

# Press-Herald

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## A Program for Tomorrow

Rebuilding of the Torrance Chamber of Commerce, currently underway with its "Keep Pace With Opportunity" program, could be an important step in putting this community in shape for meeting the demands of the latter part of the 20th Century.

The program now is in one of its key phases—the campaign for an adequate budget to finance the wide range of activities which will be undertaken in coming years.

Designed to be a comprehensive, practical, and adequate foundation for business and civic development for the years just ahead, the job of formulating the program is now well advanced and follows some two years of careful consideration of community needs and challenges—needs and challenges which will vitally affect the growth patterns for the future.

What is significantly different about the current campaign, however, is that this is an endeavor of the citizens of a community working to improve that community on their own time—without resorting to government at any level.

No one's tax bill is going to be hiked because the Chamber is embarked on an expansion program—a program requiring larger budgets and greater participation. As a matter of probabilities, the projects and activities of the Chamber could help reduce taxes and could help hold the line on governmental expenditures.

This is what makes the current program of the Torrance Chamber so valuable: it's the people banding together to solve their own problems without resorting to government. It's a good example of what is meant by "The American Way."

We are convinced that this is a healthy program. Dues pledges from a representative group of the community's businessmen—retailers, industry, and professional—are needed for the proper support of the functions of the Chamber of Commerce.

Building toward a healthy, financially strong Chamber of Commerce will hasten the day when the organization is completely free from municipal subsidies—a goal which should never be shelved.

First reports of the "Keep Pace With Opportunity" program indicate the committeemen are obtaining exceptional results. We will all benefit with the success of this project.

## The Rugged Road

Boys like Scouting—and they want to be Scouts. A major effort of the Boy Scouts of America is to make Cub Scouting, Boy Scouting, and Exploring available to many more boys in the Southwest area.

"Follow the Rugged Road" is theme of this fall's membership drive. The drive, which began earlier this month, will continue through Dec. 17.

As a partner with many local religious groups and community organizations, Scouting has become a vital educational force in the lives of thousands of boys. Wherever boys live, the "rugged road" to Scouting and adventure and the experience and excitement of outdoor activities has helped to build boys into men who are physically, mentally, and morally fit.

Now, however, the fall roundup program of the Boy Scouts of America becomes a potent force to reach and recruit more boys before they grow out of the year program of the Boy Scouts of America, represents a new emphasis on bringing Scouting and its values to the many boys now without the opportunity to be Scouts.

The 1965 Fall roundup invites new Scouts into existing Cub Scout packs, Boy Scout troops, and Explorer posts, and it also plans to organize new Scout units to take care of the exploding youth population. Equally important, the program seeks to recruit more adults as volunteer leaders and committeemen.

We encourage every boy who wants to be a Scout—and every interested adult—to join the ranks of America's scouts during the 1965 roundup.

Goals have been set by leaders with the assistance of commissioners. Recommended unit goals are: six dens of eight boys in each pack; four patrols of eight boys, plus four troop leaders for each troop; at least 16 Explorers in each post.

Smaller units are encouraged to build the unit; larger units should base their goals on the number of boys who can adequately be given leadership.

We hope every boy who wants to become a Scout will do so, and we hope adults will volunteer in sufficient numbers to guarantee every Scout adequate leadership.

## Morning Report:

It should be comforting to all of us peace-loving people that wars have been eliminated from the world. Of course there is a lot of shooting and killing, but nobody has the nerve any longer to call it war.

The first major non-war in recent times was Korea—a policing operation of considerable proportions. And currently we have Viet Nam and Kashmir—where guys are dying with no mention of that dirty three-letter word. In between, there have been military operations in all four hemispheres without a single declaration of war.

I suppose this is encouraging in a fashion, but the trouble is that without a declaration of war, we never get a peace treaty, either. We're still talking about one in Korea.

Abe Mellinkoff



STAN DELAPLANE

## You and Auto Can Cross Channel by Train, Plane

"We will pick up our new car in London and drive the pub tour of England you recommended. How do we get it shipped (us too) to the Continent?"

See British Railways. They will put you on a sleeper, the car piggy-back on a freight car. Put the whole thing on a boat while you sleep. Next day you wake up far into France and get off.

I've gone over several times by air. Drive to Lydd Airport—about three hours from London on the south coast. They load the car into a Bristol freight plane, you in the cabin. About 10 minutes flight and you land in Le Touquet, France. Price for two people and car, \$16.

Freighters run every half hour or so. But if it's a weekend, better have a reservation or you'll stand in line. Silver City Airways in London is the line.

I fly over early in the morning and then drive in France. Drive down from London to the old port town of Rye. Overnight at the Mermaid. An antique and excellent pub with leaded glass windows—like Benbow Inn of "Treasure Island" must have looked.

... one of the smaller, interesting towns in Mexico for spring vacation.

Morelia is a cool, pleasant

## JAMES DORAIS

## Writer Urges Halt to Destruction by Growth

A novel approach to the problem of California's burgeoning population and what to do with or about it has been suggested by a California conservationist, one which, as one commentator suggested, will doubtless induce a poplexy in many circles.

