

Parnelli Did It!

We knew he could do it. Parnelli Jones, who cut his racing teeth on dirt tracks around the area racing jolopies, then midgets and sprint cars, grabbed the crown of the racing world Thursday with his record-breaking victory at Indianapolis.

Parnelli was never in doubt about his ability to crack the toughest of all race challenges—and his many friends are overjoyed at his victory.

And for all the committees, officials, celebrators, and breast-beating promoters who have been trying to implant the name "Torrance" in the minds of the nation's less fortunate, we say thanks to Parnelli. He did more in a few hours to boost Torrance than all the hoop-la of yesteryears.

The "500" is rated the greatest of all races and Parnelli proved Thursday he can be classed among the greatest of all racers.

We are proud of his unequalled achievement.

A Few Choices Left

Isn't it terrible the way the poor stupid shopper gets taken these days by the nice packages on the store and supermarket shelves?

It's such a terrible thing, the way mom gets bamboozled by the pretty packages into buying just what she wants when she sets out to do her shopping for the family.

It's so bad, in fact, that a not inconsiderable number of legislators—to say nothing of the burgeoning taxpayer-supported consumer bureau in Sacramento—is sitting up nights devising schemes which would require manufacturers and packagers of everything from soap chips to lighter fluid to conform to rigid state pronouncements on the methods of packaging and labeling goods offered for sale.

Among the bills yet to be acted on by the California Legislature are many which would impose rigid limits on the already limited rights of manufacturers to offer their products to the public to buy or reject.

We have a growing suspicion that ringleaders in the drive to call the tune for the poor, stupid shopper will be happy only when all products on retail shelves have an Army Quartermaster-type label attached, i.e.: Soap, chipped, dull white, lye added, detergent, emulsifier, 23 oz. net. (Period.)

We still think Mom knows what she's doing when she buys a brand name box of soap chips—and she's smart enough to take another kind the next time if she's not satisfied.

That is the secret of the nation's free enterprise system of goods distribution—the buyer, acting through his own knowledge and experience, accepts or rejects the goods offered.

All the paternalism in Sacramento won't add a thing to the lot of the consumer—it will only add to the frustrations of the state's mercantile system, and probably to the price of the product.

We say, let us alone. Let the poor, stupid consumers continue to get rooked by buying the nicely packaged, brand-named product we are used to buying. It's one of the few choices left to us by the wise old owls of government.

Morning Report:

Payday is dying out. It's the rare guy who has something to jingle. There are deductions for federal income tax, state income tax, unemployment benefits, life insurance, health insurance, union dues and savings bonds.

But at the same time, we also get fringe benefits that don't show. According to the Wall Street Journal, these come to \$20 million a year. The fringe is longer in some companies but may include free tennis courts, free golf courses, and even free lunches.

With the government nibbling at the pay check and the employers producing fringe benefits, it won't be long before payday consists of nothing more than shaking the boss's hand.

Abe Mellinkoff

Opinions of Others

VIRGINIA, MINN., MESABI DAILY NEWS: "Parents who send their sons and daughters to the private college are to be commended. They are doing much to keep private education moving and growing. . . . It will be good for America if private education can be expanded. . . . Keeping it flourishing will constitute a guarantee against too much state and political control over future learning in this nation—and conformity."

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"She says wigs are fashionable."

If You Keep Annoying Me—



REG MANNING McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

ROYCE BRIER

Reds May Have Settled Doubt on Hitler's End

In the early summer of 1945, one of the drollest of cartoons appeared in New Yorker magazine. There was a man with a toothbrush mustache, and wearing dark glasses, on the verge of Niagara Falls, the honeymoon tradition.

The man was presumed to be Adolf Hitler and the woman, Eva Braun Hitler.

A few weeks earlier, you remember, it was announced by radio that Hitler and his bride of a few hours had committed suicide in the Fuehrerbunker, situated between the old and new chancelleries in Wilhelmstrasse. Hitler had shot himself and the woman had taken poison. Retainers had then taken the bodies to a pit in the courtyard outside the bunker, and burned them with gasoline.

There was ample evidence

that this is what occurred, but in a day or so the Russian forces broke into the compound.

When American forces arrived later there was no evidence Hitler had died there. It was as if he had never existed.

The writer visited the site in October, 1946, and the bunker was intact. You went down sixty feet to this concrete labyrinth, and a Russian sergeant showed you Hitler's apartments, Goebbels' quarters, kitchens and communications rooms. Then you went outside and peered at the pit where the incineration took place.

