## Torrance Herald

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1963

Little War Mongers?

Are you aware that the long-respected Boy Scout organization is turning American youngsters into hostile, warmongering imperialists? And that every boy who is forced into the Scouts is trained to be a master of all forms of espionage, violence and germ warfare?

If you aren't aware of this, you haven't been keeping up on your reading. For that is what the principal newspaper, Pravda, has told the Russian people. And Pravda—which means, of all things, Truth—is practically required reading in Russia.

That isn't all. It seems, Pravda continues, that younger boys are forced into the Cub Scouts, where their preparation begins for future foul deeds. Even this doesn't end the tale. For there is a sister group known as the Girl Scouts. These girls, reports Pravda, are unpaid door-to-door cookie vendors, and the revenues they obtain "... go directly to the Wall Street master minds of the entire plot."

It is difficult for an American to believe, but the Soviet people are fed lies of this character year after year. It is a process of brainwashing. There is no access to a free press.

Here is the reason such strenuous effort is given to possible ways to reach the Soviet people with western beamed radio broadcasts and by such other means as may come to hand. This is a slow process. But, in time, drops of water wear away stone.

Climbing Crime Rates

Every 35 seconds a burglary is committed in the United States. Every minute \$50 worth of property is stolen. Every minute and a half an auto is taken, every four minutes an aggravated assault is committed. Every 32 minutes there is forcible rape, every hour a murder.

The nation's overall crime rate is rising faster than the population. In 1962 it was 6 per cent over that of 1961.

These somber FBI figures pose the inevitable questions: why? And what can we do? No easy, single answer is possible, of course. There is no single finger of guilt to be pointed. Any successful answer must come from a stirred individual and community conscience; and it must be pursued with realistic fervor and determination. A good starting point might be a probably agonizing reappraisal of one's own success in implementing the Golden Rule.

#### Mailbox

Editor, Torrance Herald: We would like to raise our

voice (that of our association) and add it to what must be and add it to what must be the many already raised, in defense of the Torrance Po-lice Dept., which we have found to be one of the fairest and most helpful in our area. When the Bay Cities Theater Assn. decided, to produce Assn. decided to produce "Finian's Rainbow," the one drawback was the total lack in the immediate beach area of a large enough rehearsal hall, and the only reason we were able to continue on with our show was because the Torrance Police Dept. came forward and offered us the

orand Theater, which they own and operate on week-ends for teenagers.

Not only did they offer the use of the building, they went out of their way to make is practicable and possible for practicable and possible for us to rehearse there, only be-cause they were aware of our cause they were aware of our problem and sincerely wanted to help us solve it. There is probably no one way be can ever repay their consideration, but we would like to go on record as resenting the way they have been publicly treated in the last few weeks, and expressing our confi-

and expressing our confi-dence in the men who serve on their police force. Last year when circum-stances of a similar nature arose in our neighbor city of El Segundo, the entire affair was reported in the papers as a news item and then drop-ped, as any other news item is. There were no threats or promises of investigations, no public shame, no reprisals that were ever made public, and why it should be differ-end in Torrance we don't un-

We all are alike in one re-pect. We tend to go along our narrow way content to take for granted all of the conveniences and privileges accorded any law-abiding resident of any city, com-pletely obvious to the tre-mendous job being done by the local police force. Then one morning we open our newspaper to find headlines about a local policeman and are we outraged. Who do they think they are? The very idea, a policeman breaking the law! What's the world

coming to?

Well, as far as we're concerned, the world and the people in it are no different now than they have ever been. Until the day that the contractions are the contractions are the contractions and the company that the contractions are the contractions. scientists can take over the functions of God, and simply push a button to create the "perfect man," your police-men and mine will be no dif-ferent than you and I. They will be no different than our grocery clerks, our bankers, our deliverymen, our lawyers,

and our doctors. They will be,

simply, human.
But they will also be humans who are trying, in gen eral, to make this world, this city, a little better, a little safer, a little nicer in which to live. Can we say the same

to live. Can we say the same for ourselves? We, the entire organization behind the Bay Cities Theater Assn., Inc., wish to think the Torrance Police Dept. JO ANNE ROTHLEIN, Sec.

Editor, Torrance Herald:
So often in the past I have been going to write my opinion into this or that newspaper, but like so many, I simply did not or forgot. With

simply did not or forgot. With seven active youngsters, it isn't hard to forget.

But today, after all these years of reading about others' complaints, I have decided to sit and speak my mind.

