

Torrance Herald

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The Gag Is Inserted

A wily attempt has been made by the Kennedy Administration to perpetuate in law the Internal Revenue Service's present policy of penalizing any business that spends money to present to the public its case in legislative matters.

The IRS decree has been so unpopular that legislation was introduced in Congress by a Louisiana Democrat. Representative Hale Boggs, to allow deduction of the costs of such informational advertising as a business expense. Evidently sensing the public feeling, the Administration announced that the principle of the Boggs bill had been incorporated in the new tax measure.

Actually, however, the opposite is true. The tax bill does allow the costs of lobbying before Congress or any other legislative body to be deducted as a business expense; yet it specifically excludes from deduction any expenses incurred in approaching the public directly through the newspapers or other media.

In other words, business is still going to be taxed for explaining to the people who own it, who work for it, who benefit by it, what it is threatened with in the way of legislation. According to the Administration, it is a legitimate business expense to tell Congressional or other legislative representatives of the people where an industry stands in regard to pending legislation, but not to tell the people themselves.

In addition to its obvious inequity, this policy could well be interpreted as meaning that the Administration doesn't want the public to be informed.

Morning Report:

The experts agree that by this summer we will have transatlantic television broadcasts by means of a high-flying satellite. This is a breakthrough. It means that people in California and Europe will be able to watch the same Western at the same time.

The scientists have produced the gadgets, but actually the politicians are still worrying about what programs to put on the air. That may prove tougher than the science and engineering involved.

Worldwide TV has already created a new problem for the Kremlin. It makes possible "cultural exchange" without the need for visas, agreements or cancellations.

Abe Mellinkoff

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

40 Years Ago

Over 100 children and as many more grown-ups attended the spring meeting of the Torrance Woman's club on Monday afternoon at the Legion Hall.

How in the world did Torrance get along all these years without an office for its Chamber of Commerce? Today the headquarters of Secretary Pottenger is the busiest place in town and with the aid of his able assistant, Mrs. Pottenger, the two are on the jump constantly from morning until late at night to say nothing of the luncheon meetings that must be attended.

30 Years Ago

Victory came to W. T. "Bill" Klusman at Monday's election after a 12-year battle when the veteran politician

won a seat on the City Council and carried with him all but one of the other candidates whom he had endorsed.

20 Years Ago

News in April 1942 centered around the results of the city election in which Mrs. Harriet Leech was elected as the first woman in Torrance to public office. Then, as now, she was named city treasurer. She was opposed in 1942 by two male candidates. This last week, her voting power was reaffirmed when she was re-elected to the position she had filled so ably these many years.

A former Torrance resident, Rotarian and automobile dealer, was elected mayor of Santa Monica on Tuesday. He is Leonard J. Murray and will assume his new office immediately.

ROYCE BRIER

Castro and Caracas—II

CARACAS, VENEZUELA—In outline, the struggle of Castro for Caracas is simple—he needs Venezuelan oil to make him the richest Communist on earth, and the most potent outside of Moscow and Peking.

But in detail, the struggle is complex. President Romulo Betancourt has been in office three years, has two years to go. He is a moderate, but very tough. He can't forget that over one-half his government's revenue derives from oil, much of it produced by American firms.

The Communists are gasping for this oil. They could defy the North American giant, spread red revolution all over Latin America. As noted Thursday, Dr. Arcaya, a rosy Leftist, dealt in reality when he said much of Latin American youth admires Fidel Castro.

But there are hitches. Right now the Leftist parties and

splinters will not go for a full-scale revolution against the Betancourt regime. Betancourt has intelligent and resolute supporters, and probably a substantial majority of Venezuelans behind him.

These supporters (their names would only clutter this piece) scoff at the heart-break of the opposition over Betancourt's suspension of constitutional guarantees. They say, look around you—where is the police state, the lories of militia charging about the capital? You may recall that a bomb was exploded in the American Embassy in January—Ambassador Stewart calls it a "symbolic bomb." A few days ago a small unexploded bomb was found in a toilet in a government office complex. But there were no mass arrests.

Coalition spokesmen say

James Dorais

Age of the Blockbuster Reshapes Movie Industry

When a couple as prominent in the mass culture business as Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher decide to get a divorce, it's bound to be news. But seldom has the build-up to the event been as widely publicized in all its harrowing details.

