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Decision Day is Here

Almost... Yes, the 1964 campaign is almost over. The time for decision is but a few hours away.

As the candidates put away their banners, placards, and buttons, the burden of decision falls on the shoulders of every American voter. Within the privacy of the voting booth, the endless words must be reduced to decisions.

During the past few weeks, the Press-Herald has carefully studied the issues and the candidates, and the endorsements and recommendations have been conveyed in columns. But today, we must make our most important recommendation of the year.

The Press-Herald strongly urges each voter to exercise his right and privilege in the voting booth. To do less, we believe, is nothing less than treason to oneself and to the ideals of America.

The decisions to be made involve more than the mere selection of men or the passage of constitutional amendments. They involve the direction, the purpose of the United States and of California for years to come.

Those decisions should not be made by default.

Yes on Proposition C

County Proposition C on Tuesday's ballot is one which directly concerns Torrance voters. The proposition provides for \$275,000,000 in storm drain bonds to finance the construction of badly needed storm drains throughout the county.

Nearly \$2.7 million of the money is earmarked for projects within the City of Torrance, and an additional \$10.8 million will be used for regional projects which directly benefit the city.

The Press-Herald recommends a yes vote on Proposition C.

Passage of the bonds will provide the funds to complete numerous flood control projects, thereby easing the threat of flooding throughout the city. Construction of projects under the 1958 bond act is now in the seventh year and passage of the new bond act will allow that construction to proceed without interruption.

Public safety demands a yes vote on Proposition C Tuesday.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

'Red Eye' Lost In Translation

LANGUAGE BARRIER: A correspondent, relaxing in Honolulu, went to a Japanese samurai movie, with English subtitles—and in one scene the hero fought off 20 bad guys, ran through a fire and was stabbed by his best buddy. As he lay dying, his lady friend dashed up, shouting a long Japanese speech. English subtitle: "Pull yourself together, friend!"... Almost as good as the French subtitles for an American Western I saw in Paris years ago. This desert rat stumbles into a saloon, raps on the bar and rasps: "Gimme a shot of red-eye." French subtitle: "Donnez-moi un aperitif!"

CAENFETTI: If the Dodger's Maury Wills and Ron Fairly wind up with the Giants next season (in a swap), kindly remember that The Shadow spoke first... Bing Crosby is taking diathermy for the bursitis in his shoulders, but he still can't swing his favorite 7 iron any farther than this... Big Demo Roger Kent, heckled by a Goldwaterite about the Presidential polls ("Remember 1948, Roger!"), countered with: "Yeah—but Barry is no Harry!"... During his local tour Sen. Hubert Humphrey's train was met by a politicking collie wearing a sign reading "Honorary Beagle—He may pull my ears, but he won't pull my leg!" Hubert's chuckle: "Lassie, go home"... Sheila and Gordon MacRae phoned Mike Connolly from N'York to cackle: "We're celebrating our anniversary — 12 wonderful years—and 12 out of 20 ain't bad!"

SURPRISE: Let not this day pass without a Startling Statistic to paste in the hat you never wear. Today's: Of the 12,700,000 U. S. tourists who traveled outside the country last year, only 160,000 went to the Orient. That's about 1.3 per cent. And of that 160,000 at least 100,000 had a suit made overnight in Hong Kong and have been telling you about it ever since, right?

BACKSTAGE AT OFF-BROADWAY, the great Trini Lopez, wearing a blue terrycloth robe, was relaxing in HIS dressing room, which is near the garbage cans. "This is my last night club engagement," he was saying. "From now on movies and concerts only. In fact, the producer of my first movie is in the audience tonight." "And why didn't you introduce him from the stage?" asked his mgr., Bullets Durgom. "Couldn't remember his name," replied Trini. "It's Aubrey Schenck," said Bullets. "I TOLDJA. Just think of SKUNK." In the next show, sure enough...

