

Press-Herald

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Spelling By Computer

A new program to teach sixth-graders spelling using computer-assisted instruction is being given a trial run by the Pennsylvania State University's Center for Cooperative Research with Schools and the State College Area School District.

The computer, which resembles a typewriter keyboard, has an attached tape recorder and viewing screen. When the tape instructs the child to spell a word, the computer types out the letters which the child has spelled correctly, leaving a blank space at the error. The process continues until the word is spelled correctly.

If the child demonstrates he knows most of the words on the spelling list, the computer doesn't keep drilling them but moves on to new and more difficult words. It will also "remember" the words the student missed and retest him on them at a later time.

Half of the sixth-graders participating will receive conventional spelling instruction, while the others get their spelling instruction off the computer.

The First Satellite

One of the first satellites was launched by divine edict, to guide the Wise Men from the East to Jerusalem, to pay homage to the newborn Jesus.

Much has been learned about the celestial galaxies since that time, and men of science continue to challenge their mysteries.

Complicated measuring instruments have reached the moon and are sending back research data, paving the way for future space observation and travel.

Over these nineteen-hundred odd years, the oft-told story of the journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem and their later flight into Egypt epitomizes the philosophy of the family—the cornerstone of civilization.

Man, while attempting to unlock the mysteries of outer space, should take time out to pause and recall that it was the birth of a Savior in a stable at Bethlehem that helped to make this all possible.

Today's wise men who challenge the universe by orbiting new and bigger vehicles into space should also fall in behind the original three Wise Men guided by the first satellite, to pay homage to the Christ concept and the design of brotherly love. Love of one's fellowman begins with the family.

Opinions of Others

Too many people know too little about what "Freedom of the Press" really means. They think it must mean some extra privilege for newspapers only. —Editor James Berrett in the Watertown (Minn.) Carver County News.

Nobody knows what news is important until a hundred years afterwards. —Editor Elizabeth W. Spalding in the Bardonia (Ky.) Standard.

Morning Report:

I will confess to being soft on college professors and always have been. But I never will quite understand that while always stressing that there are no easy answers to scholarship, they sometimes push easy answers in politics. As in the case of Senator Eugene McCarthy, a onetime professor, who is running against President Johnson.

He seems to feel, and his backers openly say, that a peace candidate will make peace demonstrations unnecessary. The idea is that the opponents of the war will now have a "political alternative" to running wild at the Pentagon or on the campuses or wherever.

Not on your life. If he wins, they will seek another reason for demonstrating. If he loses, it will only convince them they were right in the first place.

Abe Mellinkoff

THE FAMILY—1967



You Some Kinda Nut Man?



HERB CAEN SAYS:

Good-for-You Cigs Taste Awful, Baddies Are Good

Printed on the back of U. S. Mail trucks: "ZIP CODE—The Last Word in Mail Addresses!" When numbers become words—even last ones—I say we're in big trouble. . . . Why are cigarettes that are "good" for you (low tar-nicotine content) taste so much worse than the ones that are bad for you? I also wonder if the owner of the Wax Museum ever has nightmares about somebody putting wicks on top of his figures? Which is all right with me, incidentally.

Maybe people enjoy standing in line. How else explain movie fans who go to the showings around 8 p.m. instead of 6 p.m., when the theater is generally empty? . . . Like Peter, Paul & Mary, I dig rock'n'roll music, but who needs sitters? Or even baby sitters? I say given 'em back to the Indians, 'way down upon the Swami Ribber. . . . As an avid collector of law firm names, I say it's hard to beat Fresno's Stammer, McKnight, Barnum, Bailey & Barnett. Although Los Angeles' Darling, Mack, Hall & Call has a nice lilt to it, and besides, Mack is Stanford '28 (local angle). . . . Mary Grace Aspirin is a student of pharmaceutical chemistry at the UC Medical

Center! Donald Lee Posthumus is a student in the School of Medicine! The Grim Boys are process servers in Oakland! Exclamations marks don't help a bit!!!!

