

Press-Herald

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Roller Coaster College

It is interesting to note some of the comments and face-saving pronouncements issuing from varied hallowed sanctuaries relative to the establishment of a four-year state college to serve this area.

For those who have ridden the roller coaster of hearings, site proposals, site selection and rejection, it might seem like the talk about college sites has progressed very little. Actually it has made great progress. Those charged with selection of the site have considered—and rejected—a high-rise campus near West Los Angeles; have considered and rejected several other sites, including the still available Torrance site. They settled for a site on the Palos Verdes Peninsula.

The educators, who probably favored an ocean-view campus and the status of Peninsula living, were strong backers of the Palos Verdes site. The architects who studied sites were enthusiastic about the Peninsula site. Its rugged terrain offered opportunities for full play of architectural skills.

Half a dozen Peninsula civic leaders and public officials, for self-serving reasons, wanted the Peninsula site.

Support for the Peninsula site apparently ended there. The students who would attend the college live in Torrance, Gardena, the three South Bay cities of Redondo, Hermosa, and Manhattan Beach, and in San Pedro, Wilmington, Carson, Compton, and the Centinela Valley.

It is these students in the area's high schools who should be considered in selecting a college site. Whether the college is placed on the proposed Torrance site—the most centrally located of all the sites considered—or whether it is put on a recently proposed site in Dominguez at Del Amo Boulevard and Wilmington Avenue, this newspaper believes it is time to get off the dime. It is obvious that the Peninsula site serves no one and it should be abandoned forthwith.

A Time to Remember

We all tend to take Red Cross for granted. We expect it to aid disaster victims. We expect it to help in our hospitals and our nursing homes.

We expect it to teach the kids how to swim. This is perhaps the highest compliment, one reserved for the real institutions that mark our lives—church on Sunday, Spring's first Robin, the community newspaper, and baseball.

But in all the "expecting" we tend to forget that the Red Cross is OUR Red Cross.

There is no better time than now—March, 1965—to remember that the Red Cross is OUR Red Cross. March is Red Cross Month.

Since the Torrance-Lomita Red Cross branch is a partner in the United Crusade, the dollar problem has largely been solved until next year, but there is a need to give. The need is for time and energy—volunteers to help provide the services we expect—and the need is ever present.

In this context, the theme for Red Cross Month 1965—Join Up . . . Join In—seems particularly appropriate.

Join Up . . . Join In this March. It is OUR Red Cross.

OTHERS SAY:

Pickpocket Philosophy

Discussing the Federal government's continuing deficit spending, Edwin P. Neilan, immediate past president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, said:

"There was a time when the standard dollar was measured in terms of the 1939 purchasing power, and under this standard, the dollar has depreciated steadily until it is now worth approximately 44 cents.

"In an effort to avoid the startling figure which results from using 1939 as a base year, certain areas of the government have adopted 1953 as the year in which the dollar was worth 100 cents in purchasing power.

"Even under this standard, the current dollar has declined to something in the area of 86 cents as far as purchasing value is concerned. . . .

"Regardless of how the statisticians attempt to adjust the base on which they measure the purchasing value of our dollar . . . the evidence always brings up the same answer, that this pickpocket philosophy of perennial deficits is surely and constantly decreasing the value of the dollar that the thrifty have saved and their ability to take care of their own problems."

Neilan's words are of direct personal concern to all of us.—Public Affairs Forum.

Morning Report:

The deadly martini has been made more lethal than ever. And not by cutting down still further on the vermouth either. Harold Lipset, a noted detective, told a Senate committee that a radio transmitter can be concealed in the olive and using the toothpick as an antenna, distant strangers can tune in on the conversation.

This is very clever but hardly worthwhile. I have listened to the talk that follows several martinis. It doesn't make much sense. Any military secrets babbled are more likely to confuse the enemy than help him.

To be on the safe side, however, I suggest the brass take their martinis like mine—without fruit or vegetables.

