

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL

Publisher

REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1964

Let Them Be Armed

It won't be long now until the school bells—figuratively, if not always literally—ring again. And millions of youngsters, some eagerly, some with lagging feet, will resume their educations after summers which one hopes were filled with events and adventures that will be long remembered.

In recent years, there has been a vast amount of literature on the subject of education. It has been compared, favorably and unfavorably, with that of other nations—notably England and Russia. Each of these differing systems, it seems, has its own particular goals and principles, and each has its advantages and disadvantages. But, here at home, there is a strong and growing feeling that American education in all its levels too often leaves out an essential.

That essential is the inculcation of a real knowledge of what free and representative government stands for and requires of its citizens and, with that, a realization of what this means in every facet of life—business, the professions, the arts and crafts.

Local school officials are aware of these criticisms. They have moved with speed in recent years to overcome them by modernizing the curriculum and constantly evaluating and revising the course offerings in local schools.

Our young people are growing up into a world torn with bitterly opposed ideologies. In this, the battle for men's minds is all-important. Its outcome will determine what the world of tomorrow is to be. Let these young people be armed with the truths they will need.

Opinions of Others

"The investigating committee of the International Commission of Jurists came up with the only reasonable conclusion to be derived from the facts when it held that the U.S. Army was justified in using force to put down rioting in Panama last January. . . . It also noted that U. S. forces did not retaliate until after several of the GIs had been wounded. As to Panama's charge that its right of assembly had been violated, the committee found it invalid because the crowds constituted a threat to public safety."—*Salamanca (N.Y.) Inquirer*.

"In recent years many colleges have become disturbed about the fact that their facilities for the most part are idle during the summer months and have set about to remedy the condition. The result, in some instances, has been the adoption of the trimester plans where students can go to school year round and finish their studies a year earlier."—*Barnesboro (Pa.) Star*.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Look at History With Severeid

When Eric Severeid of CBS News was here to cover the recent GOP convention, he referred to his new collection of columns, essays and broadcasts as a "non-book." By that he meant it is a sweeping up of scattered pieces, some going back to the Eisenhower administration, rather than a formal project he had set out to publish as a book.

"This Is Eric Severeid" (his publisher's title, by the way, and certainly a mark of identity) is much more than a non-book. It exhibits a fine, mature, if occasionally world-weary American mind in quest of that elusive element of our contemporary society — good sense. These are "notations on the margin of time," as he puts it, and they cover just about any subject that you and I might think about late at night: The Peace Corps to love; Dallas to ugly music; the silly season of an election year to civil rights.

It is likely that these unpretentious, sensible thoughts of our time—and on Severeid, the vintage professional journalist—will get lost among the 25,000 or so titles that will appear in this country during 1964. It should not get lost. For Severeid, the old Roosevelt Democrat, the nostalgic, hard-boiled, apprehensive commentator who has seen just about everything, puts into articulate perspective the cluttered thoughts of many fellow citizens.

As journalist and broadcaster (25 years behind a microphone, from those early war days in Paris), Severeid sees himself as a "prod," and there is little

comfort in that. "Mr. Walter Lippmann," he writes, "who can stand as a mentor to all in this trade, if anyone can, once said that the commentator's efforts are not to be taken, and are not intended to be taken, as final documents, but as notes made by puzzled men."

Severeid is puzzled by many things, as occasionally he is elated by others; the continuing internal American revolution, for instance, which never ceases to inspire—and to appal. America, he observes in an introduction here, has reached a turning point, "it must now begin to act as smaller, older European societies have had to act for many years. . . . We do not automatically equate size with strength so much any more, or motion with progress."

These are long thoughts briefly spoken. I find them an agreeable prayer-book for intelligent Americans to keep close to their night lights.

The publisher has failed to provide an index; even titles to individual pieces (they are grouped under ten general headings). This irritates me when I attempt to find something I had failed to mark — the piece on an election night's drama; or the arts in this country, which have become a damned profitable thing.

Go ahead, mark up this book with pencil and dog-ears. Severeid's notions might set off sparks in your head; sparks of recognition, of good sense that have been criminally misplaced in our culture. And how many books set off that kind of spark these days?

