

Press-Herald

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A Record of Service

Earlier this year, a 12-year-old area newspaper boy was credited with saving the life of a Wilmington man who had been trapped beneath a car.

The newspaper boy, Tom Crotty, the son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Crotty of 766 E. 246th St., found the man pinned under a car which had rolled down a sloping driveway and trapped him. Young Crotty quickly alerted neighbors who jacked up the car freeing the injured man.

Unusual? Not really, according to the California Newspaperboy Foundation. The Foundation has cited 256 carriers for heroism and community service during the past decade.

Many of the awards represent a great deal of personal heroism. Newspaperboys have reported 196 fires, saved 99 persons from possible death by fire, and evacuated another 105 persons from homes.

Newspaper carriers making their rounds also have saved at least 52 homes from extensive fire damage by sounding an early alarm; have been credited with saving a large restaurant, a church, a supermarket, and a trailer park among other structures.

Twenty-four persons have been saved from drowning by newspaperboys, and at least one newsboy lost his life in a rescue attempt.

And so the list goes. It includes the pursuit and capture of hit-run drivers; rescue of a woman from a vehicle stalled in front of an onrushing train; return of thousands of dollars of lost currency to proper owners; first aid, and interruption of burglaries in process.

These are the young men whose newspaper routes are the training ground for tomorrow. And they are following a well-blazed trail to success, a trail that has felt the feet of others who have grown to manhood and fame. Among the "graduates" of newspaper routes are law enforcement leaders like FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and Police Chief William H. Parker.

Astronaut Alan Shepard Jr. is one of yesterday's newspaperboys, one of today's leaders. So are Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Bing Crosby, Jimmy Durante, Justice William O. Douglas, and Carl Sandburg.

It is during the annual observance of National Newspaper Week that we salute the young men who leave the newspapers at our doors throughout the years. In his tribute to the newspaperboy, Governor Brown said "these boys earn their way as they . . . perform this important service for friends and neighbors. The boys will be better citizens for it."

To this we can add our hearty endorsement.

OTHERS SAY:

FBI Director Speaks

In any endeavor or conflict it is always reassuring to know that your cause is supported by strong allies. Law enforcement—faced with increasing crime rates, riots, and civil disobedience—can take encouragement in the editorial support and assistance it receives from responsible newspapers throughout the nation.

This is not to minimize, of course, the excellent cooperation our profession receives from radio, television, and other news media, as well as from the millions of law-abiding citizens who are aware of our problems. However, specific mention of the press is significant at this time because of the annual observance of National Newspaper Week, Oct. 10-16, 1965.

The theme of this year's observance, "Newspapers and Readers—Partners in Freedom," is especially germane to the day-to-day activities of a people who for more than 189 years have placed their faith and trust in self-government and the rule of law, not of men. The journalism profession, through its cherished freedom provided by the First Amendment, has been greatly instrumental in forging the proud history of our country. It is to the everlasting credit of loyal, dedicated, and patriotic editors and publishers that the press today is still a major medium in preserving our way of life.

The lack of knowledge and the absence of truth are lurking, perennial enemies of democracy. The role of the press in keeping the public informed by timely, accurate, and objective news reporting can best be appreciated when we consider the increasing number of countries where a free press is either nonexistent or is subjected to constant governmental intimidation. Americans regard the free flow of legitimate information, critical and favorable, pro and con, as a basic and indispensable right belonging to free people.

Over the years, law enforcement at times has been taken to the editorial woodshed for its shortcomings and mistakes. We expect just criticism. We profit by it, and the public is better served because of it. On the other hand, we in law enforcement are gratified to know that when we fully discharge our responsibilities, strive for greater efficiency, promote higher standards, and enforce the law without favor or partiality, the responsible newspapers are in our corner.

Let us join in this special recognition of the Nation's newspapers and salute them for their commendable record of upholding the principles of our great heritage. Let us also resolve that as far as law enforcement is concerned, their news reports to the American public will be stories about integrity, competence, and "justice for all."—J. Edgar Hoover, FBI Director, October Law Enforcement Bulletin.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

TO THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES:
It is with both pride and pleasure that I participate in this traditional tribute to our nation's newspapers.

