

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor
Wednesday, April 20, 1966

Library Week Reminder

Observance of National Library Week, which is being noted nationwide during this week, is an apt time to recognize a service that is of high importance in this complex, modern world.

A library is many things. It is, first of all, a repository of the thoughts, the wisdoms, the failures and successes, the events great and small which have marred or have brightened the centuries which have passed.

A library holds, within its confines, the history of man and nature. And a library exists to pass on this history, to provide knowledge and understanding.

It is difficult to conceive of a world without libraries, and it would be equally difficult to think of a city such as Torrance providing less than the best available library service to its 140,000 citizens.

While such a possibility is not threatened, Torrance is at the crossroads in its library program. The city must decide in the near future whether to join the county's library system or whether it will set up and operate its own library system.

It is not a decision to be taken lightly. The Torrance League of Women Voters has made two in-depth studies of the matter and the city has a continuing study of the problems of providing library service.

Just as it should be in every public matter, we hope the needs of the citizens in terms of library facilities and services get top billing when the decision is made. To give the people of Torrance anything less than the best library service obtainable would be to cheat them at whatever the final cost may be.

Need for Rapid Transit

Even to those of us who have never tried to sell ice cubes to an Eskimo, the role of transport in the modern economic life of Southern California is more than apparent.

Just as manufactured good and commodities have little value until they can be taken to a place where they are needed, so it can be said of people in a huge, sprawling megalopolis of an area like Los Angeles and adjacent basin areas.

The national observance of Transportation Week is just around the corner and spokesmen for the industry tell us that transportation enables the producers to deliver automobiles to California (a mixed blessing) and lettuce to Detroit at any time of the year.

A serious breakdown has occurred in the Southern California area, however, and a number of plans have been advanced to correct the growing traffic jams on our streets and freeways.

A "backbone" rapid transit system which would, in effect, revive some of the features of the old "Red Car" days, is being proposed, and we believe it is time that Torrance made a stand for the proposal, and to demand that it be considered as a major area to be served by any such system.

The current proposal of the Southern California Rapid Transit District proposes that a major line move south through Inglewood, Lennox, Hawthorne, and Lawndale, and then swing to a terminal in Redondo Beach.

We believe the city of Torrance should protest such a plan which calls for this vital area to be served by a feeder bus system instead of the main route rapid transit vehicles.

With Torrance becoming more and more the focal point of activity throughout the southwest part of Los Angeles County, it seems unlikely that it could be served properly by anything less than the full facilities of the proposed rapid transit system.

We recommend that the planners who are currently charged with the responsibility for designing a workable rapid transit system for Southern California take a new look at Torrance and the Southwest.

We do not see how the county's third most populous city can be shrugged off with a feeder line.

Opinions of Others

If leftist groups in this country formed secret, armed guerrilla forces aimed at ultimate . . . seizure of power . . . they would be quickly ferreted out, crushed, and jailed. Yet, according to a roundup story prepared by the Associated Press and published in many newspapers, there are a number of fanatic groups of the extreme right functioning in that manner. . . . The extent to which they're arming, the facts on their operations, the nature of the threat they pose should be probed and brought out into the open before it gets out of hand.—Nashville (Tenn.) Trade and Labor News.

Probably nothing in current national developments indicates quite so clearly what is happening to the natural wilderness in the United States as the complete reversal of our programs to eradicate "varmints." Coyotes, wolves, and mountain lions, which once had no friends to speak of among men, today have champions everywhere, even in Congress. . . . The day of deliberately killing varmints is about at an end. Civilization is doing that by itself, just taking care of modern man.—Ontario (Calif.) Report.

. . . think about the little chap who delivers your newspaper every day. . . . Doing the route is a personal sacrifice for a lad who has to meet an obligation while his pals go to the . . . neighborhood playground for a spell of fun. . . . Those dollars he earns give him opportunity to pay part of his own way, to establish a measure of independent status that builds confidence. More than this, the newsboy becomes a "little merchant." He isn't an employee of the newspaper, but an independent contractor purchasing a product and turning it over to a customer for a profit.—Waltham (Mass.) News-Tribune.

Start By Lifting A Calf—



STAN DELAPLANE

Coat and Tie Required In Island Restaurants

HONOLULU — A new urban elegance has come to these sugary islands along with the 700,000 yearly tourists. Canlis' fashionable Waikiki restaurant now requires coat and tie (upper room only). Coat and tie at the Kahala Hilton for dinner. The Royal Hawaiian always had this rule — a good half of the men will be in dinner jackets. Elsewhere though it's still mumsus for women, aloha shirts for men. Local businessmen are in coat and tie all day.