Chronicling California's resource development from the point of view of a land manager in a new book whose title, "The Destruction of California," positions its author from the outset, Raymond F. Dasmann holds that it might be well if the Golden State were to stop encouraging new growth.

Citing the population statistics of which so many Californians are proud and warning of the demands upon the land by the citizenry increasing at the rate of 1,600 a day, Dasmann says it is time to keep the people

town on the main highway between Guadalajara and Mexico City—six hours to each. It was the summer capital of the Spanish Viceroy. Several good hotels—the Virrey de Mendoza on a shady plaza was their palace. OK if you get one of their front rooms with the canopied beds. Back rooms are second rate.

Two excellent American plan hotels about a mile from town center—Villa San Jose and Villa Montana. In the evening, a street off the plaza is roped off for townswomen. They cook over charcoal fires and serve you at little tables in the street.

From here you are in short driving distance from many colorful Tarascan Indian towns. Street markets full of oranges. Many kinds of beans. Home-made tin stoves cut out of gasoline containers. Cobble streets and ancient churches. A little too cold in winter. But spring should be all right.

"We will drive into Mexico so what equipment do we need?"

A thermos jug or two is handy. Fill one with bottled water—Tehuacan not carbonated is good. Water supplies are tricky in Mexico. Fill the other with coffee for the road.

Carry a flashlight. Mexican hotels are full of booby traps. Bathrooms always

seem to be one step up or one step down. A Boy Scout knife is handy for repairing plumbing which always needs it.

The drive is great. Stop before sundown. Road obstructions are rarely marked—a branch across the road can mean anything from a load of gravel to a bridge out. Slow on blind curves. There's probably a string of burros in the middle of the road. Most bridges are too narrow for two cars. So don't test the truck who flashes his lights. He means, "I'm coming through first."

If it's not a bridge and he flashes his lights, there's some danger ahead. Accident probably.

"How is the driving in Spain?"

I thought it was fine. Roads are not first-class but are paved and all right. Night driving is dangerous—obstructions not well marked. There isn't much traffic on Spanish roads, a happy experience. Not much fencing and wonderful places to picnic beside mountain streams. Buy lunch and a bottle of wine to take out in any small town.

The best part of driving in Spain is the cost. On a two months trip I averaged \$16 a day for two adults and one child. That's hotels, meals, gasoline, baby-sitters, entertainment.

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Bagdad's Diarist Spots A Sure Sign of Maturity

LOS ANGELES has at last come of age: its opinion-moulders are now offended (as San Franciscans used to be) at visiting writers who make slighting references to L.A.'s smog, freeways and Iowans. "Anachronistic," snorts a recent issue of Los Angeles magazine, mortally offended. "It recalls nothing so much as that benighted band of Japanese soldiers still sniping away on Guam five days after V-J Day."

True, all true, and the magazine would have been well ahead of The Eternal Game if it had stopped right there. Instead, it careens ahead to a feature giddily titled "Tourists! Putting Up With Them Can Be Fun," in which various luminaries describe the rare Southland sights they would show to visitors. Most of them, of course, mention the new Music Center and Museum, but after that you can see them sort of scratching their heads and staring out the window. And not ONE of them suggests a ride on the freeways. Those people just don't know what's interesting in their own city.

BUT DON'T get me wrong, I LOVE Los Angeles. I'm even a secret member of the Southern California Imported Cheese Club, which imports fine and unusual cheeses from France. North-

ern California has nothing to equal it. As for the care and feeding of tourists, I used to worry a lot about that, too, but lately I've become as cold of eye and heart as Mr. McNamara.

Recently when we had rain, thunder and lightning (a bit more unusual than is strictly necessary, I concede) I passed two male tourists shivering in their Bermuda shorts. Grown men in short pants—really. And one of them had the execrable taste to chatter to the other: "Now I understand why most San Franciscans are either drunks or suicides." As I've said before, these people don't read the guidebooks, or if they do, they don't believe them. And my previously stated conviction that the guidebooks of a century ago must have warned that it's COOL in San Francisco is more than borne out by Helen Bretner, reference librarian at UC in Berkeley. She dredges up this quote:

"In relation to the climate, we have not been disappointed in our expectations; but, like all other new countries, we found the accounts of it much exaggerated; so much so that we would recommend to all emigrants hereafter to provide themselves with thick clothing rather than thin."

Samuel Brannon wrote that in a letter to the English Millennial Star of Oct. 15, 1847, but I suppose nobody believed HIM either.

NAGGING question in a bureaucratic age: What do they write in the space of Government documents that warns "Do Not Write In This Space?"

