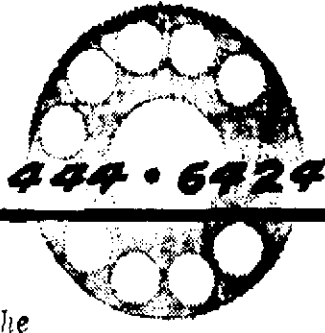


# action line



Frustrated? Snarled in Red tape? Got a problem or complaint? Perhaps Action Line can help. Because of the huge number of inquiries we receive daily we can't attempt to solve everybody's problems. Our staff works hard to provide as many solutions as it can.

Phone Action Line by dialing 444-6424 noon to 9 p.m. Monday through Friday OR Write Action Line, Oakland Tribune, P.O. Box 509, Oakland, Calif. 94604.

• Last year we were in Marineland where they were filming a movie. We were in some scenes and would like to know if this movie was ever shown to the public. Also, can you find out who the leading actors were.—B. V., San Leandro.



You're in pictures! The movie is "Operation M," and many of the opening sequences were filmed at Marineland. It stars Broderick Crawford and Scott Brady and likely will be shown on television as negotiations are now underway in New York with television networks. No final word yet on just when it will be shown. Watch for the picture and then watch for yourselves in a crowd.

• I retired from the food service department of a parochial high school last May, but I still haven't received my first month's retirement check. Although the amount is small, every little bit helps as I am too ill to work. I've written the retirement allowance committee and so has the school, but to no avail. You have done so much good work I hope you can help me.—G.F., Berkeley.

Part of the delay was caused by a change of headquarters of the retirement allowance committee in Chicago. You have since received full retroactive retirement pay and are receiving monthly checks.

## action line

• We went camping over the Labor Day weekend near Morgan Hill. We could only stay Friday and Saturday nights, but the campsite operator charged us for the entire holiday weekend. There was no sign indicating these special holiday rates. I'll bet some other campers had to pay for our campsite after we left.—Mrs. B.F., San Leandro.

The manager says camping rates remain the same regardless of the

date; there are no special holiday rates. During the three major summer holiday weekends, it is the owner's policy to charge for the entire weekend regardless of the time actually spent there by patrons. Persons are notified of this policy before they check in. The campsite was not resold after you left, he said.

## action line

• I raise mice and I'd like to know if I'm eligible to join the American Mouse Club. I'm 12 years old. Can you give me any information?—Miss S.D., Hayward.

American Mouse Club? We thought the Mouseketeers grew up. Actually, you may be referring to the American Association for Laboratory Animal Science, P.O. Box 10, Joliet, Ill. 60434. Give it a whirl. That's as close as we can come.

• I've been trying for nearly three months to get a temperature responsive bulb for the automatic valve assembly of my stove. Without this part the broiler won't work. I've written three letters to the company, but get no reply. My phone calls go unreturned. I only want to know where this particular replacement part can be purchased.—G.F.S., Pleasant Hill.

Now you know. Start broiling.

• My mother died in Indiana in 1960, but the cause of her death was not immediately determined. We ordered an autopsy, but to this date we have never received a report on the cause of death. We have written several letters to the hospital, but without results. Can you help?—Mrs. P. N., Alameda.

Your mother died of congestive heart failure. A report on the results of the autopsy is now in your hands.

