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## Travel Facilities Vital

Southern California's spectacular growth over the years has been achieved in a large measure by the excellence and abundance of this area's transportation facilities. Establishment of these facilities has brought the people and products of the Southland within hours of the world's great centers of commerce and industry.

Torrance, with its industries active on an international scale, has a special interest in transportation facilities for its citizens and its products.

As the Southland has matured, solutions to transportation problems have been provided by community organizations, and barriers have been promptly attacked by the community through such groups as the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

Such a barrier has again developed, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has put its organization and resources on the front lines of the battle to remove the barrier.

In a letter last week to the presidents of Pan American Airways and Pan American Grace Airways, Chamber President Oscar T. Lawler requested the two airlines to enter into an interchange agreement, thus providing non-stop one-plane service between Los Angeles and the west coast of South America. This service, he pointed out, is urgently needed to eliminate "the present time-consuming and archaic route structure now in use."

At present, passengers traveling from Los Angeles to South America must change planes en route, causing delays of up to 12 hours.

In order to provide one-plane non-stop service from Los Angeles to the west coast of South America, both Pan Am and Panagra must enter into an interchange agreement. Such agreements are not uncommon in other parts of the country, and today are in effect on the east coast to various South American destinations.

Recently, the Chamber filed a petition with the Civil Aeronautics Board and was granted Leave To Intervene in the U.S.-Caribbean-South America case. Formal proceedings and final decision of the CAB are not expected for at least another two or three years, and possibly longer.

We wholeheartedly endorse the Chamber's action in this matter in attempting to provide this area with interim relief pending a final decision by the CAB.

In his letter to the two airlines, Chamber President Lawler declared, "We can find no justifiable cause for inconveniencing the traveling public in this manner. Such an agreement would eliminate preferential treatment now accorded other U.S. communities."

We agree, and are confident the Chamber's forthright stand in correcting a gross inequity will be successful in establishing Los Angeles as the West Coast Gateway to the new and profitable world of business and commerce of South America.

## Industry Scores Again

The myth that only the federal government can create huge electric power projects has again been punctured.

This time it is a private investment group known as the Western Energy Supply and Transmission Associates that is proving that a massive project—one that eventually will dwarf the TVA, the Aswan Dam and other giant power producers—can be constructed without the use of a single penny of taxpayers' funds.

Work has been started by Western on a vast electric power complex that will cost more than \$10 billion and will provide energy to consumers in nine western states—New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Wyoming, Idaho, and Texas.

An enormous new network of transmission lines will supply local utility companies with cheap and abundant power, Western says, and the consumers will benefit from lower rates.

Actually, the benefits will extend far beyond the consumers in the affected areas to all the nation's taxpayers. That's because the utility companies involved will not only supply private funds for the massive project but they will continue to pay taxes, as usual; something the government-financed power-plants do not do.

## Morning Report:

Flash! The presidential election is finally over. The cut-off moment came when Defense Secretary McNamara closed 95 military bases and fired thousands of voters. That means Mr. Johnson has stopped running for the highest office and started running it again.

During a campaign, the incumbent naturally doesn't want to do anything to rock the boat. And that means he doesn't do anything.

Defense spending is not the only field where the White House is starting to function again. Ambassador Taylor, who sat out the whole campaign in Saigon, is back for talks about South Vietnam. I figure some of the bases closed at home may be opened up over there.

Abbe Mellinkoff



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

## History May Vindicate Khrushchev's Judgment

Comrade Brezhnev, first secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, has a tough problem. Or is it Comrade Kosygin, or some other member of the collective management unknown to us?

Actually the Comrade, or Comrades, have two problems—how to make a collective work, and how to build and maintain a world Communist front.

The most celebrated of all collectives was that of Caesar, Crassus and Pompey. It never worked well. Crassus brought nothing to it but wealth, and Pompey instigated a civil war, which he lost. And of course Napoleon's Consulate, which he worked out with Sieyès, was papier-mache.