Abe Mellinoff



JAMES DORAIS

One Demented Mind Often A Threat to Our Freedom

As long as men live in a state recognizable by what we think of as civilization, argument and speculation will ensue over the facts concerning the tragic event on November 22, 1963: the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

Predictably, Communist apologists in this country and in Europe have been propagating various theories, each more fantastic than the last, to cast doubt on the one fact that no reasonable person can deny: the President was murdered by a known, dedicated Communist, Lee Harvey Oswald.

The circumstances surrounding the assassination were examined in minute detail by an unprecedented national committee, the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy, commonly known as the Warren Commission.

In an address before the recent Annual Meeting of the California State Chamber of Commerce, one of the members of the Warren Commission, Representative Gerald R. Ford of Michigan, cast many interesting

sidelights on the Commission's studies and findings. With reference to the question, often raised, as to whether Oswald renounced his American citizenship after defecting to Russia, Rep. Ford revealed that on Oct. 31, 1959, Oswald stalked into the American Embassy in Moscow, demanding to see the American consul, handing the latter a note which said:

"I, Lee Harvey Oswald, do hereby request that my present citizenship in the United States of America be revoked. I have applied for citizenship in the Soviet Union through nationalization. My request is pending before the Supreme Council. I take these steps for political reasons after long consideration. My allegiance is to the U. S. S. R."

Because the note was not considered a "formal application" and because Oswald never returned to the Embassy to fill out the proper form, our government continued to regard him as a citizen.

On the question of whether Oswald acted alone, or in conspiracy with

others, Rep. Ford stated:

"On the question of conspiracy, we (the Commission) could not state unequivocally that there was none; only that we 'found no evidence of any conspiracy, foreign or domestic.'"

"We cannot say that evidence may not come to light in later years; nor are we forecasting that it will."

Rep. Ford stated that the Warren Commission found that Oswald was "avowedly committed to Marxism and Communism as he understood the concepts and developed from them his own interpretations."

"The threat of Communism is fundamentally the same—whether in one such demented mind or as a world-wide threat as demonstrated by the continuing policies of the Kremlin."

ADELINE DALEY

She Can't Make Grade Even as PTA President

I just took a test which asked the question: "Are You a Born Leader?" At first I thought it was a propaganda leaflet from the Girl Scout Council or some civic group, but it turned out to be the type that corporations use to rate executive abilities.

I'm not going to reveal my score, but if General Motors—or the PTA—is looking for a new president, they're going to have to search elsewhere.

My main failing seems to be my inability to make quick decisions, a capability one apparently needs to head a big company, run for Congress, or reach one of the higher callings of life—say, a panelist on a TV quiz show. Honestly, can you imagine Dorothy Kilgallen spending 20 minutes lingering before the cookie section in the supermarket, as I do, trying to decide between Iced Raisins and Macaroons?

I'll bet Clare Boothe Luce doesn't waste her time warring between large curd or small curd cottage cheese; or crunch-style or creamy peanut butter. I'm a nervous wreck by the time I have to make a choice among the dozens of types of bread—from Pumpernickel to Sandwich White to Swedish Rye.

I keep changing my mind about furniture decor and as a result we have a hodgepodge of Early American, Danish Modern, Late Yugoslavian and Period Icelandic. I can never make up my mind about which dish pattern I like best, but fortunately the kids break the dishes at about the same pace as I keep switching.

These high-powered, resolute executive types probably have no difficulty in hiring or firing personnel, but I can't scratch out names from our telephone directory when I try to bring it up to date. I went into such a trauma this year about what sort of Christmas Cards to select that we didn't send any.

My indecisiveness reaches its height in a restaurant, a fact to which my husband would attest. It's just as well I don't have to decide to buy or sell Anaconda Copper or American Tel and stock because I have to be prompted to make a decision on Chicken Kiev, Veal Scallopi or Tenderloin Tips—before the cook leaves for the night.

Invariably, I wish I had ordered what my husband did. And even after I make an even trade with him, tell me, why does the dinner being served to the couple at the next table always look more appetizing than mine? Am I a born follower?

