

Press-Herald

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An Old-Fashioned Fourth

Thanks to the untiring efforts of a group of area professional, business, and civic leaders, yesterday's observance of Independence Day was more than just a day off to many people.

Spearheaded by Bryan Hardwick, Palos Verdes advertising executive, the Peninsula Independence Day Celebration, held for the second year, drew a large group of area residents for an Independence Day celebration, paying tribute to America and its freedoms.

The Peninsula celebration, held at the Malaga Cove School, began with a parade; included a "Review of Our Heritage" talk by Dr. James G. Law, attorney, author, and radio news analyst; presentation of the John J. Knezevich Americanism Award; a community singfest, and picnic.

Those whose efforts have gone into making the Peninsula affair a success deserve the thanks and congratulations of all loyal Americans.

It is heartwarming to note that other groups throughout the United States are reviving traditional Independence Day celebrations. Scores of hundreds of picnics were held yesterday, many of them complete with stirring patriotic speeches, some might even have come from aspiring political candidates.

We're not sure that isn't really the best way to meet a candidate. You get to look him over in his "off camera" moments, hear him talk without a teleprompter, see how he handles a cold chicken leg and a glass of lemonade while meeting prospective voters.

Our congratulations to those in the Peninsula and elsewhere who took the time to make the necessary arrangements for the "old fashioned" celebrations.

Out of the Past

From Press-Herald Files

40 Years Ago

Oil was still the biggest news in the city, and more wells were coming in daily. Several firms had more wells under way, and predictions for a major producer were being made throughout the field.

Torrance Chamber of Commerce directors indicated they would vote in favor of daylight saving time for Torrance if the change was made throughout Southern California. The move was being considered as officials emphasized the importance of saving electric power. Low rainfall had reduced the amount of water available, and a cutback of 25 per cent for all electric power users had been ordered.

One shoe store in town was offering free whistles, just for the asking. And, if you needed a pair of shoes, prices started at \$1.45!

30 Years Ago

An outbreak of infantile paralysis spurred an urgent appeal from doctors in the city for adults to donate blood. The blood was to be used in preventing children who had been in contact with cases from contracting the disease.

Officials of the Los Angeles Public School System announced plans to assign a director and seven supervisors to administer schools in Torrance, Lomita, and Harbor City. The move was made to bring school administration closer to the local communities.

Signs of the times: Sales prices published during the week listed coffee for 25 cents a pound, wieners at 15 cents a pound, hamburger at 8 cents a pound, and steak at 15 cents a

pound. Oh, for those days again!

20 Years Ago

Torrance residents celebrated Independence Day by failing to meet the city's quota in the fifth war bond drive in the city. Only \$620,000 in bonds was sold, about \$300,000 under the assigned quota. To meet the quota before the end of the sale, the Grand Theater offered a free ticket with each bond purchase.

Judge Otto B. Willett was installed as president of the city's Rotary Club in ceremonies which also saw retiring president Fay L. Parks demoted. Sam Levy served as master of ceremonies for the event.

Plans for the second annual Torrance Rodeo were announced. The rodeo was slated for Aug. 19 and 20 at the Torrance ball park.

10 Years Ago

Building was booming throughout the city as developers continued the rapid pace in home construction. Value of the new homes under construction was estimated at nearly \$17.1 million. The trend was "significantly ahead of 1953," and a banner year was predicted for 1954.

A couple of litter-bugs were fined \$5 each for illegally dumping trash on Hawthorne Avenue near 170th Street. Inflation has taken its toll—the fine today is \$50 and up!

City councilmen voted to adopt an ordinance which permitted the installation of parking meters in the downtown business section. The meters were removed during the remodeling of the area last year.

Morning Report:

I have finally got the Republican presidential race figured out. As the stores say about new merchandise, "This one is ours alone."

