is almost up.

Wrist navigators that do everything but fly the plane or entertain the hostess.

There's even a watch to make the wife show up on time for her date with you. Locked on her wrist, its straps gets tighter and begins to pinch as appointment hour nears. And only hubby carries the key that can loosen the band.

ROYCE BRIER

Major Flap Growing on Details of Moon Trip

You wouldn't know if President Washington had on his payroll any gentlemen engaged in a heated debate on how to get to the moon 10 years hence, but you may doubt it.

When President Kennedy toured the new Space Center at Houston some time back, he was, of course, shown about by the most elevated space brains in the country and—we hope—the world.

At one point in the tour two of the gentlemen fell into what was described as a somewhat acedulous space discussion, while Mr. Kennedy looked on with what has been described as interested perplexity.

Anyway, the debaters were Dr. Werner von Braun, a moving figure in the moon project, Apollo, and Dr. J. B. Wiesner, head of the Office of the President's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, or, as President Washington would never suspect, OPSAST.

Well, Space Administration has settled on a scheme for this moon trip in the 1970s, and it goes like this:

We will send a capsule designed to orbit the moon, and during orbit it will discharge a smaller capsule which will drop to the lunar surface, perhaps with two men. They call this the "bug." When observation is completed, the "bug" will return to the orbiting capsule, which will then return to the earth in triumph.

But Dr. Wiesner doesn't think this will work, and his followers in OPSAST have two alternative schemes: we should either send a capsule direct to the moon and bring it back alive, or we should send up an earth-orbiting stage, which would rendezvous with a propelling rocket and thus hop for the moon.

Dr. Wiesner's forces argue the Space Administration method would be a dead end, that it could not be used for planetary exploration and, besides, it would have no military value. Linked with the argument is also cost, which has an off-the-cuff figure of \$20 billion, though any government project that can't at least double its cost in 10 years is a turkey. Space Administration is in

A Bookman's Notebook

The Story of the Day The Bomb Went Astray

William Hogan

The time is the very near future. A ghastly error has allowed a group of super-sonic American bombers to streak past its "fail-safe" point, with irrevocable orders to deliver 20-megaton bombs on Moscow.

What happened to this flawless communications mechanism? Both Soviet and American jet fighters are trying to shoot down the bombers. The Russians are not yet convinced that the maneuver is anything but a planned attack, and are poised for massive retaliation.

The President of the United States is on the "hot wire" to Premier Khrushchev. It is during their lengthy conversation that, I think, the point of "Fail Safe," an explosive novel by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler is made.

"This disappearance of human responsibility," the President says, "is one of the most disturbing aspects of the whole thing. It's as if human beings had evaporated, and their places were taken by computers. And all day you and I have sat here, fighting, not each other, but rather this big rebellious computerized system, struggling to keep it from blowing up the world..."

Well, you can see the idea of this hair-raising book which not so long ago we would have labeled science-fiction. Since-fact has caught up with the Buck Rogers kind of equipment that both the United States and the Soviet air forces have at their command. Burdick and Wheeler have built a superb suspense story out of the possibility of war by mechanical failure.

The book emerges an effective tract, in the tradition of Thomas Paine, rather than a good novel. While it is an "entertainment," it contains an element that even the most hair-raising suspense story lacks—the possibility that accidental war may not one day be fiction. In an ominous foreword to this book that is charged with an electric atmosphere all the way, the authors note:

"All too often past crises have been revealed to us in which the world tottered on the brink of thermonuclear war while (the Strategic Air Command) pondered the true nature of unidentified flying objects on their radar screens. Thus the element in our story which seems most fictional—the story's central problem and its solution—is in fact the most real part. Men, machines and mathematics being what they are, this is, unfortunately, a 'true' story."

This is the most explosive literary project Burdick-co-

author of "The Ugly American" has been identified with. His collaborator is a fellow political scientist. I'm sure "Fail-Safe" will be the most

talked-about novel of the autumn season. Read it, and wince.

Fail-Safe, by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler. McGraw-Hill, 282 pp.; \$4.95.

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"We would like to go to a warm place for Christmas about one week. Would Tahiti be out of the way? Not many tourists?"

The rains are starting in Tahiti and a week of them gets to be too much. But Mexico has a lot of warm places with few tourists.

Out of Merida in Yucatan, you fly to the island of Cozumel. Next door to it, Islas de las Mujeres. A lot of Caribbean beach and the hotels are okay.

Zihuatenejo (by air only from Mexico City) has one very good hotel. Its' on the Pacific side.

Puerto Vallarta (by air only from Guadalajara) is on the Pacific. Getting more popular. But a whole series of little bays and beaches are open to a rented boat.

