

Press-Herald

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Threshold of Growth

Mayor Albert Isen is busily telling one and all that Torrance—great as its growth has been in recent years—is on the threshold of even greater growth, some of it in proportions nearly unbelievable just months ago.

His optimism about the city's future is largely based on reportable fact, not a matter of wishful thinking.

First there is the projected development of the Del Amo property which surrounds the present Del Amo Shopping Center. Plans unveiled before the City Council last week indicate that the developers plan one of the greatest commercial developments ever conceived for one locality on the West Coast.

Spokesmen for the developers have told members of the City Council that the total project calls for extensive construction on the 200-acre area surrounding the present Del Amo Shopping Center. The new project will include high-rise office buildings, commercial complexes, hotels, financial centers, and literally scores of related service and satellite business facilities.

Already under construction at Carson Street Hawthorne Avenue is the new Bullock's Fashion Square, which will be backed up by several leading Southland retailing organizations.

Scheduled for the corner across the street are high-rise office and financial buildings and a commercial complex that will serve as a magnet for business activities over a large part of Southwest Los Angeles County.

Nearer the civic center, another Torrance developer has started procedure to erect a 14-story commercial building, the Superior Court building on the civic center is taking on new heights every day, and other development already on the map tends to back up Mayor Isen's enthusiasm.

Torrance's tomorrow should be an eye-popping adventure.

Others Say

The Lord Must Weep

Americans read with a deep sense of shock the reports of the tragic rioting in Los Angeles. It was with an almost equal feeling of concern that many of us read President Johnson's words:

"Killing, rioting and looting are contrary to the best traditions of this country. . . . No person has the right to inflict harm on the life or property of others. Every person has the responsibility to uphold law and order."

The concern was not over what the President said. With that we all fervently should agree. It was over the fact that he felt it had to be said; that Americans had to be reminded that killing is not in our best interests, that upholding law and order is as much a sinew of our American heritage as is the protection of that law and order.

Yet should we be surprised, after all, that the nation does need reminding? When intellectuals in the church can with impunity urge college students to try to stop the investigations of a duly constituted Congressional committee into un-American activities? When intellectuals in government can, with impunity, suggest that jail sentences for civil rights demonstration illegalities may well rank in honor with war medals; that laws we don't like are laws we can break? When the whole intellectual trend is to absolve the individual from responsibility for his own actions?

The Lord must weep for the passions and frustrations, the ignorance and the repressions that drove men, women and children berserk in Watts. He must weep even more for the mindless frivolity of those who hold law and order and responsibility so lightly . . . and who have every reason to know so much better.—California Feature Service

The mere fact that a boy or girl manages to get a college diploma does not necessarily testify conclusively that their education has been a success . . . There are men and women who have never been inside of a college, but who, nevertheless, are better educated than some of the young graduates. When you know what we mean by this, you are beginning to show signs of education yourself.—Cuero (Tex.) Record.

The present administration seems vitally concerned over the rights of various persons and groups of persons. The administration talks boldly of the right of all to vote, the rights of marchers, the rights of sit-in demonstrators. But they do a complete about face when the subject of right-to-work is involved. Why? The right to work is a constitutional privilege and we believe it is embodied in the spirit of the right to pursue our way of life.—Eustis (Fla.) Lake Region News.

Opinions of Others

We can hardly agree with the statement that people cannot think for themselves. We consider and sincerely believe that every American is a sound thinker, an energetic worthwhile human, but this incentive has been taken away from him. He has been brain washed with poverty programs, with welfare ideas, with aid programs, until he believes that only Washington can do what needs to be done. To us this is extremely disappointing—we have stated many times, and still believe in pioneer spirit—the drive and intentional fortitude which discovered this great country of ours.—Ault (Colo.) Progress.



ROYCE BRIER

Spate of Memoirs Ruffle Some Highly Placed Egos

While a President lives and remains in office, many significant phases of his executive action, his impress on men and government, must necessarily remain hidden from the people and from history.

But when a President dies in office, all this arcane knowledge has a tendency, piecemeal, to become public, as those closely associated with him write about their association. It would perhaps be less painful for many if such writing could be impounded for ten years, but this is not possible in our free system.

In the past few weeks the people have encountered a torrent of memoirs purporting to disclose secrets of President Kennedy's administration, and inevitably this torrent will grow in volume, if not in perspicacity.

There is no reason to suspect falsification in piecemeal memoirs we have seen so far, though there is some reason to reserve judgment in the matter of interpretation.

The memoir method is demonstrated in the case of

Arthur Schlesinger Jr., once a Presidential aide, writing in Life magazine.

He quotes the late President frequently, and uses the quotations as pegs on which to hang his own conclusions as to Mr. Kennedy's intents and beliefs in large matters. It is manifest that such a technique has faults as well as virtues.

In the last episode, titled "The Mess in the State Department," Schlesinger is insistently critical of Secretary Rusk. He represents the President as baffled and embittered by State's bureaucratic inertia. He says Kennedy considered State formless and impenetrable, and quotes him as calling it a "bowl of jelly."