What do you mean when you say a restaurant overseas is 'touristy'? I mean it gets more tourists than local people. I'm not downgrading the place.

Look into Grand Teton National Park high in Wyoming. Tent cabins are inexpensive. Give you the flavor of outdoor living with bunk bed, semi-indoor sleeping. They also have cabins — and luxury lodges for occasional evenings out. Fishing, raft riding on the Snake river, horseback riding. Crowded in July and August. So if you can make it September, you have it almost to yourself. For prices and information, write Grand Teton Lodge Company, 209 Post Street, San Francisco.

We are stopping for two weeks in France, coming from the Orient, and would like a quiet, peaceful town in the country.

I think you'd like Arles in the wine country of the south. Van Gogh painted

here. It was a Roman town. The food has a touch of the garlicky Provence. Sunny, warm and tree-shaded streets.

The Hotel Jules Caesar is modest and the best. The Roman ruins are interesting. Breakfast on the sidewalk at the Hotel du Nord in the Place du Forum once. It's a tiny shady square with much color. Arles is a comfortable train ride down from Paris.

Don't tip (how few they are!) the airline personnel (except baggage porters). Bartenders in English pubs (often women) are not tipped. But you can "shoot them a beer" — buy one, that is. The elegant gent at hotel reception shows you to your room. No tip. Not EVERY time your hotel doorman opens a door. Once a day — and little — is enough.

The legislative leader who shrinks from necessary reform and revitalization because of temporary criticism be it from his party, his governor, his colleagues, or the press does nothing but continue the bondage into which his branch of government has fallen. — Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh.

Last week we reported on Cornelius Ryan's "The Last Battle," a shattering account of Germany's Gotterdammerung, the fall of Berlin in April, 1945. The book is so packed with dramatic incident that one races through it, expecting to return to it again, at a slower pace, to bring this panoramic and very successful history into perspective. To suggest its flavor I log a few incidents from it:

On April 16, Marshal Zhukov's armies were less than 36 miles from the center of Berlin. At 4 a.m. an artillery barrage by 20,000 guns of all calibers opened the last battle. In two weeks Hitler was dead; in three the war was over. The toll of the last battle: probably 100,000 dead; no one knows.

While an angry U.S. Ninth Army was almost ready to disobey Eisenhower's orders to remain at the Elbe and forget Berlin, Russian soldiers attacked with a terrible vengeance. They had stood at Stalingrad; before Moscow, had seen their town

obliterated, families slain. "They had lived for this moment of revenge."

Berlin had become a city of women (some 2 million out of a population of 2.7 million). Fear of sexual attack lay over the city like a pall. The suicide rate was vast. Hospital scene: Two old ladies sitting side by side on the landing had taken poison; no one could tell when; because of the jam of people around them they sat bolt upright in death, apparently for days, before they were noticed.

The Russians do not deny the mass rapes in Berlin. Soviet historians admit that the troops got out of control, but attribute the worst atrocities to vengeance-minded ex-prisoners of war who were released during the Russian advance to the Oder.

A day before their suicides in the "Führerbunker," Hitler and Eva Braun were married. Gertrud Junge, Hitler's secretary, recalled that

she stayed with the wedding group just long enough to "express her best wishes to the newlyweds."

Hitler's charred remains (the body had been burned with gasoline after the suicide) were identified for the Russians by Hitler's dentist, particularly by a hanging bridge in the upper jaw.

First confirmation that Hitler was dead was made to Ryan in an April, 1963, interview with Marshal Sokolovsky, almost 18 years after the event. What happened to the body? The Russians claim to have cremated it just outside Berlin, but they will not say where.

SS men blew up a tunnel under the River Spree, not knowing that thousands of civilians were sheltering there, along with four hospital trains of wounded.

Red flags appeared in the city, many showing tattered areas where black swastikas had been hastily removed. German uniforms and armbands lay discarded in the streets.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

This Old, Old Guy Still Too Young for Medicare

Frankly, I never thought it would get here so soon, but I've just reached my 50th birthday. If that makes YOU feel older, think what it does to me. As for my doctor, he's a little disconsolate, too, since he once bet me 100-1 I'd never make it. Knowing him, I won't get the money, but the important thing is that I won—and it all evens out, anyway. If he'd won, he'd have had a hell of a time collecting.

