

# Torrance Herald

Co-Publishers  
KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL  
REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1962

## YES for Schools

Torrance voters are at that familiar crossroad again—shall they continue to build schools to house the ever increasing number of students demanding classroom space.

A proposal to authorize issuance of \$8 million in construction bonds will be the question at a special election Tuesday.

The proposal, which has received the endorsement of industry, civic leaders and organizations, has been endorsed previously by The HERALD, and apparently has no organized opposition.

Nobody is keen about obligating the taxpayers for additional funds, but the choice here is clear. Either the construction funds are provided through a new bond series, or the children go back on double sessions in more and more of the city's classrooms.

Torrance school officials have been able, during the past two years, to eliminate the short-term, double-session classrooms, which is a commendable achievement.

Approval of the bond issue by two-thirds of the voters Tuesday will not increase the rate of taxes needed to retire the bonds, we have been assured by school officials, it will mean only that the schedule of repayments will be extended over additional years.

As we see it, Torrance voters have no choice Tuesday: the money for schools must be provided, and the only source available to the district is through bonds—a mortgage such as most of us have on our homes.

The HERALD strongly urges a YES vote Tuesday on the school bond proposal, and additionally urges that those people truly interested in the schools and the welfare of their 30,000 pupils make the small effort it takes to get to the polls.

To do less would be a failure to exercise a duty each of us has to our community.

## Peril Here at Home

The greatest peril to the United States—and make no mistake about it—is the situation in Cuba.

For some outlandish reason we can send troops to Laos, thousands upon thousands of miles away, while we don't dare shoot back when our own aircraft are fired upon 80 miles from Florida. Our administration in Washington speaks out boldly about what it is doing in Laos, where Americans are being killed and imprisoned. But, when Cuba is mentioned, the voice is timid and muffled.

The present administration certainly cannot be blamed for the Castro fiasco but it stands guilty of compounding the very serious dereliction of the Eisenhower administration in failing to act against the Communist wild man when he seized American property.

Any man in the street could have foreseen the infiltration of Cuba by the Russians and, despite the efforts of President Kennedy and others to play down the type of military occupation going on under our very noses, Russian take over, with all its implications, is today a terrible fact.

Now, any military counter action on our part would kill some Russians and create a situation that would make the Berlin controversy resemble a clothesline dispute.

Those in Congress now demanding action against Castro may be rattling some sabers. If they are, let's hope theirs will be a rattle much more welcome than the one that may some day be heard—the death rattle of this American republic!

## Opinions of Others

Now farmers who do not have a "life history" of their farm on file with the Agriculture Department won't be given grain allotments; so apparently you don't have a farm unless you have papers to prove you have a farm. It all boils down to the fact that the independent farmer is being penalized for exercising the freedom of choice which has set the farmer as a man apart for many years. Small wonder people are leaving the farms. They are being driven from them by farm programs, paper work, and red tape that hamstring the hope of future growth—Fredonia (Kans.) Citizen.

## As Others See It

# Advice to Frustrated Youth

While this newspaper has long addressed itself to the goal of obtaining recreation facilities for young people, we cannot agree that constant entertainment should be needed in order to keep them out of trouble. Indeed, there has occurred to us the possibility that time hangs heavily on their hands because high-powered cars get them to and from the scene of activities in so great a hurry.

Perhaps since the term "teen-ager" was coined, setting youths between 12 and 20 in a special bracket, too much emphasis has been placed on an unnecessary expectation that they should be a problem group. We know many youths who do not believe it; they are sincere, industrious and willing to prepare them-

selves for the responsibilities they will ultimately assume.

For those who believe that the balance of the population should devote full time making them jolly, however, we think that Phillip B. Gilliam, juvenile court judge in Denver, has some good advice. Copies of it were distributed among educators attending a summer seminar at Teachers College, Columbia University. Text of the advice follows:

"The plaintive cry of the teen-ager is all too familiar to parents, and all adults: 'What Can We Do?' 'Where Can We Go?'"

"My answer to these kids can be summed up in two words . . . Go Home! 'Hang the storm windows,

## In Case Of Trouble With Castro—



ROYCE BRIER

# Man's Buildings Decay; His Culture Continues

A while back Governor Rockefeller gave a luncheon at his Tarrytown estate to discuss culture and government. Guests included prominent folk from the theater, music and the graphic arts.

Two years ago the New York Legislature budgeted for a Council of the Arts. This year the item is \$560,000 (this is about what you'd need for a survey for a bridge or similar project that is never built).

The Governor thought New York should set an example for other states (California?), and he thought the Federal Government should encourage culture and the arts with money and a bureau (shall we guess this would run about the cost of a booster rocket which goes astray to become a 30-second fireball?).