Recently we have read a great deal about the Torrance police scandal, I am not going to add to the many opinions already expressed against already expressed against them Instead, I am going to try in some small way to speak for the many who don't write in. Many of us feel sorry for the men and always feel terrible for his family. Not that we condone it . we just aren't as eager to

I for one am thankful for the many, many good cops who do so many things for us. I am thankful for the traffic cop who reminds me to check my speed. I am thankful for my speed. I am thankful for the cops who go to accidents and who work beyond the call of duty. I thank God for the cop who, through his training, is able to save the life of a small child, and who, even if not by preference delivers many a baby who wouldn't wait for mama to get to the hospital.

I am thankful that so many intelligent men join the force

intelligent men join the force and for about the same wages that my husband makes, risks his life protecting ours. Even if not all of them are

great guys and some of them are much too hard or some are crooked, I am thankful for the great percentage who are just good guys, who may-be live down the street, who are maybe the daddy of a little playmate of one of my

I am also thankful for the good wives most of them have who put up with a swing shift that would drive most of

us crazy. I'm thankful for all these

things and I'm just as sure I'm not alone.

I leave you with my one good though: "It really is better to light just one little candle than to curse the darkness" darkness.

MRS. HOUSEWIFE

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ROYCE BRIER

## Moscow-Peking Dialogue Turns to Long Letters

June 14, the Peking com-munists issued a long pole-mic against Premier Khrush-chev and his policy of co-existence, virtually calling on him to retire. The world at large read this letter, but it was not published in the Soviet Union

The Khrushchev regime now says it did not publish because it was not prepared to make an immediate reply, and because it did not want and because it did not want to upset the impending Soviet-Chinese meeting, now

But the Red Chinese, according to the Russians, were not so delicate. They ordered a mass printing of the Peking letter in Russian, and distributed it around Moscow and other Soviet cities. This was plainly a violation of propriety and of Soviet law and it ty and of Soviet law, and it alone would explain the marked coldness of the open-ing of the Moscow meeting. Khrushchev's writers, how-

ever, did not intend that the Peking letter go unanswered, and composed a letter of

It runs about 20,000 words, and is a complete reply to the Mao regime on world policy as viewed by Moscow, and the errors of Mao policy. It is so voluminous it cannot be in-terpreted entirely, and what is noted here is a sidelight. For the moment, consider

this passage: "Mistaking our restraint for weakness, the Chinese comrades began with increasing importunity . . . to spread unlawfully in Moscow the CCP (Chinese Communist Party) letter of June 14."

One cannot say at this distance if it was "restraint" which caused Moscow to withhold the Red Chinese attack from the knowledge of the Russinan people, but it may have been

It was in any case recom-pensed later by the Soviet reply, and the Russian people

are now fully informed that their government is under at-tack from Peking. The Soviet plaint also has a familiar ring. None have been more ready than the Russians to interpret any rerussians to interpret any re-straint of their antagonists as weakness, and we ourselves have long been victimized by this psychic factor in interna-tional relations. We also victimize ourselves.

If a President shows restraint if a President snows restraint in dealing with a foreign antaginist — say Cuba — his homeside opponents straightaway take him to task as "weak," when they want to be tough. But it is obvious the Sowiet Premier has the same Soviet Premier has the same problem at home. Indeed, he has it in the world communist movement, which is the

core of the great schism.

This is of no great significance in the larger question, but it is interesting to know that even ideaologies cannot override human nature.

A Bookman's Notebook-

## Ullman Follows Owl and Pussy Cat to South Seas

Back in 1876 Charles Warren Stoddard published a travel book, "South Sea Idylls." The reigning critic of the day, William Dean Howells, described it as "the lightest, sweetest, wilde st thing that was ever written thing that was ever written about the summer ocean." Stoddard's book remains one of the best about life in the South Pacific — a region that has intrigued observers, from Captain James Cook to Eu-gene Burdick and H. Allen Smith.

Anyone who casually records his peacetime experi-ences in such enticing locales ences in such enticing locales as Tutuila, Rarotongs and just about anywhere in the Society Islands, the Marquests, Marshalls or Carolines, is going to attract many starryeyed readers. Tahiti, of course, has become a literary way of life.

the latest South Seas hand to offer an exotic record. It is called "Where the Bong Tree Grows," a title taken from Edward Lear's nonsense rhyme about the owl and the pussy cat who sailed away for a year and a day. Among other things, Ull-

man is a veteran novelist, travel writer, and moun-taineer. He made his Pacific o dyssey counterclockwise over a period of many months —Hawaii to the Carolines and back leisurely by way of the Fijis, Samoa, Tahiti, plus a return to Los Angeles via private yacht. Wow! a reader might enthuse

Well, not all of it was idyllic: There was lonesomeness, fecklessness, Pacific rot, and the usual quota of human problems in this ap-proximation of Paradise. Most ay of life. curious of all in this some-times Ramsey Ullman is times testy record of Ull-

Morning Report:

We all know that any boy can grow up to be President of the United States. But nobody else seems to believe it as firmly as Harold Stassen.

