

Torrance Herald

Established 1914

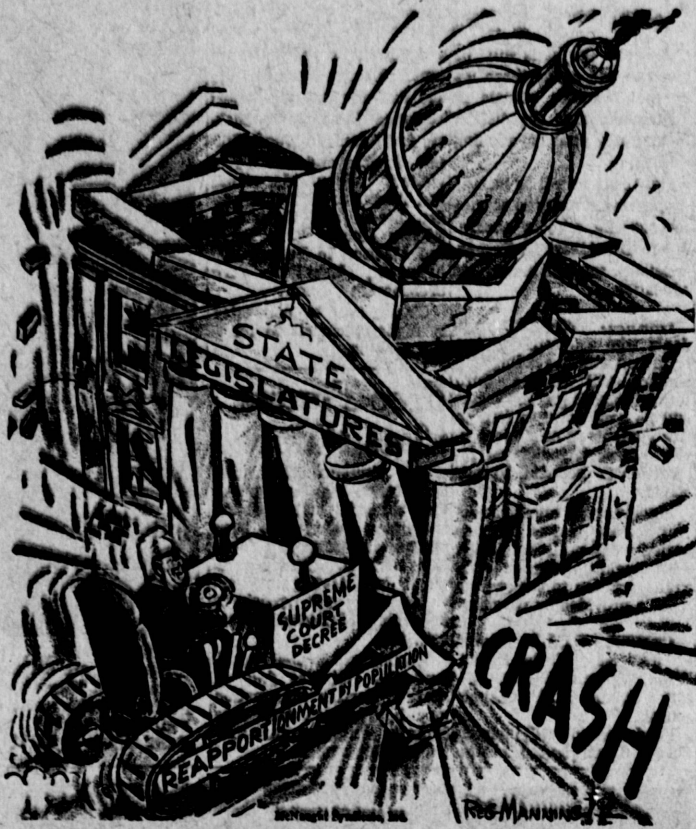
GLENN W. PFEIL

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Urban Renewal



Don't Be a Tailgater

There is going to be a lesson in this story: don't tailgate.

If you ride other people's bumpers—in other words, follow too closely, you're tailgating. And if you tailgate, you're not saving time (seconds, maybe—but not real time.) You are, however, displaying an ability to be a poor driver. You are, at the same time, endangering your life and the lives of others.

That, in so many words, is the lesson: tailgating is a dangerous business.

The advice to maintain proper distances between automobiles is not mere talk. Statistics compiled by the Auto Club of Southern California show 30 per cent of all freeway accidents are rear-end collisions, and that 20 per cent of all traffic injuries are caused by following too closely.

The heavy traffic which will be encountered during the Independence Day holiday coming up in two weeks will almost demand adherence to the safe distance rule of thumb of one car length for each 10 mph of travel. Other drivers may cut into the space, but drop back and practice a bit of common sense and patience. You'll have a much better chance to get the family back home.

Berries and Cream

The President's war on poverty is faring about as expected: getting its share of praise and brick-bats from Democrats and Republicans alike.

One factor that has been little touched on so far, however, is how to best help those who are poverty stricken, and glad of it. Take the West Virginia mountain men, for instance. Rugged individualists, they equate "government" with "revenooers," and often prefer to take pot shots at, rather than pot luck with, its representatives.

On any table of annual income, these mountain families would rank lowest, yet they have indicated no desire to change the status quo, even though their fictional kinsmen, the Beverly Hillbillies, have made it big in Hollywood. The idea of hiking down a mountain path to get government sponsored education in tool and die work would be a rotten heresy.

Let's face it. Some people are perfectly content with their way of life, even if it makes little sense to us. Any war on poverty should take the human values into deep consideration.

There isn't much fiscal sense in making a reality of the old vaudeville gag:

"Comes the revolution, you'll have strawberries and cream."

"But I don't like strawberries and cream."

"Comes the revolution you'll have strawberries and cream—and like it!"

Stemming the Tide

The rate of school dropouts has grown to alarming proportions. Here are the hard facts:

• More than one-third of the nation's young people quit school before completing senior high school.

• Some 7.5 million youths will drop out of school during the next decade.

