

Victory for Schools

In addition to electing two candidates to the Board of Education, this newspaper considered most qualified, voters turned out in respectable numbers last Tuesday to approve the \$8 million school bond issue, also strongly advocated by The HERALD.

We think Torrance voters exercised intelligent discrimination in returning one incumbent to office and electing an outstanding woman candidate. We think the schools will be well served by the individual talents and abilities of Mrs. Polly Watts and Dr. Kurt Shery.

Passage of the bond issue, after an abortive attempt last year, attests the kind of responsibility accepted by the taxpayers of Torrance. We especially commend Mobil Oil, largest among all our taxpayers, for their publicized support of the bonds. This had been traditional policy with General Petroleum, predecessor of Mobil, and Torrance ought to be eternally grateful for this outstanding example of corporate good citizenship.

The community also should be grateful to all others who played a part in securing passage of the bond issue. From Dr. J. H. Hull on down through the ranks, school administrators have helped present a good case. The various P.T.A. groups as usual did splendid yeoman service and parents and taxpayers generally, contributed by the interest shown in the election of board candidates and in approving the all important bond issue.

Schools are the most important institution in this city. It appears Torrance voters are determined to be satisfied only with the best.

Death in the Home

The American Medical Association reports that accidental poisonings, mostly in the home, have become one of the major causes of accidents in America, particularly to small children. And, it adds, no wonder—a quarter of a million products used in the home and in industry are potentially hazardous.

The products aren't to blame—they serve wanted, useful and essential purposes. The fault lies in the way they are handled.

The AMA offers a set of simple rules to prevent poisoning in the home. Here they are: Keep all drugs, poisonous substances and household chemicals out of the reach of children. Do not transfer poisonous substances to unlabeled containers. Never re-use containers of chemical substances. Do not leave discarded medicines where children or pets might get at them. Never tell children you are giving them candy when you actually are giving them medicine. Read the labels before using chemical products. Never give or take medicines in the dark.

Another important stricture is that speed is essential to stop absorption of a poison. If possible, one person should begin first aid while another call a physician. And the poison container with its label and remaining contents should be saved and given to the physician or the hospital.

The final point is that prevention is much easier than treatment. Take a look around your home for potential hazards and correct them—today.

Potential Death Trap

Continued emphasis on traffic safety is playing an important part in the commendable record Torrance has been able to establish in recent months—that of a relatively modest accident and injury rate when considered with the mile after mile of major highways and the thousands of cars which daily use our streets.

A moment of carelessness, however, can undo a lot of the work being done by the police department, the Traffic Safety Council, and the city's traffic engineering personnel.

A case in point this weekend is a new excavation on Hawthorne Boulevard near the new Walteria Lake drainage sump.

Motorists using the heavily traveled highway have commented that the hazards prevented by the excavation are inadequately safeguarded, and that motorists using the highway at night are given insufficient warning of the impending danger.

The matter may be corrected before this comment can be published. We hope so. But it cannot be emphasized too strongly that any changes in roadways which alter a motorist's driving habits should be adequately posted. To do otherwise is to create a potential death trap.

—California Teachers Association

Visit Your Schools

This week is Public Schools Week in California—an event observed with special programs in all local schools.

This is the time each year when the school makes a special effort to tell its story to parents and the public in general. It is also the best time for the public to find out what is happening in the classroom in the early 1960's.

Much has been said about the public schools and education during the past year—including an avalanche of criticism. Misinformation is rampant. As a result, too many people are honestly disturbed.

Now is the time for them to find out for themselves—firsthand—if there is real basis for their fears. They can observe and ask questions. And they can reach conclusions based on facts.

Improved methods of teaching are everywhere to be seen. Math is the throes of a revolution. So is science. So is foreign language.

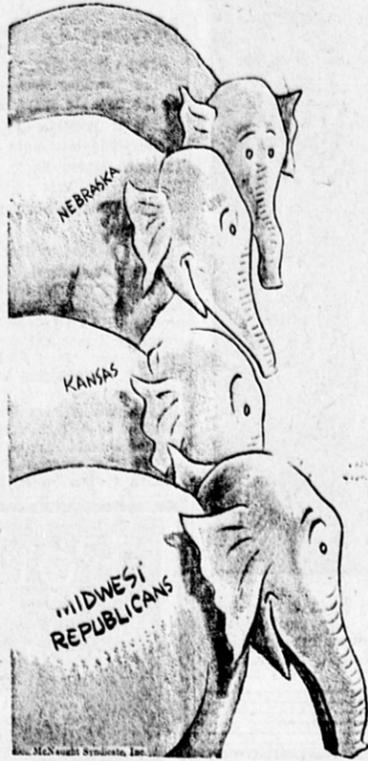
In a nutshell, the school is one of the most exciting places in the community today.