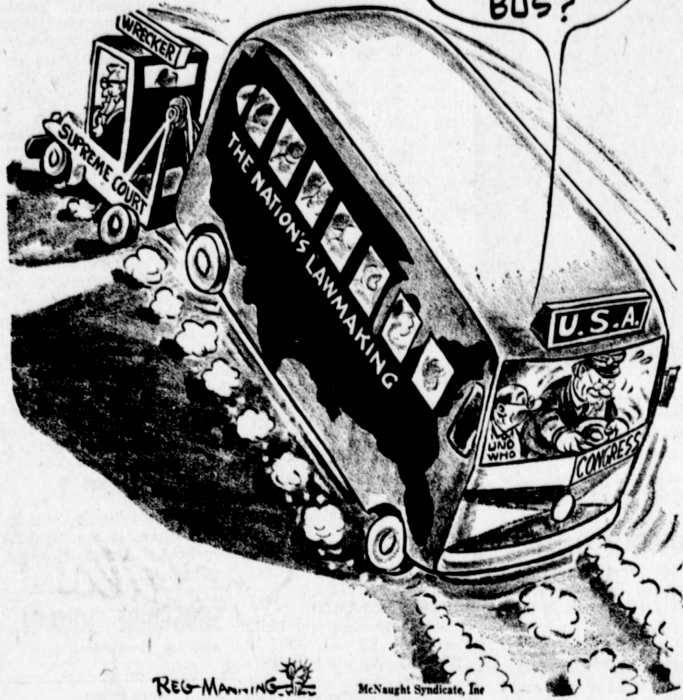
Governor Scranton is making some very fine speeches—if you don't like Goldwater. Meanwhile, the Senator is picking up delegates like bananas—in bunches. If he doesn't have the 655 needed right now, at least 200 delegates are going to have to admit they were fibbing all along.

So why is Scranton doing it? I figure he's turning up his big fuss to make Goldwater mad as a hornet. So mad, in fact, he won't have him as a vice-presidential candidate. Then if the GOP loses, Scranton has a shot for the top spot in '68. It's the longest preconvention race in history.

Abe Mellinkoff

Do Y'Get The Funny Feeling—

-THAT YOU'RE NOT REALLY DRIVING THIS BUS?



REG-MANING

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Party Platforms Prove To Be Wishful Thinking

This is not a column by a political expert, but the impression is ineradicable that party platforms in the United States have never amounted to a hill of beans, as we used to say in 1850.

They are an exercise in wishful thinking. Neither a party, nor its candidate, can or will stand on many planks of a platform. The presidential candidate of a party must necessarily dictate the platform, because subordinate party leaders, when they are bound to him, are in large measure bound to his ideas.

Yet a nominee must de-emphasize many of his initial ideas when they prove unfruitful in campaigning, and if elected, he must repudiate many specific pledges contained in his platform, because he finds them unrelated to the practical realities of governance.

If this were not true, we would have a paragon national community, for the party pledges of the last

century alone surely add up to an almost ideal human society.

But despite this manifest spread between promises and performance, leaders of both major parties continue to subscribe to the delusion that a platform will control a candidate. Mr. Richard Nixon did so the other day on television, when he was asked by a reporter about some of the social and policy ideas expressed by Senator Goldwater, now conceded the probable Republican nominee.

Mr. Nixon is not in full agreement with the Senator on several vital issues, and in a speech he named several he thought the Senator would have to support, including the United Nations, Tennessee Valley Authority, Social Security, and continued diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union.

But how will Mr. Nixon and other party leaders obtain the Senator's support for these principles? For

months the Senator has been inveighing against them, and he has said he believes civil rights should be left to the States.

Moreover, though Mr. Nixon did not mention them, neither he nor many party leaders are in accord with Goldwater solutions for Cuba and South Vietnam.

It is conceivable the Senator, for the sake of party unity, might agree to compromise wording on some of these issues, but a compromised plank in a platform is a weaseling plank, and a way is open for a candidate or elected President to ignore it.

Don't think the Democratic Party lacks similar problems simply because it has a President in office. These party platforms are manifestations of the frailties of human nature, and until we can acquire an electronic brain capable of doing our thinking and planning, their hot air content will remain high.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Dream World Provides Material for Authors

Ian Fleming's "Thrilling Cities" (New American Library; \$4.95) is billed as "a look behind the scenes of the world's most fabulous places by the creator of James Bond." There are 13 essays here, written originally for the Sunday Times of London, 1959-60, and right off let me assure you there is nothing distinguished about any of them.

This is second-rate travel journalism that a specialist like Horace Sutton or Stanton Delaplaine would hesitate to sign his name to.