Unless you are an archaeologist, about all you know of the economics of Greece is that Alcibiades, protégé of Pericles, was rich in salt mines. You have to dig some, though fragments are available, to find much on the business life of Rome and ancient Egypt.

Yet the cultural remains of these three civilizations, the

art forms the people employed, are with us and are immortal.

This suggests that a culture will not be lost when a posterity has the wit to keep it, while economies and their physical aspects and processes are quite perishable. Means of living change, the old vanishes and the new emerges. But the Victory of Samothrace will pursue the majesty of her winged flight from the top of the Louvre stair so long as men will look at her.

Take our own economy, 1800-1850. It is gone—the riverboats, the little factory, the country store, supplanted by jets, electronic laboratories and the supermarket.

But the slightly crabbled paintings of Bingham and West survive, and later Homer and Remington. These men are trying to escape from the England of Constable and Turner, even from Rembrandt and Titian, and make an American art in oil, and they make a very charitable one.

So they say we are confused and have lost our way in the technological world of headshrinkers and lunar fantasies and gorged traffic. But you may be sure all men of all time have been confused and lost their way, and all art from the Parthenon to the Ninth Symphony is a way of finding your way. Is it not possible Phidias became a sculptor and Aeschylus a dramatist because neither cared to contemplate the salt mines of Alcibiades?

## Zurich Is Talking About . . .

# The Learning Grind

ZURICH — By the laws of armchair economics, Switzerland should be broke.

She has no seaports, no colonies, little arable land and almost no natural resources. What the tiny Alpine nation has is hard work. And with hard work it has achieved one of the highest living standards in the world.

Switzerland points out that it leads all other countries in terms of per capita national wealth and savings.

And now the Swiss taxpayer is proudly talking about the fact that he outranks even the American in his expenditures for education.

But if the Swiss parent is willing to spend most for his child's schooling, he makes

sure that the youngster gets his money's worth.

It's hard work for school children from the start. First a half dozen languages: German, French, Italian, English, Latin and Greek.

From dawn to dusk, the classes go on and on. And after the supper dishes, hours of homework.

In addition to normal schooling, there's technical training. Every job seems to call for a diploma. Even to be a waiter, you go to a waiters' school and pass the examinations before applying for a job.

In Switzerland it takes as long to become a watchmaker as it does to get a university degree. Most workers spend four years in one of the seven watchmakers' schools before they are qualified for a job.

To be accepted in a watch school, a student must pass an entrance examination in mathematics, drawing, physics, composition and languages.

After that comes a nerve-racking, psycho-technical test to prove his aptitude for high precision work. And

## Mailbox

Editor, Torrance Herald  
I am seeking the address of three Cincinnati people—a grandfather, a daughter, and son-in-law—who came to Torrance by Greyhound bus on July 23, 1962, to visit the granddaughter's home.

I hope they will give me the address of the grandfather with whom I rode on the bus, or send my address to him.

WILLIAM J. WYSE  
232 S. Kenwood St.  
Glendale 5, Calif.

## A Bookman's Notebook

# Author Takes New Look At the Spanish Lovers

William Hogan

Nina Epton has hit on a small literary gold mine in the historical and contemporary love habits of various nations.

She started with "Love and the French," an obvious choice, since the French are traditionally dedicated to "l'amour" (though business dealings with them lead to the suspicion that romance comes a poor second to the mighty franc.)

This was so successful that she immediately followed it with "Love and the English"—considered an unrewarding task by a friend who thought that nation's amorous prowess could be polished off in a paragraph or two.

Not so, readers found, when Miss Epton served up a well-seasoned and lengthy meal from her research of 20 centuries.

Which just goes to show that people are often not what they seem. For here comes "Love and the Spanish," surely a field of endeavor as fertile as La Belle France, and what do we have but a slender book which paints a disappointing picture of the "romantic Spaniard." This may sound ridiculous concerning a race which spawned the legendary Don Juan (whose only rival in the amorous endurance stakes was Casanova), but Miss Epton is not only an ardent researcher but a ruthless inquisitor and the case she states is plain.

The Spanish man, ladies, is no great bargain as a lover. He may be, and often is, a libertine who expects to enjoy the "double standard" unchecked by any protest from his wife.

But, as the book's dust cover notes succinctly, "the cult of virginity is dominant, and however gay a life a Spaniard leads, there comes a time—as it did for Don Juan—when he is overcome by an innate horror of the flesh and a reverence for carnal piety."

As for that flashing-eyed Spanish Carmen, men, she is the material of another myth. She is an Andalusian, and we learn, "the average Andalusian woman is passive, toler-

ant of her husband's escapades, without a will of her own . . . Women are victims."