The grave economic consequence of failure to complete high school is so pointedly evident that it is difficult to understand why so many youths ignore it. The fact that unemployment is three times higher among male school dropouts than among high school graduates should, in and of itself, convince all youths of the folly of abandoning secondary schooling. But it has not done so.

Since the reasons behind dropouts are many and varied we believe that all segments of community life, spearheaded by educational, religious and civil groups, should join forces in a concerted attempt to stem the dropout tide.

The youth of any community is one of its most valuable assets and it is vital that the young people have every opportunity for successful careers in occupations of their choice. A sound education is, by far, the most important first step on the road to rewarding achievement.

Morning Report:

Catholics in New York have been advised to travel in groups. One Jewish area in the city has organized unarmed vigilantes. And Mayor Wagner has thrown another thousand cops into the battle against terror in the streets.

Now, New York isn't South Vietnam, but we seem to be having the same kind of trouble in both places. We don't seem able to keep the peace. It should be easier in New York, because the jungle has been asphalted. But so far no more luck.

It seems to me that, as the world's most powerful nation, we need to do some homework on how to wage peace. It looks tougher than waging war.

Abe Mellinkoff

BOOKS by William Hogan

Harvard Lawyer Tells Of Life in a Ghetto

William Stringfellow is a white Protestant graduate of Harvard Law School and a brave man. Rejecting an offer from a Boston law firm, he agreed to live and work for seven years in the most poverty-stricken area of Harlem. As a dedicated Episcopalian layman and lawyer he was accepted by the Negroes and other denizens of this explosive, hate-ridden ghetto. Few white men have shared such experiences; certainly none has expressed them so eloquently, or ominously, as Stringfellow does in "My People Is the Enemy." As a "personal polemic," this is a horror story of startling dimensions.

Stringfellow lived within the one square mile of East Harlem where some 200,000 people exist (apparently no one has taken a full census). He describes the milieu of his life amidst poverty as abject as the Hogarth's London. Items:

★ ★ ★
Poverty was my first client in Harlem—a father

whose child died from being attacked by a rat.

Poverty is a widow on welfare whose landlord cuts the heat knowing that the winter will end before a complaint is processed.

Poverty is being awakened in the middle of the night by a welfare investigator who demands to search your room to be sure you are not cheating the taxpayer.

Poverty is a drug addict who steals from his own family or pawns the jacket off his back to get another "fix."

Poverty is vulnerability to death in its crudest forms.

This document seems to me the most disturbing since James Baldwin's "The Fire Next Time." It is a more vivid personal story than Baldwin's essay. Among other things it shows that a deep-rooted desire for revenge lingers in Harlem, and in the Harlems of other northern urban centers.

There is a curious and growing anti-Semitism there, especially among black racists. The black ghetto is a

cauldron of hate. Stringfellow shows the reasons why in this brief, important book which might be overlooked if only because most of us tend to ignore such upsetting American truths.

★ ★ ★
He scans the politics of poverty; the politics of racism; the cynicism of the white churches—one of the saddest comments yet on Christian dogma and the platitudes of tolerance. Like Michael Harrington's "The Other America" this is an examination of poverty amid affluence that is almost too much to take. Beyond that, it is a stirring appeal both for sanity in race relations and for a crash campaign in the war on poverty.

It is neither shouting nor scarce journalism. It is a map of hell that might explode tragically at any moment. An unpleasant book? You bet your life, it's unpleasant. But unless you are a human ostrich, read it and think!

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

40 Years Ago

Publication of a 14-point review of Torrance progress was given top billing in the June 20, 1924 edition of the Torrance HERALD. The front page editorial which covered most of the top half of that week's edition pointed to the recently opened section of Western Avenue, the construction of a refinery nearby for Julian Petroleum, construction of a new sheet glass factory, oil drilling activities, home building, industrial building, and the development of leisure-hour facilities.

One point stressed, however, was a little premature. The Herald was gleeful over news that Carson Street was about to be linked to highways to the east, making Orange County and other areas east of here easily accessible.

The linkup is still to come; Carson Streets east-bound from Torrance ends at Santa Fe Avenue just as it did years ago.

Beacon Drug Store was advertising straw hat cleaner at 25 cents a bottle, straw hat dyes for "any shade you like," and fireworks for the Fourth.