Fifty. Over the hill and downhill all the way. Old enough to know better, but not smart enough. Too young for Medicare, too old to die young — the latter being Nature's way of saving you from that fate worse than death, a Retirement Center. The funny thing is, I don't feel 50, but maybe that's because I haven't had much experience at it. I don't look 50, either, because I refuse to wear my glasses when I examine myself in the mirror. That way I merely look sort of blurry.

The Only Way to fight a thing like 50 is to stay as current if it kills you. When those electric guitars start to twang, I'm right out there on the dance floor with the rest of the idiots, doing a sort of offhand frug I call the shrug; it's not much, but it beats sitting around, waiting for the waltz. Sartorially, you've got to be with it, too. I wear pants so tight that every time I zip them up, my glasses fall off. Another sign of the encroaching years is to wear shoes with shoelaces. Out! In: pointy slip-ons or booties, even if you have to cut off your little toes to get into them. It's also important to watch your vocabulary. Nothing dates you faster than

phrases like "Come up and see my etchings," "Sex you" and "Tain't funny, McGee." What you do is pepper your conversation with such all-purpose gems as "groovy," "swinger," "it's a gas" and an occasional "Would you believe—?"

It's Not Easy to be light-hearted about achieving the Anxious Age (checking your own pulse, wondering whether it's your heart or dyspepsia, all that getting up in the middle of the night). When I was 40, I managed to dash off a pretty funny piece — I mean, it seems funny in retrospect — because even at 40, all your dreams and fantasies aren't

San Francisco

quite dead. At 40, you think that by some miracle, your hair might start growing again. Or you might conceivably become the world's oldest baseball rookie, hitting the home run that wins a pennant for the Giants and dying dramatically on home plate. Or you might even have time to get out of the lousy newspaper business. But at 50, forget it, Charlie.

Being 50 years old isn't all bad, you know (I achieved this great and melancholy age the other day, and keep examining the fact with wonder). For example, now that the sands of time are fast running out, I can be more forthright. Even HONEST! Ten years ago, when I was still bucking for the title of America's Best-Loved Columnist (or, Mr. Nice Guy West), I could never have brought myself to say right out loud,

That the bolillos — small hard rolls — served in Mexico City restaurants are better than our sourdough French bread. I'll go a step

further; bolillos are the best bread in the world.

That good as some California wines can be, they still have a long way to go. Too many of them are not only overpriced, they lack the body and "nose" of even second- or third-rank French wines.

Caenetti; Dick and Charles Wood, who wrote the scripts for "The Knack" and the Beatles' film, "Help," have been in town, scouting locations for the next movie to be made by the director of those two hits, Richard Lester, and starring the hottest lady on the screen, Julie Christie. Result: the entire film, titled "Me and the Arch Kook Petulia," will be made in S.F., starting next February, and it'll be nice to have the decorative Miss Christie around. . . . If you're looking for a place that's safe from Viet Cong attack, try the Buena Vista; seems to be the Green Berets' favorite hangout. . . . Sen. Tom Kuchel, recovering from a gall bladder op, got the following get-well message from Oxnard, down there in Birchland: "Although disgusted with your shameful coting record, we wish you a speedy recovery" . . .

Hallo, there, Dr. Strange-love: American Opinion, the ultra-right magazine, carries an ad for a gadget that filters fluoride out of drinking water!

Humble Pie: Last April, when young Roger "King of the Road" Miller was appearing at Tahoe for \$10,000 a week, I asked irritably: "Wonder what he'll be doing a year from now?" Well, he recently won six Grammy awards and is now appearing at the Fairmont and I hereby masticate my utterance.

ROYCE BRIER

Stalin, Too, Was a Dud As Military Strategist

Ten years ago Nikita Khrushchev charged that the late Joseph Stalin had maintained a "cult of personality."

The reaction was profound. Cities which bore Stalin's name were renamed. Statues in public squares disappeared. Stalin's body was removed from Lenin's Tomb to a humble grave. Stalin's name and achievements vanished from Russian life. He became an unperson.

Recently at a meeting of the Party Congress, the ponderous pendulum swung back, but only a little way. A party functionary in a speech noted that Stalin had accomplished some good. He thus returned to history as a person.

Stalin was one of the most remarkable men of our millennium. He was totally unmoral, a curious blend of stupidity and cunning, a monolithic man who terrorized all about him and intimidated much of the world for 30 years.

World Affairs

Almost to the day of his death he was worshipped as a superman. If not a god, who had saved his people in the great German War.

Out of this emerged a preposterous judgment, which had an exact counterpart for Adolf Hitler — Stalin was "the greatest military strategist of all time." This was a myth.