SORRY, but I can't help wondering if Morris Goldwater, founder of the Democratic party in Arizona (and Barry's uncle), is looking down from the Great Department Store in the Sky and saying "O' vey!"



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Mixed Crews on Polaris Fleet Under Study Again

There is some disquieting speculation out of Berlin that the United States and West Germany might go it alone in creating a fleet of surface ships carrying polaris missiles, with mixed crews.

The scheme was announced in February, 1963, as a NATO fleet, and it had zealous support in Defense and State departments. But it did not find much zeal in Europe.

Approached were: Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Greece and Turkey. President de Gaulle, however, had almost read France out of NATO a month earlier. The British Admiralty had its doubts to the point of disdain.

A recent dispatch said the United States has been pressing for a decision by Jan. 1, even suggesting the bilateral fleet if no decision was forthcoming. Chancellor Erhard was quoted: "I cannot give you a flat 'yes' but I cannot deny it."

Last year several British naval authorities averred the mixed crew idea would not work.

They saw serious difficulties in command. They pointed out that a naval task force of any kind must be integrated in personnel, language and national outlook. This integration requires long training and esprit de corps. It is not alone a matter of having naval weapons and knowing how to operate them.

Cautious stories out of Washington said some ranking American naval officers were opposed to mixed crews as an obstacle to an effective fighting force.

Notwithstanding, the zeal somewhere in the Kennedy Administration has survived somewhere in the Johnson Administration.

Aside from this doubt, both strategic and political questions arise.

At the time of the announcement, NATO was in

trouble with de Gaulle's defection, and Mr. Kennedy may have felt the Polaris submarine fleet needed a complement. But the submarine missile fleet has materially increased since, and on such unclassified information as we have, it is now the most formidable naval force of all time, with world-wide and secret mobility.

Politically any bilateral nuclear program of the United States and West Germany is inopportune. It has been repeatedly argued in this column that there is merit in the Russian fear of nuclear weapons in German hands, a fear bound to dominate the Russian leadership. We don't have to meet Russia's wishes, but neither do we have to provoke her at a time when there is some hope of disarmament progress and further relaxation of world tension.

The mixed crew surface fleet was never a brilliant stroke in defense of the free world, and as a bilateral scheme it is quixotic.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Suspense Stories Spun Around the Royal Navy

Well-written naval history has an excitement all of its own, and two new books on great episodes in the long history of the Royal Navy are extremely well-written and as exciting as most of the British suspense novels.

"Dardanelles Patrol," by Peter Shankland (Scribner's; \$4.50) tells the tale of the British submarine E-11 which, after suffering an incredible amount of bad luck, mechanical failures and many other slings and arrows of outrageous fate, sailed to glory when it passed through the Dardanelles in 1915 and made its way into the Sea of Marmara.

It thus became the only hostile vessel to enter the harbor of Constantinople since that legendary city had fallen 500 years before. The E-11 had a naval field day in the Sea of Marmara where it challenged the whole Turkish Navy and attacked everything from a battleship to a troop of cavalry on shore.

The E-11's Commander received the Victoria Cross, surely one of the most deserved awards in the history of that remarkable decoration.

Shankland, who also wrote "Malta Convoy," has produced one of the most exciting and suspenseful stories of naval warfare to come

out of either World War I or II.

Barrie Pitt's "Revenge at Sea" (Stein & Day; \$4.95) covers another critically important action in 1914 which followed the destruction of a British naval squadron at Coronel, off the coast of Chile, by German warships shortly after the beginning of World War I. The diplomatic and military effects of this defeat were enormous, and the immediate reaction in England and throughout the Allied world demanded a British Naval victory immediately.

Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, sent a powerful force to South American seas, and on Dec. 8, 1914, the German naval squadron was located and destroyed in the battle of Falkland Islands.

Pitt, who has written several other books on naval history, has constructed here a moment-by-moment account from the official German and British records, including much material not previously published. The result is a well-written thriller, and a true one.

