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Labor Day 1963

We are on the threshold of another Labor Day. And a vast change has taken place in this institution and the cause it stands for in the decades that have passed since its first observance. Labor has grown strong — stronger, very likely, than its leaders of another and simpler age could have imagined.

Nowhere else in the world has labor earned and gained so many material benefits as it has in the United States. The "blue collar" man has caught up with his "white collar" counterpart in earnings and living standards and in many instances passed him by. Labor can take well justified pride in this achievement.

But the high status of labor, and labor's power, involve another element. That element is responsibility. Labor can no longer be content with just pursuing its differences with management. It has another and a larger duty. That is to help provide the quality of industrial statesmanship that is so urgently needed if this country is to maintain its position in an increasingly competitive world.

Deserved honors will be paid to labor Monday. May it go on and earn, through wise accomplishment, still higher honors.

A Product of Reason

The agreement signed this week by the City of Torrance and the Congress of Racial Equality is indeed something that can be called a significant accomplishment. Its essence was summarized by Kenneth Thoras, representing CORE, when he said that the agreement moves the concern from the streets to the courts.

Under the provisions of the agreement, CORE will maintain two pickets one day each week at the Southwood tract, and the cases of the 234 demonstrators arrested during June and July have been dismissed.

Peace and quiet will be restored to the neighborhood which has been the scene of picketing and mass demonstration for the past year, and the city's obligation to uphold law and order has been fulfilled.

A situation which was distasteful to both sides has been resolved and the civil rights of both demonstrators and residents of the Southwood tract have been protected by provisions of the agreement. The city does not belong to the dispute between CORE and builder Don Wilson, and it should be noted again that the city has never attempted to decide — or in any way inject itself into — that dispute.

The agreement is a product of reasonable men discussing common problems in an atmosphere of mutual respect and trust. The tension is gone and the neighborhood is again quiet.

It is, indeed, a significant accomplishment, and one which deserves the respect and admiration of all concerned.

School Bells Soon

Everyone's view of summer is different depending on his responsibilities, opportunities, and role in life. Many mothers very probably feel it has been long, noisy, busy and hot. But a good many million children and dogs probably find it hard to believe that three months could have sped so quickly and that the school doors are about to open once again.

The sounds and smells and experiences of summer vacation are still an important part of growing up. But there have been changes—the old swimming hole may have become a concrete-lined chlorinated pool. The automobile and airplanes have vastly extended the scope of things that can be seen on a vacation trip. School has changed too, as the frontiers of man's knowledge have been pushed back so rapidly in recent years. The amount of knowledge that must be packed into the heads of children in grade school and high school has vastly increased.

As school bells ring again, let's salute our young people and those who guide them through ever more complicated fields of learning. In the great affairs of nations, in science, and in the complicated business of leading a good and worthwhile life, our need has never been greater for concerned, intelligent, educated men and women.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"But, Mom... I didn't disobey in going swimming... You said not to let you catch me!"

Meanwhile, Back At The Ranch



ROYCE BRIER

Says Vietnam's Mme. Nhu Doesn't Charm Americans

To some, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu of Saigon suggests Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. You recall her during the war, a charming and remorseless woman, bent on power and on supporting Chiang's power.

To others, Mme. Nhu suggests Eva Peron, the late wife of the Argentine dictator. Like Senora Peron, Mme. Nhu regiments the females of her country in social armies designed to advance her power.

Mme. Nhu is the sister-in-law of the bachelor President Diem of South Vietnam. She and her husband exert undefined influence on the Diem regime, a murky and arrogant power structure subsisting chiefly on American dollars and technical aid in its languorous struggle with the communist Viet Cong guerrillas.

The family is Catholic, and Mme. Nhu hates Buddhists, who comprise a large segment of Vietnamese. She also hates Americans, and has become increasingly outspoken against them.

The Diem regime charges the Buddhists with political interference. The Buddhists, charge they are denied freedom to worship and violation

of civil rights. Some bizarre priestly suicides have marked the struggle.

A large share of the thousands of American military and civilian personnel in Vietnam are not charmed with Mme. Nhu, or with the President. They consider the Diem-Nhu crowd is running a police state, while they, the Americans, were sent there to defend democracy.

Perhaps the regime may have some friends in the American Embassy. These may include the retiring Ambassador Nolting. But speaking of the Embassy recently, Mme. Nhu said it has "threatened her and blackmailed" her in an attempt to muzzle her. "I was absolutely furious," she said. "I said I would shut up if they can shut up the Buddhist priests."