We Quote . . .

"Will somebody explain why what's good enough for the lawmaker in Washington is not good enough for lawmakers in California?"—Jack Peters, San Francisco, on state reapportionment.

"Oh well, you can't take it with you. Of course, you can't go anywhere without it, either."—John Bubbles, veteran dance star on money.

"A politician never buries the hatchet unless he has an axe to grind."—Robert G. Campbell, Lititz (Pa.) Record-Express.

"I never considered my situation hopeless. I was strengthened by strength other than my own."—Peter Landerman on return from Soviet labor camp.

STAN DELAPLANE

Enjoy New Orleans, But Beware of Clip Joints

"I read that you could buy dinners for friends overseas as a present through American Express . . ."

Right. It is called "Be My Guest." But you must have an American Express credit card so the dinner can be charged to your account. (A very handy credit card for everyday use even if you aren't traveling overseas.)

"Please suggest a small, typical hotel in New Orleans. And where to eat."

I think you might like the Maison de Ville in the French Quarter. About \$8 single to \$10 double. Breakfast on those fluffy doughnut things with New Orleans coffee in the French Market. Or the big fizzy, ham-and-eggs breakfast at Brennan's. For evening, Galatoire's is the choice of local residents. And forget those strip shows on Bourbon Street. Shoddy and real clip spots. Try some of the straight music places—Primas 500 Club was good for New Orleans jazz last time I was here. Flamed coffee after dinner is best at the Court of Two Sisters.

"If we go to Hawaii (by boat because we prefer the leisure to flying), can we tour the other islands by boat?"

I just have never heard of

any tours of the outer islands by boat. I think what you want is one of the occasional specials on Matson ships, April 15 and 16 the Lurline is making a 15-day cruise like this. Stops at Honolulu, the islands of Kauai and Maui and the Big Island—Hawaii. About \$590 for everything.

"For two high school boys in Mexico City with a very limited budget, where is the cheapest we can stay?"

Better try one of the small, private homes. You find some advertised in the Mexico City NEWS. Here's one to start: Casa Gonzalez at Senz 69 which is fairly central. You should get a furnished room with meals for about \$4 a day each.

"Can you drive down the Pan American highway? How far?"

When I was in Panama a year ago, cars were coming through without problems. I mean standard American cars with no special equipment. In the summer rainy season there's always a chance that the El Tapon pass—Mexico-Guatemala—will be closed by slides. Lot of road further on is rough gravel. I'd carry a couple of extra blowout-proof tires.

"Would you suggest a hotel in Singapore. And how

about shopping?"

The new Singapore Intercontinental looks very good on the brochures sent me by George Milne, a friend who's run hotels from here to Jerusalem. It has that breezy tropical look. And new equipment is a comfort in hot countries.

Shopping in Singapore is done in Indian Bazaars. Bargaining is the spice of THEIR life, if not yours. So bargain. Silks, jewels, Japanese transistor things at free-port prices. Prices, I found, were lower than Hong Kong.

"Where can I get a map of Tokyo. We are going there on a Pan-O Orient cruise."

The Japanese National Tourist Association in New York, Chicago, Dallas, San Francisco and Tokyo. Tokyo has finally named its streets. But the taxi drivers haven't heard about it so the map won't get you far.

"If there a Suzie Wong hotel in Hong Kong? I heard there was."

The hotel the story was written around is the Luk Kwok. It has since been cleaned up for the tourist trade—owned by Jimmy Wu or one of that family. Has a Chinese cowboy home-to-Loredo orchestra.

ROYCE BRIER

Communism in Viet Nam: Can We Lose the Works?

President Johnson is under mounting pressure to give the people a comprehensive report on the critical situation in Vietnam.

Such pressure is a common aspect of the Presidency in a turbulent time, and Mr. Johnson has faced it with commendable calm. But the cause is not so worthy as his patience, for the Vietnam muddle has reached a stage where popular ignorance is a national danger.