Notes on the Margin Another addition to the Kennedy literature: "Homage To a Friend," complete texts of the eulogies to the late President (29 in all) delivered at the United Nations. Illustrated, in paperback format, this is

published by the United States Committee for the United Nations, New York 11, N. Y. (\$1.95).

New edition of James Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," corrected from the Dublin holography by Chester G. Anderson and edited by the Joyce biographer, Richard Ellman, appears as a Viking-Compass paperback (\$1.45).

Notes on the Margin... Perhaps the world's newest language is Pitcairnesse, a mixture of English and Tahitian, developed less than 200 years ago on the South Pacific island. Unique thing about it is that every step in its development can be traced by linguists. "The Pitcairnesse Language," first serious study of the language, by Alan S. - C. Ross and A. W. Moverly, has been added to Oxford University Press' Language Library.

What really happened on that day in 1177 B. C. when Ulysses finally returned home to Ithaca after a 17-year absence? Helen Mac Innes ("The Venetian Affair") ventures an educated guess in "Home is the Hunter," a new novel from Harcourt, Brace.

A revised, updated edition of Erna Fergusson's "New Mexico: A Pageant of Three Peoples" (1951) has been issued by Knopf (\$6.95).

TRAVEL by Stan Delapiano

Island Hopping? Be Sure To Shop Around for Best

"We have never been in the Caribbean islands, but would love to go if there are any 'bargain paradises.'"

You have to shop around for any bargains in these islands. The trick is to find an island just being developed and not yet popular. You get hotels at starting rates. Undeveloped islands are bargains, but accommodations are primitive.

Try these: St. Maarten or St. Martin, according to which side you are on. Tiny island, half French, half Dutch. Free port. Hotel rates look moderate. Or, St. Partis, French island. Little less developed. Supposed to have good food and very cheap. Dominican Republic has excellent hotels but has been hurting. Tourist business fell off due to political troubles. Now said to be tranquil.

Puerto Rico has big range of hotels. Plush ones are equal to Hawaii... say \$50 per day per couple with meals. But there are many small hotels where you can shave the price. All the comforts of home including American stamps.

The Virgin Islands. Free port shopping. Hotels are geared to Eastern tourist prices. Like all islands down here, prices are half in the summer and double in the popular winter. American flag territory.

Jamaica: Standard Caribbean costs—half in summer, double in the winter. Big resorts charge rates equal to Hawaii, Virgin Islands or Puerto Rico. Some small guest houses are good if you shop for them.

"We have never done any skin diving but would like to try. Do you have to buy much equipment? How about lessons?"

For skin divers this is the place. You can see 20 feet down in most of the offshore water. Sea temperature today is 76 degrees off Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico. You can rent equipment everywhere. Or you can buy here.

All big hotels have instructors. But you might check your local YMCA. Lot of them have free (or inexpensive) classes in the pool. You could have it all learned before you get here.

If you are going to island hop, buy your ticket all the way to Trinidad. Your jet drops you in Puerto Rico. From there the Virgin Islands and the Leeward and Windward Islands are strung like a bow—you can drop off in Dutch, French, English or American islands—all the way down to Trinidad.

"What about the free port islands and how does this work?"

Just about all islands (except Puerto Rico) are free ports — meaning they sell imported goods on which no duty has been charged. Thus Swiss watches cost about half what they do on the U. S. mainland. Scotch is \$2.50 a bottle. French perfumes, Danish silver, Japanese transistor radios, German cameras are bargain priced.

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

Whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven — (Matt. 16:19).

We should always remember that we are spiritual beings created by God in His image and endowed with qualities and abilities that make us capable and important to this world as well as to God and His larger plan.



"There would be fewer pedestrian patients if there were more patient pedestrians."

You are allowed to bring back about \$100 worth without duty in the U. S. (It actually works out to about \$140. Customs assesses what you buy at wholesale prices no matter what you paid.)

There is one advantage to think about. From the U.S. Virgin Islands free port you can bring back \$200 worth instead of \$100 if you buy in, say Jamaica. But get receipts showing you did buy in the Virgin Islands.