Isn't It Contempt of Court

-FOR THEM TO QUESTION A LAW AFTER WE'VE PASSED IT?



IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

Smile, That Satellite Is Taking Your Picture

GOOD MORNING greeting for the future: "Smile! A satellite may be taking your picture" . . . That distinguished U.S. visitor, Pres. Philbert Tsiranana of Malagasy (formerly Madagascar), is not only a teetotaler—he doesn't trust our water. Drinks nothing but Evian Water from France. . . . Easy as pie: Evan Connell, the novelist, dropped in on Rita Hayworth in H'wood, sipped tea poolside with her and promptly wrote "A Brief Essay on the Subject of Celebrity," which Esquire will publish in October. . . . MaoTse-tung is so sore at Khrushchev he won't even ride in his Russian-built Zim limousines any longer; he has ordered two Rolls-Royces from London — or should that be two Rolls-Rice? . . . Wild throwaway line in the Kingston Trio's act: "Civil wars are more fun. You can go home week-ends" . . . The movie Sterling Hayden went to Rome to make (for \$50,000) has been delayed, so he's on a lonely walking tour through Ireland, while his wife and three of the children retreated from the heat of Rome to the cool of Long Island.

LIZ TAYLOR and Richard Burton, who'll start filming "The Sandpiper" in the Carmel-Big Sur area Sept. 9, wanted to bunk at fancy Del Monte Lodge—but, sorry, no room at the inn, so now they're shopping for a house to rent for their four-week stay. The Burtons will be able to pay; they're getting a million and a half, plus

10% of the gross, for starrng in the picture—which'll be finished in Paris (Liz can work only 21 consecutive days in the U.S. without violating her foreign residence tax gimmick).

INSIDE OUT: Ever since his "Stench of fascism" remark after Goldwater's acceptance speech, Gov. Brown has been getting the most threatening letters of his career. Sample: "Have you ever killed a man, Governor? Well, I have — and I can do it again" . . . Bellicose Melvin Belli, whose theme song is "Sweet Sue," might get sued himself—if Bobby Kennedy ever gets around to reading the current issue of Fact magazine. Bobby, reads the Belli quote on the cover, "is the most vicious, evil—in politics today" (inside, it's spelled out) . . . The peripatetics: Kim Novak, filming "Moll Flanders" in England, flew in for the weekend (and right out again) just to dance, swing and live at Neptune in Big Sur. Screenstar Natalie Wood and a couple of guys helped her achieve her purpose. . . . Funny cartoon in Look: Nikita Khrushchev admonishing a group of peasants, "There is an old Russian proverb—"When you're only Number 2, you try harder!"

HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Ranger is Only Start Of Long Road to Moon

It is probable many laymen were disappointed in the moon pictures. They do not tell him much more about the lunar crust than do telescopic pictures, and they lack sharp resolution.

But they tell much to the astronomer, bringing to view topographical features of the lunar crust hundreds of times smaller than any ever resolved by a telescope.

The impact target was chosen because of its supposed smoothness, removed from mountains and large craters. The pictures reveal a sand-dune type of rolling terrain, with thousands of tiny depressions, called craters, and larger craters which were dark because the lips cut off sunlight. It should be remembered the temperature here was about 240 degrees above zero, while shadows would register as many degrees below zero.

This is an almost incalculably inhospitable environment for biological organisms. . . . In the first flush of their success (one of the most re-

markable human feats of all time), the experts said little of this; they seemed preoccupied with the thesis that Ranger 7 markedly advanced the Apollo, man-on-the-moon, project. This was reflected in the President's announcement.

But there will be found many astronomers, chemists and biologists who doubt if Apollo is much nearer because of the success.

In answering questions, the experts were anxious to establish that dust-depth of the crust does not appear to them to be formidable. Some astronomers have speculated it might be many feet, engulfing any space vehicle. The experts also thought the small depressions were caused by rocks spewed out by volcanoes in the remote past. This conflicts with theory that the telescope craters were made by falling meteors. There have been one or two recent findings of current thermal action of the moon, but this is unconfirmed.

There may be more Ran-

ger shots, but the big step, set for next year, is Surveyor, an unmanned rocket to land and perform certain functions.