Khrushchev emerged within a year from the collective following the death of Stalin. The historical prognosis for collective rule is in fact very bad, and the rulers of the Soviet Union are quite aware of this.

But whoever rules Moscow today, or will rule it tomorrow, must look to the outside as well as the inside, and the outside problem is the more difficult.

Chou En-lai, premier of Red China, hiked fast for Moscow when Khrushchev fell, and he talked with Brezhnev and others, trying to patch up the big split.

One pivot of the split, dominating Khrushchev's final days of feud with Peking, was his call for a preparatory meeting Dec. 15 for a summit meeting of the world's Communist parties. This raised factional struggles between pro-Russians and pro-Chinese in the parties, and hardly more than half of the 26 parties invited agreed to attend this preparatory.

But the new Moscow regime, for whatever reason, is sticking with the Khrushchev call, though it may compromise with a date postponement.

Peking, however, is reported to be against a general meeting, and to favor direct Moscow-Peking negotiations.

It was Marx's belief that all the "workers" in the world have an identical interest calling for identical action, overthrow of the bourgeois social order. Lenin and Stalin subscribed to this belief, and its corollary, world revolution.

But Marx flourished in a world of low-level communication, trade and technology. The swift latter-day rise in these two factors governing human affairs began to differentiate between Communist thinking and procedure between one region and another. The Romanian Communist, for instance, no longer has the same set of problems as the French Communist, let alone those of Venezuela or Mongolia.

This fundamental diversity of Communist experience, and so development, has come to dominate the modern revolutionary world. Those who defy it have history against them. Poor old Khrushchev, who acknowledged it, may well be vindicated by history after he is dead.

BOOKS by William Hogan

## The Spy Who Went Out Into Cold Top Reading

I think I have found the successor to John LeCarre's intriguing fiction, "The Spy Who Came In From the Cold." This one is called "The Year of the Rat," a "chronicle," as it author labels it, rather than a novel, or entertainment. It is an engrossing series of incidents from the annals of military espionage. The time: the final months of Hitler's Third Reich.

This involves a giant Allied hoax in which a German major-general is kidnapped by Allied operatives in France. His place is taken by a superbly-trained actor. Known as Abraham B. (for American or British), this military imposter's mission is to plant a "cover" plan of Operation Overlord, the strategy for the invasion of Europe, with the German High Command.

The hoax works — while in the background we observe developments in the German officer plot to assassinate Hitler and the tense rivalry between the

Nazi hierarchy and the professional Wehrmacht. The planted document — an entirely plausible, practical plan which coincides in some degree with the actual invasion plans — is scrupulously analyzed at Hitler's headquarters. The Germans accept the document and fall into the Allied trap.

The result is a tingling story of espionage. Is the story true? The reader is never sure. The author, a California-born veteran of the wartime United States Navy with the Slavic name of Mladin Zarubica, tells us he believes the story is true.

The manner in which Zarubica says he got the story is another intriguing part of the book. Assigned to a postwar commercial mission in Central Europe, Zarubica had occasion to meet and to know well a hunting guide at an Austrian Alpine lodge. The guide was a great storyteller. Obviously he had served Germany during the war, either in the Wehrmacht or the Nazi party. Zarubica tells us that he sat on this particular story for years checking it against Allied intelligence records. Now he is convinced that the hunting lodge storyteller was actually Martin Bormann, Hitler's shadowy political philosopher who was presumed killed in Berlin along with the Fuehrer.

Now the tales takes on a semblance of fantasy. Yet the journalist Ralph Ingersoll, who was highly placed in Allied intelligence during that time, in a postscript to this book suggests that all could be true — even the part about Bormann.

So "The Year of the Rat" might be history, or hearsay, or simply an unusually skillful work of the imagination that is itself a hoax. For the moment we accept it as fiction.

In a second edition to his book, "The Last Days of Hitler," the distinguished historian H. R. Trevor-Roper appraised new information that had come to light since he wrote the original. He noted: "The fate of Martin Bormann remains a mystery . . ." Could that sharp-eyed, suddenly talkative hunter in the dark forests of Austria be? . . .

