

# Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL . . . . . Publisher  
REID L. BUNDY . . . . . Managing Editor

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## Congrats to the Grads

Schools are big business. Year around the city's schools are the center of activity for the community's students and parents alike. The Torrance school district has the community's largest payroll. From the opening of the football season in September until the final track meet in the late spring, the schools are the focal point of attention for a large segment of any community. The coming week, however, promises to outdo them all. It's graduation week. Torrance's four public high schools will graduate 1,837 seniors and another 211 adults in traditional ceremonies. A measure of the growth factor in the city, however, can be seen in the report that 2,486 eighth graders will be graduated and heading for high school in September. The gratifying part of it all is the large number of students who will be going away from the high schools with remarkable scholastic records, many of them carrying with them valuable scholarships to assure that they can continue their education. The scholarships no longer go to the two or three outstanding students of the city, they go to 50 or 100 students. Students leaving Torrance schools next week will be scientists, doctors, generals, judges, political leaders, housewives, and nurses. They will drive trucks, run small stores and corporations, wear a police uniform, deliver the mail, and fight in the jungles of Asia. They will do all of these things and many more. Perhaps one of the city's 1966 graduates will walk on the moon's surface some day. Whatever tomorrow brings, graduation week is their hour in the spotlight—the last spotlight for some. We congratulate those who have reached this important milestone in education and urge them to continue their education—whether in college or out. As commencement speakers have been saying for more generations than most can remember, graduation is just the beginning. It's trite but true.

## Today's Unsung Hero

Too often, we fear, man's nature leads him to be quick to criticize and slow to praise. Today, we want to praise someone for outstanding achievement. We don't know the name—and it might not mean anything, anyway. We want to congratulate and commend to your attention the man responsible for programming the traffic signal at Maple Avenue and Sepulveda. By merely arranging the switching equipment which controls the traffic signal sequencing, our unsung hero has created one of the Southland's clearest examples of the perfect "Gunzel Trap." (That was once explained to us as an inviting situation into which one could enter with ease and could not leave under any circumstance.) Let us explain further. Eastbound traffic on Sepulveda approaching the intersection of Maple Avenue may—according to the traffic designations posted and implied—turn right, continue through on Sepulveda, or make a left turn. To make a left turn, all the motorist must do is enter the well marked and posted left turn lane, wait for the green arrow, and then turn. But "Aye," as the man once said, "and there's the rub." Because Maple Avenue north of Sepulveda is unimproved, most motorists are reluctant to continue the left turn once started. The sight of a bumpy, narrow, dusty dirt road wandering down a tree row across a field is more than many of today's drivers bargain for when they innocently enter the well-marked left-turn lane. It is illegal to make a U-Turn at the intersection. Those who try to cut across the intersection and re-enter the eastbound traffic are certain candidates for traffic valentines—at least those who survive. The safest solution would be to sit quietly and have a passerby call the Auto Club or some other friend of the motorist, and goodness knows, anyone in this spot needs all the help he can get.

## Opinions of Others

Unless a far greater majority of Americans wake up and fight for the freedoms which were guaranteed under the Constitution for the majority, as well as for the minority, we might as well kiss this wonderful nation goodbye. Better think this over, for awhile.—Rochester (N.H.) Courier.

A woman living in the nearby suburb, knelt before the tomb of her third son and cried bitterly. Confucius was passing by on his way to persuade the king to reform in his evil ways of governing his subjects and kingdom. Upon hearing the cries, he was so touched that he stopped to console the woman. "Whom are you crying for . . .", Confucius asked. She replied, "Sir, I am crying for the loss of my third son who has been so unfortunate as to have been bitten to death by a fierce tiger roaming in the nearby mountains. My husband and my first and second sons were also victims of these ferocious beasts," she continued. "Then why didn't you move back to the city when your first man was killed?" Confucius asked again. "No, the oppressive rule in the city is worse than the fierce tiger," she answered.—San Francisco, (Calif.) Chinese World.