Certainly, because of growing importance of education and because of attacks by extremists, this year's Public Schools Week deserves a special effort on the part of the schools and the public to know each other better. The theme is "The Public Schools—Symbols of Freedom."

Visit your local school. See for yourself how the program is being improved.

An informed public was never more vital to quality education and national survival. Constructive criticism based on fact is essential to progress; but emotional attacks based on fiction are a luxury we can't afford.

—California Teachers Association



REG MANNING

ROYCE BRIER

Terms French Position De Gaulle's 'Mirage'

It is really quite simple, and puzzling, that a President with Mr. Kennedy's historical sense has not spelled it out for President De Gaulle.

Adlai Stevenson did in a Paris speech recently, but that is not the same. He said the United States would not hesitate to defend western Europe against an aggression. In January, de Gaulle based his new European policy of isolation on the thesis that the United States would pull out in case of trouble.

In 1870, the United States found no occasion to defend France against the Prussians, nor did England. But the Prussians were not out to "Prussianize" France. Moreover, there was an ocean moat and a British Navy.

In 44 years this Teutonic moderation was lost in an imperial spirit. In 1914, the German ambition was clearly to make a conquest of Britain and France, to make them second-rate powers. Woodrow Wilson and the American

people were slow to see this, for it was unbelievable.

It did not accord with a latter-day delusion that "civilization" had mellowed nations inasmuch that they would not seek conquest as their ancestors had. The Germans with the U-boats dispelled the delusion.

The submarine bridged the ocean moat. The Americans were no longer immune to European conflict. They reluctantly saw that now they could not tolerate an aggressive, unfriendly power dominating western Europe.

But quite humanly in the 1930s they hoped they were wrong. They hoped something would stop Adolf Hitler. Nothing did. Nothing at all stopped the wolfpack, which was now joined by Imperial Japan.

Further, the ocean moat was narrowed by the long-range airplane, and was to vanish forever with the rocket.

What the United States

must have, facing west in the Atlantic, is a self-governing society, amenable to negotiation and acting in good faith. The national makeup of this society is not important, and will not change, anyway. What is important is that Britain, France and Germany are free and sovereign. The peoples themselves will not harm us.

The day we haven't got this—the day a second Napoleon or Hitler, or some Russian dictator dominates western Europe—that day we are in a survival war.

Whenever tyranny gets a permanent lodgment on the Atlantic front, we are next, and dead-sure. The odds for us before tyranny wins the lodgment are high; the odds against us after tyranny wins are high indeed.

M. de Gaulle is no blockhead, and he should perceive this. But apparently such simple world strategy is not in his ken, and it should be called to his notice in some detail.

A Bookman's Notebook

H. L. Mencken in Paperback

William Hogan

The small but distinguished literary quarterly, The Paris Review, for some time has carried a running feature—detailed and in many cases important interviews with major contemporary writers. It fell upon the granddaughter of Leonid Andreyev—the Edgar Allan Poe of Russian Literature, who died in 1919—to visit the USSR not long ago in search of such interviews.

Olga Andreyev Carlisle grew up in Paris. She is married to the American writer and editor, Henry Carlisle. She speaks Russian fluently. She was greeted with great hospitality in Moscow's literary and artistic quarters, even though she had some straight from the United States. Indeed, the Russians seemed to be as interested in this French-American Andreyev as she in them.

Some Moscow hospitality—such as that extended by the Ukrainian novelist Mikhail Sholokhov—may have resulted from the lady's Andreyev ties. But most of it was genuine and spontaneous, she declares in an unpretentious report on her literary mission titled "Voices in the Snow."