Too often taken for granted, America's countless daily and weekly papers have been vital guardians of her time-honored traditions and eloquent spokesmen for the cherished ideals of her freedom-loving people. Taken together, our nation's newspapers constitute the world's most responsible and effective organ of current information.

It is up to us to safeguard the freedom of our papers to inquire, to criticize, to express divergent views and to stand as sentinels for the public wherever the public's business is being transacted. Newspapers and their readers are partners in freedom, and if we fail to defend the freedom of our press, we neglect our own.

I am confident that Americans everywhere wholeheartedly join me during National Newspaper Week in high recognition of the indispensable role of our free press in the everyday life of our beloved nation.

Lyndon B. Johnson
President

STAN DELAPLANE

Records, Flower Seeds Ideal Gift for Hosts

"While in Tokyo, I will visit two Japanese families as a guest for two or three days. Could you possibly suggest a gift that I can bring from the States?"

Difficult, because Japan has all the gadgets. I usually take a record of a late Broadway musical to friends overseas. It packs flat and is lightweight.

Or—Japanese are big on gardens. Could your local nurseryman suggest some native flowers? You could take the seeds. (Tokyo climate is about like Washington, D. C. Humid cold winters, humid hot summers.) We are asked if we are carrying seeds when we come back through Honolulu—some aren't permitted. But I've never been asked entering Japan.

Or—a book with colored pictures of American scenes. (But no pictures framing. They don't fit the decor of Japanese houses.)

Gifts must be gift-wrapped—gift giving is quite a ritual. The receiver does

not open the gift in front of you. And usually he goes right out and buys YOU a gift.

Don't give handkerchiefs, except for farewell gifts. (Handkerchiefs are for wrapping.) No gifts in sets of four—the word "four" also means death. Nothing in sets of nine—"nine" is also "pain." The Japanese aren't any more superstitious about this than we are about "thirteen." But it's more polite this way. And politeness is VERY important.

"We are looking for a route back from Trinidad with as many stops as possible in the West Indies . . ."

Pan American runs an island-hopper I was on a few years ago. Gets in just about everything in the Leeward and Windward islands. What they don't get, they'll arrange by transfers to British West Indies Airways. Stopovers as long as you like at no extra cost.

"We would like to make a trip around the United States. We are a retired couple in good health. Plenty of time. Not too much money."

Greyhound bus has been taking foreigners around America at a bargain—99 days for \$99. The same deal can be made by Americans starting November. You just pay the \$99. And you can travel as much as you want for the next 99 days—100,000 miles in the U. S. and Canada if you can make it.

"Do you have information on living costs in Spain?"

Three years ago, I was living in Madrid. General living costs for two adults, one child and a maid was \$10 a day. That's food, drinks, entertainment, taxis. The maid cost \$25 a month. I paid \$8 a day for a hotel-apartment. Quite a bit higher than renting a house. But this was a short-term rental.

Country living is cheaper. Very good houses in Madrid were renting for \$150 a

month. In the country they were \$75. That's furnished—four to five bedrooms.

I'm sure this has gone up. But maybe not too much. The Spanish government keeps a tight control on prices and wages. Friends tell me maids are hard to get in Madrid. Industry is outbidding the housewife. But you get maids and cooks in the country.

"We were interested in what you had to say about camper-truck camping in Europe. Can these be rented?"

They can. But for more than three months, it's cheaper to buy them on a guaranteed re-purchase plan. The company buys them back, discounting time and mileage. The people you want to write to are Wilsons, Motor Caravan Centre Ltd., 36-38 Acre Lane, S.W. 2, London England.

An odd one you can find out about by writing Matt Murphy, Ballymaquirk, Banteer, County Cork, Ireland. They rent you horse-drawn gypsy carts or arrange for canoe camping. Do it yourself or go with groups. I've never done this. But it sounds good and the Irish countryside is wonderful. It goes by too fast in a car.

Quote

Learning how to love is a difficult job for mankind, but learning how to be loved is still more difficult.—Fr. Daniel J. O'Hanlon, visiting professor of religion at Stanford University.

For a while we had the tops covered; then the bottom fell out.—Ruth Bonell, Pico Rivera mayor, on anti-topless show law.

A thousand workers wouldn't do me any good in this field today. What I needed was 50 workers on the 20th of August.—George Morita, Woodland rancher as he plowed under 50 acres of spoiled tomatoes.