All of these being in Mexico, you probably do best to make your reservations in Mexico. Guadalajara for Puerto Vallarta. And a Mexico City travel agent for the others.

"How do you get your shoes polished if, as you said, there are no bootblacks in London?"

You do it yourself. (I found a couple of polishers in Piccadilly Circus, but I think they are ornamental. The shine isn't too good.)

For women, I got something called Shu-Mak-Up and tried it out on some English girls. They thought it was the greatest thing since frozen Yorkshire pudding.

You clean the shoe and paint it a new color and wax it—keep changing colors if you like. They make this at 3317 E. 50th St. in Los Angeles. They should be able to tell you where to buy it here.

"... something you wrote about the Free Day in Ireland?"

Well, I hear the Free Day has gone up to \$15. The idea was to let you off at Shannon Airport—any airline will do this. Ireland took you on an afternoon tour of County Clare. Dinner at Bunratty Castle. Night in a hotel and a tour in the morning.

I guess this cost too much because I heard the other day it now costs you \$15. That's still a bargain. It's a nice stopover. And dinner at Bunratty Castle is worth the price.

Are there any riverboat excursions still operating in this country?"

Only one that I know of. The Delta Queen, a paddle-wheel steamer, runs excursion tours from Cincinnati down the Mississippi, up the Missouri and on the Ohio. Write Greene Line, Cincinnati, for the folder. I did this one and it was great.

"... a book that is good background on Japan today before we take a trip there?"

I liked "Meeting With Japan," by Fosco Maraini.

"What do you take as presents for people who entertain you in foreign countries?"

I shop the 10-cent stores for trick can openers and kitchen gadgets. LP records from late Broadway shows and 45-speed rock'n'roll for kids pack flat and go over big. The new American non-snap, seamless stockings haven't got overseas much yet and are a good item. Western gear like silver belt buckles are good.

"You wrote about a place to get caviar in Hong Kong..."

That was the Parisian Grill. Refugees were bringing it down from Harbin—they weren't allowed to take out money and caviar was negotiable. But no more. It comes in from Iran and the price has gone up to New York rates.

You can get Sydney Rock oysters there though. Flown in alive from Australia.

STAR GAZER
By CLAY R. POLLAN
Your Daily Activity Guide According to the Stars

To develop message for Sunday, read words corresponding to numbers of your Zodiac birth sign.

ARIES MAR. 21 APR. 20 4-16-27-28 45-56-80-85	Taurus APR. 21 MAY 21 5-14-29-30 53-62-83-87	GEMINI MAY 22 JUNE 21 8-22-44-45 74-76-77	CANCER JUNE 22 JULY 23 14-15 16 Today 7-19-24-37 48-59-71	LEO JULY 24 AUG. 23 21-23-35 47-58-69	VIRGO AUG. 24 SEPT. 23 3-20-30-41 55-72-84-89	LIBRA SEPT. 24 OCT. 23 33-44-65-66 73-75-78	SCORPIO OCT. 24 NOV. 23 6-15-25-34 67-69-79-86	SAGITTARIUS NOV. 24 DEC. 23 10-18-31-42 52-57-67	CAPRICORN DEC. 24 JAN. 20 9-17-28-40 59-57-67	AQUARIUS JAN. 21 FEB. 19 1-13-26-36 50-61-82-88	PISCES FEB. 20 MAR. 21 11-21-32-43 46-68-81-90
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1 Charming 31 Year 61 In
2 You 32 Be 62 Do
3 Youself 33 Ready 63 Do
4 Season 34 Reading 64 Be
5 People 35 Interests 65 Quality
6 People 36 People 66 No
7 Someone's 37 Questions 67 Ahead
8 Keep 38 Hold 68 Don't
9 Rest 39 And 69 Environment
10 Ask 40 For 70 Granted
11 Someone 41 Radiance 71 You
12 One 42 Favor 72 Things
13 Over 43 Difficult 73 Quantity
14 Are 44 Yearly 74 Some
15 Some 45 Special 75 In
16 Today 46 Unresponsive 76 Serious
17 Up 47 And 77 Thinking
18 And 48 To 78 Personal
19 Got 49 And 79 Personal
20 Personality 50 Are 80 Personal
21 May 51 Will 81 Antagonize
22 To 52 Busy 82 Year
23 Yourself 53 Ready 83 Fun
24 Some 54 For 84 Fun
25 Good 55 Taking 85 Message
26 Friendly 56 Letters 86 Letters
27 Man 57 Well 87 Now
28 Pressure 58 Added 88 Surrounding
29 Responsive 59 Ask 89 Today
30 And 60 Write 90 Them

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