One more item on the cost of doing business: In commenting on the retirement of Fred W. Upham as treasurer of the Republican National Committee, it was noted that the 1904 convention of his party in Chicago cost \$70,000. By 1916 the cost had soared to \$110,000

and four years later to a staggering \$150,000. (That will just about cover the aspirin concession in San Francisco or Atlantic City this summer).

30 Years Ago

Big news of the day was the announcement on June 21, 1934 that Torrance National Bank was to open the following Monday. The bank was opening after reorganizing from the former First National Bank of Torrance. J. W. Post was president; C. T. Rippey, vice president, and R. J. Deinlinger, cashier. A special souvenir edition of the Torrance HERALD was published June 23 to salute the bank opening. "BANK OPENING THRILLS COMMUNITY" the headline shouted.

City officials, industrial executives, businessmen, and workers joined in saluting the opening of the bank.

There was other news about the town, however. Albert Isen and Torrance C. Welch announced themselves as candidates for the office of justice of the peace in Lomita township.

The Used Car Market was holding a grand opening at Cravens and Marcelina, and among the advertised specials was a 1929 Whippet Coach with two new tires and paint priced at \$115. If you wanted to buy a less expensive car, Walter G. Lynch in Redondo was offering a 1927 Essex for \$65, or

a 1927 Paige Coupe with hydraulic brakes for \$75.

And, finally, the Democrats outnumbered Republicans in Los Angeles County in those days, too. The HERALD reported. The latest count: Democrats, 583,864; Republicans, 558,823; Socialist, 6,234; Prohibition, 6,194; Liberty, 903; Progressive, 320; Commonwealth, 339; Communist, 257.

20 Years Ago

Platoon B of the Torrance Fire Department was claiming a record with its victory garden. They were able to serve roasting ears for dinner on June 21, a very early date for Torrance-grown corn. The HERALD reported.

Easing of overcrowded conditions at Torrance Elementary School was promised with the announced plans to transfer students to the 184th Street School near Gardena. The boundaries were changed and students living in the newly developed area of 204th and Western will attend the 184th Street School, Principal B. J. Strand announced.

Plans for a college on Alondra Park were being talked up. Community leaders, citing that this was an air-minded nation, were pushing for establishment of an aeronautical junior college. The new school was to provide a mile-long runway built at federal cost to serve the college and surrounding communities.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

First Three Days Are Hardest on Wrong Side

PARIS—"We will rent a car in England. But because of the left-hand drive wonder if we should hire a driver."

"The first three days are the hardest. You have to keep your mind on it all the time or on empty control roads you find you drift to the right from habit. But I find after three days I'm OK."

If you go to the British Tourist Office in St. James's Street, they'll give you a pretty sticker that says "Visitor to Britain." This gives you a little edge with the police if you park in the wrong place.

★ ★ ★
"We are two secretaries planning a trip to Hawaii. Is Waikiki too crowded? Would we have a better time on another island?"

I think the island of Maui, near Lahaina town, has the best swimming beach. But the gold mine of lone men is at Waikiki. (There's a small air service flies you to Lahaina in half an hour. You could look at it on a lunch stop.)

★ ★ ★
"Have made five trips to Mexico and am convinced that I would like to retire there. But where do you think is the most inexpensive place with most for the money?"

I'd say in the Guadalajara area. Advantages are supermarkets, Sears and other places to American tastes for daily buying.

★ ★ ★
"Do we need an International Driving Permit for Europe?"

Some countries will pass you on your American license. But some don't. So it's easier to get the International Permit—\$3, two passport-size photos and your local State license.

★ ★ ★
"Do you have a good guide that would help us in camping in the West, carrying our own camping equipment?"

The most complete I've seen is Sunset magazine's "Western Campsite Director." Gives you the State and National Parks and a number of private camping spots. I don't have the price at hand—something near \$2—but you can write Lane Magazine Company, Menlo Park, Calif. Has maps, descriptive and reliable.

★ ★ ★
"Could a single woman live somewhere in Europe on a retirement income of \$200? Charm rather than luxury would be important."

I think you could do it in Portugal. But I'd certainly do a trial run first. An hour north of Lisbon, there is a completely walled city of Obidos. Narrow streets. Hotel built into a towered castle. Moorish baffle gates. And a small tourist traffic to make things interesting.

There are several small pensions. And since Portuguese hotels run about \$5, I think you could get room with family meals for even less.