The Bureau of Land Management wants to abolish a herd of wild horses in Wyoming. Could it be because these horses cannot vote?—Denver (Colo.) Record.

## In Recognition of Your Campus Activities



STAN DELAPLANE

## Don't Just Buy a Ticket; Make a Little Game of It

The wonderful world of air fares: There are so many variations, it's a game. So learn a few rules. Don't say: "I want a ticket to . . ." Ask a few questions.

Excursion fares: Lower than regular fares. Usually off-season and off-days—Monday through Friday is the time you must fly. Ask the ticket agent if they have an excursion fare.

Tour-based fares: New in Europe this year and lower than excursion fares. You get a lower ticket rate because you also buy a tour. But—the airlines have it worked out for a minimum tour. Say, just hotel and transportation from the airport. Doesn't mean you're in a group. Ask if they have it.

Family plan: Inside the U.S., Monday through Friday. You pay full fare. Wife pays 2/3. Kids pay 1/3. You don't get family plan going overseas. BUT—you do get it to the point of leaving the country. Say, from the West Coast to New York including pro-rate on polar flights. Lots of money involved here. So as.

Circle fares and extensions: Go one way, come back another route at no extra cost. U.S. and overseas. But best in the U.S. Go to New York and come back through the Caribbean at a bargain price. Extensions can be put on sometimes for a dollar or two. Come back from Europe via Bermuda for \$15. So ask.

Buy your ticket to your furthest point. It's cheaper. Don't go to Paris and decide to buy a new ticket on to Rome. Buy it to Rome first—turn it back in if you don't use it. Or take your ticket to the Paris office of the airline and ask them to extend it.

If you're watching every penny, check prices from

different departure points. From the East, Boston-Europe is cheaper than from New York. And Montreal is cheaper than Boston. From the West, Vancouver-Europe is cheaper than Los Angeles.

"We've seen some airline tours advertised but wonder

### Travel

if we will be in a group and what kind of people they will be."

Probably not in a group at all—though they're doing is routing you and making some reservations. You might be with a group of people doing the same trip but you don't know it.

"Do you tip on airlines?"

No. But you tip the baggage porters. Even in Japan, one of the exceptions to Japan's no-tipping customs. (But not in Tahiti.)

"Can you tell me what I should carry for a trip to Europe that will be within the 44-pound weight allowance?"

The 44-pound allowance is no more. The rules are relaxed. I carry a couple of large suitcases to check in and a flight bag and typewriter hand-carried. But ask the airline. Seems to me some are easier about it than others.

"I would like to shop for pearls and tailored wools in Tokyo and Hong Kong . . ."

People tell me you can do well in Tokyo by having a pearl seller come to your room. But since I don't know anything about pearls, I go to Mikimoto on the Ginza. Tourist, famous and safe.

There are a thousand Hong Kong tailors. I go to Jimmy Chen at 12 A Cameron Road, Kowloon side for my suits. Allow him at least

## Morning Report:

There's one thing everybody admits the Russians did discover. That is the conditioned reflex—as demonstrated by Pavlov's dog. Everytime the bell rang, he got ready to eat. It's also a discovery the Russians have forgotten.

That's why they have been so touchy about all the big earthquakes that have struck Tashkent. Western reporters barred. Delayed accounts and probably phony as well.

As a result, they have missed a great opportunity in the United States. We are a soft touch for the stricken—hungry Hindus or flooded Frenchmen. It's a long-conditioned reflex. We are automatically on the side of the stricken. Pictures of toppled Tashkent would have made more friends for Russia than a dozen touring ballet companies.

Abe Mellinkoff

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

## Fired Bellman Has a Tip For a 'Goof-Off' Manager

Last Word: A night bellman who has been running a call girl operation in a major S.F. hotel was nabbed the other day by vigilant vice squadders—but that wasn't his most trying hour. As soon as the bellman was out on bail, the hotel manager assembled the entire staff and "publicly" fired him as "a disgrace to our honorable profession." The ensuing painful silence was broken by the bellman, who grinned at the manager: "The trouble with you is, you're a goof-off—you leave so early in the afternoon you miss all the fun around here!" Exeunt all, giggling, leaving the manager fuming.