## Notes

Keep your face in the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow.—Helen Keller.

Beware lest you lose the substance by grasping at the shadow.—Aesop.

MRS. JACK BRIGGS, La Mirada — "What the government giveth us, the government first has taken away from us!"

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

## The Jet Races, or Life On the Lecture Circuit

PITTSBURGH — There is no such thing as a routine day on our national lecture circuit, beginning its 27th year this month.

Most every day is a 600-mile-per-hour jet race from tip to tip of the nation.

This column, for instance, was started on a plane from Los Angeles to Houston, continued on a bus from Salina to Kansas City, on planes to Kirksville and Dayton, and almost completed at the Pittsburgh airport at 4 a.m.

A typical lecture-reporting trip begins at the Los Angeles airport. Our efficient travel agents combine their know-how to get us where we must go on time, by the grace of God and combination of jets, helicopter, DC-3s, plane charters, buses, trains, Hertz and 50-mile taxi rides, when the fog and snow bogs us down.

Last time out we boarded Continental 50 in Los Angeles on a non-stop to Houston. We were met by a friend and program chairman, banker P. R. Hamill, who drove us 85 miles to Bay City to address the Knife & Fork Club. Back to the Houston Airport Inn, arriving at 1 a.m., answered some mail, caught a few hours' sleep, and took off at 7:40 a.m. on Baniff 146 for Minneapolis to connect with Northwest 437 for Fargo, our next banquet talk.

Next day at 7 a.m. we boarded Northwest 420, arriving in New York at 3:50 p.m. Checked in at the Commodore Hotel and then to the Democratic headquarters on 42nd Street to follow Bobby Kennedy on a political tour of Harlem.

On Sunday a.m. we spoke at New York Town Hall, then rushed past the New York World's Fair to Kennedy Airport to catch TWA 67 for Kansas City to connect with Central's 3 for Salina, our next speaking engagement.

Lunched with Whitley Austin, Salina Journal; spoke that night and left by Greyhound at 4 a.m. for Topeka to see our national agent, Benjamin Franklin (that's his real name and he is a descendant of THE Benjamin Franklin), and then continued to Kansas City. Had dinner with our good friend, Watt Randall, secretary of the Kansas City Rotary Club for many years; spent the night at President Truman's favorite hotel, The Muehlbach; caught Ozark 150 at 7:15 a.m. for Kirksville, to address the Missouri state teachers convention at 10:30 a.m.

We then arranged for pilot Bill Montgomery, who owns the Kirksville Flying Service, to fly us by charter plane to St. Louis to connect with TWA 306 for Dayton, to address the Executives Club that night. On the way his transmitter failed and we could not land at Lambert Field. We landed at a suburban airport where Bill picked up another plane and made TWA 306 with only minutes to spare.

Landed in Dayton at 4:50 p.m., stopped to say "hello" to Bing Crosby waiting at the airport, met our good friends, the Chittendens, who rushed us to the Biltmore Hotel for a quick change into black tie to address the banquet at 6:30 p.m.

Next day our good friends, the Polsons, came up to Dayton to take us to Hamilton and then to Oxford, Ohio, for our address at Miami University. Swiss-born, personable John Dolibois, director of alumni relations, took us on a most interesting tour of the Miami University campus . . . later a delightful dinner with president Wilson and members of the faculty . . . and after our address, the university plane flew us to the Cincinnati airport, where we boarded American 278 at 10:30 p.m. for Pittsburgh.

We arrived at Pittsburgh at 1 a.m., where not a hotel room was to be had because of a large convention; result, an all-night vigil at the airport finishing this column and planning coverage of Johnson and Goldwater personal appearances.

At 7:50 we caught the Al-

leghey 300 for Scranton, rushed to Wilkes-Barre for a talk, and back to Scranton for a banquet address that evening.

Eastern Airlines cancelled our plane to Wilmington, so our good friends, the Stauffers, who own the Chevrolet agency in West Pittston, flew us there in their luxurious twin-motor plane. After an afternoon address, we flew to Cleveland for two talks.