Like The Paris Review she represented, the lady's book is a small but distinguished account of her meeting with Sholokhov; the vastly popular young poet Eugene Yevtushenko; the veteran novelist and propagandist Ilya Ehrenburg; the late Boris Pasternak and other major figures on the Russian cultural scene. Her report is "inside stuff"

by a visitor who felt completely at home in the Russian literary environment. While the author is an urbane and cultured lady, her approach to his literary-journalistic assignment carries an almost girlish charm and enthusiasm. This becomes infectious as she dines lavishly with Sholokhov; consumes endless glasses of tea as the flamboyant Yevtushenko plays the classic role of the romantic young poet with gusto; becomes irritated because she must perform the ritual of dining at Pasternak's home rather than simply listening to the poet-novelist explain the international reaction to "Doctor Zhivago"; observes Ehrenburg, the Russian writer who "stands for worldly refinement" and in the eyes of the Russian reader, is "an intellectual par excellence."

This is a personal story, not a collection of interviews. It is a delightful insight into the Russian artistic scene that apparently has been denied to most Westerners. In this case, Mrs. Carlisle's late grandfather helped; but so did her own intelligence, obvious charm and keen interest in the subject at hand.

H. L. Mencken, the marvelous iconoclast who long since has been busted off to bliss eternal, published "Treatise on the Gods" in 1930. Like just about everything else he published, this soon became the college boy's delight—in this case, the college boy's "Golden Bough."

The book ran through many printings even in those early depression days. It was Mencken's thesis that religion, in its firm form, was naturally a very simple thing and had no need for the complicated theologies which now adorn it and make it dark and bewildering.

The book, of course, outraged the faithful and the more fundamentalist occupants of the nation's pulpits. They were used to being outraged by Mencken, a gadfly with a firebrand's vocabulary who was once described as a crusader against the crusades. Yet "Treatise on the Gods" was not one of the more fun-poking, tongue-in-cheek exercises. It is an erudite examination of formal religions and how they grew. The opening line:

"The ancient and curious thing called religion, as it shows itself in the modern world, is often so overlaid with excrecences and irrelevancies that its fundamental nature tends to be obscured."

Well, "Treatise on the Gods" by, in this case, the poor man's Sir James Frazer, is available now in the Knopf-Vintage paperback line (\$1.95). It carries Mencken's preface to the revised, or 1945, edition in which he observed, no doubt with tongue in cheek:

"The great masses of people still follow theologians as they follow the politicians, and seem doomed to be bamboozled and squeezed by both for many long ages to come."

Weaverville Told 'Lie Down And Be Depressed' by U.S.

By JAMES DORIAS

A year ago, the California town of Weaverville, capital seat of Trinity County, achieved nationwide fame by being designated a Depressed Area against its wishes. The editor of the Weaverville newspaper editorialized that someone in Washington had sent the word out: "Lie down and be depressed, damn you."

Trinity County's experience apparently is not unique. The current issue of U. S. News & World Report tells the story of another county—Rice County in Kansas—that has been picked by the Potomac planners as the recipient of Federal largesse, with even less reason.

Rice County has been chosen as a pilot area for the operations of the fast burgeoning Area Redevelopment Administration, created by an act of Congress in 1961.

Last year, ARA had a mere 7 million dollars to lend or give away. This year, it has 45 million available for handouts, and the agency is saking for an appropriation of 121 million for the year following.

The lucky areas chosen for "redevelopment" become eligible for long-term, low interest loans to start new industries, for food-stamp plans, for matching grants to build water systems, roads, sewerage systems, railroad spurs and what have you.

Like Trinity County, Rice County, however, is beginning to wonder if they really deserve all this, or event want it. Not that Rice County doesn't have its problems. Its population has dropped because farming requires fewer people, and Rice County is predominately a farming area. Its children go off to college, and many of them don't come back.

But farming as a whole is in a stronger position in Rice County than it used to be, as farms have become larger and more mechanized. There is a prosperous new oil industry. The main streets of its small towns are bustling, and there is very little unemployment. In a world worried about population explosion, Rice County isn't plagued with smog and metropolitan sprawl.

When Max Moxley, editor of the Sterling Bulletin in Rice County, editorialized against the "fuzzy, bureaucratic claptrap on which the

area-redevelopment theory is based," he expected to be hit by brickbats from his fellow citizens; instead he discovered that most Rice County people appeared to agree with him. The editor summed up the attitude of ARA officials

toward local folks like himself who aren't sure they want all the goodies Washington is showering upon them: "Those clods out there have no idea what is good for them, we've got to jam it down their throats."