The author analyzes Rusk's personality, calls it Buddhahlike, remaining aloof from the give and take of the White House conferences. In the author's own words, the President "grew increasingly depressed by his (Rusk's) reluctance to decide."

Schlesinger said Kennedy intended to seek a new Secretary of State after the

1964 election. This, of course, is extremely embarrassing to Mr. Rusk, and embarrassing also to President Johnson.

Mr. Rusk takes exception to such memoirs, and understandably. Without naming Schlesinger, he questioned the propriety of revealing conversations presumed to be confidential.

Yet one fears Mr. Rusk is opposing the inevitable. The Lincoln case is pertinent here. Lincoln's personality was partly hidden, and those of his Cabinet aides mostly hidden from the people during the war. But within a year after his assassination, memoirs and "diaries" began to reach print.

This proved to be a valuable service to history, even though considerable areas of the written material were dubious. It may not be essential, but it is certainly of value, to disclose the stories of great events while those who participated can write them. You won't see any memoirs from those close to Nikita Khrushchev (also unable to reply), though they would be fascinating.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Tom Wolfe Receives Top Notice on Bay Area Call

Tom Wolfe, the journalist, was in our midst recently. It seemed to me that he got more coverage in the columns and society pages of the daily press than any other visiting esthete since Oscar Wilde arrived here in March, 1882, for a lecture at Platt's Hall on the "English Renaissance."

For all the talk about the flamboyant young Wolfe's Edwardian suits and shirts of the wildest hue (See Herb Caen today), he was dressed more inconspicuously, when he dropped around this office, than Wilde—of whom the press of that day observed: "The dress of the poet constituted a short velvet coat, rose-colored necktie and dark-brown trousers. The lower garments were cut with utterly sublime disregard of the latest fashion, but the esthete had yielded sufficiently to his shoemaker to allow that worthy artisan to fit him with the newest production of his last."

Tom Wolfe was on a working trip: a survey of surfing, topless dancers, one thing or another, all of which may wind up in the Herald Tribune, his home base. But as an author, rather than a critic, or critical reporter, how did Wolfe feel about the reviews of his own

book—the collection of diamond-hard journalism called "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby"?

There was some free-flowing venom, of course, the anonymous putdown. The daily Times twinned his book with the new John Lennon book, a sweet play. But as a result, the kids thought Wolfe has something to do with the Beatles, and that may have been a plus. There is much literary bitchiness at the hot center of the New York literary establishment, and certainly in literary criticism.

As a journalist, Wolfe is not a member of these secret societies. He rejects this reactionary, 19th Century atmosphere in which the writer is still thought to be the holy man, the romantic hero.

Most novelists today work with old-fashioned concepts, conventional wisdom picked up along the route of a liberal arts education. That's why most people don't want to read fiction. The want to read truth, or fiction that tells them something. Even "Advise and Consent" told you something about the Senate.

And yet, Tom Wolfe is working on a novel: It will be about American teenagers, and the status theory, in the old Max Weber sociological sense. "The Kandy-Kolored etcetera" deals in large measure with the enormous force of the teen society in our culture. The teen-force filters upward, graphically, into adult culture. Hair styles, clothes; well, certainly the dances. Wolfe has not written fiction before.

What the New York critical establishment might do to this new kind of novel is anybody's guess. Maybe they will get Norman Mailer to review it for the Tribune. For it was Wolfe, in a heady review of "An American Dream," who wrote: "Mailer has always been measuring himself against other writers. He has been saying, 'Is Jones, Willingham, Capote, or Kerouac or whoever as good as me?' long after most literati regarded Mailer as no longer even in the competition . . ."

How about a winter in Japan?"

Skiing is beginning to catch on in the Japanese mountains. But for general touring, it's cold. Tokyo gets down to 30 degrees in January. A biting, humid cold much like Washington, D.C. Better stay in Western-style heated hotels. The Japanese hotels bring in a half dozen little slivers of glowing charcoal in a pot of sand. And that's the heat for today.

"Can we get American medical prescriptions filled in Tokyo?"

I'm sure you can. Try the American drug store in the Nikkatsu International Building. (About a block from the Imperial Hotel.) You can buy everything in Japan without prescription—except narcotics and sleeping pills.

STAN DELAPLANE

Rio Is a Dress-up Town, Coats and Ties All Day

"We are flying to Rio de Janeiro in January. What is the weather like and how do you dress?"

Rio in January is mid-summer. Muggy. Hot. It rains a third of the time. But Rio dresses like any big city—even at Copacabana beach hotels. Coats and ties all day. Women are pretty dressy for lunch and dinner. It's a very social town with the "in" people all eating at the "in" places.

Varig, the Brazilian airline, carries a "social hostess" as well as working stewardesses. They put on the most elegant dinner—from New York to Los Angeles—that I've ever seen on an airline. Takes about four hours to serve.

The evening trip around the harbor is inexpensive and worthwhile. Music and nightclubs are good and fairly expensive. By January, they'll be warming up for Carnival. The weekend street parades are great.

"How do we get from Mexico City to Merida in Yucatan?"

You fly it in short time. Or you drive: By way of Vera Cruz or you can go down the main Pan American highway through Oaxaca and cut across to the coast at Tehuantepec. I'd go one way and come back the other.

