

Press-Herald

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Paint Us Prosperous

Take a broad brush and paint everything prosperous and happy.

That's what representatives of the Del Amo Financial Center did for the Chamber of Commerce membership luncheon here Thursday. A team of development experts, led by Manager Harry Gorman, told the chamber members that Torrance was on its way to becoming a major commercial, financial, and business center—claims some city officials have been voicing for years.

The Del Amo team, representing Great Lakes Realty Corp., had the figures to back them up. One compared Pasadena and Torrance and came to the conclusion Torrance had a secondary trade area that was ahead of Pasadena's primary area.

Tomorrow's Torrance, as seen from the top of the Del Amo Financial Center, includes monorails or trams to carry shoppers and businessmen around the center, there will be hotels, theaters, restaurants, and service facilities catering to a population which will be about the size of the San Fernando Valley in another decade. We can hardly wait.

Our Engineered World

To the Oriental, this is the Year of the Ram. To Americans, this year and every year has become the Year of the Engineer.

Whether we acknowledge it or not, we are surrounded, guided, molded, and directed by engineers. We live in houses designed by engineers, ride to work in cars designed by engineers over engineered highways to an engineered building where some of us sit in engineered chairs behind engineered desks.

Beginning today, we observe a week set aside for the engineer... a week meant to remind us of the benefits engineering has given us.

We don't mean to list them; we just suggest that you look around you and consider where you would be without the engineer.

Back in the cave, probably.

Opinions of Others

Almost daily the charge is made that Americans are losing one more freedom. Freedom of the press is being dangerously tampered with, from high places where secrecy is preferred, and where an idea is created that people are not smart enough to know the whole truth. There is little question that many freedoms have gone by the board—such as freedom from taxation without representation, which covers many areas today of federal spending.—*Millington (Tenn.) Star*.

One of the disturbing facts about the increasing death toll in traffic accidents throughout the country is the fact that rural deaths are gaining, while city deaths decline. That is true in the bigger states. It indicates that education and law enforcement are having their effect in urban centers but not widely enough implanted in rural areas. Also, perhaps, that the effect of expressways is to encourage speed on country roads, where access is unprotected.—*International Falls (Minn.) Journal*.

Struggling to keep up with inflation, the nation's colleges have been channeling an increasing amount of their endowment funds into common stocks. Some institutions, with trustees wise in the world of finance, have been pleased with the result of such ventures. There could be no more powerful persuasion for the nation's colleges to uphold the philosophy of free enterprise that this obvious dependency upon it. That some of them at times seem less than loyal toward that system is inexplicable.—*Harrisonburg (Va.) News-Record*.

There is no longer available space for the storage of waste... Ours is a society that casts off much of what it uses. Life for millions of Americans will be far less pleasant than it might be a few years hence if better means of waste disposal are not found and applied.—*Terre Haute (Ind.) Tribune*.

THE GRASS-ROOTS VOTER SAID "NO"



Handwriting On The Wall



HERB CAEN SAYS:

San Francisco Is Losing Out, Bridge Sign Claims

Having rejected all other possibilities, Jack Bradford thinks the quickest way to end the war in Vietnam would be to show it daily on TV—"where nothing last longer than 13 weeks"... The Golden Gate Bridge this week confirmed our most recent droppulation problem. The pop figure on its inbound "San Francisco City Limits" sign has been changed from 750,000 to 740,000, an oddly even number... How bucolic our mini-city: Barrister Nate Cohn walked out of City Hall Wed. and was stung by a bee. As the howled in anguish, Atty. Mike Berger advised: "Forget it. Think of all the sons of bees you've stung around here."

Say, who owns that wild '65 Mustang with license plate plates CYT-861? I mean the one with the tail-lights that spell out "SEX" in glowing red. (Sorry I mentioned it—it's probably against some law or other)... I'm getting a little tired of that big banner on the crumbling Crocker Bldg. at Post and Market Sts. reading cheerily "Happy Holiday Season. Arons Building Wrecking Co. Watch This Building Come Down!" So I'm watching it come down and it doesn't make me happy at all. That was a lovely old building... Pat Brown's L.A. phone number is CR 8-1960 and yes, that WAS a very good year... Best type of the week: "Mayor Shelley yesterday proclaimed this week Army Nurse Week. Noting that the Corps was founded 66 years ago, Shelley urged all citizens to salute the nurses." Since saute means "fried lightly and quickly while being frequently turned over," I think maybe the nurses have a beef here... And at Enrico's sidewalk cafe, where the cars go rumbling past, Dave Falk overheard this mother

say to her child: "Eat your soup dear, before it gets dirty."