Things are a little better in the North, apparently, where the women of Galicia are a little less inhibited and the men are a little more tolerant of human weakness, but the strangling conventions and taboos of centuries before are still evident throughout Spain.

So, too, is the "sense of

doom" which Miss Epton explains as follows:

"Spain has inherited three major, patriarchal religions: Those of Israel, Christianity and Mohammedanism: The avenging God, the fear of hell, the fatalism of the Orient . . . What a heritage! Can one wonder that his mind is tortured, his sense of doom so deeply ingrained?"

Well, so much for the love life of the Spaniards.

## Around the World With



"Our first sea trip will be on the Matsonia to Hawaii in November. Are there any social rules we should know?"

First night out and last night before you get in are NOT dress nights on passenger ships.

The other nights are pretty dressy on Matson ships. Cocktail dresses and dinner jackets—but you can get by on a dark suit. A fourth of the men passengers will do this.

About the third day, the before-dinner, private cabin parties begin. You don't have to do this. But if you want to do a pay-off party of your own, set it up with the chief steward. You buy liquor in bottles from the ship. They give you hors d'oeuvres and set-ups free.

If it's a big party, you can get one end of the party rooms. It's a nice custom.

"Is it true you can still get real absinthe in Europe?"

You can in Majorca. But you can't take it into any other European country that I know of. Or the U. S. Been outlawed for some years. (The airlines check you going out of Majorca and ask if you're carrying any.)

"If we drive in Europe, can you suggest the gasoline to buy?"

All countries in Europe have gasoline geared for any kind of car. But you don't find too many of the service stations like those in the States—the hand pump outside the local garage is more usual.

In the service stations you do find, windshield washing or tire checking must be against the social order. Even so, I see Frenchmen tip the small change after paying. Same in Italy.

The Shell stations seem to have more free road information. Free maps, pamphlets on camping, sightseeing and hotels. If there are rest rooms, theirs are best kept up.

"We want to go to Hawaii 'middle-of-the-road'. Not the plushiest but not second class. An informal, relaxing atmosphere. A pool is more important to me than the surf. About \$16 a day double . . ."

The Princess Kaiulani is your hotel. Just across the boulevard from the Moana (and the beach at Waikiki). For \$16 a day you should have a room on the makai (sea) side. Very nice pool. You can have lunch there. Good location and an excellent hotel.

" . . . if you could suggest a good hotel in London in a \$10-a-day class. A friend suggested the Cumberland."

The Cumberland has a sort of large commercial feeling about it to me. I'd prefer (in the same price range) the Green Park, the Washington, or if you like very English atmosphere, Brown's. All are in the West End, walking distance from shopping areas.

"Is it advisable for a woman alone (middle-aged, but I look younger) to stay in Guadalajara, Mexico? I'm interested in writing and painting . . ."

The nearby town of Ajijic has quite an American writers' and artists' colony and you're certainly safe there, or in Guadalajara. I thought Ajijic had a kind of arty feeling, though.

I liked San Miguel de Allende better. Good art and writing school. Small Mexican town. Good accommodations, cheap. You get a folder on this by writing Instituto Allende, San Miguel de Allende, Gro., Mexico.

Stan Delaplaine 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.

## Morning Report:

Congress is voting a billion or so dollars for public works. The idea is to build stuff in our depressed areas to help business and make new jobs. And several times that much will be spent on under-developed nations abroad.

The Senate has also worked out an income tax deal to allow fellows to eat at high-class restaurants on the expense account. Otherwise, they might carry sandwiches from home in a paper bag and then they would look depressed.

What it boils down to is that the way to get money out of the Government is to be either depressed or under-developed—or best of all, both.

Abe Mellinkoff

Established Jan. 1, 1914  
Torrance Herald

Member of National Editorial Association  
"Life" Newspaper Publishers Assn.  
L.A. Suburban Newspapers, Inc.  
Verified Audit Circulation  
Represented Nationally by The Rientz Co.  
Publication office and plant, 5519 Gramercy Ave., Torrance, Calif.  
Published semi-weekly, Thursday and Sunday by King Williams Press, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 30, 1914, at Post Office, Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1979.  
King Williams - Glenn W. Pfeil  
Co-Publishers  
Reid L. Bundy - Managing Editor  
Doug Anderson - Display Adv. Mgr.  
Darrell Westcott - Circulation Mgr.  
Chas. R. Thomas - Mechanical Supt.  
Adjudicated a legal newspaper by Superior Court, Los Angeles County, Adjudicated Decree No. 218470, March 30, 1927.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Carrier, 50c a month. Mail subscriptions \$9.60 a year. Circulation of, First Class PA 8-4000.