Most of the Washington writing is in effect that the Administration is deeply divided over what to do next. We are told powerful Pentagon figures want to widen the war with extensive bombing of North Vietnam on the ground, conceded by sporadic air strikes in reprisal against the Viet Cong guerrillas.

But a faction quite as powerful is against this policy.

This faction avers bomb-

ing North Vietnam makes a Red Chinese intervention likely, because Peking can no longer get by with mere talk in support of North Vietnam. They even profess to see possible renewal of Korean hostilities as a diversion.

This is the advice, and these are the factors, the President must weigh in endless conferences while the situation in Saigon deteriorates day by day.

But aside from the do-bomb or don't-bomb decision confronting the President, he must consider a third possibility, the total collapse of the Saigon government while the American advisory expedition stands by. There is nothing in recent dispatches from Saigon to suggest such a collapse cannot occur between midnight and dawn one of these days.

The guerrillas infiltrate the capital and operate almost in its suburbs, and lit-

tle seems to stand between them and an abrupt rush downtown and capture of whatever ramsack government occupies the palace.

They could then set up a new communist government, invite a truce with North Vietnam, and invite the Americans to ship out.

Where would our "cause" be in such an event, which seems quite as likely as a Red Chinese intervention? The answer appears inevitable: it would have evaporated.

Mr. Truman had a pretty good "cause" in Korea, and it worked after a fashion. But John Foster Dulles never did explain to us why, if we didn't stop the communists in Indochina, we would blow the works—Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, everything. So we uncritically took Mr. Dulles's word for it, and so have three Presidents. It might be a good point for Mr. Johnson to cover in any policy speech he has in mind.

WILLIAM HOGAN

'Nina's Book' Serious Attempt to be Creative

"The girl is bewitched . . . she is fatal to a man." In "Nina's Book," novelist Eugene Burdick explains how Nina achieved this unhealthy animal magnetism. It is a horrifying story. Because Nina, a former member of the wartime French underground, gave herself away in order to survive her years in a concentration camp.

"She is one of the accused of our time," a character in the novel observes. "She had become desirable in the basic long-forgotten hidden ways in which female animals made themselves attractive to males."

So again Burdick deals with a sensational theme. It is one that demands great sensitivity—and tightrope walking—to make palatable, or believable. For the most part he is successful. Nina is a haunting, haunted, well-drawn character, probably the strongest Burdick has created in the bulk of his fiction to date. A reader is willing to agree that Nina has "learned how to live in the unlivable."

Having said this, I must add that beyond Nina, "Nina's Book" is an inherently improbable story. For all their surface dash and world-weariness in postwar France, most of its characters are paper tigers at best, and "Nina's Book" simply does not add up to "The Sun Also Rises" of our time, which it occasionally suggests.

The story unfolds in three basic episodes. Rodney, an American wartime flyer, is shot down over France and rescued by a young girl of the resistance. Rodney escapes through the underground apparatus. Nina is subsequently captured and held in a political camp where she is subjected to hideous indignities—"a crucible so hot, a pressure so high, a situation so dangerous . . ."

During the 1950s, Rodney returns to France with his wife, a flower of Los Angeles society. He meets Nina again ("the girl is bewitched"). Her sexuality is so strong that Rodney moves her into

his home—the "menage-a-trois" of older-fashioned novels. And here, it seems to me, in spite of a number of powerful scenes, "Nina's Book" begins to rock on its centrally implausible foundations.

The horror of wartime sex crimes becomes obscured in a haze of alcoholic and sheer neurosis, expressed especially in the character of Rodney.

"Nina's Book" is a writer's sincere effort, I suspect, to get back to the creative process. Certainly this is a far more serious book than Burdick's recent tale of politics and computers, "The 480."

Burdick obviously believed in Nina and the terrible history that produced her. Unfortunately, history also shaped the dreary people Nina found in her postwar experience, and would include a pair of particularly wooden, ugly Americans, Nina's friend Rodney and his wife.