

# Torrance Herald

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## The Juggler's Gift

Remember the story of the juggler who wept because he felt he couldn't make an offering for Christmas commensurate with his desire to share?

He was saddened because he wanted so much to show his loyalty, his faith, his adoration.

"What can I give?" he asked, "I'm only a juggler."

In his despondency, there was revealed to him a tiny but dazzling idea. It grew and swelled and thundered till it filled his whole consciousness.

That night, when the church echoed with dark emptiness, the juggler walked hesitantly, humbly to the altar.

There he gave the only gift he had to give: he juggled—reverently, tearfully, beautifully.

And in all the universe that night there was no being on whom the mantle of blessing lay with such kindly benediction.

Another Christmas season is approaching, and although most of us can't juggle, we can give blood. Therefore, should we feel this Christmas that, like the juggler, we would like to give something of real worth, please remember that it lies within our power to give the greatest gift of all—our life-giving blood.

Churches in Torrance have answered the appeal from Red Cross for blood during the holidays.

The Torrance Ministerial Alliance will sponsor a visit of the Red Cross bloodmobile Friday (Dec. 13) with 10 various denominations pledging to provide donors during the 2:30-7 p.m. collection to be held at the First Baptist Church, 2118 Carson St.

Latter-Day Saints will be rolling up their sleeves and giving blood Dec. 23 when the mobile collection unit will be stationed at the South Bay Branch of the Redondo Stake, 2000 W. Artesia, from 3-7:30 p.m.

Throughout the Los Angeles area, Dec. 22 has been proclaimed as "Save-A-Life Sunday" and the Red Cross blood regional blood center, 1130 S. Vermont, as well as Red Cross facilities in West Los Angeles, Long Beach and in Van Nuys, will be in operation from 10 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. in hopes of collecting at least 500 pints of blood for patients who will be hospitalized over the holidays.

Make an appointment today to give blood by calling FA 8-0510 and know the true warmth of Christmas.

## No SOP Here

Everyone who has served in the armed forces of this nation knows the term SOP. It means Standard Operating Procedure. And it covers the way all manner of things must be done, according to the book.

It has its counterparts in civilian life too. In a Welfare State, for example, if a community wants or needs something it is SOP to ask an all-powerful central government to provide it. The community may or may not get it. In either case, a faceless group of bureaucrats at the top makes the decision.

We have gone a long way farther toward Welfare Statism than is generally realized. It is pretty much SOP for us to look to some higher material power for the money and the direction and administration that will provide us with a next-to-endless assortment of aids and services.

But there are honorable exceptions. There is still, here and there, an old spirit that moves people to do wanted things for themselves in the face of difficulties.

Take the town of Tigard, population about 5,000, in Western Oregon. It has no library and it wants one. So local people, all unpaid volunteers, have joined in an effort to make the wish come true. Civic clubs have donated their year-end surplus funds. Meetings are held at a local bookstore, where authors appear, books are sold, and a part of the profit goes to the library fund. Individuals donate books, and anything of value that can be sold or exchanged for books is more than welcome.

So, little by little the Tigard library, housed in two rooms of a building, is coming along. It could be done much more quickly, of course, with a government grant. But one thing is sure—this library will have a quality that no such grant could provide. It will be the result of voluntary individual effort, the fruit of the work and belief and feeling of many minds, hearts and hands. It will be a thing of pride, like a home one builds for oneself.

A little library in a little town is not necessarily a little matter. It can be a big precedent.

## Opinions of Others

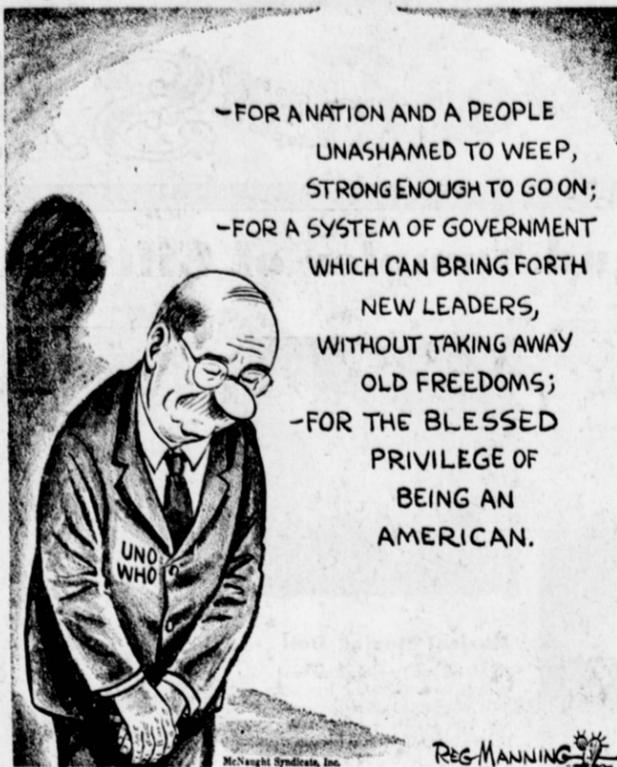
RIVERTON, WYO., RANGER: "A recent private study of the cost of providing one new industrial job reveals that an investment of more than \$20,000 is required for each man employed. The study is interesting and pertinent to local efforts at industrial attraction. Applying the formula broadly, a community that hopes to attract an industry with a 100-man payroll would have to raise money in the amount of \$2,000,000."