There are some fine, warm beach towns in the south of Portugal you should look into, too.

★ ★ ★
"Please suggest a first-class hotel in Hong Kong."

The Mandarin, right at the foot of the Star Ferry on the Hong Kong side. Most modern rooms overlooking the harbor. Very elegant dining rooms and bar.

★ ★ ★
"Have you got a reasonable hotel in the Kensington district, London?"

The Basil at Basil Street has been recommended to

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me by friends. But I don't know it personally.

★ ★ ★
"Two of us (males) plan a trip to Europe in the month of September. Can we do this without advance hotel reservations?"

In September, yes. But have one firm reservation in the city where you land first. Hotels begin to thin out around September 15.

"Our meals and hotel in

Brussels are paid for by our tour. We pay tips and taxis. I don't want to convert a traveler's check for the small amount involved. So are dollar bills acceptable?"

Green dollars cash anywhere in the world. I carry a small amount just for getting in and out of airports where I don't want to cash traveler's checks. I carry \$2 bills. Twice as much of bulk in your wallet.)

OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

Now Practice What I Preach

"From these falling hands we pass the torch..." No, that's been said. "As you go forth into the world..." What?

Excuse my nervousness, but I've been invited to deliver the commencement address at my alma mater. It's a high honor and a grave responsibility. True, this particular alma mater is a very small grammar school I happened to attend. And the graduating class consists of ten young men and women not yet full grown. But it's part of the national scene.

For across the land this month of June, our tired old generation is standing on rostrums describing to the eager new generation what the world we have worked so hard to create for them is like. And how best to cope with this terrible situation.

Fortunately, like most members of my tired old generation, I am loaded up to here with good advice. I give it to myself all the time, and I will be glad to share the good advice I give myself with the eager new generation. Excerpts follow.

★ ★ ★

As I look over this vast sea of ten young faces today, allow me to impart a few words of wisdom which may be of help to you as you embark upon your voyage through life: Follow not the primrose path, to thine own self be true, and don't forget to brush your teeth after every meal.

Above all, speak out for what you believe in. Quit smoking. Love all living things. Don't eat so much fatty food. Always question the conventional wisdom. Remember to do your Royal Canadian Air Force exercises every morning. Live life to its very fullest without hurting anybody. And fix leaky faucets just as soon as they start to drip.

Never waste your time reading trashy books or watching trashy television shows, for you have only so much time to live. Get more sleep. Treasure every individual in the world, but be suspicious of all groups from garden clubs to nations. Clean your paint brushes right after using.

★ ★ ★

Always wear your safety belt when driving. Try to love for its own sake and not because you expect love in return. Stop putting off getting your annual checkup. When anyone says the world is an awful place, always ask, "Compared to what?" Balance your checkbook every single month, one way or another.

Avoid cluttering up your life with material possessions. Relax in traffic. Play the exciting games of politics or business for the chips of power or money, but remember they are basically only games and not nearly so real or so valuable as the laughter of children, warm sunshine or eating when you are hungry. And don't drink after dinner, because it gives you a hangover.

Fight for peace, don't take pills, hate hatred, cut down on coffee, stop...

★ ★ ★

Stop! It's no good. I am regretfully declining this invitation to give a lot of good advice to the eager new generation. I think it's all great advice. But I can see now that they won't follow it. Either. And if they won't follow our advice there isn't much hope for them. No sir, they're going to grow up just like us.

Opinions of Others

If Patrick Henry thought that taxation without representation was so terrible, he should see it with all this modern day representation.

—Plains (Tex.) Record

★ ★ ★

Women are never satisfied. They are always trying either to put on weight, take it off, or rearrange it.—Afton (Wyo.) Star Valley Independent

★ ★ ★

If you spend your summer vacation in your own back yard, your friends will know exactly what kind of a person you really are: Sensible and broke.

—Cherryvale (Kans.) Republican

★ ★ ★

It is amazing to pick up a daily newspaper and see numerous references to "state" aid or "federal" aid. Just who (or what) is this "state" or "federal" we hear so much about as being all beneficent, all mighty? It's you—you and me. When we forget that, then we will have surrendered to a centralized government run by a handful of people. History is full of what happened to such nations.

—Selmer (Tenn.) Independent