"Are there any good native products to buy?" I haven't seen much. Woven hats and rugs. A little primitive wood carving.

"... best place for fishing?" Seems to be around the

Virgin Islands. Quite a bit of fishing from Caneel Bay Plantation, St. John's U. S. Virgin Islands. The newest and supposed to be great: Little Dix Bay resort, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands. You'd have to write for rate cards. But I think they are fairly moderate.

"What do we take to wear? Is it formal at any time?"

More formal than Hawaii. Nearly all resorts require coat and tie at night. Two bathing suits — they dry slowly in these islands. Seems to me the day dress, such as shorts, are a little more tailored and less casual than Hawaii. You can buy anything you need here.

Our Man Hoppe

Oh, We'll Die For Old Zambia

By Arthur Hoppe

So much has been going on lately—Chinese bombs, and Kremlin plots and American scandals—that I clean forgot to welcome the Republic of Zambia into the family of nations. Welcome, Republic of Zambia.

Actually, I feel many otherwise well-intentioned people may also have overlooked the emergence of this newly emergent nation. For due to the pressure of various world crises, it had to emerge back among the psoriasis ads. After giving it a hasty onceover, however, I'm glad to say it looks like a very nice nation, as nations go.

It's down in Southeast Africa and it's got 3.5 million Zambians, a passable climate and a leader named Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, who is six-foot-two and plays hymns on the guitar. So it shows promise. Of course, the nation business being what it is these days, it's got a lot to learn.

First of all, if it hasn't got one already, it has to get a flag. You can't be a nation without a flag. Flags are extremely important as they give you something to die for.

For years, millions of underprivileged, backward, flagless Zambians have been dying for nothing much whatsoever. Having a flag will not only give them a sense of purpose but will expand the opportunities.

For once you get a flag you naturally have to get an army to defend the flag. Because sooner or later, sure as you're born, some other nation is going to insult Zambia's flag. It will fly it upside down or out of order or maybe some anti-Zambian fanatic will go so far as to spit on it. An Zambia will obviously need an army to march off and avenge this insult to the Zambian flag.

True, maintaining an army to defend the flag is expensive. But Zambia is fortunate in that it's completely landlocked and thus it won't need a navy to show the flag. So it can cut some corners here.

But it will need a national anthem. You have to have something to sing before baseball games and at PTA picnics. I'd suggest a simple, time-tested title such as "Zambia Forever." Or perhaps "Zambia Uber Alles." The tune doesn't matter much as long as there are plenty of flourishes for drums and trumpets.

Slogans will have to be devised. "Zambia, Right or Wrong!" The philosophy behind this will also help set a standard for the Un-Zambian Activities Committee in interrogating suspects.

Zambia will also require a foreign policy. But, fortunately, this is more simple. I assume Zambia will proudly refuse to side with either East or West and will firmly align itself with the nonaligned nations. This shows a spirit of fierce independence. It also shows you accept aid from both sides.

So with these basic accessories of a flag, an army, several slogans and a foreign policy, Zambia will be ready for business. And I'm sure the 3.5 million Zambians will soon be happy to die for the greater glory of their beloved Zambia. For it will have all the prerequisites of a nation—chauvinism, pride and pugnacious belligerency.

So welcome, Zambia, to our one big happy family of nations. Put up your dukes.

Morning Report:

The new leaders in the Kremlin decided to give Ex-Premier Nikita Khrushchev a little send off in the papers after his retirement. By telling what a bum he had been for the past 10 years.

They campaigned hard against him after he no longer was in office. Of course, he could have expected it. Because all the time he was trying for the job, nobody had a bad word to say about him in public.

We are naturally amazed at these Russians because over here we do it the other way around. We give the candidate for President almighty what-for. But once let him get elected, serve his years in the White House, and quit, why you couldn't find a finer fellow anywhere.

Abe Mellinkoff