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Let The World Take Note-



ROYCE BRIER

Buffalo Had to Go As Sacrifice to Progress

You encounter it everywhere, a favorite theme of the historians of the West, how the white man killed off the American bison, or buffalo.

The critters roamed the grassland prairies in the millions about 1830. The plains Indians lived almost entirely off the buffalo—food, clothing, tepees, flet, everything. Then the pioneers crossed the Mississippi, and in a few decades destroyed the herds. The settlers introduced long-horn steers on the grasslands, and they grazed so closely the rangeland also disappeared, leaving millions of acres of denuded soil.

The historians say it is sad—and it is—but considering the state of the American West, 1963, our imaginations pause. Supposing the pioneers, instead of slaughtering bison, had protected them.

Our meat industry would be much smaller than it is. Buffaloes might not like our highways (if we got any built) or our cars. Horizon-to-horizon carpeting of bison in Nebraska or Kansas would be sticky. They would get into towns and cities, if any there were, and raise hell.

So altogether the buffalo had to go if what we fondly call civilization was to come to the West. It is even possible the passenger pigeon, which once darkened the skies in billions until pursued to extinction, would create difficulties in big cities.

Notwithstanding, the melancholy process of human progress did immense and lasting harm in many areas of the continent, and we don't have our beef and prairie gas stations and airstrips comparatively bird-free, without paying for it in other ways.

Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior, raised the question in an international wildlife conservation meeting in Nairobi.

On the African veldt the encroachment of farms on the feeding grounds is causing world-wide concern. The problem is somewhat different from ours—elephants, for instance, are not as all-prevailing as the bison were. But complete human penetration

of animal living space is likely to work devious economic injury to the land, quite aside from its esthetic and humanitarian aspect.

Udall called the 19th Century destruction of wildlife in America a "shortsighted hour in our history," and he

averred that 80 per cent of the public rangeland still "lies wounded" from our former depredations.

It is possible civilization devours while it creates, possible that a planet inhabited exclusively by human beings would be far from idyllic.

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"We plan a trip to Europe in the next year. It is our first trip abroad and we have a very modest budget. We would appreciate any tips on how to save dollars."

You might try entering through Ireland and exiting from Lisbon, Portugal. Or vice versa. Both are low-cost countries. Learning to buy hotels and food and tip is a matter of a few days education. So do it in the low-priced countries—the mistakes won't hurt as much.

Get the price of your room immediately. And find out what the taxes are. For example: France adds on 15 per cent for service and nine per cent in taxes. Adding about a fourth more to your bill.

Look at the room before you take it. You may be on the light well. Ask somebody—the concierge of the hotel maybe—for tipping customs. General rule in Europe is that they add 10 to 15 per cent for service. You leave a little small change as well—one to three per cent.

Wine waiters are often tipped separately. But they may be pooling tips with the waiters. Ask the headwaiter. England does not add service. Tip 10 per cent. Headwaiters are tipped only in the most elegant places. And then only if they take over some part of the serving at your table.

Best way to stretch dollars is to ask. Ask about tipping. Ask about taxes. Ask if service is included in the bill. Don't guess. Ask.

"We are going to Mexico for the first time. Is tequila the only thing they drink? We have heard it is dynamite."

If you acquire the taste for it, tequila is the cheapest drink—as low as 10 cents a drink. It is not quite the strength of gin. The classic way to take it is with lime and salt: Put the lime between your thumb and forefinger. In the fold of skin between thumb and finger, put a little salt.

You lick the salt. Drink the tequila. Suck the lime.

There is white tequila and yellow tequila—tequila anejo. Supposed to be aged. However, most of it is aged with chemicals. They are the same strength.

Whiskey is highly taxed and expensive. And 90 per cent of Mexico City bars refill their bottles with a local product anyway. Mexican rum is good and cheap. And wine is poor quality and expensive. Mexican beer is the best.

"What's the best way to make advance hotel reservations and get tickets for the World's Fair in New York?"

I'd handle this through the air lines—who, incidentally, will get you hotel space and theater tickets any time. American Airlines sent me a couple of free brochures on the whole thing—hotels, Fair tickets, theater tickets, sight-seeing. No extra charge for the service. Write James Cullington, American Airlines, 460 W. 42nd St., New York City. Ask for them.

