



Libya Strikes Oil, But Natives Still Restless

We are all familiar with the guy who wins the Irish sweepstakes, and psychic recoil from this fortuity is interesting. It is also simple—he will either be sensible, or blow it. But when a Nation becomes rich overnight it is not so simple.

Upward of 20 years ago Field Marshals Montgomery and Rommel were slugging it out in the Libyan desert. They left behind millions of tons of wrecked tanks and other war gear. Curiously, this scrap has been a principal export of the Libyans. The other has been oil from olive groves.

So the Libyans have a little nation (pop. 1,200,000) and they were poor. A million of them are wandering tribesmen. There was no industry, no farming but the olive groves. The United States rented an air base, \$10 million. The remainder of the national budget of \$56 million, we and the British made up in grants.

Four years ago major oil companies began drilling south of Benghazi, only 100 miles from the Egyptian border.

They found a big reservoir. 18 companies are now drilling, sharing royalties 50-50 with Libya. They produce about 165,000 barrels daily. This brings about \$33 million in revenue to the Libyan government. But next they expect to be running 400,000 barrels, revenue about \$85 million.

This would be almost a sixth of Venezuela's huge production, worth about \$600 million in exploration. It has given thousands in the fields, on the roads and in ports, cash incomes of several dollars daily, where they lately had cash incomes of several cents.

You would think they would be delighted, but they are restless.

Demagogues emerge with harangues about "imperialist" oil companies. Government men can't decide whether to put their new wealth in housing or schools for the illiterate tribesmen. In the towns, prices have gone sky-high. Fortunately their monarch, King Idris, is not the Arab-prince, \$35,000 custom Cadillac type. He's an elderly ascetic.

Some Libyans are afraid of Bella, the new Algerian leader, and Nasser, who don't like kings and are touchy about "imperialists." Bella has oil, but some wish Nasser, who is so close to these fields, would strike it rich on his own territory, thus pre-occupying him. And indeed, the whole Western world may join this wish, for Egypt is so far bereft of the great modern energy source, oil.

Anyway, you note that sudden riches do not bring un-

mixed happiness, but sometimes misgivings and suspicion. You knew that, of course, from observing the Irish sweeps winners.

What this country needs is an architect who can design a front porch that a newspaper boy can land a paper on. —Burlin B. King, North Vernon (Ind.) Sun.

It's a pity that the claim does not seem to have been pursued.—Prince Phillip in San Francisco on Sir Francis Drake's 1579 claim to the area.

If Oliver Hardy and I were starting out today in this racket, we'd never make it.—Stan Laurel, retired comic.

Temper gets you into trouble. Pride keeps you there. —S. L. Sherwell, Salisbury (Md.) Advertiser.

The reason why people who mind their own business succeed so well is that they have so little competition.—Richard P. Wagner, Odebolt (la.) Chronicle.

More after-dinner speeches need some shortening.—William N. Young, Lititz (Pa.) Record-Express.

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Paperbacks Enter Field Of Great Art Editions

William Hogan

For some time now the New York Graphic Society has been publishing, by special arrangement with UNESCO, a series of outsized art books. Each contains a text of about 30 pages by an internationally recognized authority in what appears to be an extremely specialized field — "Japan: Ancient Buddhist Paintings;" "Greece: Byzantine Mosaics." Each title, individually boxed, is priced at \$18 and, presumably, is aimed at library, museum and institutional distribution.

But look — Mentor Books has come up with the same thing in quality paperback format, Mentor-UNESCO Art Books (95 cents each). Printed in Italy, with extraordinarily faithful color reproductions, these are designed to introduce throughout the world important works of art that are little known and not widely publicized.

Apparently the series is designed for students (art or otherwise). Whatever the potential audience, it remains the most audacious and admirable mass-publishing venture you might care to point to. It emphasizes how far the paperback book revolution has come — in this case from the age of the magazine art of Norman Rockwell. The first titles in this continuing series:

"Persian Miniatures From Ancient Manuscripts;" "Russian Icons From the 12th to 15th Century;" "Egyptian Wall Paintings From Tombs and Temples;" "Spanish Frescoes of the Romanesque Period."

Perhaps more "popular" than the UNESCO books are titles in Barnes & Noble's Art Series, now numbering eight in paperback 75 cents each. These present selected works of master painters. Each contains 50 or more reproductions in high-quality color plus text by experts that gives a concise survey of the life and work of each artist and influences which shaped his work.