This is a far more complex operation than Ranger. A vehicle would be set down on tripods. It must have a parachute speed descent, but as there is no atmosphere, it must be done by retro-rockets. Television cameras would shoot landscape horizontally, and there would be devices for picking up and analyzing soil. Later Surveyors may attempt a return. There will also be Orbiters.

Obviously, Surveyor will be much tougher. We may expect Surveyor failures (six Rangers failed). It is extremely doubtful if the step-by-step pre-Apollo schedule, now zealously publicized, can be met.

Things are a little different up there. A newspaper caption said of the last picture, which went blank, that it was due to "noise" of impact. But sound is a function of air waves, so what "noise" on the moon?

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplaine

Join Youth Hostels and See World's Fair Cheap

"Is there any trip to Mexico where you can go one way by air and back by boat?"

Try a letter to P-and-O Orient Lines, 155 Post Street, San Francisco. Their ships stop in at Acapulco and pick up passengers.

"How can two teenagers visit the World's Fair in New York and make it cheap?"

You could start by going Greyhound to New York. I don't know of cheaper transportation. Then join American Youth Hostels, 14 W. 8th Street, New York City. (Membership will run about \$4.)

This gives you entry to Mitchell Gardens World's Fair Youth Hostel. Supervised dormitory accommodations at \$1.50 a night. You can use their free kitchens. You get bunk and blankets—but must rent sheets. (Or bring one. Sew up a double sheet in sleeping bag style.)

For all information on this, write the hostel at Stewart Avenue at Meadowbrook Parkway, Westbury, New York.

"We are going on our first trip to Mexico and would like to know what to do, where to stay, what to see. Money is no object . . .

Since money is no object, I would stay at the Continental Hilton, the Reforma or the Presidente. Hire a guide and driver and go to Acapulco via Cuernavaca and Taxco. Las Brisas—with your own pink jeep and your own swimming pool—at Acapulco.

For people short on money: Stay at the Geneva or the Maria Isabel. And take the Estrella de Oro bus

Quote

"Soul-satisfying creativity for the masses has almost disappeared in an era when work is very limited in its scope."—MRS. H. J. BENDE, Sherman Oaks, on mass production specialization.

"The sooner we all realize that real economic stability and job security lie with a peace-time economy, the more secure all of us will be."—MRS. GAIL EABY, Inglewood.

"I am ashamed of those who have so little faith in our system of law as to seek violent revenge."—MERRILL THOMPSON Jr., Oakland.

"If this nation is to remain a nation of free men and free institutions, the voices of opposition must be kept alive."—GEORGE R. BOWMAN, San Francisco.

"The nicest thing about an egoist—he never goes around talking about other people."—John Maverick, Cherryvale (Kan.) Republican.

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

He delivered me, because he delighted in me.

—(Psalms 18:19). If we learn to sincerely regard ourselves as God's children, we will find that we belong; that we are in our perfect places in all that is good, all that is loving, all that is acceptable.

Press-Herald

Member of National Editorial Association, National Newspaper Publishers Assn., L.A. Suburban Newspapers Assn., Verified Audit Circulation. Represented Nationally by The Riezi Co., Publication Office at 1519 Gramercy Ave., Published Each Wednesday by King Williams Press, Inc. GLENN W. PFEIL, Publisher.

Reid L. Bundy, Managing Editor; Ray Butters, Production Manager; Gene Roberts, Display Adv. Mgr.; Jay Delany, Display Class Mgr.; Evelyn Stillwell, Class Office Mgr.; Darrell Westcott, Circulation Mgr. Adjudicated a legal newspaper of general circulation by Superior Court, Los Angeles County. Adjudicated Order No. C218470, June 30, 1964. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Carrier, 50¢ a month. Mail subscription, \$12.00 a year. Circulation office at DA 5-1515.

to Cuernavaca and Taxco. Acapulco is too expensive in big hotels. But there are a few pension-type places.

"We are thinking of renting a furnished flat in London for a period of 10 weeks . . .

These are very expensive. I had to pay \$100 a week for such short-time rentals. (Though that's cheaper than hotels at that.) The American Embassy will know agents who have this kind of rental. The Time magazine office in London has a contact with an agent, too. They might tell you if you phone.