Free service of this kind is being offered by air lines. And gasoline companies are giving free trip planning. It's a competitive thing and new. Check into it whenever you buy a ticket or a gallon of gas. There are a lot of bargains around for the asking.

"I have heard there are ways of getting a discount when buying a watch in Switzerland . . ."

Swiss watch prices in Switzerland are fixed by agreement and gold content is fixed by law. Air line employees and travel agents get a 10 per cent discount and guides get 10 per cent commission on what you buy. If you can persuade one of their people to buy one for you, you can save 10 per cent. The shop can't give it to you directly.

"I have heard of discounts given if you pay in traveler's checks . . ."

True in France—though you may have to ask. They don't always volunteer. The idea is that the check shows the goods were purchased for export (with you). Therefore, the shop doesn't have to pay the local purchase tax.

Incidentally, your personal check works just as well. I have found nearly all tourist shops in Europe will take your check. They won't cash it for money. But they'll take it for what you buy. Amazing amount of faith.

Talk of the World

Woman is Still Favorite Topic of the Frenchman

At any season, the Frenchman's favorite topic is women. And in the fall it seems to be even more so.

It doesn't matter whether the speaker is General de Gaulle at the Palais de l'Elysee or Jules, 'le clochard,' huddling from the rain under the bridges of the Seine.

Everybody has something to say about the females and, of course, the women love it that way.

Premier George Pompidou, an esteemed banker who is struggling with France's continued inflation, has warned, "There are three sure ways for a man to lose all his money: on women, gambling and inventions. It is most agreeable with women."

At his 75th birthday party Maurice Chevalier began to show his age by pouting. "Ah but a truly passionate man really tries."

Louis Dieu, the last of the dandies, has sponsored the cult at Maxim's that infidelity is the Frenchman's duty to

woman is only a woman." Then he suddenly brightened and added, "But a real woman,—ah! that is something else entirely!"

When an American asked him how to be successful with women, Chevalier replied, "In the subject of love, to be French is half the battle."

Gina Lollobrigida has put it more specifically. "The trouble with American men is that they never compliment a girl until they think it over. By that time, it's too late."

"Women do not want to be admired, they want to be adored," pointed out playwright Marcel Pagnol of the Academic Francaise, "They don't want friendship, they want love."

At the Cafe de Flore, Françoise Sagan holds occasional court and tells her subjects, "What a woman really wants is understanding. The average man is content to tell a woman that he understands her, his wife so that she will continue to appreciate him. Some of the older members

even carry bogus love letters in their pockets to impress their wives.

"A wife should not try to be the only woman in a man's life," insisted Dieu. "It is enough of a job for her to try to be the best."

An octogenarian himself, he favors older women.

"Old women give very good advice when they can no longer give a very bad example," he explained.

"It is very necessary to women to have men talking about them all the time," says Michele Morgan. "I missed it terribly during my years in America."

The late Edith Piaf agreed that:

"When a woman wears a new dress in America, men don't notice it. In Paris she knows in 10 minutes whether she was right or wrong to wear it."

Brigitte Bardot put it another way.

"I would have a difficult time being convinced of my beauty if it weren't for men," she declared.

A Bookman's Notebook

By WILLIAM HOGAN

"Please lay off me in print," Scott Fitzgerald wrote plaintively to his friend Ernest Hemingway in August, 1936. Things were not good that year for Fitzgerald, while Hemingway was one of the most successful and talked-about writers in the world. In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" Hemingway had referred, cruelly, to "poor Scott Fitzgerald." The old friendship was tottering. Fitzgerald added a postscript to this letter: "Riches have never fascinated me, unless combined with the greatest charm of distinction."

So, in "The Letters of E. Scott Fitzgerald," the story continues to build. This is an enormous collection which documents a famous American literary tragedy in the writer's own words. We see him in many moods, attitudes and roles. He is successful and despondent, romantic and miserably tired. We hear him guiding his college-age daughter with do's and don'ts: "Worry about courage . . . don't worry about the past." And again: "Daddy the prophet! I can hear you say in scorn. I wish to God I wasn't so right usually about you . . ."

