

Torrance Herald

Co-Publishers
KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL
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THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1962

The Signs Linger on

Okay, fellows, (and girls) the election is over. Driving by one of the city's heavily traveled intersections, however, could be most confusing to someone who wasn't aware that the city voiced its wishes in the matter of political candidates last week.

"Signs, signs everywhere, nor any space to view," Coleridge might have said of the matter.

If the candidates were as fast at getting signs down as they were getting them up, the city's thoroughfares would present a more respectable view to the passerby. Now we can understand the winners leaving their signs up for a few days—kind of a victory symbol or something.

But how do you explain the losers?

Proof of the Pudding

Proponents of legislation for Federal aid to education have carefully eschewed provisions that would deny funds to racially segregated school districts for two reasons:

Such provisions, they know, would lose support of Southern legislators; and more importantly, they would demonstrate that federal aid inevitably brings federal control—a fact of life they prefer not to admit.

Last week the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Abraham Ribicoff, knocked the props out of the no-federal-control myth, with his announcement that federal funds which for many years have been paid to certain school districts containing pupils from military and other non-taxpaying federal installations no longer will be available to districts which maintain racially segregated schools.

The taxpayers of most states, including California, will be pleased that their taxes no longer will be used to help subsidize racial segregation. But proponents of federal financing for all schools will have to abandon their witless argument, repeated so often with such solemn assurance, that federal aid would not bring federal control.



Stockholm Is Talking About...

A Ban on Boxing

STOCKHOLM — Even before the Benny Paret incident in the United States a possible ban on boxing has been receiving considerable attention in Sweden. The two chambers of Parliament recently voted not to ban boxing at this time, but anti-boxing groups are becoming more influential.

The largest group of politicians wants to avoid taking a definite stand. At any rate, these politicians reason, there are only five Swedish professional boxers and therefore the problem does not seriously effect the country as a whole.

The opponents of boxing are piling up some impressive support. The Swedish Social Welfare Board has petitioned the minister of the interior to take action. The petition was also supported by the Swedish Board of Medicine, which feels that professional boxing should be banned and amateurs allowed to fight under new rules.

The subject of banning boxing was discussed and forgotten in the Swedish Parliament almost a decade ago when ex-heavyweight champion Ingemar Johansson was on his way up. But after Johansson was defeated for the second time by Floyd Patterson more than a year ago, the opponents of boxing began again to voice their critical views.

The rocky career of Sweden's other prominent boxer, light-heavyweight Lenart Risberg, has given boxing opponents impressive arguments. Risberg is often and easily injured.

The boxing debate reached a high point recently when the Swedish Boxing Association's three medical advisers talked against renewing Risberg's professional license because he was suffering from an eye injury that could lead to blindness. The Boxing Assn. went ahead and gave Risberg a license and he defeated Jamaican Rupert Bentley on points. During the match, however, Risberg hurt his right hand and his old cuts above the eyes opened up again.

Irrespective of Risberg's qualities as a boxer, he has illustrated some of the dangers of the profession to many Swedes.

Unless the popular Johansson is able to fight his way back to the top, and return prestige to the ring, it seems quite possible that professional—maybe even amateur—boxing will be banned in this country.



James Dorais Professor Recalls Day Gandhi Faced Assassin

During March Random House published an unusual historical thriller, "Nine Hours to Rama." Charged with suspense, it is played against settings in India and concerns the planned assassination of Mohandas K. Gandhi in 1948.

Already a Literary Guild selection and the subject of a Mark Robson film being made with the co-operation of the Indian government, "Nine Hours to Rama" is the work of Stanley Wolpert, a young assistant professor of history at UCLA who specializes in South Asian studies.

Both Wolpert's teaching career and his imminent success as a novelist are, in a sense, accidents. Following his undergraduate classes at Westwood the other day, he took time out to tell an unusual story.

In 1948 Wolpert was a 20-year-old Brooklyn graduate of an Eastern merchant marine academy. He was serving aboard an American freighter as third assistant engineer when the ship arrived in Bombay the day after Gandhi was shot to death during a mass prayer and pacification meeting.

Subsequently the young officer witnessed the scattering of Gandhi's ashes over the harbor while enormous throngs watched and prayed. Why is this saintly and already historic figure slain? There was some opposition to his philosophy of non-violence and political tactics. Some fanatical Indians blamed him unjustly for their country's partition following independence. In any event, the impact of this event in Indian history weighed on Wolpert. "There was first the impression, then the reaction," is the way he put it.

