

Press-Herald

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One Vote Still Counts

Around each election time, the citizens are exhorted to vote with the admonition that each vote counts. The maxim was proved again at the November elections.

A run-off for city commissioner in Gainesville, Ga., has to be called because each of the two listed candidates received 674 votes.

One extra vote, which would have settled the election, was cast for a write-in candidate.

The one vote that could have settled the election went to Batman.

Facts Outdo Fiction

The tales of Jules Verne have enthralled young and old with their free-ranging flights of fancy into the realm of things to come. But very likely Jules Verne, himself, if he were around today, would be nonplussed by realities that go far beyond even his fertile imagination. The undersea exploits of his Captain Nemo are not a whit more spectacular than the achievements of the petroleum industry in finding and extracting oil from deep under the sea along the world's offshore continental shelves. The sea is where man must turn next to find the sustenance of life as populations continue to expand. The work of the petroleum industry is a pioneering step.

Not long ago, the president of a major aircraft corporation, speaking to representatives of the oil industry, extended an invitation for the aerospace and petroleum industries to merge their technological strength for joint exploration and development in undersea areas. Such joint efforts are not as incongruous as they may sound to the layman, for sea and space both represent environments hostile to man and require similar approaches.

Looking ahead 10 or 15 years, the aircraft executive noted that it is conceivable there will be bases on the ocean bottom where 30 or 40 workers will live for periods of time, exploring the ocean floor for minerals and petroleum and directing mining and drilling projects. He acknowledged that there will be stiff competition in exploring the ocean. "But this is good," he said. "It's good for our economy, and it's good for individual corporations. Competition brings growth and improvement. Without it, your industry and mine wouldn't be where they are today." He might also have added that the standards of living, which the United States has produced for our people, would not be at their present high levels either, except for the constant striving for advancement that is typical of competitive industry.

OTHERS SAY:

A New Hope for 1967

Nineteen Sixty Seven will be a new year in more than the calendar way. In California it will bring a new state administration. In the nation a newly defined political balance. In space a new step toward the moon and beyond. In science new achievements, new benefits.

Let us hope, amid the revelry of the traditional New Year's Eve parties, that we all can make a resolution for newness within ourselves . . . a new and deeper understanding of our fellow man, his needs and his rights . . . a new surge of faith in the eternal verities of our religion, whatever it may be . . . a new determination to carry well the burdens of citizenship as well as its privileges, and to add wisely whatever we can to man's slow and tortured progress toward universal peace.—California Feature Service.

The election now has become history and 1967 appears to be the year California taxpayers may be offered tax reform and relief programs.

The danger is that we may all become hypnotized with the offer of relief on one tax base to a degree that we willingly accept an increase on other tax bases.

Real reform or relief can come only through reduced spending at all levels of government. This fact, unfortunately, may be lost through pursuit of an appealing program which merely conceals increased taxes.

Tax relief couldn't come at a better time. California is attaining historical distinction in taxation of dubious quality.

Among other things, California has the highest per capita tax of any of the 50 states. For state and local government taxes, each citizen contributed \$379 during 1965. New York was second at \$372 per capita and Nevada third at \$322.

California also collected \$3.44 billion in taxes, an increase of 12.4 per cent.

A growing state such as California cannot help but need large sums of money. A state that is the largest in the nation in population, naturally will lead in many statistics.

The statistic we would like most to see California excel in during the coming year is for per capita decrease in government spending through efficiency.—Call Tax News

We Quote . . .

We've all got to be about the business of restoring or maintaining whole persons in an age when, with demonic and unrelenting pressure, persons are being reduced, fractionalized, ignored or even denied. —Prof. B. Davie Napier of Stanford University.

suspect can drum up a civil rights connotation. There is silence, however, when there is criminal brutality. —Hilary H. Crawford Jr. of San Francisco.

Whatever the therapeutic uses, LSD is not for the person who doesn't know how to use it.—Dr. James Fadiman, S. F. State College Institute of Psychedelic Research.

Lease Expires Jan. 1st



STAN DELAPLANE

Mexico City Taxi Fare Is One Peso to Heaven

MEXICO CITY — There's a saying down here that if the dust of Mexico falls on your heart, you will always return. This has always been a town I get with.

The tree-filled avenues. The brooding stone gods in the museums.

The Cadillac outside the fine restaurants. The Indians and their burros at the taco stands in the old city the Aztecs called Tenochtitlan.

The great square of Mexico lighted at night. The snowy volcanoes in the clear morning air. And the pesero—the one-peso-share-the-ride taxi—barreling us all down the Reforma. One peso to heaven.

"What are the rates of exchange now in Mexico?"

The rate is pesos 12.50 for \$1 U.S. If you go to a bank, they give you pesos 12.49. And if you cash recklessly at a hotel, they may give you as little as 12.32. Quick figuring into dollars: multiply pesos by .08.

"We will visit people who are Mexican living in Mexico. I'd like to be prepared for any special customs . . ."

You shake hands a lot. Men and women. When you are introduced. When you meet on the street. AND when you leave each other after meeting. Women who know each other well kiss on the cheek. Men do a sort of hug and back pat—called the abrazo.

