

Press-Herald

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A Needless Sacrifice?

The dedication of Torrance's Dr. Paul Carlson has been acclaimed by the world since his brutal murder on the streets of Stanleyville two days before Thanksgiving Day.

His Christian principles and his desire to continue as a physician to 100,000 African natives kept him at his Wasolo Mission far longer than it would have kept less dedicated men.

His quiet assurance to others around him during their agonizing days of captivity and depraved treatment at the hands of rebel savages of the Congo has been attested by many of those more fortunate who were able to escape the wild shots of the savage massacre and were returned, as it were, to civilization.

Need it all have been?

Dr. Carlson's murder and the horrible deaths of several score other white hostages may have been triggered with the granting of independence to the Congo in 1960 and the state of chaos that existed from the first hours of that independence.

To fill the vacuum that existed when the Belgian rulers were run out of the newly independent nation, the United Nations stepped in. The West's only friend, Moise Tshombe, was driven from the new nation after the murder of leftist Patrice Lumumba. The exile of Tshombe came with the encouragement of the United States, and to the loud applause of this country's left-wing clique.

It was Christophe Gbenye, protege of the left-leaning Patrice Lumumba, who led the rebellion against the Congolese, now led again by Tshombe (with U.S. support). Torrance's Dr. Carlson was one of the victims of that rebellion.

We can never go back, but we can speculate. What if the U. S. had backed the moderate Tshombe four years ago instead of the leftist Lumumba?

Dr. Carlson's sacrifice on the altar of rebellion may have been avoided.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

A Pocketful Of Notes

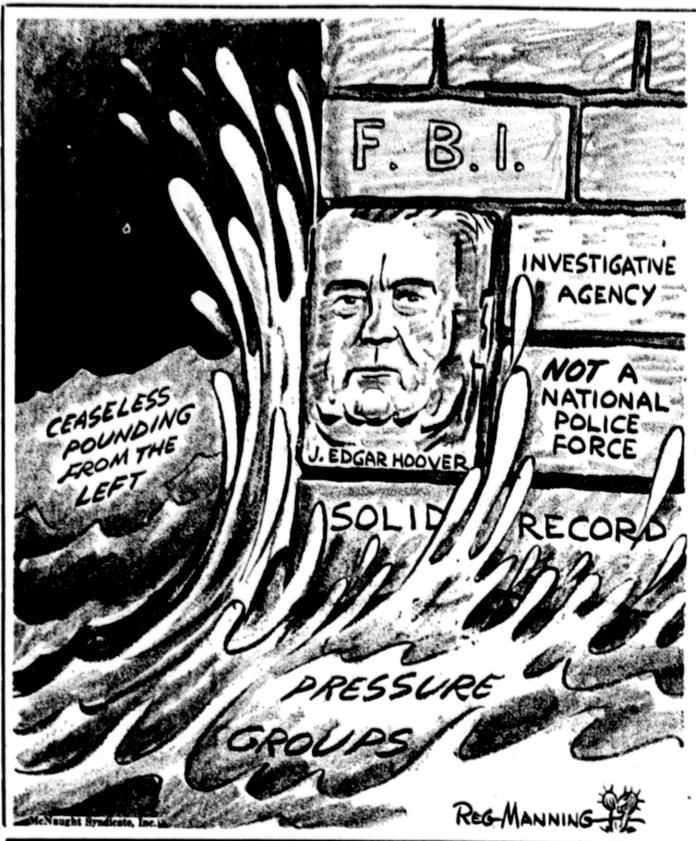
OUT OF MY MIND: The trouble with "The Invisible Government," a tremendously disturbing book about the CIA, is that after you've read it, you'll never again be able to believe an "official announcement" out of Washington... Anybody else around here tired of seeing society-page pictures of "socialites" holding a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other? ... This mechanized age (or, you can't even walk if you want to): At the entrance to the Pan Am Bldg. in New York, reports Ruth Hope, are signs reading: "Take Escalators to Elevators."

FOOTNOTE: Purlined from a Freeway cop's report: "Defendent, parked alongside highway, signaled me to complain his steering wheel and dashboard had been stolen. So, perceiving he was in the back seat, I proceeded to give him a sobriety test."