When my peers say "Kids aren't what they used to be," I can nod agreement. What I mean by that is that the young ones are better than we used to be. I was one dumb kid, and so were my contemporaries. We put stachew on our hair and wore clean white shirts with filthy corduroys that had sex symbols inked on them, and does that make more sense than what the kids wear today? Noo. We had our simple pleasures: crystal set radios with cat's whiskers, windup phonographs with breakable records, Model T Fords, and ice boxes that used real chunks of ice we had to go to the ice house for. Today's kids have hi-fis, transistors and Mustangs, which is playing it smart. Besides, the youngsters now are politically oriented, which we never were but who could get excited about

a President like Calvin Coolidge? I still don't believe HIM.

In Town: Author John Peer Nugent ("Dial Africa 999") who broke the strange story—in Newsweek—of Ronald Ramsey, the 27-yr.

### San Francisco

old self-styled "freedom fighter" who holed up in South L.A. and made anti-U.S. tapes for Radio Hanoi, urging American troops to go home. . . . "A strange young man," related Nugent over lunch at the St. Francis. "He used the name 'Granny Goose'—after your potato chips—because it appealed to his sense of humor. But he also used the code name Joe Libre Epstein because he's an anti-Semite—a little stunt of his to discredit the Jews. The FBI wanted to arrest him but the White House said no, don't make a martyr out of him, but keep him under surveillance. I guess he trusted me because I knew him in Africa. When he found out the FBI was on his trail, he gave me his passport, and other papers, ditched his tail and got to Canada—that's the last word that was in the papers. But this is news: from there, he flew to New York and somehow talked his way aboard Icelandic Airlines, without a passport. He is now behind the Iron Curtain, probably Prague. . . . Oh, one other funny angle. In the 1960 Presidential race, he worked on Richard Nixon's campaign in Hawaii."

I know one thing that changes, and that's people. They get older, which is a mistake: there's no future in it. This is especially true of jazz musicians. What started me on this lugubrious line is that I saw Woody Herman recently, leading a band of young cats who looked barely out of high school. Now Woody is a wonderful man and I admire him, but there's no denying he's deep into his 50s, with very little hair, quite a few wrinkles and a fair paunch. It just isn't dignified for a man his age to be snapping his fingers, saying "yeah!" and kicking off the band with "Uh—one, uh—two, POW!"

When Benny Goodman was here, he looked like sort of a rich Pat Brown. It's just plain silly for a man who looks like a rich Pat Brown, and rich he is, to stick a clarinet in his face and blow what used to be called hot licks. Stan Kenton, same thing: this old fellow leading a bunch of kids (and complaining on the side that "all my life I've been playing for kids, it's getting ridiculous. The trouble with jazz is that it'll never grow up"). I guess Louis Armstrong is the only old jazzist who doesn't look out of place, but he always looked old and played young. . . . And for the Dept. of Misplaced Subtlety, how about the discreet type on the ciggie packs, warning "Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous To Your Health?" The message is milder than the tobacco is supposed to be. Next.

## ROYCE BRIER

## Support Growing in Bid To Close European Bases

For 127 years, 1790-1917, American military forces were never seen in Europe, excepting occasional seamen from a naval vessel.

Starting in 1917, the Europeans began to see American soldiery, first a trickle, the next year in mass. They were uncommonly glad to see it, because they were in a desperate strait, partly through their own folly.

After the Armistice, the 2 million Americans in West Europe rapidly evaporated to a few divisions. But these divisions, or replacements, were kept in Europe until 1923, when they left the occupation to France and Belgium. American soldiers thus had been abroad for six years.

Nineteen years later, the West Europeans again being in a desperate strait partly through their own folly, American soldiers re-

appeared in Europe. They remained there for 24 years, though they were greatly reduced in number after the defeat of the German Reich.

Yet not so reduced as in 1919. There are now, 21 years after the defeat of the German Reich, almost 400,000 American military men in Europe.