Item, Los Angeles: "The Beverly Hilton, gay, smart, smooth, is one of the newest in Los Angeles county and is a show place. The restaurants, L'Escoffier on the roof with a superb view of the city and the ocean and the mountains; the Monseigneur, and the Traders are first class." I doubt that any member of the entire cast of "Doctor No" even on a nonsmoggy day could manage a superb view of the ocean from the roof of the Beverly Hilton.

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Fleming never did get to San Francisco—but there is a lot of junk talk about Tokyo ("My room appeared to be made of plywood and rice-paper"); Hamburg; Geneva; New York; Hono-

lulu, and way points. Las Vegas, too, where "the sky's the limit, from a nickel in the one-armed bandits up and up." Fleming, this is atrocious!

"No one wrote this book," the jacket copy assures us. "These are the tape-recorded dreams of a man who talks in his sleep." So we approach the ultimate in American cultural endeavor—"The Dream World of Dion McGregor" (Bernard Geis; \$3.95). Is it a joke? Not at all, the publishers explain. These way-out episodes are unmistakably dreams (a strange balloon voyage through fleets of sharp-billed storks; a mailbox crammed with unopenable letters). How did they get on paper?

The author-dreamer had

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people.—(Isa. 40:1)

We can provide a measure of comfort to our friends and relatives who are faced with adversity, simply by praying for them. Prayer, spoken in love, will always find a welcoming response in the heart of the one for whom that prayer is said.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplaine

Enjoy Japan Along With The Olympics, He Says

"We will be in Japan for the Olympics with no knowledge of local customs . . ."

You can start with the knowledge that Japan is a no-tipping country. In most cases, however, the boys who handle your baggage at the airport live on tips. So give them 300 yen (about 85 cents) for both of you.

You don't tip taxi drivers. You don't tip bellboys or doormen. You don't tip waiters. A 10 per cent service charge is added to your bill. You don't tip hat check girls. You DO tip club hostesses. There are some Western tipping customs getting around, particularly in those glittering clubs.

"We have rooms at the Imperial on arrival. But thereafter we go on a tour, staying in Japanese inns at Kyoto, etc."

In Western hotels like the Imperial, you find it just like a hotel at home. Japanese inns are different. You take off your shoes at the entrance—usually at a stone step before you walk onto the polished floor.

On the floor you will see a line of soft go-ahead slippers. Step into any pair that fit you. When you get to your room or dining room, slip out of them outside the door. "Rooms" have straw mats called tatami. Areas not considered rooms have wooden or stone flooring.

The rule you can remember: "No shoes inside the house. No slippers on tatami." An exception to this is the bathroom which is wooden planked. But naturally you don't wear slippers when you bathe.

"In the Japanese inns, do we have to bathe in the public baths we've read about?"

You can. But you don't have to. Tell your maid you want a bath—the word is "ofura." And you should learn a few such Japanese words. She draws the bath. You go in and bathe. Wife and husband together. It's big enough.

There's a way to do this. Very important so you don't lose face. (The maid loses face, too, if you don't do things right.) You'll find little faucets about a foot off the floor. You'll also find foot-high wooden stools and little wooden buckets. The maid will have given you a thin towel.

Dip water in a bucket out

Quote

I keep a big band because I want to hear what I write. If I lose money, that's okay.—Duke Ellington.

A person who is predominantly liberal is simply a person who favors more and more statism, versus one who favors more and more individual enterprise.—J. Manfrini, San Luis Obispo.

If my fellow students are tomorrow's leaders, I wonder what tomorrow will be like.—Michael Menkin, Hayward.

My prescriptions for active people is Punctuality! The minutes you save by being on time add up to precious hours.—Dr. Roberta Fenlon, San Francisco.

Going to a psychiatrist is a self-indulgence. For the ordinary well-adjusted neurotic, which is everybody, there's no need for it.—Pamela Mason, Hollywood.

Busting into most places is as simple as opening a pack of cigarettes.—San Quentin parolee.

Violence is no more palatable when coupled with morally desirable ends than it is when the ends are patently evil.—Howard M. Gilbert, Oakland.

The Old Timer

"A lecture can make you feel numb at one end and dumb at the other."

of the hot tub. Pour it over your self. Soap and wash with the towel. For your face, fill the bucket at the faucet. Wash with that. Dip more water and wash off ALL the soap. Now get in the hot tub and soak. It's very refreshing.