Next time somebody puts the knock on saloons, remind him that Thomas Jefferson drafted most of the

Declaration of Independence in the Indian Queen Tavern in Philadelphia. To paraphrase Lincoln, I don't know what he was drinking but there are some people around Washington today who could use a few cases of the stuff.

You're a real loser if you bought 49er tickets at the beginning of the season with the hope of scalping them; if you can't even break even on a stamp machine; if you get a date with a meter maid and discover she expires after an hour; if you fill your tank with Platformate and run out of gas 25 miles beyond the last service station in the desert; if you win the dice game for the luncheon and then the owner won't cash the other guy's check.

Remarks often heard shortly before a quick visit to the doctor: "That's not poison oak. You think I don't know poison oak when I see it?" . . . "You don't have to bring the boat any closer to the dock—I can jump from here" . . . "I'm sorry, partner, I thought your two-bid was an overcall" . . . "I don't care if John Brodie's father is sitting right behind me, I still say he's a bum" . . . "Say, Luiji, have you heard the latest Italian joke?"

"Life in the city: At Grodin's in Oakland, they're selling inflatable life-size female figures called "Silent Partner," for women to place on the front seat alongside them when driving alone. Zo. The other day, this guy buys one from Arnold Michaels, who asked: "For your wife?" "No, for me," came the reply. "I'm gonna put a blonde wig on it—to keep hookers from soliciting me when I drive through the Tenderloin!"

WILLIAM HOGAN

Some Strong Scenes From Literary Past Revisited

"Miss Nims, take a letter to Henry David Thoreau. Dear Henry: I thought of you the other afternoon as I was approaching Concord doing fifty on Route 82. This is a high speed at which to hold a philosopher in one's mind, but in this century we are a nimble bunch." That is in E. B. White's collection, "One Man's Meat" (1941), which I took off a library shelf the other day.

In a library one has the advantage of hindsight. ("Helen, thy beauty is to me/Like those Nicean barks of yore. . ."). In my trade, which is to try to keep abreast of the newest published utterance, the latest cultural gimmick, this Everest of print and mediocrity, there isn't much time to check in with Herman Melville. ("I, Ishmael, was one of that crew; my shouts had gone up with the rest; my oath had been welded with theirs. . .").

Yet once in a while I wander among library shelves and stacks to look in on the American dream, a recurring, often reassuring hallucination. Often it has been cloudy, as in Walt Whitman's prediction, from the 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass": "Of all nations

AFFAIRS OF STATE

Solons Considering New 4-Block Office Complex

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR
Capitol News Service

SACRAMENTO — Apparently, the expansion of government is scheduled to proceed ad infinitum. Just as taxpayers think they may have a rest from providing the insatiable needs for space to accommodate the growth of bureaucracy, along comes bigger and better ideas for expending public money.

The latest suggestion, and it is only a suggestion so far but far enough along to bring to the attention of the public, is a four-block legislative complex to house the expanding legislative bureaucracy. It would only cost about \$33 million, to be borrowed from the retirement fund, and if money for preliminary planning is approved by the 1968 Legislature, it would take 12 years to plan and complete.

The expansion project is a brain-storm of Senator Randolph Collier (D-Yreka) who asked for a committee from both houses of the Legislature earlier this year to study and make recommendations on the idea. The committee met, and found out that legislative space in the present Capitol and an-

nex will be all gone within a short time.

This is despite the fact that about a half million dollar remodeling job for the space occupied by the Assembly is under way in the Capitol annex area, to provide more convenient space for the lower house legislators, their committees and numerous aides who do a great portion of the legislative work.

The Senate has been satisfied with its quarters with

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but little remodeling since the annex was constructed. It has also been satisfied with the original office furniture purchased some 15 years ago, while the Assembly has junked most of its expensive metal furniture, and replaced desks and chairs, as well as other office necessities, with even more expensive equipment.

This, however, is beside the point, for when and if the new proposed, four-block twin building legislative headquarters gets around to completion, the furnishing will have to be done over again anyhow. The thinking now is to

turn the old Capitol, which was obsolete many years ago, and the annex over to the executive branch, and move all legislative activities to the proposed new building. This, of course, would necessitate another remodeling job, the cost of which is not even estimated at the present time, but obviously would run into the millions.