" . . . what we can expect in costs?"

I figure roughly that Mexico City costs half what I'd pay for the same in New York. Example: my hotel room, not the swankiest but first-class, is \$7.20.

"We are planning to be in Hawaii during the summer with three children. Price is something of a factor . . ."

With children along, that three meals out in restaurants each day is what chops you down. You can write Hawaii Visitors' Bureau, Honolulu, for hotels with kitchens. Only one I know at Waikiki is Foster Tower which is excellent. But there must be others, too.

"We will arrive in Madrid on a Sunday and, therefore,

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have only Monday morning and afternoon to shop . . . Or are stores open Sunday?"

No chance in Spain. And not much in the afternoon. At 1 o'clock Spain closes for the long lunch. Opens again between 4 and 5. Get out early Monday. The stores you'll want will be in about the first eight blocks of the Gran Via.

"If we buy gifts for other people (like a watch) do they get \$100 duty-free as well as our duty-free allowance?"

No, no, no! Only people traveling outside the country get the duty-free allowance to bring back overseas purchases. Your \$100 won't allow many watches. When we had the \$500 allowance, people used to ask me to bring back watches — you could hear me ticking like a bomb. But no more.

"I may be doing some work in Europe, letters, business calls, etc. How is the telephone service between say, Europe and New York?"

Depends much on what part of Europe. From England, they get you through in 15 minutes. But out in the country in Spain—maybe two days. French telephones don't work too well even on local calls. Calls

Morning Report:

It's hard to put the knock on Jackie Kennedy but I must. It's hard because she is a lady, a beautiful lady, a former first lady, a widow and a widow of an American martyr. So she has a lot going for her.

But not enough for her to try to prevent the publication of an upcoming book about the day President Kennedy was shot. Maybe Jackie should not have talked with William Manchester and maybe his "Death of a President" is a dog. But talk she did and it's much too late for her to change the book.

The plain fact is that books should not be burned or still-burned by editing from non-editors. Even if Jackie — blue pencil in hand — would make a lovely picture.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Calendars Create Furor Before New Year Begins

Behind the scenes of great industries: At a San Francisco Peninsula electronics firm, working on a secret Govt. contract, 1967 desk calendars were distributed, with this warning in red letters on each page: "Don't Just Talk Security — Practice It!" Not too much work was done for the next 15 minutes or so as the employees went happily through each page, crossing out the word "Security" and substituting "Sex."

Brenda Neal, a terribly British secty, at P&O Lines, went to a large S.F. store last wk. to fulfill a Christmas request from her nephew in England — a baseball glove. After rifling through a stack of 'em on a table, she said to the salesman: "These are all left-handed gloves and I KNOW my nephew is right-handed. Don't you have any gloves for the right hand?" The salesman did the greatest double-take since Edgar Kennedy in his prime.

Trip via tongue: Novelist Ken Kesey, off-the-cuffily to John Raymond, new editor of the Berkeley Citizen: "My books are still selling—youth is keeping them alive. I don't think I'll publish any more — it's not happening, it's not important to me or the people I know. I'm making lamps and helping with the dishes . . ."

San Francisco Chronicle is the best newspaper in the Nation — it has the funkiness and the atmosphere. The Examiner is what is not happening . . . Hemingway does something to people. What he is or was is meaningless — what people say about him is important . . . If you freak long enough you begin to geek. The person who finally recon-

San Francisco

ciles himself — that's all there is. As long as he freaks he's all right but when he geeks he becomes an extension of Jimmy Durante's nose."

Joe Kearns, boss of Meaders Cleaners, was lunching at the White Whale in S.F.'s new Ghirardelli Square when his eye was caught—in a right-handed glove—by an elderly lady rummaging through a garbage can. "That," explained Owner Jim Ginella, "is Mad Charlotte, the Sun Goddess. She selects only the best garbage at the finest restaurants — we consider ourselves privileged to be among her clientele."

"Santa Claus is getting lazy," a little boy named Bob Bundsen told his father on Christmas morn. "All he brought me was the stuff that was in the closet."

Grand old man: At 72, Odd Cornell is the second oldest prisoner at San Quentin, having enrolled in 1927 on a murder rap (his death sentence was commuted to life without parole by then California Gov. Rolph). As befits his age and attitude, Odd lives entirely in the distant past—but he perked up slightly the other day when he was told there had been some changes in the life-without-parole statute, and that perhaps he could gain his freedom. "Izzat so, izzat so," murmured old Odd, rubbing his stubble. "Mebbe I oughta get in touch with that actor fella who's the new Governor—Ronald Colman!"

Everybody dreads that knock in the middle of the night, right? For Harold Lipset, the eminent private eye, it came at 6 a.m. the other day — that authoritarian rapping on the front door of his Pacific Ave. mansion. His few hairs in disarray, his private eyes half shut, he stumbled down the stairs, and there were THREE S.F. police inspectors to arrest him on a New York grand jury indictment. "Gee, fellas," complained Lipset, "couldn't you have waited till a more civilized hour — say, 9 o'clock?" "In New York," replied one of the inspectors frostily, "it IS 9 o'clock. Come on."

