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Russian Interpretation



REG-MANNING
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Retain Mr. Benstead

Victor E. Benstead is no newcomer to Torrance as a resident nor as a participant in affairs of the city.

Now retired from the Torrance Works of U. S. Steel, Mr. Benstead has been active for nearly 20 years in the operation of his city's government. He has served as a member of the City Council since 1952 and was a member of the Civil Service Board for six years before his election to the Council.

As one of the three incumbents seeking re-election at the April 14 municipal election, Mr. Benstead has asked the voters to consider his bid for a new term in the light of his record as a commissioner and councilman. That record is unblemished by any hint of misdoing, or of favoritism.

Not even the most eager "corruption-fighter" among the candidates seeking office has hinted that Mr. Benstead has conducted himself in any but the most proper manner during his many years of service.

Mr. Benstead and The Herald have often disagreed on issues in the past—sometimes the split between the two opinions has been wide.

The Herald, however, has never questioned Mr. Benstead's dedication to the city he serves, his integrity, honesty, or sincerity. These are qualities which mean more to the citizens of Torrance in the day-to-day actions of a city councilman than the ability to agree with everybody on all issues (which some candidates have promised).

For these reasons, The Herald recommends that Mr. Benstead be returned to the City Council at the April 14 election.

Johnny's Other Side

Now that the flurry of excitement over the discovery that Johnny Can't Read has abated a bit, a research specialist has launched a new rocket of excitement about Johnny. He Can't Write, either, we're told.

E. E. Enstrom, writing in the journal of the National Educational Assn., says the state of students' penmanship is a national disgrace, and says further that the skill of penmanship has been relegated to the status of a stepchild in the elementary curriculum.

"Handwriting," he writes "is a basic learning tool. It is the cement that fixes facts. Illegible handwriting means crippled communications and lowered learning."

Strong words, indeed, but timely. We hope Mr. Enstrom's crusade proves effective. Judging from some of the scratching serving as handwriting these days, the crusade is not starting a day too soon.

The Song of April

Chaucer sang of April's showers sweet. Thomas Tusser extolled the May flowers those showers bring. Robert Browning found England the place to be, now that this month is here. Shakespeare called his birth month "love's spring." But the Bard also referred to "The uncertain glory of an April day."

Could he have been precognizant of the uncertain glory that was to mark some Aprils in centuries to come? The April that saw the start of the American Revolution? The April in which the Civil War erupted? The Aprils in which began the war with Spain and the war to end all wars, World War I?

Nay, let us take, instead, those other words of Shakespeare: "April dressed in all his trim hath put a spirit of youth in everything." The spirit of youth, for instance, that gets us out to the park for the first glorious taste of that delicious annual madness, the baseball season.

Chavez Ravine will pick up the echo of cracking bats and rooting fans in less than two weeks—'tis indeed April, once more.

LETTERS From Our Readers

Patient, Wife Laud Hospital

Editor, Torrance Herald

I have just returned from a six-day stay at the Torrance Memorial Hospital for an operation and I would like to express my feelings towards the doctors, nurses, and other personnel at the hospital.

I have received the best of attention, services, food, and wish to thank all personnel for everything. Even at early times of morning the nurses seem to know when help is needed.

So in closing, again I wish to thank all for the services rendered.

Joe Gilpin
23666 Ward St.

P.S. I, too, wish to express my many thanks to all those at the hospital. I was there alone for the surgery and believe me it's a very lonely feeling, seeing a loved one being wheeled into surgery but thanks to the Candy Strippers, telephone operators for words of comfort—the feeling of being alone is soon lifted and you knew there were people who cared. Thanks again to all the wonderful people at Torrance Memorial Hospital for the kindness and consideration to my husband and myself.

MRS. FRANCIS GILPIN

Opinions of Others

"Every little girl is in a killing hurry to grow up and wear the kind of shoes that just kill Mother." —E. M. Remsburg, Vista (Calif.)

"Oh, for the good old days when 'fallout' was nothing more serious than a tiff with your light o' love!" —J. D. Blizard, Dillon (S.C.) Herald.

HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Perhaps DeGaulle's Read The Napoleon III Story

Napoleon III wasn't called Little Napoleon for nothing. He was a perfidious man, stuffed with vainglory and miscalculations. He connived with Palmerston and Russell of London to intervene in our Civil War, but all three lacked the guts.

In 1862 he sent troops to Mexico in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine, and he tricked the Austrian Archduke Maximilian to a Mexican throne. But when our war ended and we had the biggest army on earth, Napoleon ran out on Maximilian, who was in due time shot.

There is a long sequence in a century: Maximilian was a brother of the Emperor Franz Josef, who was doddering but alive when Charles de Gaulle was a young French officer. It is not likely M. de Gaulle is emulating Napoleon III. But his choice of Mexico for a visit may be related to the Little Napoleon's naked aggression there 102 years ago, an atonement for rascality.

De Gaulle knows about the

Little Napoleon, but the Great Napoleon — ah!

True, the Great Napoleon had a touch of the rascal about him too, but he picked on those his own size. And President de Gaulle has no rascality about him, but he is out to restore France to greatness, and he is doing quite a job of it, even if we don't like his methods.

What don't we like about his methods, or for that matter, his goal? Well, some Americans, many of them congregated in Washington, don't like the way he ignores them and their views. His journey to Mexico is an elegant exercise in ignoring. Moreover, he plans next fall more extended visits to South American capitals.

The Latin Americans don't see many Big Europeans. If they want bigness and importance they can look at Uncle Sam, and a large segment of them don't look at him with affection.

De Gaulle is noted for hauteur, but it is unlikely he will exhibit it in Mexico and

around. He is more likely to be One of the Boys, a rebel against Yankee pretension, who is at the same time not afraid of the Big Bad Moscow Wolf.

If they say, why did you recognize Red China? Sheer common sense, he will say. He will be thin on NATO, and Britain, too. You Latin Americans like independence? So do we. We are on your side. We like little countries better than big, struggling countries better than those who've made it, neutral countries better than those subservient to the Washington-London axis. To that end, in due time we see the United States out of Europe. "Viva de Gaulle!"

Or something like that. Yet, if this pains us excessively, perhaps we are suffering from a little twentieth-century immaturity. Horrors! we may even have been more mature in the 1860s, when we didn't expect the French or the snuffy old drones in London to love us.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Novelist-Professor Does 'Wrap-up' Tale on Nixon

Mark Harris has based an odd and introspective little book on his experiences as a part-time political reporter for Life during the Brown-Nixon gubernatorial campaign in 1962. This is titled "Mark the Glove Boy; or, The Last Days of Richard Nixon."

It is an unclassifiable document, and it is many things: the anatomy of a magazine feature; a non-fiction novel; an oblique attempt at self-psychoanalysis; a poor man's version of Theodore H. White's "The Making of a President, 1960." (This might very well be called "The Non-Making of a Governor, 1962.")

Whatever it is, Richard Nixon comes off badly in it. Harris seems almost sorry about this. For the novelist and college professor promised himself he would try to be scrupulously fair in weighing both candidates for his article in the magazine's all-California number. Harris covered both Brown and Nixon camps, but his book is concerned primarily with Nixon. Frankly, he couldn't stand Nixon. But Nixon could not stand Harris, either, our gadfly-reporter admits. Before Harris left the dreary campaign trail (only to get into some beef with some subeditors over Life's style of editing), he had become almost Nixon's Seventh Crisis.

The curious thing here, really is that with all his 'savoir faire' and literary style, Mark the old Glove Boy does not emerge any more agreeable or believable a character than does the target of his irony.

No matter what one thinks of Richard Nixon, this seems an unnecessarily cruel and

New York glove house where he carted around boxes of gloves and was treated with contempt, the way low men on totem poles so often are. He continued to sport a Willie button, which was about as out-of-step as a \$15 a week laborer could get that presidential campaign year.

Subsequently, Harris learned many political truths. By 1962 he was a dedicated Democrat who, for reasons of identification, wore a Nixon-for-Governor button around the Republican press camp.