Then boarded United 415 for San Diego to address the California building dealer's convention . . . then Western 770 at 11:30 p.m. to address the Montana education convention . . . then to San Francisco for the Century Club next day at noon . . . then back the same day to prepare for a talk at California State Polytechnic College in Pomona.

This is but a brief glimpse of the lecture-reporting circuit. The weary but rewarding miles cover the pulse of the national temper from sunrise to sunset.

We cover the headlines and the men who make

them. We speak our mind before millions of the top 25 per cent who make the nation hum. First the challenge, then the applause. What kind of man would not sacrifice a lot more for a lot less?

The rhythmic hum of a huge waxing machine sliding on the floor of this deserted Pittsburgh airport opened my eyes. A man guiding it asked me to raise my feet so he could wax beneath. He probably wondered why we were there at 4 a.m. while the big city slumbered in a refreshing sleep. But he went on and faded with the hum. It's just as well.

We were unshaven, sleepless, wrinkled and weary . . . even though inwardly not the worse for wear. But we could not have explained. Nor would the porter have believed that in a few short hours this forlorn-looking specimen would be covering the appearance of the President of the United States at the Scranton airport and might even be shaking hands with the most powerful man in the world today.

Our Man Hoppe

## Zambia Orbits First Astronaut

By Arthur Hoppe

Lusaka, Zambia

THE FIRST Zambian astronaut was successfully placed in orbit at 3:14:32 p.m. (Central African time) today as a prelude to this new Republic's scheduled moon shot.

The grim-jawed, steely-nerved astronaut, Godfrey Mwango, 21, orbited 17 times down a grassy incline in a 40-gallon oil drum before coming to rest against a blue gum tree.

The test was described as "an unqualified success" by the director of the space program, Mr. Edward Nkoloso. "We have learned a great deal," he said.

The site was the astronauts' training center—a clearing in the bush some five miles from this new nation's capitol in Lusaka. The oil drum was a twin to the space capsule in which Director Nkoloso hopes to send Astronaut Mwango to the moon by the end of next month.

THE TEST was the first actually witnessed by a newsman and photographer and there was a certain tenseness in the air during the final countdown. Director Nkoloso was wearing his customary be-medaled khaki tunic and combat helmet. But he had donned a pair of green and red silk trousers and a heliotrope cape for the occasion.

Astronaut Mwango, in khaki uniform and combat helmet, lay stiffly on the ground as the oil drum was tilted over on its side. If he felt any anxiety, he didn't show it.

Then, on Director Nkoloso's orders, Mwango's fellow astronauts, one hampered by a spear, stuffed him into the oil drum, feet first.

"A-okay?" said Director Nkoloso anxiously, thumping on the steel side of the space capsule.

"A-okay," came back the game, if muffled reply.

TEN . . . nine . . . eight . . . began Director Nkoloso. But the final countdown had to be interrupted twice due to technical difficulties—primarily the difficulty that Astronaut Mwango was slightly too large for the barrel and his head kept hanging out dangerously close to the ground.

At last, however, Mwango scrunched himself into a suitable position and all details measured up to Director Nkoloso's standards of perfection.

"Blast off!" cried Director Nkoloso, giving the space capsule a shove with his foot. "All systems go!"

Unfortunately, however, the incline was too gentle and after one orbit, the space capsule came to rest against a tuft of grass. Mwango's fellow astronauts eagerly rushed forth to assist and with their help he was again on his way to glory.

"Wow!" he was heard to say.

MWANGO brought the space capsule in to its landing against the blue gum tree completely unassisted. All the spectators, including several native women with babies on their backs, ran to the landing site to see if Mwango had survived intact. But he crawled out of the capsule unaided and clearly none the worse for his experience, a broad grin on his face.

"Man, what a ride!" he said.

Director Nkoloso nodded his head approvingly. "That is what astronauts always say," he explained.

Asked what he felt had been learned from the test, Director Nkoloso frowned. "Well, for one thing," he said, "we are going to have to get a bigger barrel."