A rusty tank with gun askew sat in the courtyard. The chancelleries had their doors blown off, their crystal chandeliers heaped on parquet floors.

It was Wagnerian, all right, and some time later the Russians destroyed the bunker, and bulldozed the whole area. They did not want it to become a shrine in case one day they had to leave.

But the Russians, so far as we know, still don't say what they did with the bones. That could become another myth.

Nor did they want Hitler's bones to become German relics. They simply denied anything remained, in the face of known resistance of human bones to anything but electric furnace heats.

It was this total denial which begot wild myths that Hitler had escaped into the city, and out of Germany. For some years he was seen in Argentina and roundabout, and Niagara was as good a place as any for seeing a spectre. Half the world believed in the myth, but a British historian named Trevor-Roper assembled irrefutable evidence of Hitler's last days, and presented it in a fascinating book. It didn't dispel the myth, though.

Now another serious writer, Cornelius Ryan, author of 'The Longest Day,' has managed access to Soviet archives, and it is conceded Hitler's remains were found and removed.

Most unfortunately, the Air Pollution Control District's sensational treatment of its own previous statements, based on findings of the U.S. Public Health Service, that "Los Angeles air, despite

smog, contains less of a suspected cancer-causing substance than does the air of most other American cities."

Comparing cigarette smoking, a suspected cause of lung cancer, to breathing cancer-causing pollutants, the Service found that breathing Los Angeles air is equivalent to about seven cigarettes a day, while the air in Nashville, Tennessee, is equivalent to two packs a day, and breathing the air in London, England, is equivalent to five and one-third packs of cigarettes a day.

Los Angeles has long thrived on the theory that every knock is a boost. It will undoubtedly survive the strange public relations of its Air Pollution Control District.

European signs tell themselves visually. The barred gate means railroad crossing with gates. A puffing train means a crossing without gates. The skidding car means slippery road, naturally.

Overseas auto clubs have a small clear decal with all these signs that slips onto the corner of your windshield. Your car rental or purchase usually includes a membership with guest privileges in other countries. Ask them for this decal. It's handy.

I use American Automobile Assn. maps and their book, motoring in Europe." I also use the Michelin guides—for France, Italy and Spain.

A thermos mug is handy. But if you don't want to carry that, before you leave the U. S., buy a couple of those snap-on-snap-off bottle caps. You're often carrying those bottled water and often they don't have a cork.

In the crowded summer before you leave one hotel, choose the next one. Guide Michelin helps you on this. Have your concierge phone the next stop and get you a firm reservation. If you don't, you wind up in some awful places.

"We are going on a cruise ship and don't want to overpack as we may fly home. Any suggestions?"

My tendency is to take too many suits. On shipboard, you find you are mostly in shorts, short-sleeved shirts, khakis. You put on the tie and coat only at dinner. Two is plenty. One would do it.

If you are going into the tropics, a short, folding umbrella is handy in those quick bursts of heavy rain. Doubles as a sunshade, too. Raincoats are too hot.

"Can you make suggestions for us? We have only one day and evening in Singapore and fly out at midnight."

There are sightseeing tours. It's a pretty, tropical town with a flowering look. Shopping is good. It's a free port. Transistors, cameras, Indian saris.

I'd have a Pimm's No. 1 in the breezy, cane chair bar at the Raffles Hotel about 7:30. Have dinner at the Cockpit Hotel. Excellent food and a colorful old mansion atmosphere. You can dance a little at Prince's later if you have time.

"What is the restaurant in Rome that used to be Mussolini's house? Is it good?"

The Plazzio is very elegant with a fine view. It wasn't Mussolini's place. He built it for his girl friend. Their twin baths are upstairs. The headwaiter will tell you they never show it but two dollars changes his mind if you're curious. It was.

"True that you do not tip in Japan?"

True. It's in the service charge on your bill. (However, you tip the airport porters—100 yen is about right. 360 yen to U. S. \$1.)

"Can I use my electric iron in England countryside hotels?"

Not unless it's adapted for 220 volts. English current blows the fuses on our 110-volt appliances. However, there are travel irons that can be set for 110 or 220 by pushing a switch.

"Do you find the same stomach problems in Spain as you do in Mexico?"

Sometimes. I think for a different reason though. In Spain, you aren't accustomed to the heavy use of olive oil in cooking. And there are times when the oil is used too long. Get on foods cooked with little or no oil.

"Do you drink bottled water in Europe?"

