

Torrance Herald

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Bell Earns Another Term

Those Torrance voters in the 46th Assembly District—which includes all of south and west Torrance west of Hawthorne Avenue, have a chance next week to return an able congressman to Washington as their representative.

Congressman Alphonzo E. Bell, whose 28th Congressional District is one of the most misshapen in the nation, has made a valiant effort to keep abreast of the thinking of his constituents, though the range is from Nicholas Flat near the Ventura County line to Fort MacArthur in San Pedro.

During his tenure in Congress as the representative of this long, thin district, Congressman Bell has kept himself informed of the thinking in his district through the use of frequent questionnaires to thousands of voters; and has kept his district informed of his thinking and actions through newsletters, and by keeping newspapers in his district informed of his activities.

It is a rare treat for anyone in this area to be asked for an opinion on current issues by his congressman, and it is equally rare to be told how his congressman feels about various public issues.

The HERALD believes Congressman Bell has met his obligations as a representative of the area in Washington, and believes further that he has earned the right to continue as the area's representative.

The HERALD recommends the re-election of Congressman Alphonzo E. Bell at the polls on Nov. 6.

The Battle of Signs

Signs—political, that is—have taken on the role of front line troops in scores of campaigns now entering the feverish pitch, and the casual observer might be excused if he comes to the conclusion that campaign partisans believe the outcome of the Nov. 6 election hangs on the relative strength of the sign reaction and destruction units of the various camps.

Without commenting specifically on the questionable value of erecting political signs along the community's streets and highways with apparent gay abandon, it seems appropriate to comment on the rash of destruction which has taken place in recent days as the election drives head for a showdown.

The matter was brought to public attention during the week when a large number of signs erected by campaign workers for Congressional Nominee Ted Bruinsma were destroyed, but no one candidate, nor one political party can be singled out as the most likely victims—or culprits.

Legally erected political signs are private property and their destruction is no different than the wanton destruction of other private property.

Gangs which spend their time roving the areas in search of signs to destroy could better be employed using persuasion to convince voters of the qualifications of their candidate.

While we are on the subject of signs, it should be pointed out again that the posting of political signs on the utility poles of the area is not only unsightly, but is illegal. The joint pole committee of the utility companies have complained about the practice, saying it is dangerous to employees who are required to climb poles for service, and have sought—apparently without success—to have candidates refrain from the practice. Inasmuch as it is illegal, enforcement of law would seem to be in order.

In the final reckoning, the individual candidates must be held responsible for the violations of law and ethics in the business of signs. Candidates who issue orders to their supporters that they will tolerate no such funny stuff can expect their wishes to be followed.

It is long past time for officials and candidates to put and end to the abuse of public sensitivities.

Morning Report:

Almost every day we learn of a new escape tunnel from East to West Berlin. In fact, so many holes have been dug under the Berlin Wall that I sometimes wonder what's holding the thing up.

It's not stopping German migration and it's not stopping trade either. West Germany sells about \$750 million worth of stuff a year to the Communists and buys almost as much.

Maybe the Berlin Wall was just a make-work project for East Germany's unemployed. And probably some bureaucrat is encouraging tunnel-digging so the jobless will have something to do filling them up.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By FRED NEHER



Pulling Castro's Beard



A Bookman's Notebook

American Trail Series Follows El Camino Real

William Hogan

In "The Golden Road," third volume in McGraw-Hill's American Trail Series, we have in effect a history of Highway 101, San Diego to San Francisco.

Felix Riesenberg Jr. subtitled his informal and occasionally jaunty story "The Story of California's Mission Trail," which of course has been told time and time again. What Riesenberg has done, aside from restating the stirring and romantic saga of Spanish pathfinders and missionaries who created El Camino Real, is to bring this trail's story up to our own day.

He goes back quite a way, too—almost as Harold Gilliam did in his geological tracing of San Francisco Bay. Riesenberg looks at this California coastal region from the age of the Santa Rosa Island Man of some 30,000 years ago. He brings its story up to the gold-plated freeways of today.

The central portion of his narrative concerns the Spanish and early American ages

of this rugged and beautiful coastal land. I found the more recent history even more stimulating—the age of Gasoline Alley, for example, during which Model T Fords cranked down the dusty and rutted coastal highway, and when mechanics talked of "classy outfits," "speedsters" and "super-sixes." We observe the tourist wave of the 1890s, the depression era of Steinbeck's migratory Oakes, onward and upward to El Camino Real of the present which already may be as obsolete as the ox trails of the Eighteenth Century.

It is by no means to downgrade this fine, relaxed and excellently researched book to suggest that it is ideal Western American for young readers.