Assembled by Andrew Turnbull, who last year published an excellent memoir on Fitzgerald, these letters are as revealing as the author's famous personal document

The Letters of E. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Andrew Turnbull. Scribner's; 600pp.; \$10.

"The Crack-Up." They are a must for any student of modern literary history, or an interested spectator at the classic drama which Fitzgerald's life and career represented.

The story has been told before in biography, fiction and memoirs by personalities that range from Edmund Wilson to Sheilah Graham. It remains a stirring tragedy. The fact that Fitzgerald is read today more widely than he was even during the so-called Jazz Age suggests that his life and talent have become the stuff of which legends are made.

The letters come in batches, mostly to people who particularly influenced his life and career through the years: These include Zelda (not many to her, curiously); Scottie, his daughter; Maxwell Perkins, his editor; Harold Ober, his agent; Edmund Wilson, other friends and colleagues.

Fitzgerald, the beautiful and damned, wrote to Scottie in his last years: "When I was your age, I lived with a great dream. The dream grew and I learned how to speak of it and make people listen. Then the dream divided one day when I decided to marry your mother after all, even though I knew she was spoiled and meant no good to me . . ." He concluded this letter, as in so many, with poignancy: "You don't realize that what I am doing here (in Hollywood) is the last tired effort of a man who once did something finer and better."

The legend endures, as I think it will for centuries.

Our Man Hoppe

Callousness In Washington

—Art Hoppe

Washington is quick to turn from those who leave its scene. How brutally fast it sweeps away its traces. How callously it swivels to focus on the next.

Not 24 hours after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, workmen were in his office, crating up his treasures. And who will forget the sight of his rocking chair, lashed upside down to a dolly like some broken toy, being trundled off into the past? While his body still lay in state in the East Room a hundred yards away.

An hour earlier, in an office on Capitol Hill, a Congressman was saying privately: "It's no time to talk about it, of course, but this is bound to hurt Goldwater's chances. I'd say it was a boost for Nixon, if anyone. He's got the experience. He came close last time. He . . ."

At noon, over lunch, a young staff aide was saying: "I don't suppose we should be talking about it right now, but I don't see Johnson making any radical staff changes. At the White House, sure, but not in the agencies. Not right away, anyway. George Ball's probably safe and Yarmolinsky and . . ."

No one felt he should talk about it. It was too brutal, too callous a subject at such a time. Yet all over Washington they talked about it. That day and the next, while the body lay in state. They talked about it in offices and corridors and restaurants and bars. At first hesitantly, tentatively, guiltily and then, once their listener had signified acceptance of the subject, with a rush of excitement.

"Bobby Kennedy's in trouble. The Johnson people hate his guts. They think he's behind the Bobby Baker investigation. But he and Johnson will probably hang together in public because . . ."

"A Stevenson boom? You're out of your mind. Johnson's got the nomination sewed up next year and Adlai's getting too old . . ."

"No, I think Johnson will make a better President than Kennedy did. He's not as brilliant or as subtle, but he understands power better. And he . . ."

It was not that Washington did not feel grief. It felt it, I think, more deeply and more personally than the rest of the country. For the President is not only President. He is also, in effect, the mayor of Washington, more close to those who live here. But in addition, he is the source of power in a city of people driven by the search for power. And now there is a new source.

Nor, I suppose, is the seeming callousness of the political talk any different than a widow wondering if she was left insurance. Or a newspaperman struggling to write about a disaster.

And as I listened to them talk and as I watched the rocking chair move off down the walkway, I was oddly reassured by the brutal quickness of it all. How easily we make the transition from one leader to the next. How transitory each is. And yet how our system endures.

Morning Report:

I don't suppose anybody will shoot Jack Ruby. No, he'll be released in due course. And probably become a hero in some circles as the guy who put a gun to the man who almost certainly killed John F. Kennedy.

So the clean and honest sorrow of millions is mucked up by this slob.

The President of the United States, by historical definition and by the oath he speaks, stands for law and order. That was part of the horror of Mr. Kennedy's death by a sniper's bullet. His assassin could have been tried calmly in a quiet courtroom. That would have been part of our treasured memory of President Kennedy.