Here is a new goal for American aid — shutting up Buddhist priests.

Shutting up Mme. Nhu is no great shucks as a goal, either. She proved it hopeless when a New York Times correspondent cabled her entire gripe about the Embassy and the Buddhists.

In the same interview she established her flair for rude-

ness in international affairs with a reference to the incoming Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge.

She said: "If he is a good American he will do as well as Nolting. We shall see. He has his own nature, which is very stubborn. If there is stubbornness with us, we shall publish everything and tell the differences."

You'll allow this is a cordial reception, telling an Ambassador before he gets there he'd better not cross Mme. Nhu, or she'll blast him.

Such a figure deserves scant consideration from Mr. Lodge and the United States. We are having enough grief fighting a losing war, to engage in another one with a hissing woman.

A Bookman's Notebook

By WILLIAM HOGAN

SALT WATER NOTES: Joshua Slocum circumnavigated the globe alone in a 36-foot boat, the Spray, and became known as "the Thoreau of the sea." Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World," published in 1900, remains a classic of 19th Century adventure, and one of the most audacious in the annals of seamanship.

Only now do we hear of a Gloucesterman named Howard Blackburn, a younger contemporary of Slocum — although around New England's ports Blackburn long since has become a legendary figure.

He sailed to England and again to Portugal alone in miniature sloops, and made other voyages which verge on the unbelievable. The remarkable part of his adventures was that Blackburn had no fingers. An indestructible sailor, he lost fingers and toes as a youth when he survived five weeks in a North Atlantic blizzard in an open dory, a dead shipmate at his side.

Later he operated a controversial saloon in Gloucester's dock area. Like Slocum, he was a loner, an original and a master mariner who could no more stay off deep water than he could give up breathing.

An account of Blackburn's maritime exploits is presented in "Lone Voyager," by a New England journalist, Joseph E. Garland. If not another "Sailing Alone Around the World," this is a vivid, often appalling story. It was narrated with a kind of archaic journalistic flourish and lily-gilding prose where the facts, straight, would have been quite emphatic enough. But the sailing sagas set down here, plus the unlikely character, plus the unlikely character, plus the unlikely character. (Continued on Page 33)

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Suggests Tax Plan with Monthly Bills to Payers

The administration's \$12 billion deficit for 1964 is like a plan to borrow \$12 billion from the U.S. taxpayers to pay for their own tax cut.

Washington bureaucrats are telling the taxpayers that it costs the government only a half cent for each dollar of the \$100 billion collected in income taxes.

They don't count the free mailing which would cost at least 10 cents for each form. They don't count the cost of the buildings and equipment they use to operate. They don't count the cost they impose on businessmen and employers who collect, keep the records and mail the tax at their own expense, running millions of dollars without reimbursement.

The cheaper and more equitable way would be for the government to send the taxpayer a bill each month, just like his utility bills. This would eliminate the middleman, the employer who collects the tax and even pays the postage to get it to the government. But if this were done and the taxpayer saw this bill coming in every month, often more than his rent, bureaucracy would have to run for cover.

Our present tax plan is based on ability to pay. I think it's unfair.

It should be based on a person's standard of living... and my plan is to tax our citizens on the amount of electricity, gas or heat units they use, based on the British Thermal Unit tax rate of heat energy. My estimate is that a tax of about 2 mills per 1,000 BTUs will support a federal budget of \$100 billion.

This plan could be put into force by 1964 and tried for five years... in the meantime using the present method and giving credit for the amount paid on the Thermal Unit tax basis.

This plan is superior inasmuch as it transfers back to private enterprise the responsibility for national growth. At present the federal government takes its cut from the "effort-level" of the people and economy... while this plan will have it taken from the "wealth-level," or standard-of-living level.

In five years this plan could eliminate all income and profit taxes from the U.S. economy... all sales taxes... all inheritance taxes.

While in Las Vegas to address an automotive convention, I had the feeling from the rows of parked Cadillacs that some of the people who came in \$7,000 cars would be going home in \$70,000 buses.

The late Ernest Hemingway came from Oak Park, Ill., where this writer also lived. Knowing this, a reader asked us where Ernie got his title for his famous book, "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

I heard Ernie explain this when he lived in Paris, just off Rue Madeleine. The title came from a sermon by an obscure minister of a small English village, named John Donne.