Printed in Holland, the series now includes books on Manet, Lautrec, Goya, Klee, Renoir, Van Gogh, Vermeer and Canaletto. In preparation are similar units on Bosch, Braque, Chagall, El Greco, Titian, Hiroshige, Hals and Constable.

This is a stirring series, again primarily designed for the student, who may also, of course, be the average citizen who wants to know something about painting and painters.

John Buchan, First Baron Tweedsmuir, was the Scottish

novelist, biographer, publisher, lawyer and diplomat who is probably best-known as the author of "The Thirty-Nine Steps," a who dunit in 1915 that in later years became the memorable early Alfred Hitchcock movie. Buchan a writer of suspense stories, is better known two decades

after his death than Tweedsmuir, H. M. proconsul

This year, in any event, Penguin Books re-issues four John Buchan favorites: "The House of the Four Winds," "Castle Gay," "Greenmantle" and "John Macnab" (85 cents each). Fine old-fashioned entertainment.

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"Re: your advice to a Navy family moving to Japan, you should tell them to subscribe to the hometown Sunday paper even though it does arrive six weeks late. It keeps you in touch in a way nothing else does..."

Thanks. Always glad to boost the circulation.

"I was a little distressed at your suggestion to career girls in the Sunday paper... I had a grand, unusual and enlightening time. Had my hand kissed by a 70-year-old man, met charming people. Do tell career girls not to be so cautious."

Thanks. Don't be so cautious, girls. (But don't pick up the check either.)

"You are a phony!! You keep mentioning Topolobampo (near Los Michis, Mexico) as a thriving town. I've been there and even by Mexican standards, there's nothing there."

That's why it's good. You can beach it up without falling all over everybody.

"It is not true that hotels in Lisbon take a percentage when they cash your U. S. travelers' checks..."

It is too true. I called four hotels to be sure and asked their exchange rates (three months ago). They quoted a rate that took \$3 in every \$100. That's the highest I ever ran into anywhere. The banks downtown will cash them for about 35 cents.

"As a former New Yorker, I resent your idea that you have to tip all the time. In my experience etc..."

In my experience, I did a check on tipping for three days. I found I averaged 15 tipping situations a day and it was costing me about \$15. That's doormen at 25 cents; taxis at 25 cents—and don't tell me you get out of a New York hack and tip less. Hat check girls. The boy who gives your shoulder a whisk in the gentleman's lounge. Fifteen per cent on dinners. Bellboys with the ice. Newsweek magazine did a survey on this. They came up with \$20 a day.

"... resent your story that you cannot get shirts back from London laundries."

Sorry you resent it. Sorry I couldn't get the shirts.

"... we found prices were fixed, one-price in Hong Kong. So why do you etc..."

They're fixed if you only ask once.

"Why, why, why Hawaii?"

To tell you the truth, it's the only place they don't laugh when I play the ukulele. And a Mele Kalikimaka to all.

Stan Delaplane finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland, and Spain (10 cents each), send coins and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to the Torrance HERALD, Box RR, Torrance, Calif.

Two Faces of Christmas

There are two almost equally ancient but very different aspects of Christmas. The day, and the season, would be empty if either were missing.

A century and a half ago Sir Walter Scott charmingly described one of them in his Marmion:

"Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

This is the Christmas of celebration, whatever the vagaries of weather. It is the Christmas of gift-giving, of feasting, of good talk, of remembrances of old days and old companions. Above all, it is the Christmas of children, awed and delighted by the tree with its lights and decorations, with the wonderful, living and breathing illusion that is Santa Claus, with the excitement of opening their presents, and with the magnificent music that has expressed the spirit and hope of Christmas for generations beyond counting.

The other aspect is the meaning of Christianity, which is the purpose of Christmas to symbolize. This, unhappily, is the aspect that in the hurried, materialistic modern world is so often forgotten.

The fundamental, all-important purpose of Christianity can be very simply stated: Love of God and love for fellow-man equal to that we hold for ourselves. From this concept stems the Christian principles of honor, duty forgiveness, and tolerance. All the other great religions have a comparable base.

This year, as every year, there will be Christmas celebrations throughout much of a weary world. The question is whether Christian principles, bringing peace and solace and understanding to peoples, will ultimately prevail.

The UnChristmas List

Each year as the holiday season of Christmas and New Year's Day approaches, spokesmen for the National Safety Council, police officials, and others remind motorists that this is the time of the year when the most un-Christmas lists of highway statistics are compiled.

This year is no exception, and the various agencies charged with keeping the nation's death rolls down, and those charged with adding up the failures have made their usual predictions and warnings.

