

# Torrance Herald

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## Elect Ted Olson

Of the several newcomers to city politics whose names will appear on the ballot to be handed to voters next Tuesday, H. T. (Ted) Olson, personnel manager for the Union Carbide Chemicals plant here, has attracted a substantial following among community leaders who believe some changes in city government are needed.

Mr. Olson presents an impressive set of credentials. He has been formally trained in personnel and business administration, and has participated with vigor in a number of community affairs. Mr. Olson patently has no self-serving motives to explain why he is in the race. He is campaigning—with the same vigor he has displayed for Boy Scouts, the YMCA, and other community groups—simply because he has been persuaded that he could contribute to the city's progress as a councilman.

Mr. Olson currently is a member of the city's Planning Commission, special gifts chairman of the YMCA building fund drive, vice president of the Torrance Kiwanis Club, and has attracted the support of those who have witnessed his positive approach in all of these endeavors.

Mr. Olson, as we said, is a newcomer to city political campaigns, and must overcome the disadvantage or obstacle posed by his decision to seek a seat on the City Council at a relatively late date.

In effect, Mr. Olson was drafted for the campaign... drafted by an impressive field of Torrance citizens whose concern for the city has been demonstrated in many ways for a number of years.

Whether the lateness of the campaign will prove too much for him on his first bid for an office depends on the voters. Those who are convinced that changes need to be made on the City Council can rally behind Mr. Olson with a knowledge that he will offer them intelligent, competent representation.

The HERALD believes Mr. Olson would be a genuine asset to Torrance as a member of the City Council and urges his election next Tuesday.

## Opinions of Others

Driving while drunk is a one time experience in Sweden. A first offense will cost you your license and a jail term. A Swedish court recently fined a man \$150 for driving a power mower while drunk. The judge said he was lenient because of the slow speed and because there was no other traffic present. —Frederick (S.D.) News.

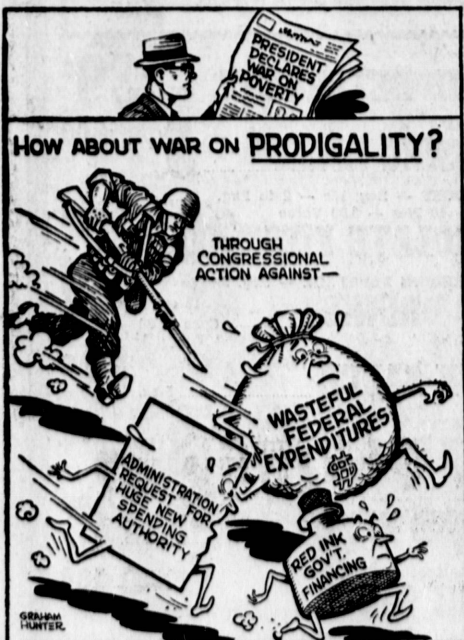
Once again our government has declared war on poverty. It is interesting to note that more than 30 million persons now draw regular checks from the government. Are these 30 million the people who need help or is it the other millions of working men and women in this country who are staggered by an ever increasing state and federal tax load? Someone once said, 'If you think we're getting too much government, just imagine what it would be like if we got all the government we paid for.' —Worcester (N.Y.) Times.

Even though taxes give us pain—we still demand more services, passing the tax bill on to some other taxpayer, if possible. It is little wonder that we have increasing poverty for much of the initiative has been taken away from present generations. —Mt. Pulaski (Ill.) Times-News.

People who want the government to do something for them should reflect that those most successful, have lived without it. —Elizabethtown (Ky.) News.

The United States has spent and is spending billions, but we have failed to buy a friend... Uncle Money bags has dropped cash the world over, and eager fingers have grabbed it, but in these places, there are signs that say "Yankee, Go Home," and there are people who spit upon Americans and call them foul names. Seems that I recall in years gone when we were pretty friendly with South and Central America back when we weren't trying to buy that friendship. —Covington (La.) St. Tammany Farmer.

A recession is a period in which you tighten up your belt. A depression is a time in which you have no belt to tighten. When you have no trousers to hold up, it's a panic. —Springview (Nebr.) Herald.



## Northern Light's



## HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

### Japan Rises to Become World Economic Force

A dozen Japanese business leaders met recently with Western leaders to talk trade at Del Monte lodge in Pebble Beach.

Such international meetings tend to aridity for the detached American, but behind this is one of the most exciting stories of our time. The story is simply the rise of Japan in less than 20 years from paralysis to become a foremost economic force of the modern age.

The majority of Americans, who live in the east, are not aware of this. It is quite natural—awareness is centered on the Pacific Coast, and among the comparative few who have visited Japan since the war. But the fact is that the Japanese people are as important to the American people as those of any European community, excepting perhaps the Russians.