—By Abe Mellinkoff

Thanksgiving Thought

The calm and reassuring Thanksgiving message of President Lyndon Johnson should have reminded Americans who heard it, that they had indeed one more reason to be thankful, even in this bewildering nightmare of national grief. A new and steady hand was at the helm of the Ship of State, guiding it out of troubled waters to smoother sailing.

The observance of Thanksgiving as a national holiday is an establishment of American life that effectively denies the wearisome chorus that forever sings of our materialism. It is one more occasion in the year when the thoughts of Americans are elevated naturally or subconsciously in gratitude and humility to the Almighty.

Thanksgiving in 1963 will be long remembered as a day that saw America still capable of keeping the tradition alive under a pall of almost unendurable national sorrow.

Stakes Are High

The question of animal research is both delicate and difficult. It touches the emotions, and often arouses profound passions.

That in itself presents a danger—the danger that extreme legislative measures might be adopted under a storm of emotional pressure, to the deep and lasting detriment of medical progress.

This is not a remote possibility. Seven bills dealing with laboratory animal care are now before Congress. Everyone—the scientists included—favor the best of care, and that should be assured. But the bills in question contain provisions that would obstruct scientific study of animals, no matter how excellent the care. As an example, scientists would be required to predict in advance the course of their explorations of the unknown. This is a manifest impossibility — if scientists knew that, there would no longer be any need for investigation. So, to all practical purposes, a most important area of animal research would be prohibited.

There can be no doubt as to the need for this research—in the testing of new drugs, in the perfection of surgical techniques, in the exploration of veterinary medical problems. Animal experimentation has been the key to spectacular progress in the health sciences—progress that has added 18 years to the average American life-span during this century. And it must still be the key if that progress is to go on.

Here is one question that, difficult as it may be, must be approached in the light of the calm and thoughtful reason. The stakes—in life, health, human happiness and welfare—are enormously high.

Order Out of Chaos

Just about everyone talks about the American economy, reads about it, listens to discussions of it. Everyone has a stake in it—as a source of jobs and opportunities, and as a supplier of goods and services in almost infinite variety.

Then, in our day to day lives, we see it in operation. A shoeshine stand is a part of it, and so is a gigantic factory. It contains room for every kind of skill, for every kind of enterprise from the smallest to the largest.

Back of all this—back of the stores and the industrial complexes, the power plants and the oil refineries, the car makers and the weavers of fabrics, and all the rest of the components that make up the economy—is something else. That is the system by which much of it is financed and kept alive and growing. It is, in large part the corporate system, whereby numbers of people voluntarily invest savings and earnings in the shares of companies. They hope for profit, naturally—and, at the same time, willingly accept the risks.

There is a place where fundamental workings of this system can be seen. That place is the visitors' gallery of the New York Stock Exchange. Here, high above the huge trading floor, the uninitiated eye views a scene bordering on chaos and even, at times, on bedlam. All seems to be confusion. Men hurry back and forth between the kiosks where the shares of the various corporations are traded. On the far wall a vastly magnified ticker tape tells its endless story of changing prices. An infinity of paper work goes on and on—and that too, to the lay eye, has a look of disorder and purposelessness.

But the fact is that everything is superbly organized, and the look of chaos is illusion. Here, one can say, is the world's foremost auction mart. Here is where the desires and economic opinions of prospective sellers and prospective buyers of stock meet, and become mutually agreed upon transactions.

More important, here is a true free market, in which price is established by the natural law of supply and demand, and that alone. And here is the center of what has been called "people's capitalism"—a capitalism in which more than 17 million Americans now directly share through the ownership of stocks.

Opinions of Others

From the Star-Republican, Blanchester, Ohio: "Probably the carrying capacity of no other form of transportation has been increased as much in recent years as that of the gravy train."

WHITE, S.D., LEADER: "Isn't having plenty of good food for everyone a greater and more practical accomplishment than putting a man on the moon? That's one facet of the welfare of our people in which the Communist countries can't say they have us beat. We don't need to ape what the Communists are doing."

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