Around the World With

DELAPLANE

"What do we do with two boys (10 and 12) with four or five days in New York City?"

Pick up these two paperbacks at your bookstore: "New York on the House," a Doubleday publication at \$1.25. Gives you all the things you can do for free in New York. (There are college plays you can see for example.)

"New York, Places and Pleasures" by Kate Simon, published by Meridian Books (\$1.95). Good offbeat on walks, rides, restaurants, shops.

"Where do you buy a woman's raincoat in England—a good one. Is there a tax? How much should I pay?"

Aquascutum or Burberry's, both close to Piccadilly Circus, are well-known specialty stores for coats. There is a purchase tax—unless you have it delivered to your plane as you leave the country. I should think \$30 would buy you a top-grade raincoat. (But you can buy one here—like London Fog—for about the same. I haven't found English rainwear superior to ours.)

"What do you think of three months in Ajijic, Mexico? We have heard there is an American colony there..."

I never stayed in the town. Looked nice. Close to Guadalajara. On Lake Chapala. But the locals I saw had a kind of beard-and-beat look. And that's what I hear from people who have been there.

You could try it—it's pretty warm in summer. Then if you don't like it, try Morelia. This is a charming Mexican town about four bus hours south. Used to be the summer capital of the Spanish viceroys. The palace, Virrey de Mendoza, is now a hotel.

The town is pretty cool. Nice plaza. An American doctor runs one of the hospitals. There's no top restaurant that I found. But on summer nights, they rope off one street off the plaza. Town women come down and cook over charcoal fires and serve you at little tables set in the street. Charcoal broiled chicken, hot tortillas and a bottle of Mexican beer with the band playing in the plaza, is hard to beat.

"For some time I have been reading about cheap air fares to Europe by charter or traveling groups and became enthusiastic at the idea of being able to afford this for my wife and myself. But when I tried to find such a group, I got a chilly response from airlines and travel agents..."

This group travel (which cuts your roundtrip Europe fare about one-fourth) is surrounded with very tricky rules. For one thing, the group can't be formed primarily for travel—that's the way the rules read.

Airlines are under a lot of restrictions on passing out information that might appear to be soliciting people to form groups. Travel agents aren't going to help much unless they happen to be the agents handling such a group.

So—all I could suggest is get a list of organizations in your town. The Chamber of Commerce usually has these. By looking at the names, you can get an idea of the ones who do some traveling. And if you go to ALL the travel agents, you should run into one who is cooperative enough to tell you about such clubs.

"What do you think of a young couple renting a scooter and touring Europe? What would be the most important thing we would need?"

I think you need a lot of youth. Second, I'd get some of that Navy foul weather clothing. The rain gear that covers you all over and good. I've seen some awfully wet people on scooters around Europe.

"When it becomes possible to make reservations for the New York World's Fair, do I pay the travel agent who makes them (hotel and airline) or does the hotel and airline pay him?"

The agent gets a commission on both of these. And unless he has to do something very unusual—such as making up itineraries for side trips—there should be no charge to you. (However, the agent can run his business according to his own ideas.)

Morning Report:

Listen, Mac, firepower isn't the only thing that has changed since you were in uniform. I see where somebody broke into the Post Exchange at Ramstein, Germany, and made off with \$70,000 in mink coats. That's a far cry from the day when the classiest item on the PX was a cigarette lighter.

Maybe you think it's just a sign to show how affluent we Americans have become. But me, I think it really shows how affluent the friendly Germans have become since World War II.

The way I see it, the PX simply had to change its stock when the GIs found out how they weren't getting much mileage out of two chocolate bars and a carton of cigarettes.

Abe Mellinkoff

Quote

"Next to being shot at and missed, nothing is quite as satisfying as an income tax refund."—Boyd Von Seggern, West Point (Neb.) Republican.

"Only an interior decorator can rave over a bottle when it's empty."—B. J. Dahl, Chewelah (Wash.) Independent.

"The nice thing about drive-in movies is that you know where your wife's shoes are when you go home."—Gordon Cooper, Lambertville (N. J.) Record.

"Duty: A task we look forward to with distaste, perform with reluctance and brag about afterward."—Dale Holdridge, Langford (S. D.) Bugle.

"The easiest way to make a mountain out of a molehill is just to add a little dirt."—E. M. Remsburg, Vista (Calif.) Press.

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