There is little we can add here except to ask that each driver on the streets during the two long weekends of the holiday handle his automobile as though his life depended upon it.

Even in California's mild climate, the hazards of winter driving are increasing through the ubiquitous presence of fog, the rain-slick streets, and the terrible crush of automobiles on the move.

The Herald's Pulitzer-Prize winning cartoonist, Reg Manning, has depicted the grim side of Christmas today. Don't let your name get on that "Unmerriest List."

Opinions of Others

The government has eased up on its loans—some businesses were operating on a shoestring. Now they can borrow a pair of shoes and walk into bankruptcy in style.—Alamo (Tex.) News.

The implication is when there is a joint financing of some project, any part contributed by the federal government is "found" money. As long as "federal funds" are used, nobody has to pay. It seems to us it is about time somebody put to use the known facts of financial life, the most prominent being that there are no such things as federal funds in the sense the government doesn't earn a dime unless you include some of the unintentional profits it makes from its intrusion into business.—Lovington (N.M.) Ledger.

For the free world labor movement, the UN has been a bastion for the maintenance of world peace, a vehicle which could help in the creation of new countries capable of growth in freedom. The fight for the UN is not merely the first fight by the free nations; it is labor's fight as well.—Washington (D. C.) AFL-CIO News.

The trouble with all this credit and the putting off the day of payment is that we may get to be like the drunk who didn't like the hangovers so he solved his problem by staying drunk all the time.—Washington (Iowa) Journal.

Having nothing to offer the Cuban people but the unhappy fact that he is in power, Castro has sought to make hating America a positive policy. Again, America and all free lands must hope that, as it becomes daily clearer he does not serve those aspirations but only his own and the Communists', the Cuban people will repulse him and cast him into the oblivion where all political fakery and petty tyrants belong.—Sterling (Ill.) Gazette.

Morning Report:

The Cuban Crisis Club is so exclusive that nobody is sure exactly who belongs—maybe not even the members. All we know is that President Kennedy sent engraved silver calendars for the month of October to his 14 trusted advisers.

It was even leaked that Adlai Stevenson got one of the fancy October calendars. Me, I think he should have gotten another one for December with a big red ring around the dates the Saturday Evening Post hit the stands.

One of those October calendars, mounted as they are on ebony, is surely a fine Christmas gift for the adviser who has everything. But if the crises keep piling up, there are going to be a lot of cluttered desks in Washington.

Abe Mellinkoff



Hate Your Housework? Take a Tip From Dad

By Count Marco

Far be it from me to tell you what to do—especially when it comes to housework. After all, that's your department, and if some of you insist on downhill patterns of housework, by all means enjoy yourself; it's a shorter marriage than you think.

I don't say now, nor have I ever intimated, that you must like housework as such, any more than I say a student should enjoy doing homework. It's no crime in my book to hate the chores around kitchen, bedroom and bath.

One very nice woman wrote, hoping I imagine to raise my ire (and didn't succeed) that she HATES housework. Her husband, she says, knows this and accepted it 22 years ago when they married. He hasn't tried to change her since. So be it.

But judging from her letter I don't think she's the type either who lets the laundry pile to the ceiling, doesn't change the sheets on the bed at least once a week,

and doesn't let the dishes gather ants on the sink.

No matter how lenient a husband is, either he finally forces you to dig in or he digs out.

Many of you weren't cut out for the strictly menial jobs of laundry, dishes, windows, floors, ironing, sewing, etc. But because you aren't doesn't mean you must lie down on the job with a box of candy at one elbow and a TV program at the other.

If you think you're stuck with an unhappy lot, what about that poor man of yours? How many men do you think there are in this world who like the jobs they work on day in and day out? How many men go forward every morning from a warm bed with

dash and zest hardly able to contain their enthusiasm until they get to their money factory?

They daily grind valves, put figures in dull ledgers, drive buses through annoying traffic, put small shoes on the big feet of women, punch clocks, sell door to unpleasant door. How many love their jobs? Not many, I can tell you.

But do you think that lacking enthusiasm is reason enough to let down? Of course not. No matter what or how much his dislike, he still has his responsibilities, to the job, himself and you.

So I say to you, it isn't necessary that you love or even like your housekeeping chores. But it is necessary that you do them to the best of your ability—and I hope that ability improves a little more than I have noticed in some cases.

Now I DIDN'T say ALL homes. So get to work, girls; your last excuse for sloppiness is gone. I destroyed it.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"All right, all right, I'm coming... mom bounces her voice off Telstar."