The subtitle? Harris believes he witnessed the death of a politician. But if Nixon becomes the GOP Vice-Presidential candidate in July, that subtitle becomes the year's most ironic.

This is a most readable and adroit job of interpretative reporting that tells us more about Harris, the writer, journalist, teacher, citizen and voter, than it does about the candidate he held in such low esteem. Actually Theodore White told us more about Nixon's negative side in "The Making of a President."

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unfair portrait — of both the candidate and writer. It may simply be another campaign book. The campaign being to keep Nixon out of the nomination in July — if only to preserve that presumptuous subtitle.

Quote

Peaceful coexistence is what the farmer does with the turkey until Thanksgiving. — Robert Wassman, Los Angeles.

I don't expect women to take over government, but the proper way to run a family or a government is to have a partnership of men and women. — Mrs. India Edwards, new aide to Labor Secretary.

My Neighbors



"Say - y what kind of a nut do you think I am?..."

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

Cause of Free China Is Militant, Hopeful Today

TAIPEI, TAIWAN—What I saw in Formosa (Taiwan) and in Quemoy (Kinmen) again today emphasizes the "big lie" of some so-called U. S. liberals who spread the nauseous nonsense that Free China is doomed and that Chiang Kai-shek is a dying issue in the Far East.

The truth is that at 76, President Chiang Kai-shek has never been more popular since his arrival on Formosa in 1949 (88 per cent of the vote in the recent elections) and the cause of Free China has never been more militant and hopeful than it is today.

All this is being accomplished by millions of Free Chinese both from within and outside of Formosa, now successfully filling the gap of reduced U.S. aid.

The Kennedy administration had wiped out U.S. military assistance to Free China from \$43 million in 1961 to nothing in 1962 and 1963 and the reduction of our economic aid from 68 million to about \$40 million in the period.

The establishment of diplomatic relations between France and Communist China, with the subsequent suggestion of "two Chinas" by some quarters, is absolutely unacceptable to the Republic of China (Free China).

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs told me today that "the government is uncompromisingly opposed to the concept of 'two Chinas' . . . and that national policy is the liberation of our Chinese compatriots from Communist tyranny on the mainland.

"This position will not change under any circumstances even if all our allies were to desert us. We will die, one by one, rather than be coerced by outside powers to co-existence with the Chinese Communists."

Accompanied by Mrs. Morley, to whom President Chiang Kai-shek extended the rare privilege of inspecting the secret underground fortifications of Quemoy, I visited this first line of Free China's defenses. On both our arrival and departure in Quemoy our special military plane flew within 50 feet of the sea to escape the Communist radar beam a short distance away.

General Wang, commander of Quemoy defenses, took us completely under his wing and personally escorted us through mile-long underground labyrinths of push-button military hardware, electronic detectors, recorders, fast-repeating cannon, and storehouses of ammunition to last for months of total siege.

Above ground, we were shown the observation outposts studded all over the approaches to the Communist-held islands, some as close as two miles from Quemoy.

While Red shells whistle overhead on alternate days, some 48,000 free civilian Chinese and some 80,000 Nationalist troops jointly live a dangerous but heroically unique existence. They marry, bear their young and die under constant threat of Communist attack.

Despite the hardships and uncertainty, they appear determined and cheerful. They have transposed a former barren area into a lush, beautifully landscaped 8 by 10-mile island on the surface . . . and miles of concrete and bedrock military caves underground.

Both the Free Chinese, as well as the Red Chinese, use loud speakers daily across the straits to further their cause. They send up balloons and float containers packed with printed propaganda leaflets across the Formosa straits when the air and sea currents are right.

General Wang escorted us through several miles of underground tunnels and fortifications leading to every strategic point of the island. All military supplies, big guns, living quarters are underground in Quemoy.

Some 310 feet below the surface, dug out of solid rock, is a 1,000-seat auditorium used for briefing and entertainment purposes. Dining rooms, mess halls, libraries are scattered hundreds of feet underground.

Miles of tracks and passage-

ways form a network of access to ammunition dumps and push-button gun emplacements. Surface observation posts are on a 24-hour alert, with modern electronic devices placed on the ocean bed as well as approaches to Quemoy, to detect Communist spies and saboteurs.

