

## A Welcome Agreement

Public agreement Friday night between developer Don Wilson and representatives of NAACP and the United Civil Rights Committee should go far in easing the tense situation which has been building up in Don Wilson's Southwood Riviera Royale homes tract here in recent weeks.

With the announcement that Negro attorney Odie B. Jackson and his wife had made a deposit on a \$30,000 home in the tract and that Wilson reassured the integration leaders that he was offering his homes on a nondiscriminatory basis, the NAACP-UCRC leaders called off plans for further massive demonstrations in the tract.

While representatives of the Congress of Racial Equality hailed the announcement as a climax to their year-long campaign against Wilson, they did not call off the picketing but said it would continue only on a token basis without the sit-in, lie-in demonstrations until the Jackson family's purchase of a home had been completed.

The HERALD thinks the understanding reached between the developer and the integration leaders Friday is one which a large majority of Torrance residents will support. It could well have been reached sooner in the calm atmosphere displayed Friday by Wilson, Dr. Christopher Taylor of the NAACP, and others.

Despite repeated attempts by television and metropolitan newspaper reporters to get claims of victory from the NAACP-UCRC representatives, or admissions of defeat from Wilson, those holding the spotlight Friday avoided that touchy ground.

Dr. Taylor summed up the feeling of his colleagues when he said "We are talking about tomorrow—not yesterday."

Torrance will welcome the easing of tensions which have been ballooned into large headlines as a "Race War" across the nation.

And Torrance, we believe, will welcome the Odie Jackson family to its ranks just as thousands of other families of many faiths and races have been welcomed.

The thinking citizen wouldn't have it any other way.

## A Battle Is Lost

Torrance lost the battle but still may have won the war Friday when the California State College Board of Trustees voted to place a new four-year state college on a Palos Verdes Peninsula site.

Following the recommendation of the Campus Planning and Building Committee voted earlier in the day, the trustees overrode objections of three of its members to approve the peninsula site.

For Torrance and cities of the South Bay and adjacent areas of the Southwest, selection of the Palos Verdes site was a major victory. It means that the college will be near the area to be served.

The selection, however, is not without its drawbacks. The site is still isolated from a large part of the service area, it is going onto the Peninsula in the face of mounting opposition of residents and officials of the hilltop communities, and it presumes that the needed land for the college can be acquired at an approximate cost of \$30,000 an acre.

While the first two problems apparently offered no block to the site in the eyes of a majority of the trustees, the latter might prove to be insurmountable.

One major property owner in the area told The HERALD Friday that land adjacent to the college site now is in escrow for sale at a price of \$50,000 an acre. Such a sale certainly would influence the price asked for the college land.

A related snag in the Peninsula site plan could be the inclusion of land zones for scientific research and development (SR & D), and officials of the city of Rolling Hills Estates have promised to use all available means to oppose substantial reduction of this property through acquisition for college purposes.

Final decision on the site selection rests with the executive branch of the state who must pass on the expenditure of the state funds.

It is at this point that backers of a Torrance site are placing their last hope to secure the college on the local site.

Torrance and other Southwest city backers did get one break Friday. The name of the college was officially changed to California State College at Palos Verdes. It had been called the South Bay State College through much of its hectic history although no site in the South Bay cities of Redondo Beach, Manhattan Beach, or Hermosa Beach apparently was considered for the college.

## Speaking Of Bookkeeping—



## THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

# Loss of Arrogance Hurts Today's Business Moguls

For a good many years now almost the only remembered utterance of Charles Francis Adams Jr., onetime president of the Union Pacific Railroad and later the ranking corporate historian of the railroad scene in general, has been his contemptuous verdict on the rich of the United States who, in his generation, were amassing enormous fortunes in the boom or bust economy of the post-Civil War area, building vast railroad networks between nowhere and nowhere, cornering the commodity markets and generally raising uninhibited hell while their wives engaged in social nips-ups in Newport and Fifth Avenue.

"I have met and known, tolerably well, a good many 'successful' men—'big' financially—men famous during the last half-century, and a less interesting crowd I do not want to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought or refinement."

his instructions to his chief clerk in his Pittsburgh days to physically kick downstairs all and any clergymen soliciting alms or good works, and often as not opened the door of his own office, which was on a lower floor, to add a contributory boot as the man of the cloth went past.

Henry E. Huntington will be remembered, in addition to the splendor of the library whose staff Mr. Nevins graces, for his whim to have Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," which he had just purchased from the Duke of Westminster for \$620,000, hung as the merest casual ornament in one of his three private railroad cars and was only deterred by the insurance company.