LANCASTER, N.H., DEMOCRAT: "Now we hear that Uncle Sam's Army Engineers plan to make a 16 mile lake in Campton, putting their only industry out of business and cutting the town in two and setting up another government operated utility. That we can do without. The more we can get government out of business, the better for all of us. Private taxpaying industry is what made America great and what can keep her great."

VINCENNES, IND., SUN-COMMERCIAL: "The first book to be written by a computer is soon to be placed on the market. In fact, it was written by a number of computers working 40 hours, nonstop. . . Human authors take note: This computer-written opus will sell for the introductory price of \$500 a set. Not bad for a first opus by a computer."

## We Are Thankful —

—FOR A NATION AND A PEOPLE  
UNASHAMED TO WEEP,  
STRONG ENOUGH TO GO ON;  
—FOR A SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT  
WHICH CAN BRING FORTH  
NEW LEADERS,  
WITHOUT TAKING AWAY  
OLD FREEDOMS;  
—FOR THE BLESSED  
PRIVILEGE OF  
BEING AN  
AMERICAN.



ROYCE BRIER

## Hillbilly Jed Clampett May Be a Shining Example

Recently the writer chanced on an interview with Buddy Ebsen, the actor who is the patriarch in the Beverly Hillbillies. As you know, the intellectuals lament this show as the arch-symbol of a degraded mass television audience.

Indeed, their laments are so wearily ubiquitous you often wonder if they have any other evidence.

Mr. Ebsen says the Hillbillies show is not in bad taste, the Clampetts are good people, honest, thrifty, kind and friendly. He says this annoys the sophisticated element in our society.

So the writer, who is not a television critic but is interested in our society, caught a couple of shows. There was Jed Clampett with his 35 million clams, a couple of super-moron young'uns, some assorted fools, and Granny, a desiccated tiger-cat who takes after those who displease her with a shotgun.

After some exposure, the writer concluded BH need not be a total waste of time. True, the plots and gags are out of the Fourth Grade set, but there is an element Mr. Ebsen overlooked, though it relates to the character he plays.

Jed Clampett is one of the most admirable men you ever came across, an effect achieved by the script Mr. Ebsen is handed, and his interpretation of it.

He is devoid of meanness in a mean world, the epitome of unpretentiousness in a world gorged with pretense, as even intellectuals must concede. He is a man of eminent common sense in a world where common sense is disesteemed, a low-pressure man in a high-pressure world soggy with neuroses. These traits alone could be raised to the rank of virtues if anybody cared, but there is something else.

Jed Clampett is a man of unhuman generosity and unhuman tolerance.

So the world is dark with greed, our society stained with hatred and bigotry—look about you! The other night a fake cousin phoned the mansion for a loan. "Phone him back," said Jed. "Tell him he can have all the money he wants."

Granny throws ten preposterous tantrums a show, and Jed cools them all. He is invariably ruminative, seeing the other fellow has a point, invariably rational in the face of Granny's childish prejudices, Granny is the shrill, persecutory world, and Jed is the quiet world of reason. Which is the best world? What is the best life, one of good will and understanding, or one of cunning and getting the best of your fellows at whatever cost?

Looking, you wonder what would happen if 40 million viewers, almost a quarter of the Americans, were to disregard Jed's drolleries and start emulating his character in their everyday lives. Well, forget it—it's only a thought.

## Mailbox

### ON BROTHERHOOD

The magic death of our late President points up the ever present need of good human relations among all men.

If John F. Kennedy's life is to have lasting meaning to the nation for which he gave his life, it must be for all men in our country's solemn hour of grief to re-dedicate their lives as good Americans to good human relations . . . to prevent hate-groups either from the left or right from poisoning the blood stream of American life.

Good laws are important and good legislation is necessary, but moral questions will be solved by neither. The slow, and at times tortuous process of education builds, however, in the hearts and minds of men the ideal of Brotherhood on which America was founded.