I sort of play by ear. The farther south, the nearer Africa, the more I bet on bottled water. However, I always drank tap water with confidence in Switzerland and look at the typhoid thing in Zermatt.

"... summer in the island of Mallorca?"

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Quote

"The American problem is how to support his government in the style to which it wishes to become accustomed."—William Muir, Candor (N. Y.) Courier.

"A pedestrian is a driver who has found a parking space."—Fred W. Brown, Edgewater (N. J.) Bergen Citizen.

I buried them; white and black and red and yellow and brown. But I buried every one of them in a first class grave—the unsegregated sea.—Father William J. Deneally, San Francisco, former Navy chaplain.

Housework is a woman's job that nobody ever notices—unless she doesn't do it.—Donna Burdick, Los Angeles secretary.

Marriage is for people who want babies or to live in villages; since we want neither, we're not interested.—Actress Joan Fontaine answering questions about marriage rumors.

I was due in court for non-payment of alimony and decided to go for broke because I'd be in jail anyway.—San Francisco station attendant arrested for bank robbery.

Strength for These Days

(From The Bible)

Arise, shine; for thy light is come.—(Isa. 60:1).

Every single day is fresh from the hand of God, wrapped in the shimmering glory of His presence. To get the most out of the day, one must give the most and be thankful for all the happy surprises God may grant.

THE PRESENT group introduced by the late Van Wyck Brooks, covers 14 creative people—Boris Pasternak to S. J. Perelman—and includes talks with a variety of poets, such as Pound, Eliot, and Marianne Moore.

The entries are intelligent fun to read; an absolute must for any writer, or student of writing, and simply for the average reader an unusually vivid and revealing behind-the-scenes visit with some of the most interesting minds of our time. I find it, like its predecessors, an enormously satisfying book.

THE ANTHOLOGY at hand includes George Plimpton's famous interview with Ernest Hemingway, introduced by the following quote picked up in a Madrid cafe in 1954:

Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews, Second Series, is another distinguished and continually intriguing collection of tape-recorded dialogues that originate in this best of contemporary literature quarterlies.

Why the Paris Review is the best of the breed is if for no other reason, this running feature. The first such collection, introduced by Malcolm Cowley, appeared about four years ago; it is still available as a Compass paperback.

Lawrence Durrell: "I'm not fundamentally interested in the artist. I use him to try to become a happy man, which is a good deal harder for me. I find art easy. I find life difficult."

Katherine Anne Porter: "Any true work of art has got to give you the feeling of recognition . . . through an ending that is endurable because it is right and true."

Ralph Ellison: "I suspect that all the agony that goes into writing is borne precisely because the writer longs for acceptance—but it must be acceptance on his own terms. Perhaps, though, this thing cuts both ways: the Negro novelist draws his

James Dorais

Southland Boosters Cut To Quick by Smog Report

One of the most delightful places in all the world is the County of Los Angeles, California. Lavishly favored by nature in terms of climate and scenic beauty, and aggressively promoted by Chamber of Commerce types, L.A. in record time has become one of the greatest and most populated areas on earth.

In every Eden, unfortunately, there is a serpent. In Los Angeles, the serpent is smog, which makes its appearance during the summer months, when high temperatures and lack of winds conspire to shove the air pollutants that a dense population have made inevitable right back into the population's collective face.

But the winter months in Los Angeles are relatively smog-free. Smog takes a holiday and the tourists from the snow-ridden plains and Eastern seaboard flock to cool, clear, sunny Southern California to enjoy its incomparable charms.

The All-Year Club of Southern California, which does so much to lure Midwestern and Eastern tourist dollars to California, must have winced painfully last month when a Los Angeles County public agency, the Air Pollution Control District, issued a sensational statement, attributed to one of its head chemists, that there is five times as much cancer-causing material in the Los Angeles air during the smog-free winter months than the smoggy summer.

The statement indicated that fuel oil, burned in winter in steam generating plants, might be responsible.

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Around the World With

DELAPLANE

"We will be driving through Europe to England. Can you tell us about signs? Maps? Any other information?"

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William Hogan

blackness too tightly around him when he sits down to write . . . but perhaps the white reader draws his whiteness around himself when he sits down to read. . . . The white reader doesn't want to get too close, not even in an imaginary re-creation of society. Negro writers have felt this, and it has led to much of our failures."

Among others of those present: Robert Frost, Mary McCarthy, Henry Miller, Robert Lowell. One must agree with Van Brooks: "I think, as interviews, they are the best I have ever read. . . ."

Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews, Second Series, The Viking Press; 368 pp.; \$6.50.

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