This is a new pattern in the lines of historical force. How did it come about?

It is due in part to the psychological reaction of the Japanese to the war. The victors could afford to forget the war, and they ended it stronger than ever. The Japanese could not afford to forget, and they ended it unbelievably weak.

They had no way to go but up, and the only upward path was work and production. Glory was worn threadbare, but competence and indomitability remain to the Japanese.

On little islands they must produce and trade, or waste away. They started from smoldering factories. They put their amazing skills and energies to work in the new technology. By 1950, they were living comfortably. But in 10 years they emerged as one of the world's great production engines. This engine toiled not only for the world, but for 90 million Japanese in bewildering array.

They produced everything: steel, non-ferrous metals, heavy and light machinery,

integrated industries for export, textiles, electronic goods, chemicals and petrochemicals. They had to re-train technicians. They had to research. They had few minerals, and they had to import raw materials. They had to sell day and night to pay for them.

Behind it stood the farm. The old Japanese farm, semi-feudal in organization and outlook, largely vanished. The new farm has tractors and television sets. And they improved their democracy—farm and city—became a truly self-governing people.

So arrived the New Japan. The people are new, with new cultural directions. The whole society is tumultuous with newness, with new ideas, new drive, new wealth.

These are the people with whom we do a \$3 billion annual trade. We are their best market, and they are our best, excepting adjacent Canada. We should awaken to them, for their path still goes up.

## BOOKS by William Hogan

### Book Adds to Mata Hari Legend as Charming Spy

No, young ladies and gentlemen, Mata Hari and Theda Bara were two separate and distinct ladies. Both vamps, or at least symbols of vamps—a fine old-fashioned term that meant a woman who used her charm, or wiles, to seduce and exploit men.

Theda Bara was the beaded ancient movie actress whose dark eyes sent shivers through nickelodeon patrons in the original film "Cleopatra." Mata Hari was the Dutch dancer who spied for the Germans during the first World War, and whose real name was Margaretha Geertruida Zelle. She betrayed important military secrets confided by Allied officers who were on intimate terms with her.

Her name became a synonym of espionage (pre-CIA style) after she was arrested and convicted in 1917. Her cries of innocence were ignored by the French, who were convinced that thousands of their troops had died due to Mata Hari's Machiavellian intrigue. She was shot like a dog at Vincennes, age 41.

White established a precedent for members of his craft the other day when a jury awarded him \$5,000. The grounds: an auto accident, which caused him little physical harm, extinguished his creative spark and powers of concentration for several months. The amount was interesting. In terms of hours lost as a professional, the \$5,000 averaged out to less than the income of an unskilled laborer. Nevertheless, it was a legal victory for that overlooked second class citizen, the literary practitioner, of whom it is often suggested: "Why doesn't he go out and get a job?"

White talked about his fifth book here the other day. Due in May, it is titled "All in Favor Say No" (Farrar, Straus). It concerns a Northern California (obviously Stanford) off-campus student community. The author sees the book as "pop art," a tongue-in-cheek social comment. Among its characters is a Hindu graduate student, which keeps a touch of White's early background in

White has succeeded as a serious writer simply by working all the time. It is possible he will hit another jackpot with "All in Favor Say No." Already there is some interest in it as the basis of a Broadway musical. This might work. The underlying absurdity of an academic community of rugged individuals should be neatly celebrated in song and dance. But White is not yet banking the income from this remote theatrical possibility.

There are six or seven drafts of novels in his "idea file" at home. He trusts these will be completed at the rate of one a year. And at a financial return more substantial than the going legal rate—approximately the income of an unskilled laborer.

## AFTER HOURS by John Morley

### Fantastic Birth Rate on China Mainland Examined

TAIPEI, TAIWAN—This is the closest you can get to Red China today and secure an accurate cross section of what is happening there.

From several to several hundred refugees each month, who escape from the Communist mainland, manage to reach Taipei by way of Quemoy, Macao or Hong Kong. Some of these escapees are made available to newsmen for questioning. This is what I have recorded from their reports:

One person out of every four on earth is Chinese. Their number is increasing at a higher rate than any other race in the world. The population of the Chinese mainland they estimate today is well over 700 million and growing at the rate of about two per cent a year.

While the birth rate is skyrocketing, food production in Red China today is 12 per cent lower than 10 years ago, when there were some 100 million less Chinese. This is the most serious problem reported on the mainland today.

How to feed the constantly growing population... plus the necessity of exporting food in return for industrial raw materials and machine equipment... has Red Chinese officials really worried. In just the past two years Red China has been forced to import food 10 times as much food as she has been able to export.

I saw the Communist barges plowing Victoria bay loaded with cattle and chickens for the Hong Kong market, to bring back coveted dollars, while the people on the mainland starved from the lack of food.

No one appears to know just what the accurate total population of Red China really is. It may be considerably more than the 700 million suggested.

I saw a Communist published handbook of 1958 which listed a population of 690 million. At the rate given in this handbook, the population may be closer to 750 million today.

The escapees talk about a campaign afoot to sterilize the population, both men and women, as birth control methods introduced have not proved effective because of appalling illiteracy.

Under full pressure of the state propaganda machine, new simpler innovations on birth control are being put into practice. But since 90 per cent of China's population lives in rural districts and are unable to read, the campaign has not made a dent in the high rate of births.

Interviews with refugees in Hong Kong and Taipei confirm that, while malnutrition

does not hamper the birth rate, it organically affects the infant being born. Deformities, sickness, mental deficiencies are compounding the tragedies of over-population.

Dr. Ma Yin-chu, former president of Peking university, now in Hong Kong, expressed his opinion that the Communist handbook, "Jen-min Jih Pao" of the People's Daily, the official organ of the Central committee, Communist party, Peking... did not fully report such deformities and human disaster.

Eye-witness accounts reaching Formosa attest to the enormous effort of the Communist government to contain the birth rate. Store windows, public places, are being used to display birth control information, contraceptives and free advice.

Primitive, ineffective and dangerous methods are being recommended in huge window displays to reach the public. Clinics dispensing birth control information are as numerous as food shops.

When this was called to the attention of the authorities, new slogans and posters were erected announcing that the birth control campaign was being pursued for reasons of health... and not for reasons of over-population.

Among the questions I put to Red China's Premier Chou En-lai during my talk with him in Cairo, was how Red China justified the generous loans made at that time to Algiers and Albania, while the Chinese people were starving.

Chou En-lai's sarcastic reply was: "... that all Communists were willing to sacrifice a little for the victory of Communism over the imperialists."

## OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

### Elderly Natives In Tribal Rites

WASHINGTON—What luck! I was gathering notes for my book, "Strange Native Customs in Washington and Other Savage Lands," when I stumbled across one of the most rare of all the weird tribal rituals: The Filibuster.

This rite is practiced exclusively by The Senators, a tribe of elderly natives who occupy the strategic heights of Capitol Hill. And it is similar in some respects to the Endurance Festival beloved by the aborigines of Eastern Gungadeen, who rhythmically club each other over the head until all but one lies prostrate.

While it may be argued that The Filibuster also serves to test the thickness of the participant's skull, its primary purpose is clearly to demonstrate the amazing ability of The Senators to talk endlessly to absolutely no one at all.

This strange ritual is held sporadically every half dozen years or so. And while some experts have attempted to link its irregular occurrence to sunspots and others to the cycle of the elm blight, no clear explanation of its timing has ever been offered.

The rites begin with the 100 members of the tribe forming two sides, usually called, "The Southerners" and "The Northerners." The entire tribe then leaves the arena to attend to routine duties, except for six Senators. Of these, one stands up and begins talking. At which, the other five immediately pick up newspapers and start reading to themselves. Apparently so as not to embarrass their fellow tribesman by listening to what he has to say.

Now each Senator trains from young manhood for this moment—generally it is believed, by reading the telephone directory to rocks in eight-hour stretches. And not only their endurance but their delight in not being listened to is truly phenomenal.

However, the chore of not listening appears far more exhausting. For as the day wears on, the little cadre of non-listeners is being constantly relieved by new non-listeners who drift manfully into the arena to take over the arduous duty of reading the newspapers.

While all this may sound intrinsically dull to observers from the civilized world, oddly enough this festival invariably raises the natives of the other indigenous Washington tribes to fever pitch. Obviously, as all possible germane points were made by the first two talkers no one listened to, the other natives are not at all interested in what the Senators are talking about. But only in how long they can talk.

Indeed, the natives today are talking of little else. Some say the festival will last three months, some two and some predict only four weeks. But, strangely when you inquire why they think the happy Senators, who are doing what they love best, will ever bring their gay filibuster to a close, the other natives merely look vague.

"Well, after all," they finally say, with a shrug, "even those Senators can't go on and on forever."

I feel this clearly shows why the many savage native tribes in Washington can never work in harmony: they have no faith in each other's natural abilities.

## Morning Report:

I don't know how much Mexico spent on welcoming General de Gaulle. But it cost France a loan of \$150 million. At this rate, I can barely wait until he completes his tour of the rest of Latin America.

There are more borrowers than lenders on the world scene and I think it's fine that France has moved up into the banker class. Washington shouldn't be annoyed.

After all, Congress has been complaining for years about the heavy financial burden of world responsibility. It would be nice if the General now plans to reduce our chores by cutting down the size of our drain. Maybe, pretty soon he will also pick up our share of unpopularity with the debtors.

Abe Mellinkoff