Back in the U.S. Wolpert was determined to know more about India and Indians. He abandoned his maritime career for a life of scholarship. He entered the University of Pennsylvania's excellent department of Far Eastern affairs where he concentrated on the Indian nationalists and the life of Gandhi. He returned to India in 1957 under a Ford Foundation grant to study for his Ph.D., and UCLA, fast becoming a major center of Far Eastern studies, was happy to add him to its faculty once his teaching credentials were in order.

The author of scholarly works on India, Wolpert continued to be intrigued with the drama of Gandhi and the assassination. But how can you make a convincing popular story out of a saint? The novel, then, is not a reconstruction of the event, but a fictional treatment in which Gandhi is the sole historical figure. Actually, the action focuses on the assassin during the nine hours that lead to the tragedy. (Rama, incidentally, is the Hindu word for God.)

Although something of a "psychological thriller," the book does attempt to project Gandhi's struggle to preserve a nonviolent ideology in a violent world.

An added twist to the novel's background: Mark Robson, the film producer-director, heard of it before it was submitted to a publisher. After reading it in manuscript, Robson purchased it as a major film project. Publishing houses began scrambling for it; Random House won out, and Wolpert the scholar stands to become a "money writer" as a result.

It's all a little confusing, the young professor admitted. For what if his ship had docked in, say, Dar-es-Salaam that morning back in 1948?

Reds Show Talents for Making Paper Handcuffs

CARACAS, Venezuela — There is a gentleman here named Gustavo Machado. He is a communist editor, president of the Venezuela Communist Party.

Sr. Machado was among the first scheduled for interview at a seminar here over the past fortnight attended by 15 North American newspapermen, who are now returning to the United States.

Other members of the opposition to President Betancourt's regime, some frank in their sympathy with communism, were questioned by the American reporters, and expressed their views at length, and without peril to themselves.

But as noted here before, Sr. Machado did not appear, saying he had to stay at his paper to protect his reporters from the persecution of the government.

After the seminar proper ended, and the American group was touring the back country, papers expressed great indignation that the Americans contrived a black-out on their views.

One protest came from Aristides Bastidas, secretary of a red-leaning press union, printed as a letter in El Clarin, a URD radical paper. Sr. Bastidas averred the seminar was "well-hidden" and "handcuffed." Quite the contrary, the sessions were open to all Venezuela newsmen, and dozens attended daily, taking notes and writing news stories with opposition viewpoint as it derived from questions asked by the Americans.

This letter was headed: "A Press Seminar that is Blind, Deaf and Dumb."

Sr. Bastidas also charged that many of his colleagues were in jail for their views, and that this was deliberately glossed over by the Americans, though several of the latter asked pointed questions about this, which elicited opposition replies running to an hour.

Betancourt spokesman says these prisoners are held for overt acts (inciting to riot), and not because they are communists. Indeed, several radical, anti-government papers suspended after the January riots have resumed publication, their editors and reporters going about their business every day in Caracas.

This incident is of no consequence, except as a manifest of the communist mind, and as an example of a propaganda factory which turns out for export goods compounded of distortion, and misrepresentation of the plain facts of the meetings.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley Chances of War Wane As Armed Power Grows

WASHINGTON, D. C. — When President Kennedy announced his fallout shelter program, he must have concluded from the most authoritative facts available to any American that the chances of war had increased over the past few months.

He didn't say so in so many words — but this action, followed by an increase in the military budget, the rocket budget, the manpower requirements, calling the reservists... all these and the emergency meetings with the National Security Council indicated that the chances for crisis had increased.

Some observers, on the other hand, say that these presidential decisions only were to show Khrushchev that we would be willing to go to war if he pressed us too hard.

Beginning with the Communist-Berlin wall last August, Soviet jets encroaching on the Western air corridors to Berlin scattering aluminum chaff, failure of the Geneva disarmament conference, Soviet boasts of new super-super rockets — all these and other developments, it would seem, provide no basis for optimism that war clouds might be receding.

The world undoubtedly has been moving more and more into dangerous pockets the past year... the kind of showdown pockets it reached several times before and then backed out again.

This happened most ominously during the Korean war. It happened again in Lebanon, Suez, the war in Indo-China, and, in a lesser degree, recently in the Congo, Laos, Vietnam, Formosa, Berlin, Algiers, Cuba, Palestine. It would seem that the chances for world war, if not increasing measurably, certainly were not decreasing, according to most observers.

But there is another side which ought to be presented which is not securing the importance it deserves.

Probably the most important development against the chances of nuclear war is the rift between Russia and Red China, now way out in the open. This column has been predicting it for two years.

The defection of Albania from the Soviet bloc is significant because it is the first country to pull out on its own. Yugoslavia, the only other of the former satellites now out of the Soviet bloc, was expelled in 1948 by Russia.