It seems when a person died, John Donne would ring the church bell. When this happened at late hours, the villagers didn't know who among them had died. So John Donne announced it in his sermon like this:

"No man is an island entire of itself... every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main... if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if the manor of thy own or thy friend were... any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in mankind... therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls... it tolls for thee."

Quote

"Men's capacities have never been measured; nor are we to judge of what he can do by any precedents, so little has been tried." — Henry David Thoreau.

"Charm is maturity. It's being poised and relaxed enough to forget yourself and be concerned with others." — Virginia Church, San Francisco YWCA.

At the Nebraska State Teachers' convention I heard an astronomy professor say that the earth is 34 seconds behind its rotation as compared with 1900. Which should be very alarming... because he said that if it continues at this rate, it will stop rotating by the year 165,303.

This story has been attributed to Phillips Brooks, but historians who dug into his writings found no trace of it. It's called "One Solitary Life"...

"Here is a young man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant

woman. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was 30, and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never went to college.

"He never put his foot inside a big city. He never traveled 200 miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself.

"While he was still a young man, the tide of public opinion (Continued on Page 33)

Our Man Hoppe

After All, We're Free to Poison

Art Hoppe

WASHINGTON—Mr. Kennedy has asked the Senate for an "historic debate" on the nuclear test ban treaty. But like most of his proposals to Congress it just isn't panning out.

True, there is a division of opinion among our Senators. One faction is firmly for the treaty, but has reservations. The other just has reservations. But, if you ask me, this doesn't make for much of a debate.

Now there's no question a lot of our Senators would like to be against the treaty. In fact, they'd love to be against the treaty. But the trouble, I think, is that they just haven't come up with any good reasons for everybody to keep on blowing up thermonuclear bombs. It's lucky they've got me.

For, in order to please Mr. Kennedy, help our frustrated Senators and promote a decent historic debate, I've been working up arguments in favor of bomb testing. And, when you put your mind to it, there are surprisingly many.

First of all, what do those who favor the ban say? They say if everybody keeps testing bombs the air is going to get radioactive. Which is not very good for human beings, not to mention caribou, turtle doves, halibut and daffodils. And who is man, they say, to louse up this planet?

Well, I feel a little sober reflection will dispose of these specious arguments in short order. Take the fact that radioactivity poisons human beings. Do we have the right to poison human beings? But we're human beings too. And if human beings don't have the right to poison human beings, who does? That disposes of that.

Now then, about those other living things which crawl, swim, fly and grow. The issue gets a little touchy here, but I feel we can resolve it. After all, who is the most superior life form on our planet? We human beings. Who is endowed with the wisest wisdom of all? We human beings. Who, then, is the day-to-day custodian of these lower forms which crawl, swim, fly and grow? We superior human beings.

And, being superior, isn't it up to us to decide whether to poison them or not? Of course it is.

So all we need to do is ask ourselves whether it is not our solemn duty to save all the caribou, the turtle doves, the halibut and the daffodils of the free world from the pitiless yoke of communism. And the Russians can similarly go on saving the communist caribou, turtle doves, halibut and daffodils from the menace of capitalism.

Thus, you see, we superior human beings can wisely decide that when it comes to the lower life forms in our care, poison is good for them. Politically speaking.

This leaves us with the final question: Who is man to louse up this planet? Nonsense. Whose planet, I ask, is it? It's ours by right of our superior wisdom. And if we, in our superior wisdom, want to louse it up, that's our business.

I cite precedent: We human beings in our superior wisdom have already eroded this planet's soil, destroyed its forests and polluted its waters. And if we now want to poison its air, who's to stop us? Who?

So there you have the argument in favor of our right to go on blowing up bombs. And I trust we'll now have a more spirited historic debate, with Senators leaping to their feet to oppose the treaty forthrightly.

For if there's one concept that appeals most to Our Leaders, it's the idea that they are endowed with Superior Wisdom.

Morning Report:

The President's work is never done. Right now he is busy with a plan to keep us from being blown up by atom bombs. But the other day he found time to check into why our athletes are not running fast enough in world competition.

He set up an official committee that includes representatives from no less than three major government departments and an unnamed number of stenographers and mimeograph machines.

Nobody's saying it right out. But our problem is Russian runners. The Government pays them regularly over there. And here, they must survive on sporadic under-the-table handouts from patriotic sports lovers. It's unfair to our fellows.

Abe Mellinkoff