The author of some 20 books, including adventure novels for teen-agers Riesenberg was a dedicated writer, craftsman and historian. A former San Francisco newspaperman, he died in Sarasota, Fla., earlier this year.

still in his 40s. His last book is a first-rate, warmly recommended unit in the American Trails Series, under the overall editorship of A. B. Guthrie Jr.

NOTES ON THE MARGIN
... New Directions of New York has published two books of poetry in paper-back format. "By the Waters of Manhattan" is a selection of Charles Reznikoff's work, with an introduction by C. P. Snow (\$1.50). "The Materials" is a group of poems by George Open (\$1.25). With Reznikoff, Open was a member of the Objectivist Group that flourished in the 1930s and whose most prominent member was William Carlos Williams.

... Eleanor Clark's "Rome and a Villa," one of the most underrated personal travel books of recent years, appears as an Athenium paperback (\$1.45). A literate and glowing evaluation of the Eternal City.

The Golden Road: The Story of California's Spanish Mission Trail. By Felix Riesenberg Jr. McGraw-Hill; 302 pp.; \$5.95.

Athens Is Talking About...

Special Mirth Factor Of Daphni Wine Affair

ATHENS—The Daphni wine festival is in full swing. This is the annual "wine bust" held in honor of the "discoverer" of wine, the Greek god Dionysus, on his old hallowed stompin' grounds.

Daphni, a 15-minute ride from downtown Athens, is the special area originally dedicated to Dionysus (also known as Bacchus). Some foreigners smile when they discover that located hard by the small wooded stretch that serves as the site of the festival is the biggest mental institution in Greece. ("Send him to Daphni" has the same connotations for a Greek that "Send him to Norwalk" has for Southern Californians.)

But the Greeks wisely argue this away, holding that Dionysus was god of both the sensible and the insensible.

The festival runs at least four weeks, starting about the time of the gathering of the grapes for the new wine. To visitors, it might well appear that the festival is an excuse to drink up the remains of last year's vintage.

There is an admission charge of 20 drachmas (66 cents). Just inside the wooded gates, for an additional 10

drachmas, you get an attractively decorated pint bottle and a small sampling glass.

Thus armed, you are ready for as much wine as your system can absorb, with a bonus pint to take home with you.

There are at least 70 different wines of the previous year's vintage placed in barrels around the acreage.

Girls in native costumes are seated behind small counters to dispense the joy juice. The idea is to travel around and sample, sample and sample until you find a wine to suit your particular taste.

There are four pavilions, varying from a de luxe one with American dance music and a cafeteria-style taverna adjoining a large picnic area. (Moderate prices prevail for all food; the wine is free.)

Music and dancing continue throughout each night. One special feature is a presentation of native dances from various parts of Greece.

The official program explains that Bacchus Dionysus, as a young god, was turned over to the wood nymphs by his father, chief god Zeus, to be brought up. One day he

squeezed a bunch of grapes and drank the resultant juice. He liked it so much that he told his friends and followers to do likewise.

Attendance at the festival is estimated to be at 5,000 nightly. The gates are open only between 8 p.m. and midnight, which by the noise and antics are more than sufficient time to get into the Bacchus' spirit. (Celebrators can stay on the grounds as late as they wish, but admission stops at midnight.)

There is a special detachment of police on hand to handle the happy warriors of Bacchus. But they treat the well-sodden most gently, suggesting perhaps that anyone who partakes of Bacchus' offering during the festival can't be all drunk.

No figures are available on the total barrel consumption. The reason suggested by one sage native is that the Greeks, being a proud, independent and happy people, do not want anyone to measure the extent of their happiness or to make it relative to someone else's.

ROYCE BRIER

Political Use of Soviet Oil Probed by Senators

While the Senate Judiciary Committee rocks monotonously along from year to year, listening to some sense and some nonsense in the name of "internal security," it appears to have done a service in investigation of the export of oil for political purposes.

The committee summoned an international lawyer and trade expert, Samuel Nakasian, for testimony last summer, just released.

The Soviet Union has oil reserves exceeding those of the United States. In 1952 it produced under a million barrels a day and now is producing just under 4 million barrels. This may be compared with American production of about 7.5 million barrels daily. This expanding production marks a large surplus, partly due to low and restricted per capita consumption of oil in the Soviet bloc.

Nakasian notes Soviet export to the Free World, as distinguished from domestic consumption and export to satellites) has two aims: strategic procurement and political penetration.

The Russians are hampered by lack of pipe production for pipelines, and tankers. Their pipe and shipbuilding facilities have not kept pace with oil production and the export program. They buy and charter tankers and export crude to nations like Italy, West Germany, Japan and Sweden, and in return receive pipe, drilling and refinery facilities. The four named countries last year im-

ported 280,000 barrels daily of Soviet crude.