EUGENE BURDICK who hasn't had a book published for several days now, comes out with "Nina's Book," a French love story, in January... Why all the headlined excitement over Cal. Gov. Pat Brown's announcement that LBJ wants him to run for a third term? Pat made up his mind weeks ago to do just that... Willie Mays is pricing an Impala for his lady friend, and may even buy it for her if his banker will let him... Strange notice in a local industrial plant: "Layoffs will continue until morale improves," and THERE'S a riddle... My son, the success: Entertainer Allan Sherman is paying the price of making it Big; he's in a hospital with nervous exhaustion—and has had to cancel at least one engagement... And a word from Dan Dailey, starring in "Guys and Dolls" at the Hyatt Theater: "I'm the last of the old-time Irish hoofers who isn't a Senator!"

SOME GOOD THINGS: That sharp headache remedy commercial that has been on TV since Goldwater's defeat: "26,000,000 people have switched to Excedrin!"... Classic sigh of a losing horse player at the track: "With my back, if I went blind, they'd start printing the Racing Form in Braille!"... ABC's "Combat," such a consistently solid show I can't imagine how it has escaped cancellation... Champagne glasses, spy glasses and dark glasses are fun; contact lenses aren't... Cables are fun, and so are cables from overseas, but cables aren't, especially if that's what your wife wants... Cars and parks are fun; parking cars isn't... Bars are always fun except when the maitre d'hotel asks you to wait there because the tables are full.

FAR AS I'M concerned, the best news to come out of the recent Amer. Dental Assoc. convention is that brushing your teeth with an up-and-down motion is Out—and scrubbing them back and forth is In. All of us who've been doing just that for years may now feel free Free FREE!



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Marxian Professor Earns His Comeuppance At Last

An Austrian monk named Mendel (1822-84) experimented with garden peas in his monastery garden in the 1850's and discovered the principles of heredity — hybrids obey statistical laws in handing down parental characteristics. Mendelian law was slow to catch on, but it was aided by Darwinian theory, and in a few decades it was seen to apply to the whole life process—genetics worked as surely for animals, including man, as for garden peas. Biochemical research has refined the law in our time, but has not disturbed the essential validity of Mendel's findings over a century ago.

Curiously enough, Mendelian law does not fit philosophically with Marxian theory, which holds that man may be changed by his environment. The leader of the new sect was Prof. Trofim Lysenko. He and his disciples held simply that human mutations are radically altered by environment—a socialist environment would in time breed men differing from those of the bourgeoisie. This was up Uncle Joe's alley, and no matter if it made Soviet biology a laughing stock across the world.

Virtually the whole Marxist social structure rests on this thesis, for if men are biological organisms merely subject to biological laws, how can you breed the "better" man who will make a society "better" than that of the tired old bourgeoisie? About 1940 some of Uncle Joe Stalin's scientific serfs caught on to this abstruse conflict, and they have made a hilarious controversy of it ever since. Hilarius, that is, Stalin's demise, Khrushchev from the outside — not too funny, but rather grim, if you happened to be a Soviet biologist.

So, good-bye Lysenko—and did you think we had all the Many Soviet scientists resist Lysenko, and many—this ca?

BOOKS by William Hogan

California's Wilderness Unfolds Before Traveler

In 1958, the Welsh-born adventurer Colin Fletcher attempted to walk the length of California from the Colorado river to Oregon. Could he make it, with a 50-pound pack on his back, without using highways and touching civilization only fleetingly? Between March and September of that year he did so, and lost a mere 20 pounds in the process (he started at 175). During this heroic tramp Fletcher dropped occasional reports on the progress of The Walk to The San Francisco Chronicle. It was a memorable series, and ever since readers have asked when the story might be published as a book.

It appears now as "The Thousand-Mile Summer: in Desert and High Sierra." The narrative has been polished into what strikes me as a Thoreau-like prose, placed with that of both John Muir and Hemingway. It is one of the most remarkable outdoor journals I have ever read, and I recommend it unreservedly as a rare treat.