☆☆☆
Sonny Tufts (Sonny TUFTS???) was at Big Al's recently, and you kids under 40 might well wonder why we older apples always crack up at his name. Okay:

San Francisco

in the days of Big Radio—before there even WAS television, if you can imagine—Actor Joseph Cotten appeared on a Lux Radio Theater show. At the end, the announcer slipped him a piece of paper containing the name of the following week's headliner, and Joe read it cold. Like so: "This is Joseph Cotten saying goodnight and inviting you to tune in next week, when the Lux Theater will proudly present that beloved and distinguished American ac-

tor, Sonny TUFTS???"... Naturally, Cotten's rising inflection was the talk of the country, and Tufts had to live with it ever since. So that night at Big Al's, Lenore Cautrelle struck up a conversation with him, and, desperately making small talk, asked: "And did you vote for your distinguished fellow actor Ronald Reagan?" Sonny: "Ronald REAGAN???"

☆☆☆
Out there in Psychodelphia, the Hippies have a new thing going. One of them puts a dime in a parking space for an hour, chatting, reading, stretching out on the pavement and so on. Funny sight... And here's George Lemont, whose wife gave him a big new Random House Dictionary. Dying to know how it ends, he flipped immediately to the last page and reports: "The zebra did it!" Spoilsport.

Mailbox

Editor, Press-Herald:

On Feb. 4, 1967, the South Bay District of Boy Scouts was host to the fifth annual Boy Scout Commemorative Parade, which is the largest Scout parade anywhere in the nation.

In utilizing the good will of Torrance business firms, and especially the Press-Herald which contributed greatly to the overall publicity, the parade was a tremendous success.

I wish to report that we certainly received every last measure of assistance which the Press-Herald was able to extend, and much more than we had dared to hope.

The Scouting movement owes in large measure its success to newspapers such as yours which carries the Scouting message to so many young men and their

parents. For this we are most appreciative.

We want you to know as a district of over 6,000 boys and 2,000 adult workers that we appreciate the willingness of the Press-Herald to become involved in such worthwhile projects.

South Bay District, Boy Scouts of America
WILLIAM B. BORDEAUX
Public Relations
Chairman

Quote

The real achievement in space has been the development of a new dimension of national power. That power resides in the minds of men who have both confidence and knowledge for whom the world "impossible" does not pose a serious barrier. Many basic human needs can be satisfied directly, at least in part, by aeronautics and space activity. Travel, communications, and weather forecasting are all important ingredients of a viable planet.—Dr. Robert G. Seamans Jr., deputy administrator, NASA.



Abe Mellinkoff

"Daddy—did Dick ever bring up a honeymoon loan?"

AFFAIRS OF STATE

Pattern, Achievements Of Marchers Unchanged

By Henry C. MacArthur
Capitol News Service
SACRAMENTO — Sooner or later, it is assumed Governor Ronald Reagan will arrive at the point where he will recognize the marchers, the demonstrators and the rabble-rousers for what they are, and tend to follow the foot-steps of previous governors, some of who learned the hard way, to ignore the agitators.

Marches, protests, big noises and derogatory placards have been going on around the state capitol for a good many years. It was back in the early 1930's that the late Governor James Rolph attempted to meet and speak to a noisy group which was "demanding" recognition for agricultural workers.

The group demanded so loud the governor couldn't even make his voice heard, so he turned away in disgust and went to his office. From that point on, Rolph made no further attempts to speak to crowds in front of the Capitol.

Similar groups have converged in Sacramento under every administration since, particularly at the time a new governor takes office. The brains in back of the

demonstrations reason that a new governor might have some sympathy for a "cause", and will open himself to jeers and cat-calls from a hostile crowd, thereby demeaning the dignity of the chief executive's office. In the Rolph days, the "protests" were engineered through a development in Communist propaganda tactics, which then were just being developed to the point where they caused some concern. In some 35 years, the pattern of these tactics has not changed. As a result, the public has grown wiser, and is more inclined to let the protesters protest and demonstrate as they will.

The whole point is that in all of the 35 years, nothing of a substantive nature has resulted from the marches and protests.

In Rolph's day, an agricultural workers' union was sought. To this day, it hasn't been achieved to any extent. Subsequent marches were against capital punishment, which remains on the law books of the state. Many other demonstrations over

the years have proved unsuccessful. In all cases, the protesters have nothing constructive to offer the citizenry. In the latest case, the appearance of some of the state's public employees, the teachers, the matter of tuition for higher education was the subject of protest.

With all the supposed brains, however, functioning under public subsidy, and with all the caps and gowns on bearded professors, no one involved in the march of protest offered Governor Reagan any solution at all to the state's financial problem. So all that was accomplished were some inflammatory speeches, and the opportunity to insult the chief executive of the state, which these so-called public servants accomplished with gusto.

It appears as though the organizing brains behind these demonstrations are going to have to come up with something new, as the marches are fast losing their potency as far as convincing the public is concerned. Rather, they are engendering an atmosphere of disgust on the part of the citizenry responsible for paying the tax bills.