But what is more important, the Russians are selling crude to these and other free nations at sub-market prices, Nakasian says. This varies from country to country, but is about half the price for crude the Soviet Union demands and gets from its own bloc.

Nakasian implies these sales to the Free World are under Soviet production

costs, but he says this is not important to the Kremlin. "The value to the Soviet is what the Soviet purchases in return..."

Soviet export of crude to the Free World jumped from 12 million barrels in 1953 to 222 million barrels last year. Nakasian says that at the present rate of growth, Western Europe will become "heavily committed" to Soviet oil supply in another decade.

But Soviet export to underdeveloped nations, ranging from India to small African countries, is even more threatening to the Western oil position, because many small countries are already wholly dependent on Soviet crude.

This is but a brief look at what Nakasian calls a "power monster" and necessarily cannot deal with a program for meeting it.

Quote

"The biggest trouble with political promises is that they go in one year and out the other."—Lockwood Phillips, Morehead City (N.C.) News-Times.

"A lot of political candidates who are standing on their records are defying the law of gravity."—Frieda J. Monger, Duluth (Minn.) Publicity.

"One reason politics make such strange bedfellows is that all kinds of people enjoy the same bunk."—Lloyd S. Waters, Mountain Home (Ida.) News.

"This newspaper has consistently endorsed John Connally for Governor. Please don't let that influence you; vote for him anyway."—James H. Russell, Belton (Tex.) Journal.

My Neighbors



Mailbox

Editor, Torrance Herald
After reading the booklet, "California, Dynasty of Communism," I find it very easy to understand the Governor's anxiety, and I offer him my sympathy.

However, I value my vote far too much to offer that to him, simply because I can understand how he must feel. It seems very odd to me that the Governor has done no more than make counter-charges of "smear" unless the contents of this pamphlet are, as the author claims, entirely documented.

Perhaps I expect too much of the politicians I help to elect, but to me the charge of being pro-Communist is far too serious to be dismissed with a simple counter-charge of "smear."

All due respect to the highest office of our State, but I respectfully submit that this matter is deserving of a great deal more attention than it now appears it will receive, for if Mr. Prussion has made false claims in his booklet, then he fully deserves the stiffest penalty by law.

If, however, the charges are actually based on fact, then I feel our Governor is deserving of a fate far worse than the law would allow.

In any case, and above all else, the voting public is most assuredly entitled to know the facts in this matter before we go to the polls.

The Governor was quick to demand this of Mr. Nixon in the matter of the loan to Mr.

Nixon's brother. Now it is the Governor's turn. This, I feel, is the duty of the Governor of any state.

CHARLES H. BROCK
Torrance

Herald Thanked

Editor, Torrance Herald
Thank you for the salute in a recent editorial. I am a "member" who feels strongly enough to act and I pray that we won't lose this battle (war against sale of smut). If your fine newspaper continues to cover and support our efforts, how then can we fail?

Your pen coupled with our voices may well be the team that wins in this dirty game between decency and filth.

MRS. PETER O'BRIEN
Torrance

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If You Work, You're Cheating Your Husband

By Count Marco

An irate woman approached me at one of my lectures and complained:

"You're always saying we should not work. What if you have four children to support? After all, there are times when it's necessary, as in my case. So there!"

I looked at her coldly and asked, "Which are you, a widow, divorced or helping an invalid husband? If any of the three, I not only approve but have respect for your efforts."

By her bitter attack I knew she was none of these. "I'm married and my husband has a job, but with four children I have to augment our income."

I could tell by the shifting of her nervous eyes that she knew

she was going to get the worst of our discussion.

She had to answer "yes" to the following questions I threw at her: "Do you have two cars? Do you have a television set? Do you belong to clubs? Do you send your clothes to the laundry for washing? Do you have a stereo? Do you have a washing machine? Do you have an automatic dryer?"

She tried to justify all of them to me—without success, I might add.

Said she loudly, "I need the television set to keep the children occupied."

What ever happened to mothers through the many genera-

tions long gone who didn't have TV sets to keep their little children occupied

I believe they used something called books, which today's younger generation is apparently unaware of.

The second car, as I've written before, is unnecessary. The children can walk to school, and shopping, if organized, can be done one day a week.

If you didn't work you would not have to send the laundry out; and clubs are unnecessary. It all boils down to the fact that you American women who work to help pay household expenses only keep building household debts by buying more and more.

You can't keep a job, a home and a husband as well as children. A woman's place is only in the home, not on the job front. And now, who dares to tell me differently?