A good teacher does not develop a student's ability but rather he finds that ability and forces the student to develop it.—Roz Kluever, 20, student.

Morning Report:

I am unhappy to report that India finally has joined the family of nations. Even if it took the war with Pakistan to do it.

For 15 years now, India has been above frailties of the rest of us. Her impartial troops were always used in keeping international peace anywhere. But when the U.N. wanted to send other impartial troops to keep the India-Pakistan cease-fire, Premier Shastri cried, "No, never." In other words, India was acting just like any other country.

Since her independence, the country has been short of food but long on principles. The food situation is no better than ever but no longer is she holier than thou. She is just as unholy as any of us.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Beatles Stayed There, But Sheets Don't Sell

THE PALO ALTO CATHEDRAL, where the Beatles spent one unforgettable night, is stuck with \$70,000 worth of bed sheets, in a manner of figuring. They took the eight sheets off the Beatles' beds and cut them into 70,000 one-inch squares, figuring some charity might sell them at one buck per square—but so far, no action. . . . Danny Kaye, who'll conduct the S.F. Symphony Dec. 5 in a benefit, was presented with a gold baton—uninscribed except for the brand name, "King David." Danny, whose real name is David Kaminsky, took it as a subtle compliment, and nobody ruined things by explaining. . . . Disc Jock Dan Sorkin went clean-shaven to the Monterey Jazz Festival and emerged with a beard which he claims, grew during those interminable solos—and if you've ever been to a jazz festival, you'll dig. . . . Novelist Bill Saroyan tripped lightly through town the other day, still a hop and a skip ahead of the Feds who'd like to talk tax turkey with him. . . . Talk about unlikely people in unlikely places: Henry Ford II and Gianni Agnelli, ruler of Italy's Fiat empire, dropped in at Hank Donig's Interlude while in town and were so taken with the paintings produced by "Joy, the Living Brush" (she covers her nude body with paint and squirms on a canvas) that Agnelli bought two pictures—for \$300; gave one to Henry's wife, Cristina, and sent the other to a New York gallery.

SINGER JACK JONES who's being divorced by his S.F. wife, Lee, went to her house for their daughter's fourth birthday party—and absolutely flippppppped to find

ROYCE BRIER

India Circulates Talk Of Making Atomic Bomb

There are about 7 million people in Calcutta, and most of them are in deepest poverty. They sleep in the streets or live in shacks in a density probably unequalled anywhere else on earth. A small atomic (fission) bomb might kill a million of them. A large hydrogen (fusion) bomb might kill the whole 7 million.

But there are no hydrogen bombs in Asia. There are, however, fission bombs, and Red China has them. Their stockpile is probably scanty, but within a year they may have a considerable stockpile.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Wandering Writer Finds Wilderness Across Land

In spite of slurs and slag, the networks of freeways, the chaotic urbanization of the continent, there are still wild seeds on the wind. There is mistletoe and desert rain. Opossum tracks remain in the snows of Vermont, and if you look hard enough there are white cranes, mockingbirds and linnets. In the curving lines of a freeze in a Missouri winter brook one stumbles across fantastic abstractions in ice. And if one takes the time in the San Diego kelp beds he can watch the migration of gray whales, down from the Bering Sea en route to their Baja California breeding grounds.

America is "less wild, more settled" than it was 20 years ago when the naturalist Edwin Way Teale began to criss-cross the continent in an effort to record the rhythm and variety of the North American seasons. Teale is very much the conservationist, who purposely avoids the freeway in his travel. For here the land becomes a blur, which the

average tourist mistakes for nature, if he thinks about nature at all at those speeds. "Wandering Through Winter" is another fine, unpretentious report on the land about. With it, Teale completes his ambitious project. This is in perfect keeping with his predecessors, "North With the Spring" (1951), "Autumn Across America" (1958) and "Journey Into Summer" (1960).

In one sense it is a reassuring book. For while wilderness seems to be in retreat everywhere in this country, Teale found a vast amount of open space in his wanderings through the season, San Diego to Caribou, Maine. Mule deer, ears up-lifted, stare at a human visitor amid junipers in the highlands of Northern Arizona. The Ohio valley, the Appalachian highland and the Adirondacks become nothing less than exhilarating snowflake country. Yet the naturalist seems depressed.