Imposter in Engineer's Clothing Roams Streets

The following article is reprinted in the January number of *Engineer/Scientist Magazine* in recognition of National Engineers Week, which begins today and continues through Feb. 25.

Somewhere out there in Los Angeles there is an imposter.

He wears greasy bib overalls, swings off his locomotive using one hand and gives the steam whistle a blast with the other while he kisses his wife. When he goes out to dinner he's a bore when he isn't being quiet, unassuming and conservative and during the time he's out of those overalls he wears a rumpled suit (probably sleeps in it) has unruly hair and wears glasses.

Recognize him? Well, if you're an engineer, that's what you look like to the people around you.

A recent poll in Los Angeles by John B. Knight and Associates Public Opinion Analysts came up with this

public image of the engineer at work and play:

Some 67.8 per cent of the people polled associated engineers with railroads. Of course, not every engineer has to wear bib-overalls behind a spark shooting smokestack. He can be a "highway" engineer leveling cement (19.2 per cent). Aircraft and aerospace came in a poor third in association with engineers, and "bridge, building and electrical" engineers were recognizable to 7.1 per cent of the people polled.

One-fifth of the respondents called engineers "professionals." But only 5.8 per cent thought the engineer was particularly well educated.

For personal traits, an engineer is a man with a rumpled suit, unruly hair and glasses (6.2 per cent) or quiet and unassuming and conservative (4.7 per cent) and probably having dirty fingernails (since only 5.7 per cent identified an engineer as a man who works with figures).

But that's only warming to the subject.

Although 49.9 per cent of the people polled couldn't

think of a single type of engineer that didn't drive a train or a steam engine, the real crusher was the response to the question: "If you were to meet an engineer at a party, how would you describe him?"

The answer was "a rather dull, quiet person" (58.2 per cent).

As originally conceived, Engineers' Week is a specific time of the year (this year Feb. 19-25) set aside for a concerted effort on the part of scientific, engineering and technical people, in general, to upgrade their image.

And the image, from appearances, can use a lot of upgrading.

There are 71,000 engineers in the Los Angeles area, an imposing number with a significantly important group income.

This year a concerted effort is being made by the Engineers' Week advisory committee, headed by Roy E. Marquart, chairman of the board of The Marquart Corporation, to bring the entire strength of the Southern California engineering population into the effort of producing Engineers' Week.

WILLIAM HOGAN

'Man Who Knew Kennedy' Depressing, Artificial

In his fifth novel, Vance Bourjaily frankly borrows from the title of a minor Sinclair Lewis account of a mediocre businessman, "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" (1928). Bourjaily's "The Man Who Knew Kennedy" is a far more ambitious project; really an investigation of some 40 years of American endeavor, disappointments and absurdities.

He seeks to express all this through two main characters: the narrator, Barney James, a Missouri-born Connecticut hardware magnate, and Barney's friend of many years, Dave Doremus. Dave is the man who knew Kennedy (the connection was slight, at Harvard, again at a hospital).

Barney and Dave are members of John F. Kennedy's generation; products of depression boyhood who matured during the war years, then returned to an unsatisfactory postwar culture in which just about everybody seemed to fail as a human being. There were exceptions—well, Kennedy. Barney and Dave are successful and intelligent; Bar-

ney endures a fairly successful marriage; Dave goes through several wives. Out of the pattern of these men Bourjaily seeks to paint a portrait of a generation.

His starting point is the trauma of the assassination. Barney and his wife hear the new in Puerto Rico en route to a meeting with Dave and his newest wife in the Caribbean. From this

Books

point in history, Bourjaily begins to probe the psyches of his principals and in the process uncovers a particularly American malaise, a success-oriented society which wastes its good people, or corrupts them to the point of total destruction.

Dave Doremus gives up completely, with a hoseful of carbon dioxide in his lungs. Barney buries him at Arlington, the cemetery of heroes, near the grave of John F. Kennedy.

This is an interesting, if overly ambitious attack on faulty upper middle-class values and excesses (sexual

and otherwise) by a talented and perceptive writer who for some years has been attached to the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop. Is the novel successful?

While Bourjaily does dramatize and underscore how unsuccessfully most materially successful Americans live in the final third of this century, and how threadbare the morality of Americans has become, the book as a whole seems a little too anguished and artificial completely to move and satisfy the reader.

In a dedication, Bourjaily describes his work as an "oblique sort of monument" to the memory of John F. Kennedy, or perhaps it is the reverse side of a writer's literary meditation to the late President. It left me edgy, embarrassed, uncomfortable, depressed—which may have been Bourjaily's purpose in this strange, sad comment on the contemporary American environment. To instill discomfort, edginess, depression in a reader could be Bourjaily's ultimate triumph.