First, it is a moving, perceptive appreciation of vast wilderness areas that still remain in our own back yard. Again, it is an account of an audacious personal quest that ranks with the best of Alpine and other mountaineering sagas. Fletcher's walk, which he completed in six months to the day, took him through the Mojave Desert; Death Valley; the peak of little-known White Mountain (14,246 feet) in the Panamint range east of the Sierra, then up the spine of the Sierra itself. All of it took patience, fortitude, elaborate planning (water caches at strategic points in the desert, for example) and the physical stamina of a captain in the Royal Marine Commandos, which Fletcher was at one time.

Fletcher once requested, in an interview, that he not be labeled an "adventurer." That word, he said, is associated with irresponsible individuals, and his feat of outdoorsmanship required fastidious detail work. Such disciplined planning is described here. But what Fletcher saw and sensed during his long hike—wildflowers to rattlesnakes to almost Himalayan terror in the snow peaks — is what projects the emphasis and sheer poetry of this narrative. His record indicates what a determined man can do even in these days—attack, with respect, the grand and unspoiled West, and not only survive but tap a spiritual fountainhead that most of us never approach in this overprotected, synthetic society.

Fletcher averaged about 10 miles per day over his 1200-mile route, although he reminds us that the figure means little. Conditions varied enormously and his aim was never to rush. There was Piute trout in the Silver King Creek country of Alpine county to capture his imagination; the ghost town of Bodie to explore; an occasional brief human companionship in the wilderness to savor—a Basque shepherd, or the man in charge of a high altitude research station in the Panamints. And White Mountain, which strikes me as the grandest adventure of all in this book. Fletcher's book is equal to his grand adventure. Don't overlook it.

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation. — (II Cor. 6:2)

We cannot postpone blessings to some future time as we live in the ageless life of God. Our thoughts and energies must be concentrated on today's living; on doing His good work now. In that way we will find blessings on every hand.

Quote

"Just take a look at your wife's purse sometime, if you want the proof that money isn't everything." — John Maverick, Cherryvale (Kan.) Republican.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

English is the 'Working' Language of World Today

"We hope at some time to do some leisurely traveling. Would studying French be the best for a language?"

It isn't the working language of the world anymore. The working language is English. For the Western world, the greatest number of people speak Spanish—a statistic that is not important really. South America is the reason. Very few tourists go to South America. And most of the few go to Rio de Janeiro where they speak Portuguese.

What you want are the working words—for restaurants first, taxis second, hotels third. I've found a set of similar phrase books is the easiest way. You can point to the phrase if you can't pronounce it. I've been using "What You Want to Say and How to Say it" in various languages. Published by McRae-Smith Co., Philadelphia. Usually available through Brentano's of New York or their agents.

"We are two students who are determined to get to Europe. Is there some way we can work our way on a ship?"

No. The days of work-always went out with seafaring union contracts. And unions are not putting out trip cards for this kind of one-way travel. But there are student fares and student tours and student charter flights.

"Please suggest ways of going to Mexico without flying as we don't like to fly."

You can drive. Mexican highways are good — with rough patches where they are working on them. Plenty of good hotels enroute. Quite safe. Fairly cheap. The best way to see the country.

By train. There are a number of train tours. By bus. Greyhound runs excellent and inexpensive tours. (An unusual one in January-February includes house tours and talks with Americans living there—how to retire or live cheaply in Mexico.

Sometimes you can go by ship. ZIM, the Israel shipping line, is running a cruise from San Francisco to Acapulco and back in February. (215 Market street, San Francisco.) Or you can go by train or bus and occasionally pick up one of the P-and-O Orient liners back from Acapulco.

You can book any of these—(except by your own car) — through any travel agent. In your own car, carry the AAA book "Mexico"—maps, lists of hotels etc.—and you have no problems.

"How do we join one of those clubs that charter planes for cheap flights to Europe?"

I would ask the overseas airlines for the names of clubs that use charters. The rule is that clubs cannot be formed for the purpose of travel. And you must be a member for six months before you can travel with them.

"What can I give for a present to a person going to Europe?" She will be flying.