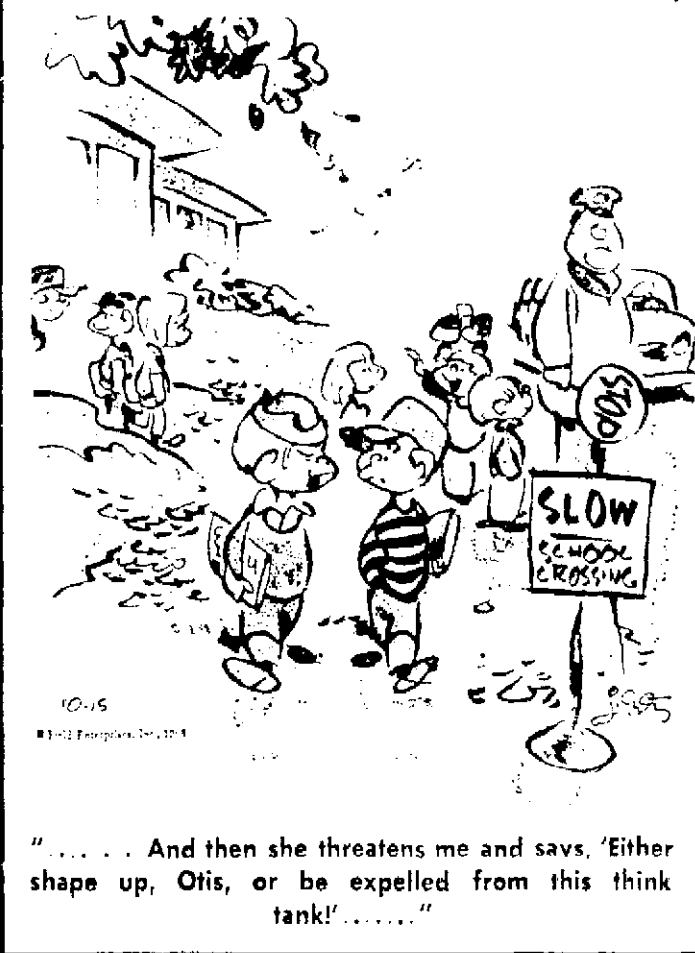
## Up for Grabs

The Oakland Women's Rowing Club is in need of a 12-seat wooden whaling boat. You read it right. Contact Gertrude Carrington, Secretary, 3365 Herrier St., Oakland 94602.

# FOCUS

Oakland Tribune Tues., Oct. 15, 1968 17

## GRIN AND BEAR IT By Lichty



And then she threatens me and says, 'Either shape up, Otis, or be expelled from this think tank!'

## ALAN WARD

### Captain Bids His Princess Farewell

That final voyage of the year by the SS Princess Patricia along the Inside Passage between Vancouver and Skagway must have been something. It marked the retirement of the Princess Patricia's long-time skipper, Captain Harry J. Murray. At every docking along the strikingly lovely waterway this sturdy Scot was given a civic tribute for his devoted service and personal popularity.

Only a few months earlier the Wards made this same eight-day voyage aboard the Princess Pat, and were assigned to the captain's table. As memorable as that voyage was, a mild regret is felt that Captain Murray's farewell voyage couldn't have been attended. No one can have everything. We're glad we made it when we could.

Reports say nothing exactly like the two-nation tribute to a man of the sea had happened in recent decades. At every stop, and seven were made in Canada and Alaska, the citizenry turned out en masse to bid a fond hello and farewell to a man sharing the peoples' affinity for the sea, with all its benefits and hazards.

Captain Murray has been with the Canadian Pacific, which maintains regular Inside Passage ship service for almost 50 years. During that time he has filled many positions leading to the rank of skipper on as neat a 9,000-ton vessel as a vacationer would desire.

In recent years the pair, captain and ship, have been inseparable. They complemented one another.

The Princess Pat is petite as cruise ships go, although it can accommodate with comfort more than 300 passengers. The captain physically is sturdy and solid. He is more taciturn than loquacious, although possessed of a wry humor. He is well liked by men and women.

He has run a taut yet relaxed ship, if the two definitions can be reconciled. His crews held him in high esteem, data gotten first hand. Some of his crewmen and I spent a jovial evening at the exciting Red Dog saloon in Juneau. Men speak their minds during such comradely sessions.

The aforementioned farewell tour included Jim Luntzel of the Beltz Travel Agency, San Francisco. Jim brought me word of Captain Murray's triumph in such places as Prince Rupert, Kitimat, Juneau, Skagway, Wrangell, Albert Bay and Ketchikan.

"Arrival of Inside Passage cruise ships are no novelty in these Canadian-Alaska ports," said Luntzel. "But the retirement of a staunch friend such as Murray is. At every stop, and we made one each day, city officials, civic bands, drill teams and that sort of thing were there to greet him.

Guns were showered on this doughty old seadog. At Alert Bay a flamboyant ceremonial was held in his honor by the several Indian tribes.

"The skipper was recipient of so many articles of Indian handwork he won't have to buy a pair of beaded moccasins if he lives another 100 years. He might make it. Harry J. Murray is ageless, indestructible."

During more than 20 companionable meals at the captain's table when we sailed in June our host spoke of himself sparingly. The rest of the time he was on the bridge of his ship. Although writing a series of travel articles on that satisfying trip, I neglected biographical sketches. There was too much scenery to observe. And the mid-morning and afternoon naps in available deck chairs were most pleasant. So I didn't ask many personal, background questions of the captain.