The former Republican governor of Minnesota first mentioned himself as presidential timber in 1948, when some present voters were matriculating in the first grade. And now he says he is thinking of entering the Wisconsin

It shows that the GOP has at least one more candidate than it thought it had. Also that even though the presidency was called "splendid misery" by Thomas Jefferson, there are some who are willing to suffer.

Abe Mellinkoff

William Hogan

man's novel, "The Day on Fire" is based on the career of the French poet Arthur Rimbaud. Sitting on a beach at Bora Bora, Ullman realized that he was in these classic isles to escape escaping what Dr. Orville Prescott, the re-viewer, had not said about him. He confesses:

"In common with every self-respecting writer, I have put into every book I have written the best that was in me. But into ('The Day of Fire') had gone — well, something extra. It had been the major effort. The Big One. major effort. The Big One. And I had been prepared to stand or fall by it."

His private war with that mocuous creature, the book innocuous creature, the book reviewer, seemed to me an unburdening of oneself above and beyond the call of duty. In this age of happy prob-lems, Ullman lost me right there, on the shimmering sands of a lesser lagoon.

There are many less tense introspective moments in this generally agreeable travel diary: there are bong trees in these fabled isles that Ullman does not neglect. Edward Lear's owl and pussy cat, you may recall, also found a wood where a Piggywig stood "with a ring at the end of his nose."

Ullman's nose remains a professional writer's constant worry about the critical situation back on West 44th Street. Which is something you won't find in Charles Warren Stoddad.

Russians Place Strong **Emphasis on the Young** 

Co-Publisher King Williams of The Torrance Herald has just returned from an extended tour of Russia and other Iron Curtain countries. Today he continues his report on the trip, relating his experiences in Leningrad.

By KING WILLIAMS
Herald Co-Publisher
Until they have seen it in action, few Americans can appreciate how effectively the Russians capture the minds of the children through the

the children through the Young Pioneers for boys and girls, 7-18 years.

It is the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, and all the others rolled into one giant or ganization with branches in every city and hamlet throughout Russia and most of the block countries. Often they have elaborate. often they have elaborate, well equipped headquarters in former palaces or government buildings where trained adults (presumably some or all of them members of the elits Compunist party act. elite Communist party) act as administrators while recruit-ing and training new leaders among the more promising teenagers. \* \* \*

Most of our group of travel-ing newspaper publishers and editors were given a special tour of the "Palace of Young

Pioneers" in Leningrad. Housed in a 300-room former royal palace adjoining a park, the Leningrad club probably is the showplace for visitors.
Certainly it is a Youth Center
unmatched by anything we
have seen in the Western
world.

The magnificent ballroom of the palace serves as an as-sembly hall and theater with projection machines and stage equipment for the plays and musical productions for the children. The club claims an enrollment of 11,000 children who attend voluntarily after school on Saturdays and throughout the summer vacation period of two months.

A briefing was opened by the director speaking in Russian through one of our inturist guides. Other talks in the various fields of activity within the club were pre-sented in remarkably precise English by the boys and girls

Our delegation was divided into groups of six and escorted through several exhibit rooms housing crafts and hobby displays. A special exhibition of oil paintings by the children drew favorable comment as did a remarkably complete geological collec-

One of the guides was a strikingly beautiful 17-year-old girl named "Natasha" who was teaching English. one of the courses offered club members. She expressed the hope she might one day be able to visit America and particularly California.

On the walls of one of the rooms hung pictures of promi-nent world figures. Only Americans so honored were Cyrus Eaton of Cleveland and Ezra Pound.

The hour-long visit was climaxed with a simulated trip to the moon in a "spaceship," supposedly constructed by the students but suspiciously

adult in appearance.

We were scheduled to visit
the world renowned Hermitage Museum and Art Gallery often called the Louvre of the Soviet Union, but the former winter palace of the Czars was closed for the day due to some unexpected emergency, rumored to have been a theft.

The first shot fired May 27, 1917 by the 400-foot cruiser Aurora had been memorialized the day before ou arrival with the firing of on of the ship's cannons mounted in a park near the old ship, now anchored in an inlet from the Neva River.