The growing achievements of the U.S. in space with the 3-orbital flight of Colonel Glenn — with two more attempts scheduled by fall — and the fact that we have orbited a total of 69 satellites to Russia's 16 to date is tipping the scales of world prestige toward our side.

Admitting that Russia's satellites have greater payloads and more thrust, ours have much better instrumentation. Proof of this is on the record.

Out of a total of 69 U.S. satellites orbited, 33 are still in orbit... and 13 are still "live," sending signals. Out of Russia's 16 to date, only one is still sending signals. This spectacular U.S. record, achieved after Russia's one year start on us, is a sobering factor to the Communist militarists.

Our rockets have been more numerous and more accurate. Our nuclear subs have no match in the world. Our Strategic Air force is without equal. All this power, plus the power of our allies — bases, supplies, wealth, present and potential production — all are formidable deterrents to a Russian attack.

Berlin, Formosa, Laos, the Congo, etc. are not likely to provoke Russia to a nuclear war. The only condition—less an attack on Russia — that will do so, is the assurance among the Kremlin comrades that they can defeat the United States and its allies.

Probably the best reason that they have not attacked thus far is that they are pretty sure they will be annihilated by our superior power. Communists don't need provocations over anything — including strategic Berlin — to attack. They will attack without provocation, rhyme or reason, if they think they will win.

Summit or no summit this summer, Russia undoubtedly will sign a separate treaty with East Germany. Talk of disarmament is as phony as all other Communist talkations. We will be continuously harassed whenever or wherever the Communists choose.

The world is full of vacuums from past injustices that Red opportunism will capitalize on. The fact that we don't capitalize on Soviet imperialism behind the Iron curtain is to the discredit of our foreign policy.

But all in all... in any kind of objective, non-political, non-emotional balance... the world is drawing away — rather than toward — the chances for war.

It is possible, too, that the more destructive we make the weapons of war, the less likelihood that anyone will dare use them. For this is the first time in human history that even the politicians and generals will be subject to the same death and destruction that heretofore was confined to the field soldier and ordinary civilian.

Hoppe in Wonderland Sing a Song To Washington

Art Hoppe

WASHINGTON—If all the cynics will kindly leave the room, I'd like to sing a small song of love to Washington. For I do love it. It never fails to refresh my joy in democracy.

Not the monuments. The monuments are always cluttered up with tourist buses, splattered over with past oratory and their images are reflected ten thousand times in a hundred tawdry souvenir shops. No, it's not the monuments.

I think it's mostly just being in the capital of the mightiest and most advanced nation in the history of mankind. And rarely knowing exactly where I am.

Take Pennsylvania Avenue, the broad main street. As everybody knows, it sweeps grandly from Capitol Hill to the White House. Only it doesn't. Just before it gets there it makes a sharp right, disappears for a couple of blocks, pops up going off in another direction, marches bravely past the White House, ambles off to the right and vanishes into a seemingly permanent excavation in Washington Circle.

I love that. And I love the way the side streets meander into squares that are never square. And how the sidewalks are paved with soft red brick that sags here and is thrust up there by the roots of ancient elms. And sometimes there are street signs and sometimes not. And few houses have numbers on their doors.

There seem to be no snowplows when it snows. I love that. And no traffic policemen when it's trafficky. And no buses when it's raining. And the direction signs are unintelligible.

I love the new, super-designed buildings that are going up everywhere. Like the State Department. Where the receptionist automatically hands you a map so you can find your way through the fantastically irregular maze of corridors.

But I love even more rounding a corner in a quiet residential neighborhood to find still another antique Government building of some long-forgotten architectural style with columns or turrets or noble battlements. And inside will be a warren of imposing-sounding agencies that I have never heard of. For these old buildings are here and there with neither rhyme nor reason.

It seems fitting, somehow, that the capital of the mightiest and most advanced Nation should be, at heart, a sleepy Southern town—incredibly, excitingly, magnificently inefficient. For that is the joy and delight of democracy.

And as I wander, lost and bemused, I think sadly of the inevitable day when all our Government will be housed in some single, gigantic, superefficient underground hive. And I think, as I step over the root of an elm pushing through the bricks, that this will be the day when democracy is dead.

Morning Report:

The price of prisoners has gone up in Cuba. Fidel Castro now wants an average of \$52,000 a man for a total of \$62 million. Earlier he had been willing to let a man go for a tractor. I suppose this is a sign of inflation.

The old deal fell apart because the two sides could not agree on what model tractors were involved. I assume this one will flounder because they can't agree on what kind of dollars are required.

Some hopefuls feel the hike in price is due to a shortage of money in Cuba. Pay that no heed. He needed publicity before—and he still does.

Abe Mellinkoff