History will take pleasure in the memory of James J. Hill, not for having almost single-handedly brought the Northwest into the United States, but for having, in retribution for an imagined

slight from the townsfolk, erased the town of Wayzata, Minnesota, from the map by ordering his trains no longer to stop there. The first train to ignore covering Wayzata thundered through with such emphasis as to fire the company water tank with sparks from its engine.

Conversely, Jay Gould is remembered with contempt, not for having ruined thousands and nearly wrecking the national economy, but for having hurriedly fled the scene of disaster in a hack with drawn shutters.

It wasn't their good deeds that made the American tycoons of the gilded age the dominant figures in the national folk-lore, it was their ruthlessness, arrogance, indifference to popular approval and their enchanting follies of grandeur. And it is the absence of these qualities which today downgrades the image of American business and makes its midget practitioners, as individuals, of no consequence to anyone.

## Around the World With



"What do you think is the best time to visit Tahiti? For fun and weather?"

Exactly today—sorry you're late for it. The 14th of July is the BIG day in Tahiti. Actually the whole month of July—the "juillet"—is the time when all work stops and everybody stays up all night dancing and drinking Hinano beer.

The weather is splendid for the next few months. Winter is the rainy season. And though it's warm enough, I've found that day after day of tropical rain gets on your nerves.

Most attractive place to stay is Spence Weaver's Hotel Tahiti—\$18 single, \$20 double. Breezy under the pandanus thatch roof. Swimming pool. You can swim off the jetty but don't put your feet down. They've got a spiny stone fish on the bottom that makes you plenty sick.

For about half the price, there are good rooms at the Tiki Tapu. Not on the water but pleasant. Hotel Taseone is out the other side of the town of Papette and is very good. About Hotel Tahiti prices.

Two airlines fly in here: TAI, the French line, flies jets from Paris with a turn around at Los Angeles. South Pacific Air Lines (SPAL) flies from Honolulu. Both good, reliable, fine service. The price is high—the rate on this run is double the usual per mile cost in the Pacific.

"On a cruise ship we will be stopping in Suva and would appreciate suggestions..."

I could never get with the Fijis much. Suva is a picturesque and pretty tropical town. With nothing to do except sit on the veranda of the Grand Pacific Hotel and drink Tennant's Scottish beer. (Not such a bad life at that.)

Halfway around the islands is a very nice tropical resort called Korolevu. You sleep in native thatched huts that have been geared up with modern mattresses and up-to-date plumbing.

For a restful place, it's wonderful. The breeze is warm as mother's love. The palm trees curve like a hula dancer. However, I found there was nothing to do. Swimming is bad on account of coral. The big sport in the evening is some kind of bowling game. And after a week, Suva looked like Paris.

"... and what do we do when we get to Sydney and Melbourne?"

Sydney is a lively and pretty town. I found rooms at the Chevron Hilton up at King's Cross were very good. Nice view of that fine bay. Best restaurants are up in King's Cross too.

Melbourne is much quieter. Collins Street—the main one—has a pretty line of trees. The longest oyster bar in the world is in Flinders Street—the world's BEST oysters. But you can't eat oysters all day. Bars button up at 6 p.m. But—you can reserve a table for dinner and order drinks BEFORE 6 o'clock. They can be served to you afterwards. Odd way of getting around after dark prohibition.

All Australia seems to have after-hours speakeasies known as "sly grog shops." The beaches are excellent. A booming surf coming off a sky-blue sea. There are sharks all over the place, constantly nipping off Australian arms and legs. For this reason, the big beaches keep a shark lookout. He blows a horn when he sees a fin. Everybody out!

"And any ideas for our Honolulu stopover would be welcome..."

Well, everybody goes to Waikiki. I think for a very good reason that there isn't much of anywhere else to go. This is a gay and lively district. The water is warm. The air is clear. The view is like the picture postcard sold along Kalakaua Boulevard.

Prices are fairly stiff—about equal to any big American city or popular resort. It's suggest a mai tai at the Halekulani on the beach at sunset. Or a catamaran cocktail cruise at sunset from the Hawaiian Village.

Follow this with dinner beside the beach at the Tahitian Lanai—the lobster is great. The after-dinner show at the Barefoot Bar at Queen's Surf—if they haven't closed it—is usually good. Aloha.

## ROYCE BRIER

# 125 MPH Train Service Scheduled for Japanese

TOKYO—American metropolitan centers now seeking rapid transit to solve the traffic enigma should send technicians here next year to see an \$813 million experiment—the fastest railroad ever conceived.

Next fall is set for the opening of a railroad new from the roadbed up, a 320-mile line between Tokyo and Osaka. Trains will make the run in three hours flat, an average of 107 mph. As they will make 10 stops, they will take some straightaways at 125 mph.