It's slightly unfortunate that the legislative thinking doesn't include tearing down the old Capitol building, a relic of the late 1800s, and probably one of the most uncomfortable, inconvenient and unhealthy places to work in California, despite the many hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in remodeling projects.

There has been some talk of turning it into a museum, but it would hardly be suitable even for that purpose without huge expenditures for remodeling.

Curiously enough, there are no more legislators now than there were many years ago. Thus, the answer appears to be that the Legislature needs more space not for the members themselves, but for secretaries, aides, etc., who now do a good share of the work the legislators used to do.

ROYCE BRIER

Grand Delusions Figure Big With M. De Gaulle

Over the past two years this column has been less exacting about Charles de Gaulle than many another.

It has purported to explain, for instance, what makes the old gentleman tick, to wit, hatred of the Anglo-Saxons from the days of Henry VIII, a rather difficult old party, himself. His animosity was for him confirmed, 1939-1945, when Winston Churchill and F. D. Roosevelt wouldn't tell him what was going on in the dispute with Adolf Hitler, and didn't invite him to the Liberation of Paris. He went anyway, with a rag-tag French division he found sitting around.

Many students of the period say the Roosevelt-Churchill hierarchy distrusted, not de Gaulle, but some of those about him. They believed secret strategic plans were not safe with them. Whatever the reality,

the interpretation may be accurate.

In any case, M. de Gaulle's distrust of Anglo-Saxons is plain enough, and he is now so placed as to do something about it. Henry, Winston and Franklin are beyond his reach, but their heirs are not, and he is putting on edge those of them who enjoy that state.

De Gaulle has exhibited many great qualities such as

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courage and obduracy when they were needed, and he also has some petty qualities, which of course is the case with many of us noble monuments.

His sense of proportion, his view of Frenchmen as a segment of the Western civilization, seems somewhat

distorted. A few years ago he conceived a sort of Continental United States of Europe (Britain naturally excluded). It would be led by the French, by M. de Gaulle if the years were kind to him, but a quarter of a billion Europeans didn't care much. Napoleon had the same idea, but it only worked while he had the guns, and M. de Gaulle lacks the guns.

So the grand program never got off the ground, and even his own countrymen couldn't imagine it flying.

You can perhaps sympathize with de Gaulle's exasperation at American economic penetration of western Europe, but this, immense and shapeless development is not easy to combat, and the French themselves have been apathetic ever the call to arms.

What rescued de Gaulle from the lethargy was the British pound devaluation. He straightway came out for a cross of gold, and declared war on the dollar. He is reported to have said privately he hoped to make the United States a second-rate power, and Britain a third-rate power. But he is quite out of his depth in wrestling with such forces, and it may be doubted if he understands them.

Alas, that we lack a great painter for this scene, one to depict the grandeur of state in the manner of a portrait of a Richelieu.

Alan Grey Says . . .

We're celebrating Christmas . . . With all the season's joys . . . From lighting of the Yule tree . . . To all the gifts and toys . . . But with the celebration . . . We should take some time to pray . . . To reaffirm the reason . . . We celebrate this day . . . And still the earth is seeking . . . Since early time begin . . . The promise of the future . . . Of peace towards every man.

A Letter To My Son

By Tom Rische
High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,
Is there really a Santa Claus, or are all those jolly, fat, red-suited men only fakes?
Back in 1897, a girl named Virginia O'Hanlon wrote this letter:
"Dear Editor — I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in the Sun, it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?" VIRGINIA O'HANLON, 115 W. 95th St.
The reply, written by Francis P. Church, editor of the New York Sun, is your dad's favorite Christmas selection. Here's part of it:
"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They think nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little . . .
"How dreary would be the world if there were no

Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight.
The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished. . . .
"The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. . . . You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding."
Yes, Bruce—and Virginia—there is a Santa Claus.
YOUR DAD