OUT OF MY HEAD: The only difference between a driver who drinks and a drunken driver is that the former hasn't been caught yet... People who say realtor instead of "realtor" (and larynx for "larynx") also pronounce Jose Ferrer's name as though it were spelled "Farrar"... "You don't know me from Adam" is a silly way for strangers to start a conversation, since it's perfectly obvious that Adam is the one person they aren't... Women who squeeze toothpaste tubes from the top keep unbalanced checkbooks; men who wear ties and pocket handkerchiefs that match have wives who make casserole dishes of canned soup, tuna and potato chips; girls who shlep around the house in bunny-rabbit slippers go downtown carrying transparent handbags that reveal crumpled Kleenex smudged with lipstick.

## ROYCE BRIER

## Politics of Drought May Speed Desalting Process

The way to engage the attention of the government is to have a large group of important people inconvenienced by the lack of something.

If Los Angeles or Houston have water problems, that's their headache as they are only a few million. But let the Boston-to-Philadelphia seaboard have water troubles, that's 20 million people, and Washington becomes solicitous.

For years you heard sporadically about converting sea water to fresh water. It was extremely costly—a few years ago a gallon of converted salt water cost ten times a gallon of water from conventional supply. Everybody thought it was something for desert areas, anyway, or an emergency need, like the desalting plant at Guantanamo when Fidel Castro cut the pipelines. Everybody knows the Navy has lots of money, and know-how, too.

So you haven't heard much about desalination for five years.

Then suddenly New York City went almost dry. The

annual rains failed and the reservoirs fell to menacing levels. Other cities in the vast metropolitan area were suffering. The New York Times began running fillers, like: "Don't let the water run while brushing teeth, shaving, or washing dishes." This gave it a community urgency, a sense of no escape, like being on a floundering ship at sea.

And indeed the image is hardly overdrawn, as you could see when the politicians went raving about, finally landing in Washington for succor. But the only immediate succor must come from the heavens, and the summer wore on without it.

President Johnson, however, discovered that here was a national problem which had been quietly lurking about for years, and something big would have to be done about it. He urged a stepped up program to build a permanent desalting industry, and activated several departments concerned with natural resources.

The idea of an organized program is not new, and the statistics have been there

for decades. Twenty-five years ago the American people consumed 125 billion gallons of water daily; today it is 350 billion gallons. This is partly due to population increase without corresponding increase of water supply, but it is more due to increased industrial consumption.

Nor is the technology of desalination new. Intensive work has reduced the price to about \$1 a 1000 gallons at present, but this is still two or three times the cost of conventional supply.

Yet quite as important as government action is that several big industries are beginning surveys for production on a metropolitan scale. The incentive is of course profit, for while desalting plants are enormously costly, the demand for them seems in steadfast rise.

There can be little doubt that in the next few decades, a large share of American water will come from the oceans. So will rise a vast new industry, a theory or toy technique 20 years ago, a mere dream of visionaries 50 years ago.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

## Exercise in English Is Timeless, Funny Fiction

Elliott B. Macrae, president of E. P. Dutton and Co., is positively rapturous over a little book he picked up from the London publisher Victor Gollancz titled "No Heaven for Gunga Din." The core of Macrae's letter:

"Written by a Persian peasant whose self-taught knowledge of the English language was enhanced by his familiarity with the Bible and his association with a group of British and American Army officers for whom he worked in Teheran in World War II, 'No Heaven for Gunga Din' is a charming, primitive parable. Innocent and naive, yet somehow sophisticated, it is one of those uncommon books which appeal to every kind of reader and which defy all attempts to consign them to a familiar category."

A Persian peasant's parable? I quote from the publisher's letter because, having read this curious document, I agree with everything he says. What's more,

the book is funny. The servant Ali Mirdrekvandi Gunga Din has picked up about 1,000 words of English. During his wartime employment, much slang was added to this. No doubt he wrote his story as an exercise in English, for his own amusement. It is a mad Arabian Nights entertainment in which Gunga Din and his officers try to find their way to heaven and, in so doing, decide that Hell must be destroyed, and Pergatory, too, and that the Children of Man's rank should be more excellent than all other creatures.

But how does one suggest the flavor of this unlikely tale? It is a Middle-Eastern version of a William Burroughs cutout and fold-in experiment in fiction, but more readable. It is a keen work of the imagination.

Sad little epilogue. "Gunga Din" kept in touch with one of his former employers until 1949, then disappeared. Searches in Iran have been to no avail. The servant

learned his English, wrote it well in his own fashion, then dropped this little gem in the sands of time. (Dutton, \$3.50).

The novelist Allen Drury ("Advise and Consent") wrote a Washington column for a series of papers during the 1940s and '50s before he shifted his energies to the New York Times. He has seen fit to collect his journalism of the period into a scrapbook titled "Three Kids in a Cart: A Visit to Ike and Other Diversions" (Doubleday, \$4.95).

At best, Drury was hardly a Walter Lippmann, a James Reston, a Richard H. Rovere, as this sampling of clipping from the postwar decade proves. His title is a swipe at the Times copy desk which once changed a Drury lead from "Three kids..." to "Three children..." The rest of this "Visit to Ike, and Other Diversions" is more professional. But one wonders why Drury thought this book necessary.