It is a weary truism, regretted by millions, that the rail age is about over. Japanese National Railways doesn't agree.

Japan, of course, is a special case. The present line is called the Tokaido Line, which follows the old shotgun route. This two-track line carries 323 trains daily, a train every four minutes. The gates are down at level crossings ten out of 24 hours, causing traffic jams in cities and small towns.

Here was a dilemma. Thirty-eight million people, turning out 70 per cent of the country's industrial goods live on the Tokaido Line. In recent years passengers have increased 8 per cent annually, freight by 5 per cent. But the line was at saturation without jeopardizing safety, according to Mr. Kentaro Ayabe, transportation minister.

In 1959 it was decided to build an entirely new line, it is elevated, with no level crossings. It eliminates grades through mountain areas, 640 tunnels were cut. To minimize curves, 3100 bridges were built. Because of speed, visual signals were impractical, and all position and speed signals will register automatically in the engine cab.

They even used wind-tunnel tests for the equipment. The coaches will be almost round in cross-section, and the train uses electric power. The fastest expresses will have one-hour headway, although slightly slower trains will

bring a total to 160 trains daily.

When the new line opens, only local trains will use the old Tokaido, greatly relieving congestion. Most of the line is finished, and trial runs will go on for a year.

Japan is a special case because of its population density and industrial pattern. It is also special because the Japanese love their trains and are justly proud of them.

They have never taken to domestic air travel, because the time advantage is lost in reaching airports for short hops. Besides, air fares are five times rail fares, and the Japanese masses cannot afford it. Highways are narrow, and though automobile ownership mounts rapidly, a 200-mile country trip is an all-day headache.

So next year you can go by train to Kyoto, the wonder city of Japanese beauty and history, in a little over two hours. Americans who lament the passing of the rail age will like this exception.

## A Bookman's Notebook

# A Photographer's Luck: Right Place—Right Time

William Hogan

For more than a generation, the gifted photographer Margaret Bourke-White has suggested the image of the American career girl at her best. Good-looking, efficient, imaginative and an eminent photo-essayist for more than 30 years, Miss Bourke-White has recorded history from the depression Dust Bowl to the wartime battle for Moscow, from Gandhi at his spinning wheel to the Nuremberg Trials.

In "Portrait of Myself," an autobiography published last week, she draws heavily from the annals of photo-journalism, of which she has been a prime innovator. An undergraduate camera bug at Cornell, she was in on the founding of Fortune and Life magazines. As a journalist she toured the world from the Arctic to Africa in both war and peace. She is an artist and social critic.

Her photo essay on the depressed South, "You Have Seen Their Faces," produced in collaboration with her former husband, Erskine Caldwell, remains one of the memorable American documentaries of the period—a book I would like to see back in print, by the way.

In recent years, the lady's professional courage has been repeated in her triumph over Parkinson's disease, for which she has undergone radical and intricate brain surgery.

This, plus a dogged struggle to regain her muscular control, may—as she puts it jauntily—prevent her from accepting a Life photo assignment in space.

To me the most interesting part of a continually absorbing record of her, and our, times is Miss Bourke-White's account of roaming through the sharecropping South of the 1930s, which resulted in "You Have Seen Their Faces." Reading about this back country journey from Georgia to Arkansas is like reading something out of the early Steinbeck. She recalls it with the artist-photographer's eye.

"As we penetrated the more destitute regions of the South, I was struck by the frequent reminders I found of the advertising world I thought I had left behind. Here the people really used the ads. They plastered them directly to their houses to keep the wind out. Some sharecropper shacks were wrapped so snugly in huge billboard posters advertising magic pain killers and Buttercut Snuff that the home itself disappeared from sight..."

Her account of a creative and rewarding professional life is often informal to the point of girlish enthusiasm. Yet her sense of spirited curiosity about the world and its people is always there. As living history recorded by a vital, inventive woman who

helped make it, this is a book for young readers, I think, as well as those of Miss Bourke-White's own generation.

In reference to her crippling malady, she writes with her usual optimism: "I am born in the right century, in the right decade... to profit from the swift-running advance of modern medical science. My greatest need comes at that pinpoint in time when I can reap the benefits of science and be made whole. By some special graciousness of fate, I am deposited—as all good photographers like to be—in the right place at the right time."

"Portrait of Myself." By Margaret Bourke-White. Simon & Schuster; 283 pp.; illus.; \$5.95.

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STAR GAZER\*\* By CLAY R. POLLAN Your Daily Activity Guide According to the Stars. To develop message for Sunday, read words corresponding to numbers of your Zodiac birth sign. Includes zodiac signs and their corresponding numbers.