About every hundred yards along the main roads of Quemoy are piles of small rocks to quickly repair the constant bomb damage. The roads are in excellent state of repair in spite of the shelling.

We have formal agreements with Free China for the defense of the big Island of Taiwan itself and the near-

by Pescadore islands . . . but not to include Quemoy or Matsu Islands. These agreements also inhibit Chiang Kai-shek from attacking the mainland without permission from the U.S. government.

U.S. aim is to help Free China hold Formosa, not only because we favor freedom . . . but principally because we have created on Formosa a formidable advance U. S. military base in the Pacific.

Along with millions of Free Chinese outside the mainland of Red China, Formosa serves as an important defense outpost for the Free world. It's like a sword at the belly of Red China and Communism in the Far East.

OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

Get Out There And Buy, Buy

Welcome, ladies. Welcome to the 1964 Convention of our Society for Patriotic Consumption. And now let us place our hands over our hearts and recite: "A penny saved is un-American."

Fine. As this is our 20th anniversary, I thought it might be best to open with a brief review of the tremendous strides our patriotic group has made in only two short decades. For it was back in 1964, may I remind you, that the first great breakthrough occurred in our Nation's economic thinking.

For that was the year in which a far-sighted Congress passed the first piece of major legislation designed to do away forever with such outmoded vices as thrift, economy, and saving for a rainy day. I am speaking of course, of the revered \$14 billion tax cut of 1964.

The thinking behind it was unassailable: by giving people more money to spend, the more they would buy. The more they bought, the more our factories would hum and the richer our Nation would grow. How obvious! And thus, ladies, it was in 1964 that spending won its rightful place as the first duty of every patriotic citizen.

Initially, this great economic truth was not realized by all. And it is to the early heroines of our Society we pay tribute tonight, those who devoted their lives to setting good examples: Mrs. P. Craswell Knight, who spent \$1162.18 at a sale of chenille bath mats; Mrs. Copley Tugglesworth, who dragged home two bird cages on a peak-hour bus during the delivery strike; Mrs. Liz Burton, who . . . But, ah, their names are legion.

And the abuse good women suffered! "Compulsive spenders," they were called. "Acquisitive buyers." And even "neurotics." Can you imagine an era which confused pure patriotism with a neurosis?

But by 1970, thanks to their efforts, thrift had become a misdemeanor in 17 States and saving money a felony. Who among us can ever forget the banner day when the Supreme Court upheld the conviction of H. Alger for hoarding \$2.32 in a cookie jar?

Each subsequent year brought its successes. Technological advances kept apace: new miracle fabrics that ripped on unwrapping; water-soluble umbrellas; disposable kitchens; and the new wonder drugs which caused fabulously expensive reactions.

Shoddy craftsmanship spread, creating demands, as did wonderful new slogans such as: "Seven cars in every garage, two TV sets in every bathroom, and a psychiatrist on every couch." And as for our Congressmen, they at last proved themselves true leaders of the people. For who can deny that our current defense budget of \$6.3 trillion sets a new high in patriotic squandering?

But we cannot rest on our laurels. Let each of us, weary though we may be, get out there and buy, buy, buy; spend, spend, spend. Let us each selflessly do our utmost to preserve our new American way of life.

Nor let us forget that even today there are still those who cling stubbornly to the old ways. Let us in the years ahead persevere in our unending struggle to convert this one last sector of the economy to the virtues of spending. Yes, ladies, impossible as it may sometimes seem, let's all go home and keep trying to convince our husbands.

Morning Report:

Little Woodside, a town in Northern California smaller than a bombing range, is taking on the mighty Atomic Energy Commission. It's an assignment Russia would think twice about.

The AEC wants to string some ugly power lines through the town and Woodside insists they be put underground to save the beauty of the spot. About \$2 million is involved or about the mimeograph budget of the Commission.

The AEC has not yet threatened to bomb Woodside. But I figure the town fathers better watch out. With about \$3 billion a year jangling in its pockets, the AEC might just go in and buy up Woodside—lock, stock, barrel and beauty.

Abe Mellinkoff