I've seen a small ballpoint pen with a built-in flashlight. You're always making out landing cards and customs' declarations between countries.

"Would some electrical kitchen thing like a can

My Neighbors



"Don't you want me to get a mechanic merit badge?!"

opener be a good present for my husband to take to friends in England?"

No. Wrong current and too much trouble to adjust. A kitchen gadget that I've found good is the black-board or reminder pad with magnetic pencil that clings to it.

"I wrote to several Government tourist agencies for information but got nothing..."

Try the national airline of the country. They're in business. Tourist agencies are usually staffed by a

country club of Government employees.

"I wrote to you and you didn't answer..."

I have a half dozen letters with names but no address. You?

"... the cheapest way for a couple who want a leisurely, one-time trip around the world."

By cruise ship. I saw one recently of three months for \$2200 all expense and a lot of time ashore between ports. You shop for these. Buy when you find it.

Our Man Hoppe Zambian Moon Shot Delayed?

By Arthur Hoppe

Lusaka, Zambia
A TIGHT SECURITY LID was clamped today around the secret launching pad out in the African bush where a ten-foot-tall rocket stands, embodying Zambia's hopes of being first to the moon.

Whether this presaged an immediate launching or hinted at unforeseen delays in the ambitious space program was not immediately clear.

Mr. Edward Nkoloso, the project director, was friendly but reticent. While he had granted my request to observe him rolling one of his astronauts down a hill in a barrel at the training grounds, he declined to give me security clearance for an inspection of the launching pad itself.

"In many respects we are well ahead of both the Americans and the Russians in the space race," he explained, "and thus strict security measures must be enforced."

DIRECTOR NKOLOSO, however, did disclose that the mysterious "Mukwa propulsion system" which was to have provided the rocket's thrust had been abandoned. The space vehicle had reportedly reached an altitude of ten feet using the Mukwa system.

"Actually," said Director Nkoloso, "it was a catapult system using wood from the Mukwa tree. But it turned out to be much too primitive to meet our needs. We then did some work with the bow and arrow, but only, you understand, to study trajectory and geophysical forces."

By the time of Zambia's big independence celebration last month, Director Nkoloso was investigating dynamite as a suitable force. Indeed, he proposed stacking several cases of dynamite in the center of Independence Stadium placing a chair and an astronaut on top and then touching the whole thing off as a high point of the ceremonies.

This plan, however, was vetoed by the authorities, although Director Nkoloso felt strongly it would be in keeping with the Zambian astronauts' motto: "Wherever fate and human glory are found, we are always there."

WITH BOTH the Mukwa and the dynamite systems scratched, Director Nkoloso said he had turned to the Muholo system. "Muholo," he explained, "is the word for swinging. We have tied ropes to tall trees and then swung our astronauts showly out into space. Thus far, we have achieved a distance of ten yards. But, of course, by lengthening the rope we could go farther."

Was the Zambian space program now pinning its hopes on the Muholo system?

"Oh no," said Director Nkoloso. "That unfortunately has its limits. But the Zambia Flying Club is aspiring to join forces with us. They are thinking of building a glider. Then too, we are expecting to consolidate our program, with the Zambian Air Force."

The Zambian Air Force?

"IT IS SMALL," conceded Director Nkoloso, "but determined."

Yes, but what propulsion system was Zambia's space effort now relying upon?

Director Nkoloso looked over one of his shoulders, then the other and bent his head closer. "Turbulent propulsion!" he said. "But, please, I can say no more at the present time. National prestige is involved. We must beat Russia and America to the moon."

"What they can do, we can do also."

Morning Report:

Abe Mellinkoff

There's going to be a lot of new figures in the congressional corridors come January. But I'll lay 3 to 1 right now that none will get more attention than Miss Ellen Terzui, who has yet to be analyzed by a single public opinion poll.

She doesn't need it. Miss Terzui has been working as a lissome bunny in the Playboy Club in Baltimore and will be a member of Senator Joseph Tyding's staff.

I think the new Senator has made a wise appointment. A freshman Senator is pretty much ignored. No aged colleague drops into his office to ask advice on how to vote. The solons may make an exception this time.