Numerous large restaurants and bathing beaches line the

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river and excursion boats leave on regular schedules carrying Soviet citizens from all over the vast country. As in every other Communist all over the vast country. As in every other Communist city we had to visit Kivor stadium where tremendous crowds gather for track and field events and the highly popular soccer matches.

The former Kazan cathedral also was closed for "repairs" we were told. It is now a museum emphasizing anti-re-ligious propaganda. Those who have seen it call it unique even in Russia and certainly so any place else in the world.

The once grand old hotel

where we were quartered, still carried some remainders

of a proud past but was in woeful state of repair. The in-side door handle on our room kept falling off, there were no stoppers in the drains, and the flushing device was unique even for Eastern Europe.

Our midnight supper was topped off with notice that the water would be turned off in "an hour." It was already off when we arrived in our room located on the second floor. We were reminded of the situation the rest of the night by sounds of men and women at work reparing a broken line just below our

window.

And so passed our first night in the Soviet Union.

Around the World With

# DELAPLANE

"We are thinking of touring Mexico in a trailer. Now we've been advised to take our own food and also carry our own water. How could you do this for an family of

You can stock up on canned food in any of the cities -Guadalajara, Mexico City, Vera Cruz, etc. (Most of it U. S. export.) In the smaller towns, you can buy vegetables and fruit in the street markets. OK if you cook them. If raw, wash and peel.

Mexican limes are the best in the world. Try sprinkling them on breakfast eggs. Mango is great; so is chirimoya. You get excellent avocados. Jicamas look like a big new potato. Slices with a texture like turnip. Very good sprinkled with lime juice, hot pepper and salt. (To get this seasoning, I break all the rules and eat at street stands.)

Water's the problem. For drinking, get bottled Tehuathe non-fizzy kind. Or you can boil your water. Or U. S. Public Health Service will advise you on tables you can buy and drop in the water.

\* \*

"Can you change foreign money back into dollars when you leave one European country for another?"
You can—except in Russia or countries with major

currency controls. However, it's not always to your advantage. Every time you change from one to another, the bank takes about one per cent .

For instance: I am about to leave Spain for Italy. If sell my Spanish pesetas for dollars and then change dollars to Italian lire, I've goth three kinds of money moving. So instead, I'll use Spanish pesetas to buy lire directly. You make these transactions at the airport bank. Either Madrid or Rome.

"We've heard of some kind of pass you buy for all

European railroads. . . ."

It's called Eurailpass—buy it from any travel agent. Costs \$110 for unlimited, first class train travel for one month; \$150 for two months; \$180 for three months. Childern under 10 pay half fare; under 4 they go free. You just get on the train you want. Hand the conductor the pass as you would a ticket.

"Please suggest ways to find out about freighter trips.

Are they good? Best thing about them and what isn't good about them."

Ford's Freighter Guide lists all of them, ports of call, etc. \$2.50 from 2031 Glendon Ave., Los Angeles. Freighters have a certain charm. You just about live with the crew and passengers are mostly limited to 12.

They go to strange ports. Stay longer. Some have fairly luxurious quarters. (Write Pacific Far East Lines and American President Lines, both San Francisco, California for brochures on Pacific freighters.)

I found on American freighters that union rules made it necessary to eat dinner by 6 o'clock. Pretty early. Food is not the luxury class but good enough. Usually takes a long advance notice to get on. They're booked up

. . four places-anywhere in the world-to comtemplate for winter, spring, summer, fall."

For winter I'd choose the Austrian Tyrol. Somewhere the Innsbruck area-St. Aanton, Kitzuehl. Inexpensive. All airlines have special 17-day and all-inclusive excursions. They all have brochures. Ask them.

For spring: Japan. Somewhere around Kyoto. Stay at a Jananese inn. Do the sit-on-the-floor and hot bath thing. See the cherry blossoms. Eat in Japanese restaurants, You'll be fed like a shogun, even if nobody speaks

For summer: Right here (in Pontevedra, Spain) on the Galicia coast just north of Portugal. Sunny, 70 degree weather. Hills full of pines and deep blue bays with a scallop shell-and-sand beach all to yourself. About \$18 a day for two and all expenses. (Add \$8 if you're renting

For fall, I'd take the Sierra Nevada around Lake Tahoe. Or Aspen, Colo. The brick, smoky twilight time of year when the aspen are gold.

"The destroyer we are on is going to Hong Kong. What's that Suzie Wong Hotel?"

That's the Luk Kwok. Worth a stop and a drink. But what you want is the Tennochy ballroom. . . . About \$2 and hour for dancing. Great Pilipino orchestra. Girls all speak English and can read your pay rate right off your sleeve in one glance.