Luntzel learned this quiet, unassuming man during World War II led any number of convoys into the Aleutians by way of the Inside Passage, threading the tricky waterway ahead of long lines of ships dependent on his navigational experience and acumen. Not a vessel was damaged.

Luntzel said in conclusion: "Hope the captain won't be embarrassed when I say his eyes were moist and he gulped often during the civic celebrations in his honor. When the passengers presented him with a suitable gift, too."

Enjoy retirement, Captain Murray. The sea will miss you.

## THE BETTER HALF —By Bob Barnes



"The last time you entered a jingle contest, your entry was so bad they sent back your soap wrapper."

## AL MARTINEZ

### Ordinary People In a Super-Duper Age



Everyone is wondering how presidential candidate Billy B. Good and his running mate Hurley Dismay are going to end the war in Vietnam and conquer Crime in the Streets. In order to answer this question, I bring you today, America, another exciting adventure of those crime-fighting, war-winning champions of the little man, Wonderwallace and his loyal sidekick Superhawk.

As the story opens, Billy B., a mild-mannered wood whittler from American Way, Mississippi, is talking to his partner Hurley Dismay, a mild-mannered retired Air Force general. Billy B. is in realty Wonderwallace and Hurley is Superhawk.

"The tahn has come, Hurley, when we are jest gonna have to save America." "The what has come?" "The tahn, T-i-m-e tahn. We've fiddled around long enough with these heah Commie liberals who want to do it theah way. So now we're gonna do it ouah way."

"By God, Billy B., I'm with you! I'm just itching to point my magic supernuclear trigger finger at those Godless-commie devils! Sapping our precious bodily fluids and draining our life essence the way they are! First I'll blast California! Then New York! Then

"Hold on theah, boy," Billy B. says. "Ah'm runnin' this heah show. Y'all gonna zoom ovah to Vee-etnam and blast the Commies theah, y'heah, and ah'm gonna take care of crime in the States. We'll meet back heah in an hour. Y'all ready? Okay then, FAM!!!"

At his saying of the magic word FAM (Flag, Applepie, Motherhood) there is a clap of thunder and the folksy wood-whittler becomes Wonderwallace and the mild-mannered ex-general Su-

perhawk! It is a thrilling sight to see them climbing side by side into the sky, Superhawk ready to veer off to Vietnam and Wonderwallace about to... but wait!... What's this???

Zooming up from the ground to meet them are the evil Commie-liberal extremists Captain Protest and his wily partner Ghettomani!!

"Y'all bettah get outa ouah way!" Wonderwallace warns, poised to blow his devastating, death-dealing, anti-liberal kisses. Superhawk points his magic supernuclear trigger finger at them. "Do as Wonderwallace says or else!!!"

"Hell no, we won't go!" Captain Protest and Ghettomani shout back. The battle begins. Magic rays and killing kisses bounce off of invisible shields. Bombs explode. Missiles fly. Pow! Smack! Zap! Wham! It is a Terrible Fight!!

Meanwhile, back on the ground, the populace is not faring too well. A lot of the missiles and bombs and rays and kisses are zooming earthward and wiping out towns and cities. Someone has to save the people from the superpeople. This is a job for... Mighty-moderate!!

Up zooms Mighty-moderate to join the fray, aiming his otherwise peaceful thunderbolts at all four heroes, and they in turn blasting him and each other, which is doing the people on the ground no good at all because now they've got to duck thunderbolts too.

So we've still got the war in Vietnam and we've still got Crime in the Streets and now we've also got a battle of the giants and who's going to save us from them?

It sure is tough being an ordinary human being in an age of Superheroes.—almz

## DICK WEST

### Bottled Haircuts Coming

WASHINGTON

And what new wonders, pray tell, do the boys down at the lab have in store for us as we sink ever deeper into scientific progress?

Well, chemical haircuts are one possibility, if I'm any judge or test tube treader.

I base this expectation on some experiments the agricultural research service is conducting in deflecting sheep without shears.

They dose a sheep with this chemical, see, and it creates a ringlike constriction in each wool fiber beneath the surface of the skin.

The constriction moves up the fiber as it grows and in about a week is above the skinline. At that point the fiber is easily broken. Thus a sheep can be deflected simply by pulling off its wool.