By way of Vera Cruz, there are a couple of ferry crossings. If there's a "norte" wind blowing, you might be held up a couple of days. The "nortes" come during the winter.

"We are interested in semi-precious stones and would like to know where to buy them in Mexico . . ."

Queretaro, north of Mexico City, is the gem cutting town. Supposed to have good opals and topaz. But you should know your stones. I've had them assure me their alexandrites were the real thing. I found out later they were made of some Swiss-made material. They do quite a business selling glassy imitations to Indians who resell them to tourists along the highway as "stolen from the mines."

"What about a winter trip to Tahiti? Is it warm?"

It's always warm and tropical. But you have to like rain—winter is rainy. I sat about a week in the Hotel Tahiti and it never stopped raining. I went over to Samoa and it rained 15 inches—repeat 15—each day for three days. But the rest of the year is grand. And these are the South Pacific Islands of your dreams. Lush, green, flowery. Wonderful lagoons and a blue, blue sea.

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"Is it true they have special tourist meals in Spain?"

Just recently. The Government ordered all restaur-

ants to have one full meal on the menu at a very small price. De Luxe tourist places at something less than \$2.

And smaller places around 80 cents. A full lunch or dinner in Spain means seven courses with wine.

"Should we buy women's gloves in France or Italy or Spain?"

Cheaper in Italy than in France—and I think just as good. Spanish gloves do not cost much but it's hard to be sure of the quality.

REAL buttonholes on the sleeves, the kind you can actually unBUTTON so you can turn back the cuffs when you're doing the dishes, or building a master martini over a wet sink. White shoes, blue shirt, wild silk tie, blue hankie flowing out of the breast pocket. Camp, man . . . yes!

A WOMAN seated next to him, wearing a proper little Chanel suit, looked at him with tasteful distaste and murmured the dread word, "Tourist!" Yes! That's it! a tourist, but a tourist with a difference. Tom Wolfe! Tom Wolfe! Only 34, and already the enfant super-horrendous of journalism, big-big-BIG in New York (on the Harold, everybody-knows-Harold Tribune), author of the new smasher-seller, "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby," inventor of Pop Journalism, the man who has brought back the exclamation mark! Yes, and dots . . . and italics and CAPITAL LETTERS. He's what's happening, baby, he's MAKING it, with it, ahead of it. Someday that lady in the Chanel suit will remember that she spat "Tourist!" at Tom Wolfe, and she'll feel awful, God she'll feel AWFUL.

SO I SAT next to him on the almost-leather banquette at Vic's, terribly aware that the button-holes on my sleeves don't UNbutton and all I could think to say was, "did you always write the way you write . . . you know, varoom-varoom . . . or did you start out writing like the rest of us?"

He spoke! "I used to write like the rest of you only not as well," he said, spooning another banana fritter. A nice, gracious young fellow with his long blond hair plastered to the side of his head. "I started writing this way by accident. Esquire wanted me to do a piece on custom cars and I couldn't do it so I wrote this long memo to the editor explaining why and I just let myself go. . . . varoom . . . with rock 'n' roll music on the radio, just scribbling away, and they printed it that way. Tom Wolfe style! I don't know what it is myself. I've been parodied ten times already—you'll probably make it 11—and if I don't watch out, I'll be writing parodies of myself."

He sighed . . . yes! . . . the it's-all-too-much sigh: "I'm sitting on top of something I don't know what I'm sitting on top of." On top of the world! The world of hip, zoom, pointy shoes, girls with huge black eyes sagging with brush-on eyelashes, the world of TODAY. Refreshing!

ELECTRONIC NOTE: If you have a radio-controlled garage door—and who doesn't?—you could lose it one of these days. You could, that is, if the Fed'l Aviation Agency gets worked up about it (the FAA recently shut down 58 in L.A. for interfering with aircraft navigation signals—pointing out that "signals from some garage receivers are strong enough to be picked up by an aircraft 16 miles away"). "It would be possible," continues an FAA spokesman, "for a pilot to inadvertently 'home in' on a garage door signal and fly directly toward it with great accuracy." Hoo-boy, you just THINK you've got problems. Wait till a jet tries to park in your garage.

After carefully studying the new Half-Way Look in women's dresses—the skirt comes half-way between the knee and the hip—I have gone into designing myself. I feel I have the next logical step—the Nude Look. My sketches are simplicity itself, in fact as simple as you can possibly get. The Nude Look is just what it says. No clothes at all. This new look will change each year of course—but only as the non-wearer changes. This is radical enough to satisfy woman's semi-annual desire to have "something new."

Naturally this will bankrupt cotton-growers, sheep-breeders, and DuPont's Synthetic Materials Division. No matter. We just tax nudity, add three divisions to the War on Poverty and take care of everybody.

Morning Report:

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Quote

I felt that if I had time to picket for civil rights, I could also find time to help the people right here. —Harold Brooks, neighborhood center volunteer.

Does anyone really care anymore about good old fashioned law and order?—Joseph P. Thelen, Daly City.

I'm not good, but I've got guts.—Liberace in club appearance.

Abe Mellinkoff