Some people even have been unkind enough to suggest that the publicity was contrived to pique curiosity about the moving picture "Cleopatra" currently being filmed by Miss Taylor in Rome. While this may reflect a pretty cynical outlook, there can be no disputing that "Cleopatra" is something to be curious about.

A recent Wall Street Journal report on Hollywood's newest phenomenon, the "blockbuster" movie, contains some amazing facts about "Cleopatra," destined to be the biggest blockbuster yet.

"Cleopatra" is expected to cost \$25 million to produce, a new record far eclipsing such previous spectaculars as "The Ten Commandments," which cost \$13.7 million, and "Ben Hur," which came in at \$15 million.

Originally begun a year and a half ago in London, "Cleopatra's" locale was shifted to the warmer climate of Rome after Miss Taylor became seriously ill. The cost of the footage filmed in London was \$5 million; all of it had

to be junked because the scenic backgrounds didn't jibe with those of Italy.

A 12-acre reproduction of the Roman Forum has been created in Rome, and a 20-acre set of Cleopatra's palace and harbor has been built on the Tyrrhenian Sea. Miss Taylor wears 60 different gowns in the picture, one of which, made of gold bullion thread, cost \$6,000.

As the star, Miss Taylor will receive a total salary of \$1,250,000, plus a \$3,000 a week cost-of-living allowance to help defray expenses of maintaining her villa in Rome. She also has an interest in the picture, which if its profits meet expectations, could return her \$7.5 million.

The crucial point, of course, is whether or not "Cleopatra" proves to be the kind of smash box office success it has to be to break even. (Admission charge of \$10 a ticket is planned for its first showings in New York and other large cities.)

The "Ten Commandments" and "Ben Hur" were huge moneymakers, but they pio-

neered the blockbuster fad. Some industry observers fear that spectaculars have been overdone. "Spartacus," released a year and a half ago at a cost of nearly \$10 million, hasn't even paid its way yet.

However the ball bounces, it's obvious that there is a lot more at stake in "Cleopatra" than just a little old breakup of the star's fourth marriage.



Berlin Is Talking About...

The Voice of Silence

BERLIN — East Germany's Communist chieftains, already hard at work combating Western influence among the people they rule, have also taken on the task of fighting a conspiracy of silence.

If the Communists have their way, it will no longer be enough for students, youth groups, cultural organizations and other associations in East Germany merely to proclaim pro-Western sentiments. They will also have to voice, loud and clear, their actual support of Communist programs.

One Communist journal in East Berlin made the position clear when it wrote recently, "We will no longer tolerate silence."

It's that principle which got a medical student expelled from East Berlin's Humboldt University recently when he declined to vote in a one-slate, no-choice election. East German leaders have decided that such passive resistance is a danger that must be fought rigorously.

At the same time, Communist cadres have been instructed to increase their vigilance against those East Germans who persist in lis-

tening to West German radio stations.

There's no law which forbids such listening in the Soviet Zone. But that hasn't prevented Communist courts from imprisoning West station listeners on such charges as "disseminating propaganda hostile to the state."

One East German leader felt called upon to point out the mistake of those East Germans who want to listen to both East and West programs and decide which are better. He warned that East Germans who listen to West stations are "swallowing poison," and that no government could permit its people to do that.

To those who protest that an opera heard on a West station is the same as an opera heard on an East German station, the Communist official states, "It's simply inconsistent with our class position to listen to music from a station directed by NATO."

How NATO enters into the picture remains a mystery peculiar to Communist dialectics. More to the point is the often expressed fear that East Germany will never be indoctrinated along Communist lines until all their contacts with the West, and West Germany in particular, are severed.

Have a Cigar, Comrade



A Bookman's Notebook

New Southern Writer Gives South New Look

William Hogan

Here it is again — a Southerner, still in his twenties, has produced a first novel that is a work of art. It would be redundant to catalogue the long list of excellent writers who have developed in the South during the past 20 years or so. The fact remains that the literary renaissance down there is not merely a legend.

In attempting to analyze this phenomenon here not long ago, Truman Capote suggested that the pace, the irritations, indeed the whole fatiguing obsolescence of the South tends to work on the artist like a grain of sand in an oyster. Whatever the cause, we have "A Long and Happy Life," by a North Carolinian named Reynolds Price. I can't think of another first novel that has impressed me more.