ROYCE BRIER

Fidel Talks About the Missile Crisis Events

Since 1941, the United States has been in danger of attack but once, and that was in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962.

You will recall the Soviet Union was employing medium-range missiles with warheads in Cuba, 90 miles from American soil. When this was discovered, President Kennedy, after intensive consultation, ordered a blockade of Cuba to halt further missile delivery.

In an exchange of messages between Kennedy and former Chairman Khrushchev, the latter agreed to cease delivering, and to withdraw missiles already installed. There were two known concessions by the Americans: that there would be no invasion of Cuba, and that the blockade would be lifted when the operation

was completed. Now comes Fidel Castro, in an interview with Playboy Magazine, to say there were other American concessions, "about which not a word has ever been said." Nor is Senor Castro about

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to add to the wordage by saying what the other concessions were, if there were any.

Not that Castro lacks words, for he filled 25 hours of tape recording in the interview, and much of what he said is far more interesting than missile details.

For instance, he said that when the Soviet Union provided the missiles, Cuba gave a "pledge not to use them except in strict necessity, for the defense of the

country in case of aggression."

This, if true, was not made known publicly by either Castro or Khrushchev at the time of the crisis. But clearly if true, it would have no meaning for the United States, for such restraining pledges are valueless if a time comes for violating them.

Before and for some years after the crisis, Castro was forever shouting that the Americans were about to invade, but this was just propaganda nonsense, for the Bay of Pigs debacle was only a forlorn and mismanaged little raid.

But now Castro is saying he doesn't "expect" a Yankee invasion at a given time and place, which is very mellow of him. During the Grant Administration almost 100 years ago there was a flurry about "annexing" Cuba, but it didn't make sense then, and hasn't since.

Castro's most fascinating revelation today is that he was angered by Khrushchev's high-handed bilateral agreement with the United States to remove the missiles, creating a "climate of distrust" between Moscow and Havana.

This coolness was well covered in speculative news stories at the time, but Castro never admitted it, and it was concealed with a lot of blarney on a Castro visit to Moscow.

The manifest truth is that when Khrushchev found his bluff exposed, he thought only of Khrushchev, to wit, that he was unprepared to wage war with the United States over Cuba, of all places, and he had to get out with what face he could save.

Castro now says Moscow-Havana relations have improved somewhat with elimination of Khrushchev, but it's a little rueful, like lovers meeting in after years and hardly recognizing each other.

The Old Timer

This is a rousing exhibition of pictures (it was printed in Switzerland), political only in that all China is political. A fantastic shot: mother and daughter, hitched like oxen, towing a river boat against the Kikiang rapids. (Studio-Viking; \$25).

WILLIAM HOGAN

European Photographers Show Face of Red China

The potential American audience for two picture books on contemporary China, combined retail price \$37.50, would appear to be exceedingly small. But the pair at hand fall almost into the category of art books, rather than pictorial journalism, or travel records.

Each is a striking visual project; each is a reminder that China is gigantic, has many facets, and is there. "The Three Banners of China" contains a running text behind a portfolio by the French photographer Marc Riboud made during a four months' journey to the Chinese mainland in 1965 (he had been there for a similar period in 1957). The idea was to see again what he had seen once and to see it more clearly. The result is a reasonably objective portrait as it bears down on China's "three banners," the Peoples' Communes, the Great Leap Forward, and the New Central Party Line.

Riboud does not close his eyes to "an immense ocean of poverty," one the Chinese make no attempt to conceal. The pictures do not dwell on this. Rather, they reveal an extraordinary

beauty, even in what a Westerner might consider to be dire poverty.

Certainly there is beauty in Riboud's view of a deserted fog-shrouded temple at Kwangsi; or wheat terraces cut into the hills above the yellow river, or great masses of bicycles in a city

Books

street, or militia women marching, or the famous Buddhist caves at Lungmen, in the center of China, no longer a place for religious pilgrimage but the site of archeological field trips for Young Pioneers draped in red scarves.

This is both an intimate and a panoramic look at contemporary China, stunning in its scope and physical production (it was printed in The Netherlands). A memorable shot: The rush of women toward a mound of eels at the 6 a.m. opening of Shanghai's central market. (Macmillan; \$12.50).

"China," a heavy coffee table item (11½x13") is a portfolio assembled by the Swiss photographer Emil

Schultness in 1964-65, plus commentaries by authorities on China (the American correspondent Edgar Snow, for instance). Again, these pictures are revealing, even breathtaking, such as the shot of a Mongolian Mounted People's Militia, some of them young women in splendid robes, galloping on white horses; or again, during the lotus harvest, naked men standing in shallow water, seeking with their toes the roots of lotus plants, rich in vitamins and eaten as vegetables. Or the scene from "The Three Raids on Chu Village," performed by the Number-Two Group of the Peking Opera (audiences, a caption informs us, are completely gripped by this interweaving of musical drama, ballet and acrobatics, when one of their favorite performers pulls off a particularly difficult piece of business).

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