So it happens that of the 49 years since the American apparition in Europe, it has survived for 30 years in numbers ranging from some thousands to millions.

It would perhaps be most inert and unperceptive of us if we did not begin to feel that the maintenance of American armed forces in Europe for 30 of the last 49 years was about enough, if not a little too much. Par-

ticularly as the west and south Europeans whose security we are presumed to uphold, in varying degrees don't care for us as people, or our soldiers as semi-permanent residents.

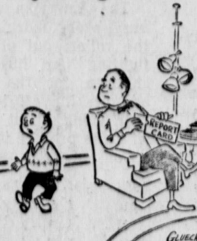
Not that they don't want our guarantee of their security, in case of a slip-up or still more folly, but the terms of continental and national security have been radically altered by the nuclear age.

Now in this grand, half-century equation, the terms of our own security have radically altered, or our Washington leaders think so and so far have persuaded a majority of us. We are caught in murky warfare in the Far East, with a commitment, so-called, having no visible limit. Our leaders manifest no slightest idea how to control this history, but they do know the soggy war is so remote and so erosive that we are strained, morally and physically, to support it.

It is no wonder, then, that Senator Mansfield, the floor leader, suggests we consider pulling our troops out of Europe, a momentous solution offered after a Mansfield trip to Viet Nam. It has no immediate Administration support, but it is getting plenty of support elsewhere. Senators Symington and McIntyre, both influential Democrats, support it. McIntyre is particularly annoyed, saying we are trying to keep the world peace, and "those fellows" (the Europeans) are making money out of it.

We don't know where this will go, but it is far more likely to zoom to collapse, and some may feel impelled to count the years of our presence in Europe.

## My Neighbors



## WILLIAM HOGAN

## 'Black Like Me' Author Target of Strange Suit

Out of La Crosse, Wisconsin, the other day came a curious story of a legal suit for damages. It immediately sparked interest and concern in book publishing circles. The suit involved John Howard Griffin's "Black Like Me," a powerful document that tells of the Texas author's experiences some years ago when he darkened his skin by means of chemicals and lived as a Negro for a time in the Deep South.

The suit against Griffin was brought by a carpet company executive, Edward T. Bardwell, on the ground that his 13-year-old son had suffered "mental and moral injury" from reading the book. Attorney for the plaintiff, according to a Los Angeles Times reporter on the scene, claimed that the boy was forced to undergo psychiatric treatment after reading it.

The problem here would seem to be that if the suit is successful, thousands of authors of all kinds of material—"Peter Rabbit" "Ulysses"—might be held

responsible for the mental health of their readers everywhere. Beyond that, the success of such a suit certainly might give pressure groups, or local government, Big Brother powers that would leave writers with no

protection whatever, in spite of the language of the First and 14th Amendments to the Constitution.

Philip G. Arneson, lawyer for the plaintiff, suggested that Griffin's book is not in fact what it purports to be, a description of his degrading and eye-opening experiences as a "Negro." The lawyer will seek to prove that there was intent by the author "to influence and destroy the standards of a country." He was further quoted as seeking to relate certain sections of "Black Like Me" to "known aims of the Communist Party."

Apparently the whole thing was touched off by a lecture Griffin delivered to some 1,400 young people re-

cently, an event sponsored by several groups, including the Unitarian Fellowship and the La Crosse Junior League. A heavy barrage of right-wing oriented protest surged through the city of 50,000 including a cry to Wisconsin's Governor against Griffin's appearance by the local leader of the John Birch Society. The Griffin lecture took place without incident, but there were "threats from all over," according to the editor of a Catholic newspaper who supported the lecture.

Griffin's lawyer stated that "the people behind this suit are racists and extremists." The plaintiff promptly launched a public fund drive for his side, calling it the "Fight Fifth Fund." His strategy reportedly is to battle "obscenity" and other types of "objectionable" writing. There things stand—along with a classic legal theory that an author cannot be held liable in a civil action for the effect of his writing on readers. The carpet man has other ideas, and Griffin has problems.