Rhodes scholar and veteran of Merton College in England, Price seems never to have left his native Warren county, N. C., in this little love story. Simple as a nursery rhyme, it is presented in the vocabulary and rhythms of Carolina speech. The words reverberate from the printed page as though delivered by, say, Julie Harris from a stage.

Surely written, economical and mature, it is about a girl who loves a young man who does not love her in return. If he has any to share, his love is directed toward his motorcycle, and his energies toward a variety of other young women.

This may be a familiar story, and the girl who loves with fury and resentment may be a familiar character in fiction. Under Price's handling it is something new and freshly poignant; the characters compelling and precisely right. I suggest you read this, either as a book or in this month's Harper Magazine, which will break precedent and print it all in a single issue.

"A Long and Happy Life" concerns the girl Rosacoke who has loved Wesley for six years. She is edgy and tired of his indifference to her attentions and loyalty. The story opens with Rosa attending the funeral of a Negro girl friend who died in childbirth without ever being married. Is this a warning of her own fate? She gives herself to Wesley, but that accomplishes nothing, as Wesley seems to be even more indifferent to her.

All Rosa wants is a long and happy life with her young man. The prospects are not promising, especially when Rosa finds herself pregnant. Yet could this be the beginning of the long and happy life? In lady-or-tiger

fashion, the reader is left to decide.

Price builds this simplest of stories with natural scenes, with letters and atmosphere. His characters are the opposite of the urbane J. D. Salinger's. Rosa is a country girl, Wesley a country boy — but from very different country than Erskine Caldwell's characters come

from, or Faulkner's, or Truman Capote's.

I have no idea what Carolinian irritations produced this talent, and it is not necessary to find out. What we have here is a new American writer of uncommon accomplishment. Please read this and see if you don't agree.

A Long and Happy Life. By Reynolds Price. Athens: 195 pp. \$2.95

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"You wrote some time ago about Samoa and it sounded delightful to go to..."

It is. The Samoans are the architects of the South Pacific. Their thatched villages look like what you think the South Seas should look like.

South Pacific Air Lines (SPAL) has just extended its route from Honolulu and Tahiti on to American Samoa. Pan American flies through on the way to New Zealand. And TEAL, the New Zealand line, has a stop between Tahiti and Fiji.

I don't know American Samoa. But I spent several weeks in Western Samoa.

Apia is the main town—once known as "the Hell Hole of the Pacific" in the days of "Bully" Hayes and slave labor in the islands.

It has calmed down considerably. The town buttons up about 9 o'clock. And the most excitement is a tin-roofed movie house showing real antiques. Hopalong Cassidy is a newcomer on this circuit.

Western Samoa recently came out from a New Zealand mandate and is independent. They haven't made up their minds whether they want tourists or not.

I think you can still get in. Ask New Zealand consulates where you get a visa. There is a flying boat service from American Samoa. And there is a boat service on a 40-mile rough crossing that makes the English Channel look like your bathtub.

English is the school language. The villages are run by chiefs and "talking chiefs"—they put high regard on oratory and have a lot of Rotary-type meetings. The people are Polynesians, brown and good-looking. It is a very religious island with many churches. Mostly Mormon and London Missionary Society.

In the world population explosion, Samoa leads all countries. They are gradually populating themselves off the islands.

There are two hotels—no Sheraton Palaces but good enough. Aggie Grey's is the place to stay.

She's an entertaining and knowledgeable woman. Prices are very low. So far as I know, there isn't a restaurant in the islands. Apia is about four blocks of sandy street with Morton Bay fig and flame trees lining a pretty harbor and the remains of a sunken German warship.

There isn't much to do and the coral is bad for swimming. But a few evenings sitting on Aggie Grey's back porch, with a tropical breeze making the hanging bananas swing and the yard full of little pigs and hundreds of blooming hibiscus and you may find it the island of your dreams.

There's no book store and only one general store—Kleenex to fishnets.

You could read Margaret Mead's "Coming of Age in Samoa" in paperback.

Gives some of the village setup. And why the population explodes.

Stan Delaplane finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland, and Spain (10 cents each), send coins and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to the Torrance HERALD, Box RR, Torrance, Calif.



"I was gonna be sick and stay home today... but I couldn't think of anything the doctor hasn't given me a shot for."