

Torrance Herald

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The People Speak

The ultimate authority has spoken—with 17,372 voices. That was the number of people voting Tuesday on a slate of 18 candidates for City Council and for a change in the charter relating to the duties and pay of the city clerk.

Tuesday's vote represents a fraction less than 40 per cent of the city's eligible electors.

The voters decided they liked the positive campaign and the impressive credentials presented by H. T. (Ted) Olson and gave him a plurality of nearly 2,500 votes over the second man.

That second man, George Vico, the only incumbent re-elected, demonstrated again the strength of his personal popularity with thousands of Torrance voters. Vico waged an independent campaign, drew attention to his record as an independent voter on the City Council, and was able to withstand scattergun charges that the City Council was involved in a lengthy series of peccadillos and chicaneries bordering on—or surpassing—the common definitions of "corruption."

The third man on the voters' list Tuesday was attorney David K. Lyman, who was waging his second campaign for the council post.

Those visiting the city's 98 polling places Tuesday agreed sufficiently with the contention offered by Mr. Lyman that the City Council had not moved efficiently to solve several of the community's problems.

He was the first to challenge an error in the vote counting two years ago, an error which did not change the election outcome but did reflect on the city; and he has pointed out several times during the past year that the City Council could have moved in with its investigative powers to correct any abuses in the city departments.

Those who wailed loudly about corruption and then offered no positive solutions beyond the raising of the crusader's banner against evil were rejected by the city's voters who were quick to point out Tuesday that ability is still a factor in selecting councilmen.

On paper, to use a sports page term, the new City Council looks like it could be an effective, efficient force for good city government.

Only by the acid test of time and the accumulation of decisions can one make a firm appraisal, however.

Visit Public Schools

April 20-24 is Public Schools Week in California—an event observed with special programs in all local schools.

This is the time each year when the school makes a special effort to tell its story to parents and the public in general. It is also the best time for the public to find out what is happening in the classroom. Revolutionary changes are now under way.

Now is a good time to find out firsthand if there is real basis for criticism leveled at the schools in recent years. Visitors can observe and ask questions. And they can reach conclusions based on facts.

First initiated and sponsored by the Grand Masonic Lodge of California in 1920 to call attention to the needs of schools following World War I, Public Schools Week has developed into a major annual event on the California school calendar.

It is ironic that the issues listed by the Masons in 1920 are almost identical to those of today—shortage of good teachers, overcrowded classrooms—and even Federal aid to education!

This year's Public Schools Week deserves a special effort on the part of the schools and the public to know each other better. Theme is "The Public School—America's Future."

Visit your schools. See for yourself the problems facing teachers and the schools. And see for yourself how the program is being improved.

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

40 Years Ago

It was still oil all over the city, and several new producers were brought in—28 in all for one week. Twenty-eight wells in one week set a new state record and increased oil production of the Torrance field to 62,000 barrels a day—making the field the third largest producer in the state, reports The HERALD for April 8, 1924. Production in the Torrance Field was expected to peak at 70,000 to 75,000 barrels per day.

Work was begun on a bungalow at Torrance Elementary School to house the home economics and shop classes. It was expected to be ready for use in early May.

A campaign for city trustees came to a halt with a rally sponsored by the Progress Club of Torrance. More than 500 persons attended, representing about 50 per cent of the city's voters.

30 Years Ago

Voters elected new city councilmen and defeated a proposition that would have paid councilmen for their service, according to The HERALD for April 12, 1934.

New councilmen were James E. Hitchcock, William H. Tolson, W. H. Stanger, and Robert F. Lessing. City Clerk A. H. Bartless was re-elected and polled more than twice the number of votes garnered by any other candidate.

In sports, Compton College star Pete Zamperini, whose brother Louis was leaving 'em in the dust at Torrance High, was entered in the mile event at the combined junior colleges meet in Berkeley.

In another sports event, the Tartar varsity track team defeated Jordan and Narbonne High schools in a triangular meet. Eight school records were broken as Torrance scored 65 5/8 points. Highlight of the meet came in the final event when Louis Zamperini, running the mile, cracked the state record with a time of 4:29 flat.

20 Years Ago

A strike at the General Petroleum Corp.'s Torrance refinery stopped construction of a new gasoline refinery when some non-union electricians were employed, according to The HERALD for April 13, 1944.

The city's court collected

nearly \$1,000 during the month of March, according to a report in the same edition. Drunks paid most of the fines, and Judge Otto B. Willett fined one motorist charged of drunk driving \$175.

Voters elected three councilmen after "a somewhat listless campaign which experienced a last-minute spurt of interest." Newly-elected councilmen were William Tolson, George V. Powell, and Merton Gilbert.

10 Years Ago

Biggest news in the city was the signing of Assembly Bill 19 into law by Governor Goodwin J. Knight. The bill, introduced by Assemblyman Vincent Thomas, gave the city the power to lease city-owned property on a long-term basis. The excitement was caused, according to The HERALD for April 3, 1954, by the plans to establish a large commercial center on the city's land at Pacific Coast Highway and Crenshaw Boulevard—what is now Rolling Hills Plaza.

Next Stop

—AND NOW, CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO MR. SHRIVER'S POVERTY OFFICE?



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Senator Fulbright Cites 'Myth' of Our Policies

Senator Fulbright, who ranks near the top for common sense in his category, made a foreign policy speech in the Senate.

He said in effect that though the world is rapidly changing, we tend to meet it with outmoded, moralistic myths, and an aversion to what he called "unthinkable things." He went into detail in various areas of policy.

You would think a respected Senator, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, would have a large audience of colleagues, even though some might not agree with him on points. But the dispatch said the Senate chamber was "nearly empty," so manifestly a large group of Senators are not interested in the "unthinkable," or say, merely unpalatable questioning of myths.

But the American people may be interested, for a large segment of them is wonder-

ing daily if current foreign policy is realistic in some phases, or is chained to a dead past.

It is not difficult to show that some of the thinking the Senator evokes is indeed 10 to 20 years old, and has changed little, though situations have.

He said: "The master myth of the cold war is that the Communist bloc is a monolith. . . . Yet, he avers, it comprises governments which are not in accord on how to deal with the free world, ranging from Red China, which is hostile to the free world, to Poland and Yugoslavia, which are not. He said the Soviet Union is no longer 'totally and implacably hostile to the West.'

Fulbright asked for a change in our approach to Red China. He did not advocate immediate recognition, but he said the United States should "reflect" on the possi-

bility of developing relatively normal relations."

He termed the Vietnam conflict a "festering war," and called for new thinking on our relations with Latin America.

He believes a settlement with Panama is being unduly protracted, and he insisted we should renegotiate the 1903 Canal Zone Treaty.

He wants a "candid re-evaluation" of our Cuban policy, and he declared the economic blockade is clearly a failure. The United States, he says, should consider acceptance of the Castro regime as a "distasteful nuisance," but not an "intolerable danger" while the American states continue their collective defensive commitments.

Altogether Fulbright hit at what he calls a "national vocabulary" of long-accepted "self-evident truths," which he does not consider self-evident.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Today's Political Novel Missing by Wide Margin

"I tell you folks," Will Rogers once observed, "all politics is apple sauce." Most of the current crop of so-called timely political fiction is apple sauce, too. This is

not novel writing, the way Robert Penn Warren did it in "All the King's Men." Neither is it adequate journalism. It may be smart pamphleteering of a sort, usually well-oiled with sex.

The ingredients for built-in success in these books are as measured as anything prepared by Betty Crocker. Not as well measured, surely, for some of these roneolets flop like a pan of sad biscuits.

Candidate for the year's worst political novel is "Convention," by the "Seven Days in May" team of Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey (Harper). This is a dreary account of jockeying by second-rate Republican hopefuls at a future national convention in Chicago. In Show magazine, Kenneth Lamott suggests that "Convention" was not written by Knebel and Bailey at all, but by a computer.

Eugene Burdick's forthcoming "The 480" is actually about a computer and its vital role in the New Politics. We haven't seen this one yet; who knows—it may be the greatest thing since "The Last Hurrah." Certainly it has no competition to date.

"The Loser," by Borden Deal (Doubleday), focuses on a gubernatorial race somewhere in the South. The chief characters spend so much time in bed that there is little time left to attend to the business of campaigning. "The Big Man," by the political journalist Henry J. Taylor (Random), is a sexy appraisal of statesmanship vs.

principle in the big vote-getting arena. Like politics, political fiction is anything but an exact science. Never did we agree more with Charles A. Dana's old rallying cry: "Turn the rascals out!"

Most interesting of the new political novels (the negative compliment of this week) is "68," a fantasy of presidential politics by Peter Scaevola (Norton). It is the author's notion that by the campaign of 1968 the State of the Nation is pretty shabby. The radical right and the white supremacists are flourishing; the national climate is dominated by hate; all political campaigns are orgies.

Presidential candidates of that year are a fascist-minded Governor of Illinois and a middle-of-the-road Vice President whose quasi-liberal statements as a former political science professor catch up with him. It is a depressing view of the Nation's future.

Agas ago Sinclair Lewis wrote a book titled "It Can't Happen Here." On assuming the Presidency in 1936, Buzz Windrip takes over the Legislature and Judiciary; divides the U.S. into zones governed by his henchmen; stifles labor unions; suppresses racial and political minorities; jails his opponents. And who reads this novel now? A larger number than will be reading the current crop of timely political novels this time next year. In fact, why not reissue "It Can't Happen Here?" It would make most of the boys look very tired indeed.

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

Peking Propaganda Gives Sordid Picture of U.S.

TAIPEI, TAIWAN—By balloons, floating objects and through spies, Red China is conducting the most massive propaganda leaflet campaign since occupation of the mainland in 1949.

The offshore islands of Formosa are daily barraged with printed propaganda delivered in every imaginable conveyance, from various sized balloons, to drifting and mechanized floating containers loaded with unprintable epithets, falsehoods and exaggerations, intended to poison the minds of overseas Chinese regarding the U.S.

We selected one of the mildest propaganda stories by the Peking Review leaflets floated to Quemoy, so our readers can be informed of the fanatical propaganda drive going on around the clock direct from Red China.

"Typical of the much-advertised 'American Way of Life' are the captains of crime in the United States. They are organized into combines, syndicates and monopolies, and their power is spread far and wide.

"Typical of these is one Vi-Genovese, leader of an underworld racket called 'Cosa Nostra' (Our Thing) who was able to maintain his reign and terror even while serving a 15-year sentence in a U.S. federal jail. This proves the collusion between the capitalist governments and the crooks.

"While Genovese's millionaire lawyer seeks justice under American law, the American press has a field day with the whole procedure."

The Peking Review falsehoods continue: "While the upper echelons of the criminal world in the U. S. expose each other, they also expose that crime has become the American way of life for numerous of their citizens.

"Their notorious FBI statistics for 1963 gave a total of two million serious crimes, including murder, rape, robbery, etc. For example, bank robbery is a daily occurrence. "In one case a mother left her infant at a bus station and calmly walked to the nearest bank and held it up: In the spirit of their Christmas season, bandits robbed a church. Two gunmen dressed as Santa Claus robbed the Rockford, Illinois, bank of \$56,000.

"A millionaire crooner named Sinatra, who himself associated with the underworld and Las Vegas gambling, paid \$240,000 ransom for the return of his kidnapped son. Like the cost of living in the U.S., kidnapping has also been affected by the

present runaway inflation there."

"The New York Times editorial of December 13, 1963," Peking-Review continues,

"wrote: 'But the resurgence of the shocking crime of kidnapping, hardly less horrifying than that of murder, will dismay millions of Americans and cause many of our best friends in the rest of the world to wonder what is wrong with our methods. Coming so soon after the dreadful events in Dallas and the degrading episodes of racial troubles in the South, it is another example of the streak of violence that stains the American image in the eyes of the world.'

"The open concern of the New York Times studiously avoided mention of the ugly American crime and murder outside the United States. From the American capital in Washington, a government crime-syndicate with inexhaustible supply of dollars and resources in foreign countries indulges in political killings.

"It's no secret — to mention only a few well-known

cases — who was responsible for the murder of Laotian Foreign Minister Pholsena on his doorstep last April, or the Congolese Prime Minister Lumumba.

"The murderous elimination of Washington's pair of stooges in South Vietnam, Ngo Dinh Diem and Ngo Dinh Nhu last November is an example of a successful operation by the U. S. Government's crime syndicate, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands wiped out in its overseas adventures. Washington's own 'Cosa Nostra' makes Genovese's look like small business."

The above reprint from the Peking-Review is a mild version of the type of falsehoods and distortions distributed among millions of Free Chinese and others throughout the world. To refute or retaliate such vicious propaganda would be unbecoming a great nation, if not well nigh impossible.

It is in the light of such vermin distributed by Red China that France's recognition of the Communist regime becomes all the more appalling.

OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

Native Customs Can Be Joyous

WASHINGTON—I wouldn't want you to think for a moment that my book, "Strange Native Customs in Washington and Other Savage Lands," is to be merely a grisly compilation of macabre rites. No, there will also be a chapter on the gayest of the many indigenous tribes—the State Department.

These unspoiled natives dwell in isolated happiness in an area known as "Foggy Bottom." There, gifted by bounteous appropriations, they have evolved an idyllic culture, similar in many respects to that of the Tutuamotu Archipelago where breadfruit grows on trees.

The natives in Foggy Bottom can be distinguished from members of the other local tribes by their uniforms—a vertically striped shirt, a diagonally striped tie and handmade shoes. Each also invariably carries the tribal staff: a stick some three feet long wrapped in tightly-furled black cloth. Its use is not immediately clear.

While the other tribes rush to and fro battling each other, the Foggy Bottomers blissfully while away their days in Paper Passing, the object being to see which native can get his desk clear first. Although this simple, primitive game serves no useful purpose, the natives vie joyously at it and those who excel are selected as the tribal leaders.

All that mars this otherwise utopian environment is the attitude of the other tribes which is distinctly hostile. The Solons and the Pentagoners, in particular, despise the Foggy Bottomers, referring to them as "fuzzy thinkers" and whispering that many have "softoncommunism," which, from the evidence, appears to be a dread endemic social disease.

As a consequence of being shunned, the Foggy Bottomers have turned inward on themselves, creating a secretive, inbred society, marked by acute xenophobia.

They stamp the papers they harmlessly pass among each other with cryptic symbols, warning outsiders that to gaze on them entails a horrible punishment. They communicate among themselves in mystic phrases, such as "counter-productive implementation." And when startled by a direct question of any kind, they immediately engage in Fingertip Tapping.

This curious gesture consists of the native's placing his elbows on his desk and tapping the fingertips of both hands together directly in front of his lips. As it is accompanied by complete silence, the ritual is believed to be some form of prayer—obviously a prayer that both question and questioner will somehow vanish.

Despite this ingrained fear and mistrust of strangers, the Foggy Bottomers are at heart a simple, peace-loving folk. And I feel we should treat them as gently as possible in hopes that some day they may emerge hesitantly from their protective shell. And make contact with the outside world.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that they're awfully happy just the way they are.

Morning Report:

There's no evidence we actually pushed President Goulart out of Brazil. But we're not sending him any "get-well" cards, either.

The new President hardly had time to arrange the paper clips on his desk before Mr. Johnson told him he was a fine fellow and we wished him all the best. Washington was relieved. For we were scared that Goulart was about to pull a Cuba in Brazil without beards.

So for the moment we have ended communism in Brazil. Now all we have to do is to end inflation, hunger, unemployment, poverty, ignorance, and injustice—all the things that lead to communism.

Abe Mellinkoff

Cuff Notes

What housewife, who has had to contend with the tightest of family budgets, would not be able to perform a real job of surgery on the tremendous size of our national budget?

Housewives and womenfolk who are home to greet the mailman can help save the Post Office Department a million dollars a year by keeping closer watch on their dogs. Last year mail carriers were bitten 7,000 times, leaving the department with a flood of medical bills.

Spring fashions are continuing the nonchalant, casual, mood which fall and winter ensembles brought. Waistlines wander—they are dropped, raised or natural. Sleeves are full length. Daytime hemlines are short, with a new trend in the air, to eliminate hems completely for a sleeker appearance. Evening wear features the long gown for the slim, sculptured look of classical days.

Quote

How about teaching us how to become mature adults before we are married?—Mrs. L. J. Henry on divorce.

Nothing but the election of those who fearlessly renounce appeasement can save America whose freedoms have been the hope of the world.—C. Greenleaf, Berkeley.