"The belief the Lord created all living creatures with no other purpose than to aid

the birthday cake decorated with a Beatles motif. HATES the Beatles with an unfashionable passion. . . . A powerful trustee of Grace Cathedral was agog and aghast when he first learned that Duke Ellington would perform there—but Canon John Yaryan, who arranged the event, defused him with one sentence: "Why, didn't you know that King George VI had a collection of 400 Ellington records?" Oh. All right then. . . . India must be ahead: Pakistan has ordered 19,353 pounds of aspirin through our AID program. . . . We may have seen the last of Kim Novak in these parts, alas; her Carmel Highlands house is on the market. . . . Lonngng faces at American Presidential Lines: Cary Grant and his bride, who had made reservations to sail to Japan aboard the Pres. Roosevelt, switched to jetliner at the last minute (he's making a flick in Tokyo). . . . Banker Jake Shemano has proposed his pal, Willie Mays, for membership in the very old, very staid Concordia Club—and already the stuffer members are muttering and mumbling (the moment of truth comes in November, when the membership committee meets).

HAIL: My hero today is Pete Canlis, who is gambling \$750,000 that S. F. needs still another fine restaurant. I first met Pete in Honolulu in 1946, at which time he won enough from me at gin rummy to open his first tiny restaurant in Waikiki. He parlayed that into branches at Seattle and Portland—but, being a Stockton boy, his supreme ambition was a restaurant in San Francisco (as a Sacramento boy, I under-

stand). Well, there it is, at last, a sumptuous layout in the Fairmont Hotel, and he previewed it at noon last week with a fine San Francisco flourish. "I picked Friday for this party," he told the assembled free-loaders, so you won't have to go back to work. The bar will be open all afternoon. The drinks are on me." Since he knows how San Franciscans drink, that took a certain mad courage, and I salute him. By 5 p.m., his \$750,000 restaurant had cost him \$760,000, but he looked happy. He was in San Francisco, at last, on Nob Hill, at that, and three quarters of a million in debt. Success!

ON THE OTHER HAND:

Big Builder Bob Fraser has had it with Polynesia. He's selling his hotel on Boro Boro to Joe Long, the drug store tycoon and peddling his share of Club Boro Boro in S.F., the better to concentrate on the hotel he's building in Formosa. . . . On Oct. 31, NBC will present a TV color special titled "The Big Ear"—all about electronic snooping devices—and the only Pvt. Eye tapped for an appearance is S.F.'s Harold Lipset, the nan who has made martini drinking more dangerous than ever (he installs transmitters in the olives, so if you have reason to be cautious, stick to Gibsons). . . . Lucius Beebe feels better about the younger generation after spotting a teenager wearing a sweatshirt reading "Jack Daniels Whisky, The Breakfast of Champions." . . . "Lemme have a few bucks," this Skid Rowgue whispered to Mike Connelly. "I'm broke and hungry and all I've got in the world is this 'I'll o' gun."

China two years ago. In short, a pacific way of life depends on whose ox is gored, as history is forever showing. You have to say for the Chinese people that they are not deluded about the pacific way of life. They are sore at most of the world (and at a considerable share of it with reason), and they will continue to lash out here and there, until the discovery that continental violence of the old brand no longer pays off. It is the duty of the West patiently to teach the Chinese this moral lesson of our time, but so far the West, including the United States, has bungled the task. Further, the evidence is shaky that the West has itself learned the lesson.

In any case the Red Chinese would like to pommel India for a starter, but despite big talk, they perceive such an undertaking carries enormous risks. No doubt their military leaders are more realistic than their statesmen seem to be. They are aware supply lines do not exist to put a mass of Chinese infantry in the Ganges basin. They are quite aware nothing would be gained by flattening Calcutta.

But the Indians are equally aware of their helplessness, should some madman arise in Red China. So in New Delhi they talk and pass out leaflets on the necessity of acquiring nuclear weapons to balance the Chinese power. They may get them, for ordinary fission bombs are no longer hard to make.

If they get them, what will be achieved? Nothing. Except there will be six nuclear powers instead of five. A nuclear bomb is supposed to deter your antagonist, and while it may in some circumstances, there is no whit of proof it will in all circumstances. So proliferation of nuclear weapons, as President Johnson warned some weeks ago, now creeps toward another abyss.