"Will you give us an idea of tipping in hotels in Hawaii?"

Just about like at home. With a few added starters. It's resort country and I tip the room maid about \$3 a week. (But many people do not.) Also, it's customary to tip the beach boy when you leave — \$3 a week. He's the brown boy who hands you the towels and the beach mats.

"I am a young, unmarried man and think I would prefer to marry a foreign girl as American girls want too much. Are the girls prettier in Ireland, England or Copenhagen? What do you think?"

It's a toss-up between the girls in England and Denmark. There's a number of ways home by different routing. Via Nassau, via Florida, via Mexico. For \$16 more, you can come home by way of Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Ask the airline you are flying to New York how to do it.

mark. Though it seems to me the Danish girls have a little edge. As to what I think, I hardly know what to think. I think you are writing to the wrong column. You need the lovelorn lady.

"We have a day in Madrid between planes and would like a typical restaurant . . .

Have the taxi driver take you to the old Plaza Mayor—enormous square with a statue in the center. In the far corner are two restaurants—but don't stop there. Walk past them and down the stairs into a little narrow street and, about a block up on your left, eat at Botin's. (If they're full—as they often are—go back and eat at one of the restaurants in the corner of the plaza.)

Sea food is good in all these places. The specialty is roast suckling pig. Wine's the drink. Or, if it's hot, get a wine-and-fruit punch. Ask for "sangria."

"We have heard of flying to New York (for the Fair) and coming home by a different route . . .

Our Man Hoppe

No Springboard For Uprising

By Arthur Hoppe

HAVANA — It is incumbent on us ace newsmen, when inspecting a Communist country, to describe vividly the grim deprivations faced by the downtrodden masses. Because this proves to the folks at home that we aren't Communists. And naturally I wish to do my part by reporting that Cuba today, under its Red regime, suffers from a desperate shortage of diving boards.

At swimming pool after swimming pool, from the towering Habana Libre (nee Havana Hilton) to the resort motels on the eastern tip of the island, one finds a grave lack of diving boards. In most cases only the naked supports still stand, mute evidence of this abject failure of the Communist economy. And there is no question that when the remaining creaky few wear out they will not be replaced.

Mr. Castro undoubtedly blames the American blockade for The Great Diving Board Shortage. Plus the defection of virtually all trained Cuban diving board technicians to Miami, a Free World diving board center. But the hard fact remains that the Communist regime is incapable of meeting the demand for diving boards. And the Cuban people are a long way from making a great leap upward with a back flip. From this, I'm sure all anti-Castroites can take heart.

There is also, let Mr. Castro deny it, not only a shortage of diving boards but a total absence, on this Communist-ruled island, of pipe cleaners. And as any pipe smoker will tell you, smoking an uncleaned pipe leaves you with a bad taste in your mouth. In fact, it's a revolting situation.

A high official in the Cuban Foreign Ministry informed me personally that this failure to produce pipe cleaners was due to the fact that no Cuban, even before the Revolution, smoked a pipe. But surely this is an exaggeration. And somewhere there must be a frustrated Cuban pipe smoker, his throat raw, his tongue aflame, ready to rebel against the regime that causes his suffering.

Moreover, dissatisfaction with shortages has spread to official ranks. I know this because an otherwise loyal Government worker confided to me over our fourth diacquirit at Sloppy Joe's that he was ready to lead a desperate espionage mission to the United States. To steal the secrets, I inquired casually, of the H-bomb? "No," he said, "to steal the recipe of Coca-Cola."

And it's true that while Mr. Castro has taken over the Coca-Cola bottling plant, the Communists can't make decent Coca-Cola. So they're putting a rather tasteless lemonade in Coca-Cola bottles and topping it off with Red Chinese bottle caps. Which, as you can see, is a far cry from the real thing.

Otherwise, I fear to report, the shortages don't appear crucial. Everyone seems to be getting enough to eat, enough to wear and enough to buy. Although the choices in food, clothing and consumer goods are very limited.

So I say our CIA must work to form an underground network of diving board lovers, pipe smokers and lemonade haters among the Cuban people. For, after much consideration, I feel they represent as great a hope as any of a successful uprising against Mr. Castro at the moment. And if you say that isn't much hope, I'd agree.