There are no bath towels. You fill the bucket with steaming water. Dip that thin towel you washed with in the water. Wring it out thoroughly. You dry with this. It will surprise you how dry you can get with a hot wet towel.

"We would like any ideas on how to dress . . ."

Japan should be about 70 degrees during Olympics time. Tokyo is a city dress place. But you won't need evening clothes. In the country, sports clothes are OK.

In your Japanese inns, the maid will bring you a cotton kimono called a yukata. Usually a fresh one each day. You can get right into this—the custom is to shed

everything but underwear. The yukata is what you live in inside the hotel. And in small towns, you can wear it on the street.

If you can manage them, at the doorway of the hotel, you'll find a row of wooden clogs called geta. You wear those when you go out.

"Will we need to rent a car?"

I wouldn't Japanese traffic goes on the left. The city driving is wild. And country roads are frightful. Taxis are cheap. And trains are excellent.

In Japanese inns, you CAN tip a little. About five per cent of your bill split around. Your maid will help you. Japanese don't hand raw money around. They envelope it.

Any stationery store has special gift envelopes. Get your maid to package up a little for the bath girl, the cook, etc. Then package a little for her. Give it to the manager when you leave.

OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

A Bold Project For Cow Palace

All the professional republicans are out in San Francisco to look over the Cow Palace in advance of the convention opening July 13—the arrangements committee, the housing committee, the public relations committee and my good friend, Mr. Dick Tuck. And that's odd, because Mr. Tuck is a professional Democrat.

You remember Mr. Tuck. He's the innocent-looking cherub who's spent years standing by various Republican candidates. And is it his fault their texts get lost, their microphones fail, their schedules go awry? After all, nothing can be proved.

So I inquired what brought Mr. Tuck out to case the joint. "My deep interest in farming," said Mr. Tuck, flickering a cigar ash. "I once tended a pot of chives in a young lady's apartment. So I plan to prevail on the Governor of California to appoint me a director of the 1-A Agricultural District."

A sacrifice for the public weal, I said. "Yes," he said. "It's only a very small agricultural district. Of course, it does happen to own and control the Cow Palace. And after looking over this valuable facility I feel prudence demands its thorough renovation from top to bottom. Starting July 13."

Always thinking of the taxpayers, I said. "Yes," he said, "to save funds I've worked out a tight schedule. The painters will move in at 8:45 a.m. to erect scaffolding and begin spraying exterior and interior with a first coat of slow-drying paint.

"We must get them in early because at 10:15 the bulldozers, asphalt trucks and steamrollers arrive to resurface the parking lot. Have you noticed how shoddy it looks? Naturally, I have requested they leave a small path open to the entrance so that the plumbers can get in to remove all the plumbing fixtures, pending the arrival of sparkling new ones from St. Louis. By slow freight.

"But we will need gasoline compressors to drive the jackhammers ripping up the concrete floor of the arena. That's because the electricians will be forced to shut down all power for four days while replacing the unsafe wiring. A shame, but the public must be protected. Now as to my plans for a gabled roof . . ."

I inquired if all this might possibly interfere with the scheduled convention? "Not at all," said Mr. Tuck with confidence. "I have scheduled the convention opening for 6 p.m. That's the Grand National Livestock Convention, of course, Oh, what a stirring sight! The gates of the arena will open and 600 head of prime beef cattle will come thundering across the convention floor. Really, I get all choked up just thinking of the intangible rewards inherent in public service through agriculture."

Well, it's good to see Mr. Tuck at work again. He's a man of vision. And I have faith he will bring off his bold and imaginative plan down to the last detail. Of course, having attended several political conventions, I doubt anyone will notice.

Opinions of Others

"There are three types of people: those that make things happen; those who watch things happen; and the vast majority who have no idea what happens."

—Greybull (Wyo.) Standard.

"Nothing is so strongly held to be true as that which is at least understood by fools."

Afton (N.Y.) Enterprise.

One way to make money is to forget who you borrowed it from.—Pana (Ill.) New Paladium.

"A brat is a child who acts like your own but belongs to a neighbor."—Dubuth (Minn.) Publicity.