The agriculture department says the wool has grown back normally on sheep that have been chemically deflected. Pending further studies to determine whether the chemical

harms the mutton or wool quality, the department is hopeful that wool pulling will prove advantageous over shearing.

I hardly need point out the possibilities that this opens up for the human scalp.

Maybe some chemist will develop, but if I were a barber I would start looking around for an alternate profession.

As I visualize the tonsorial future, a man goes into the drug store and buys a bottle of "Chem-Clip," the new scissorless haircut preparation.

He douses the contents on his head, waits for the ringlike constrictions to grow out to the desired length and then picks a fight with his wife.

When she starts pulling his hair, his tresses break off at the ringlike constriction line, thus saving him a trip to the barbershop.

Come to think of it, "Chem-Clip" also could be used to get a razorless shave.

A fellow simply spreads it on his face, lets the ringlike constrictions reach the skinline and then tugs his whiskers off.

Admittedly, I'm projecting a bit here. But if it works for sheep, it surely can be made to work for us, too.

Why I can foresee the day when every man in America will become a cotton-picking stubble-plucker.

United Press International

## Quirks in the News

WELTON, England — Barman John Taylor has claimed a new record for beer drinking — 25 imperial pints (30 U.S. pints) in 49 minutes. Taylor got the idea when he saw a

friend break the record, and give up at 14 pints. The 25 pints do not include the other eight he drank to get himself into the mood for the "serious drinking."

## ANN LANDERS

"Alcoholism is an illness."



DEAR ANN: You keep insisting that alcoholism is an illness. I know for a fact you are wrong. Alcoholism is no illness, it is hereditary. The family I married into is living proof.

I knew when I married Jim that he had a drinking problem but I didn't know he would take gin in a hot water bottle to the hospital when he had his gall bladder out. Jim's father has not drawn a sober breath since I met him 21 years ago. His mother has not uttered a coherent sentence in the last 15 years. Jim has three brothers and two sisters. The only one in the crowd who doesn't drink is a sister who is a religious nut and I think a few drinks might improve her personality a lot.

I won't go into uncles and aunts, but at every family wedding or birthday party all they do is drink. Nobody eats. They have to call the fire department to come get the food because they hate to throw it out.

This bunch is living proof that alcoholism is hereditary. It's not possible that everybody in Jim's family caught the same illness. I hope you will be big enough to admit you are wrong and I'm right.

DON'T TOUCH THE STUFF

Dear Stuff: The experts agree that a tendency toward

alcoholism may be hereditary, but alcoholism is not inherited like crooked teeth or loving-cup ears. It so happens that your husband's clan is loaded

Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her at Box 3346, Chicago, Ill., 60654, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

with emotional problems and they all chose the same escape hatch — booze.

DEAR ANN: A bouquet of onions to you for the advice you gave to that poor kid who had a baby out of wedlock and asked if it would be all right to get married in a white wedding gown and have her 3-year-old daughter as a flower girl.

Just because Bella made a little mistake is no reason she should pay for it for the rest of her life, is it? Why should she hide her head in the sand like an ostrich? Everyone knows what happened. Bella takes her child everywhere and calls herself Miss Jones. I think this takes a lot of courage, and she is to be admired.

Now Bella has a chance to marry a nice fellow, why should she have the dream of her life spoiled? This unfortunate girl has always wanted a

lovely white wedding, with orange blossoms and everything. You were mean to say no and spoil a young maiden's dream.

CLOSE FRIEND

Dear Close: A girl who has had a child out of wedlock is no maiden — so forget about "spoiling her dream." If she allows her child to be the flower girl at her wedding she will be the subject of richly deserved ridicule. I hope somebody can talk her into wearing a pink silk suit — in the pastor's study.

★ ★ ★

DEAR ANN: Before a woman marries (second time for both) does she have the right to know how much money the man earns, how much he has in the bank, how much he has in stocks, bonds and real estate, and how much insurance he carries? When a certain lady asked me these questions, I said, "Doesn't character count?" She replied, "Yes, but I can learn that from your behavior." What do you say about this matter, Ann?

WARY WALLY

Dear Wally: I say a woman has the right to know the answers to these questions before she marries. The divorce courts are loaded with people who married first and asked later.

Published 1968. Publishers-Hall Syndicate



# don't be quart short

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON