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The Scouts' Good Deeds

A handful of Boy Scouts did 350 good deeds for their community Saturday morning — Memorial Day.

While much of the community's citizenry slept, loafed, or headed toward favorite recreation spots, the Boy Scouts were placing American flags up and down the mid-town lengths of Cabrillo Avenue, Torrance Boulevard, and the business section of downtown Torrance. The flags, recently made available to the city through efforts of the South Bay Council, Boy Scouts of America, were first flown on Armed Forces Day last May 16.

Comment was made here at that time about the stirring spectacle of hundreds of flags flying along the parade route on that recent Saturday.

The sight Saturday was no less stirring, although the blaring bands, rumbling tanks, and the marching military units were absent.

Once more the community owes a debt of gratitude to some people who weren't too busy to do hundreds of good deeds while the rest of us were enjoying a holiday.

When Nobody Works

A report on tomorrow's economics of not working at all, sent along to the Washington bureaucrats recently by Dr. Linus Pauling and others, is fraught with implications.

According to the theory put forward by the controversial Dr. Pauling and others, the exotic machines being developed by man will soon eliminate work, and therefore the government will be obligated to pay all of us a living for doing nothing. It would be a matter of rights.

While eons of recorded and deduced history holds to the contrary, that human initiative is the magic wand for progress, it is the survey's dreamers that machines clanking away all by themselves apparently would do it all.

It's not a matter to be taken lightly, for those along the Potomac have not built up a reputation for taking such feather-brained schemes as the jokes they are.

As a point of fact, the number of such schemes now part of this nation's operating policy, leave the money-for-all scheme merely the ultimate extension of present practices.

It fair boggles the mind to contemplate the wonders conjured up by men who have too little to do to occupy their time and talents.

An Invitation to Fire

Leaving little children at home alone is an invitation to fire. Too many times each year, children left at home alone have started playing with matches with tragic consequences.

Never leave children alone for a minute, is the warning issued by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

If you are going out, arrange for a competent baby sitter or call in a neighbor to watch after them while you are away.

Before leaving a sitter with the children, be sure she knows what to do if there is a fire.

She should, first of all, get the children out of the house, and then call the Fire Department.

Opinions of Others

In my opinion, the Soviet Union is getting enough of a break in being able to purchase our wheat subsidized by our taxpayers to the tune of 60 cents a bushel, without our guaranteeing their credit. Why we should, in effect, give a credit card to Russia to purchase our wheat is absolutely beyond me. Starting with World War 1, the Russian government has had a sorry credit card record and it is no better today. — Congressman Walter Norbald of Oregon while voting on wheat credit.

Once, just once, before this old earth turns to ashes, we'd like to see a bureaucrat get a simple lesson through his head: The people and the taxpayers are the same; the government and the people are the same; the government and the taxpayers are the same. To listen to words from the Washington wind tunnel, you'd get the idea that these are three separate and distinct sets of bodies. — Detroit (Mich.) Free Press.

A free press is free only as long as it is free from the interference of government. Unfortunately, in these days of complex newspaper operations, government can interfere with a free press without the necessity of license. The newspaper business can be subjected to pressure not anticipated in the Constitution. — Stanford Smith, general manager of the American Newspaper Publishers Association.

Economics has been a much neglected course in American schools, to the righteous despair of those who believe our young people should be taught what makes the American system go. . .

Economics is sometimes called the "dismal science," especially by those who have been exposed to it at some period in their education. It can be that and more, but need not be. Like almost any other subject, it can be exciting and learnable if the course is imaginatively drawn.

Up in Ukiah, in an experiment along this line, 30 high school students are going to school an hour early to study a new course in "The American Economic System." So far they have not bogged down; we hope they never do.

The experiment could point the way to enlarged teaching of a vital subject. — San Francisco News, Call Bulletin.

Feller Here From Warshington, Paw



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Swiss-Made Watches Must Hurdle High U.S. Traffic

BERN, SWITZERLAND — If you want to smuggle Swiss watches into the United States, you take the movements, say a thousand or two, to Canada or Mexico. Then you may quietly cross Lake Erie, or from Tijuana go to San Diego with the returning race crowd, which swamps customs and immigration officers.

This, however, is not advice to the young. It's a job for trained smugglers, and the profits are high, as every \$20 movement is worth a minimum of \$32.50 in the American market. Swiss officials say the traffic is about two million pieces annually, against a legal export of 12 million.

Hence if you carry a Swiss watch, the chance is one in seven it was smuggled, because there is no way an American retailer can spot an illegal piece, once it gets into the market.

It's one aspect of the 10-year Swiss-American watch war, the only war the two people will ever have.

Swiss manufacturers contend, with the sympathy of their government, that the current American ad valorem duty of 65 per cent on Swiss watches, while not prohibitive, is crippling and unreasonable. Duties on Swiss watches in France and West Germany are 11 per cent, and in Britain, 13.3 per cent.

Total world export of Swiss watches is 50 million annually, worth a little over \$300 million. Britain and Germany together take about four million pieces. This is a somewhat smaller per capita consumption than that of the United States. But when account is taken of differing economies, the number of Americans who can afford jeweled watches, the per capita consumption is probably higher in Britain and West Germany.

The watch tariff was set in the American-Swiss commercial treaty of 1936 at 35 per cent. But the treaty contained an escape clause permitting a rise under some conditions. American watch manufacturers sought protection, and in 1952 President Truman refused to exercise the escape clause. But two years later President Eisenhower did exercise it, almost doubling the duty. The result was a drop of almost 25 per cent in Swiss watch exports to the United States.

Mr. Truman should stop by here on one of his holidays. He looms like the Matterhorn in Swiss affection.

The writer broke the winding stem of his watch and went to a jewelry store near the hotel. The lady told him a rival down the street would do a better job. The watch was left there and the bill was 4 francs, about 92 cents.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Wibberley on Politics; Some Unspelling Notes

In an age when humor, as an Anglo-American art form, seems to have dried up altogether, Leonard Wibberley is a good man to have around. Remember Wibberley of "The Mouse That Roared" and "Mouse on the Moon"? He is on hand now with another wry political entertainment called "A Feast of Freedom" (Morrow; \$3.95).

This is a leisurely, good-natured yet sharply satirical glimpse at international politics. It concerns a British island colony in the South Pacific that is tricked into independence. The result is that while it achieves its freedom, it lost its markets; it gets a flag, a government but no balance of trade. Wibberley is a master at presenting this fey, goofy brand of political science.

I wouldn't be surprised if "A Feast of Freedom" is already being translated into one of those intimate, amusing little British movies. In its present form, it is an effervescent novel in "The Mouse That Roared" tradition, and as such particularly suitable vacation reading.

If you're not sure of your spelling, blame it on the English language. Take the sound of the letter "f" — as in enough, phone, often, fun.

When the coercive power of the state is substituted for voluntary, mutually beneficial agreements between individuals, the society has become totalitarian. — Sarah B. Ulam, Ventura.

Dictionaries are great tools. But how do you look up a word when you can't spell it in the first place? (Tomaine? or ptomaine?)

"A Handbook for Terrible Spellers" might help. Subtitled "A Backwards Dictionary," this is a 50-cent novelty produced by W. S. Fairchild and Joseph Jordan (The Citadel Press) that is designed for students, secretaries and people like me — never for sure if those fellows are "Beetles" or "Beetles."

Look up the word the way you think it should be spelled. (Is it "discrepancy" or "discrepancy")? If you're wrong, you'll find it; if you're right just turn to the correct spelling in the back of the book and check for yourself. Then there are the look-alikes and sound-alikes. I'll/isle. Bald/bawled/balled. Heronie/heroin. Ellicit/illicit. Et Cetera.

Source material? Many big city newspapers; business correspondence; high school compositions; school spelling tests. This is a first-rate little service booklet, a delight to read and study—although in subsequent editions the editors might leave some blank pages in the back of the book on which to list one's own most commonly misspelled words. (I would put in delicatessen, rather than delicatessen; dantafrice instead of dentifrice. As for "depreciate" or frown on, vs. "depreciate" or lose value? Well, it's a dam (water) or damn (curse) worry. The words

here, arranged by their wrong spelling, might be the answer.

Notes on the Margin . . . "The Esdalle Notebook" (Knopf), edited by Kenneth Neill Cameron, contains 57 early poems by Shelley, many of which have never before appeared in print. They were written between 1809, when Shelley was 16 and in his final year at Eton, and the early part of 1813.

LETTERS From Our Readers

Area Newcomer Finds a 'Home'

Editor, The Herald
I am new to this area but I feel as though I've found a "home."

For 29 years of my life, I lived in Los Angeles. I was born there, but as I grew and changed, so did L.A. I believe I turned out fairly well—but L.A. did not. It was a failure.

The newspapers are lifeless and give no hope. We are told what they want to be told.

Now, after just one month of reading your paper, I feel there still is an honest newspaper.

Thank you for the "One Man to Defeat" of May 28th. In L.A. they'll never know about it.

MRS. RUTH SHARP
In 15th Year
Editor, The Herald
On behalf of the members

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

Cyprian Crisis--Three Thousand Troubled Years

CHICAGO — Someone has said, "It takes longer to get out of any trouble . . . than it took to get in it."

Cyprus is such trouble . . . and it started 1,000 years before Christ, when the Greeks moved in on Cyprus at the time of the Trojan War. Every imaginable nationality also came to Cyprus, but the Greek influence survived for centuries until the Ottoman Empire literally massacred the Greeks and took control of the island.

From this Greek massacre at the hands of the Turks around 1572, through periodic civil and national wars between Turkey and Greece, these two races of people live in the backwash of the most violent hatreds in history.

Cyprus ethnic ties historically have been with Greece. Greece won independence from the Ottoman Empire in 1829 after eight years of the bloodiest war of that era . . . but the Turks held on to Cyprus because of the inability of the Greek armies to rescue it by the sea.

But the Greek Cypriot national temper from then to now is "Enosis" . . . or union of Cyprus and Greece. It remains today the underlying cause of the present crisis.

The decline of the Ottoman Empire gave Britain a foothold on Cyprus in 1877. By betting on the wrong horse, Germany, in World War I, Turkey lost Cyprus to the British, who were able with their usual effective diplomacy to maintain an uneasy co-existence between Greek and Turk on the island.

World War 2 found the Greeks fighting on the side of the Allies, while Turkey remained neutral. This strengthened the hand of the Greeks on Cyprus . . . who rallied around a fighting priest by the name of Makarios for eventual independence and union with Greece.

Archbishop Makarios III rallied the cause of Cyprus independence from the British around his Orthodox majority of about 4:1 against the Moslem Turks. He conducted private elections inside the Orthodox churches which gave him almost a 100 per cent Greek Cypriot authority in favor of independence and union with Greece.

There followed four and a half years of underground terrorism during which thousands of British, Greeks and Turks lost their lives. Because Britain used Turkish Cypriots to fight the Greeks, a new and more violent hatred for the Turks developed on Cyprus.

The British finally capitulated to Greek demands in 1959 and a makeshift constitution was agreed upon by Britain, Greece and Turkey.

Quote

The cure for alcoholism is not prohibition but a new birth. The cure for poverty cannot be divorced from hard work and personal generosity.—Edwards E. Elliott, Garden Grove pastor.

It proved unworkable, however, because of a condition that the Turkish minority of less than 100,000 would have a veto over both internal and external affairs of Cyprus. This disproportionate power over 400,000 Greek Cypriots was the direct cause of the present crisis.

On practically all issues the ethnic split of 35 Greek Cypriot ministers to 15 Turk had stifled the governing of Cyprus. Because of their veto power the 15 Turk Cypriot ministers have been blocking the passage of any legislation which might appear favorable to the Greek majority.

On all our news trips to Cyprus in recent years, a total political and judicial stalemate prevailed. Even the courts were meting out justice on the basis of Greek versus Turk.

This administrative paralysis aroused the hot-heads on both sides to murder and violence and forced President Makarios to call for a new constitution that would negate the Turkish veto.

Supported by the government of Turkey, the Cypriot Turks refused. This has resulted in the present crisis and the efforts of the United Nations to control the Civil War and prevent it from exploding into a major war between Turkey and Greece.

The Greek and Turk antagonists are more victims of history than anything else. For any just adjudication of the present crisis must obviously find a political imbalance when a minority of the population can veto the will of the majority in the present ratio of one Turk to four Greeks.

OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

He's Never Met the Man

En route to Washington. — The reason I am going to Washington is to get to know our President better. It is the duty of every good citizen to get to know his President. And these days it's very easy.

I plan to just hang around the White House gate with the other tourists until Mr. Johnson comes out to show us around the spread, or, failing that, I can always hire a couple of grubby urchins to pose as my offspring and attend one of his 17 daily press conferences.

Besides, think how I've felt all these months being the only ace newsman in the country whom Mr. Johnson hasn't given a ride in his car, a private high-level chat, or even a souvenir five-gallon hat. Why, I've hardly been able to hold my head up at the Press Club bar. And then, when I get to know Mr. Johnson better, I can write one of those deep, analytical pieces all of us ace newsmen have been writing lately entitled: "What Lies Behind Our President's Amazing Popularity."

Actually, of course, we ace newsmen have been writing such pieces for as long as I can remember. No matter who's President. And I think they're mostly true. For if there's one thing you can say about a President, it's that most people like them.

Take Mr. F. D. Roosevelt, a real patrician. "Isn't he brilliant and he talks so good," people said admiringly "Boy, what a high-class President." Then along comes Mr. Truman, the hot-tempered haberdasher. "He just shows that anybody can be President," the people said fondly. "Give 'em Hell, Harry."

Next it's fatherly Mr. Eisenhower, who, like most fathers, doesn't get much done around the house. "Isn't it wonderful," people say gratefully, "to have a calm, kindly, perfect President like that?" So then, it's Mr. Kennedy, who's exactly the opposite . . . but you see what I mean. It doesn't matter what qualities you have, people will love you for them. As long as you're President.

Consequently, just in case he succeeds in capturing the White House, I'm working on a deep, analytical piece entitled: "What lies behind the amazing popularity of our President, Mr. Lenny Bruce." Excerpts follow:

"There can be no question that President Bruce touched a deep chord in Main Street, U. S. A., today when he took the oath of office using a four-letter oath. While many may disagree with part or all of the hard-hitting program he set forth to abolish religion, teach free love, and distribute heroin to the poor, few could conceal their admiration for Mr. Bruce personally.

"During the course of his final sentence of summation, in which he used 62 scatological expletives, the majority in the crowd grinned, shook their heads and cried, 'That's our Lenny.' It is undoubtedly the earthy quality of the new President. . ."

Well, I think it's a nice the way we like our President, whatever they may be. But I do worry about the danger of overdoing it. Who knows? We could wind up TRUSTING them. And there goes democracy. For along comes a devious, smooth-talking, power-mad, outwardly-likeable egomaniac.

Heavens. I'm certainly not referring to Mr. Johnson. As I say, I don't even know the man.

Morning Report:

Scientists just won't let us alone. Now they are working on a plan to create children in test tubes and figure they will have it in operation by the year 2,000 — which is only 36 years away.

This approaching catastrophe arrives just when other scientists say that the population explosion is all set to ruin us by 2,000 — if not sooner.

What to do? None of the present birth control gimmicks is perfect and all of them are controversial. I figure at least the only thing to do is to prohibit any further manufacture of test tubes. Congress may be able to pass such a law in 36 years.

Abe Mellinkoff