Stalin's myth had the good fortune to be pitted against the other, Stalin and Hitler were duds as strategists.

The Hitler myth grew out of his conquest of the West. It collapsed when it encountered the Russian hordes and the Russian winter. As he approached invasion, Hitler was prey to an age-old weakness — over-confidence. He thought Germans were super human, Russians subhuman.

He disregarded the weather tables, in the face of Napoleon's experience. He started to late, June 22, 1941. He sent masses of troops into temperatures which began to fall by September. They were inadequately clothed for the early Russian winter.

That fatal miscalculation made Stalin look good by the spring of 1942.

But Stalin looked good elsewhere. He had almost limitless tough infantry and a big stock of field guns. He used his well-clothed manpower without stint in the winter and ensuing spring. This was not superior strategy, in the Caesarian sense of planning, maneuver and speed, but it worked in the circumstances by sheer weight. Hitler almost made it, but fate was against him.

The Wehrmacht never regained its cutting edge after the winter losses. Stalin had only to hang on like a bulldog, while the Germans bled to death, 1942-44. Stalin had several competent generals. He was smart enough to let them work, while Hitler, who also had competent strategists, wasn't.

Bulldog, yes. Stalin had blind animal courage in a corner. Even a dictator must have it to hurl millions of his countrymen to death in a gamble. But his is not strategy of the Hannibal brand, which measures, conserves and strikes so the enemy never knows what lightning hit him. Fate was against Hitler on the Russian steppe. It was kind to Stalin, which was as it should be, seeing it was his steppe.

Quote

"We understand that tipping is on the bill in Europe. But that it is the custom to give a little more. So how much?"

Continental hotels and restaurants add a service charge — usually 15 per cent. But — everybody expects a little more. So add 2 to 5 per cent in the small charge — usually 15 per cent; a big bill, 2 per cent, small bill, 5 per cent.

In the hotels, you have to play it by ear. A very little each day to the room waiter who brings the breakfast. Say the local equivalent of our dime. (But if you're in a de luxe hotel, make it equal to a local quarter. Work it out from there on that basis.)

Those expecting tips when you leave are: the maid and the porter. They appear automatically as you're leaving. The porter theoretically cleaned your shoes that you left each night in the hall.

While an angry U.S. Ninth Army was almost ready to disobey Eisenhower's orders to remain at the Elbe and forget Berlin, Russian soldiers attacked with a terrible vengeance. They had stood at Stalingrad; before Moscow, had seen their town

obliterated, families slain. "They had lived for this moment of revenge."

Berlin had become a city of women (some 2 million out of a population of 2.7 million). Fear of sexual attack lay over the city like a pall. The suicide rate was vast. Hospital scene: Two old ladies sitting side by side on the landing had taken poison; no one could tell when; because of the jam of people around them they sat bolt upright in death, apparently for days, before they were noticed.

The Russians do not deny the mass rapes in Berlin. Soviet historians admit that the troops got out of control, but attribute the worst atrocities to vengeance-minded ex-prisoners of war who were released during the Russian advance to the Oder.

A day before their suicides in the "Führerbunker," Hitler and Eva Braun were married. Gertrud Junge, Hitler's secretary, recalled that

she stayed with the wedding group just long enough to "express her best wishes to the newlyweds."

Hitler's charred remains (the body had been burned with gasoline after the suicide) were identified for the Russians by Hitler's dentist, particularly by a hanging bridge in the upper jaw.

First confirmation that Hitler was dead was made to Ryan in an April, 1963, interview with Marshal Sokolovsky, almost 18 years after the event. What happened to the body? The Russians claim to have cremated it just outside Berlin, but they will not say where.

SS men blew up a tunnel under the River Spree, not knowing that thousands of civilians were sheltering there, along with four hospital trains of wounded.

Red flags appeared in the city, many showing tattered areas where black swastikas had been hastily removed. German uniforms and armbands lay discarded in the streets.

Morning Report:

The glories of collective bargaining have come to baseball. It started this year with a small collection of two pitchers — Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale of the Los Angeles Dodgers. They bargained, as a unit, with their management, and came up with a collective salary of better than \$200,000.

Baseball players are not the brightest group in the land but I think the idea will sink in. No, I don't think entire teams will start bargaining. That's too radical. But a fast double-play combination of a shortstop and second-baseman might negotiate as a unit.

We already have seen pickets at the White House and the U.S. Supreme Court building. Next year, they may even raise their sights to such hallowed ground as a baseball park.

Abe Mellinkoff