The National Conference of Christians and Jews, of which our late President was honorary chairman, urges people in all walks of life, leaders in our churches and synagogues, the social and business communities . . . to set in their daily lives good examples in tolerance and in Brotherhood.

The flame that burns at the grave of John F. Kennedy should kindle in the hearts of all men the desire to ask, each in his own way "what you can do for your country." And what we all can do best for our country is to be the kind of men and women who stand for righteousness, justice and tolerance and to teach our children that if God is our Father then all men must be brothers.

WALTER N. MARKS, General Chairman Southern California Regional Board of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, Inc.

## Bookman's Notebook

### Philip Marlowe Remembered

by William Hogan

Remember Philip Marlowe, Raymond Chandler's Hollywood private eye? Once, having made an unwise chess move with a knight, Marlowe returned the knight to its original position, then thought of the analogy to the human situation in which he was involved: Knights have no meaning in this game. It wasn't a game for knights."

Ye Marlowe, the hard-boiled, introverted hero of "The Big Sleep," "Farewell, My Lovely" and other stirring novels, had a knightly attitude. He could also kill when it came his turn.

As an inveterate Chandler fan, I was impressed in a fine monograph on him by Philip Durham, associate professor of English at UCLA. Its awkward title, "Down These Mean Streets a Man Must Go: Raymond Chandler's Knight," refers to Marlowe, the passionately ethical hero. A Chandler scholar if ever there was one, Durham analyzes both the Los Angeles oil executive who mastered the suspense genre and his haunting fictional hero. Chandler was an American writer to be reckoned with. Although his output before his death in 1959 was not great, his place in the literary mainstream is assured.

Chandler's similes and metaphors used to describe his characters were an imagery of high form. A villain's eye, for example, became "as shallow as enamel on a cafeteria tray." Or the hoofers with good legs but with "faces as threadbare as a bookkeep-

er's coat." Or the elevator that had "an elderly perfume in it, like three widows drinking tea."

Chandler was fond of the old Los Angeles and hated the new tinsel city. Durham suggests the element of nostalgia and loneliness that was always part of the Chandler-Marlowe makeup. At one point Marlowe grumbled his way west on Sunset "swallowed up by race-track drivers who were pushing their mounts to get nowhere and do nothing." As drivers honked and yelled at him, Marlowe began talking to himself: "I used to like this town. A long time ago. There were trees along Wilshire Boulevard. Beverly Hills was a country town. Westwood was bare hills and lots offering at \$1,100 and no takers. Hollywood was a bunch of frame houses on the interurban line. Los Angeles was just a big, dry, sunny place with ugly homes and no style, but good-hearted and peaceful." But now all of the homey attractiveness had gone, having given way to pansy decorators, lesbian dress designers, ruffraff of a "big hard-boiled city with no more personality than a paper cup . . ."

Durham's monograph sent me back to "The Long Good-bye" (1954), which is keeping me up nights once again. Like all Chandler novels, this remains an event and holds up beautifully upon rereading. For fellow enthusiasts, I recommend Durham's perceptive memorial.

## AFTER HOURS By John Morley

# Portugal-Angola Crisis Moving Toward Showdown

LISBON — Portuguese Premier Salazar is a 74-year-old authoritarian who considers, as most European leaders of his age and time, that all Africans are still savages.

Salazar believes this is especially true of the natives in the Portuguese colonies of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea. In spite of the fact that all these colonies are a serious financial burden on Portugal, Salazar wants to hold them primarily for reason of prestige.

It is the question of prestige that prevents a compromise with the Africans today.

In my interviews with officials of the Portuguese government here, it is apparent that the frozen and unbending will of Salazar is not popular beneath the surface even among his government.

I discovered a strong liberal undercurrent also, among various business friends and reporters, that the premier is out of step with the times and with today's inevitable colonial emancipation.

been identified with colonialism . . . and Russia would have stood out as the only great power in the white-men's world on the side of the Africans.

On the other hand, we have offended some of our closest allies who feel that emancipation is being fostered at a dangerous pace, before the natives are educated sufficiently. This could very well play into the hands of communism.

There is a parallel with the Suez Canal crisis, when the U. S. rebuked France, England, Israel for invading Egypt. This of course strengthened our position with millions of Arabs and Moslems . . . but it infuriated our allies . . . forced the resignation of Prime Minister Anthony Eden . . . and caused President De Gaulle to decide against us in important international issues, like NATO, Common market, Congo, Viet-

nam, Nuclear Test ban, etc. The two African members in the UN Security Council, Morocco and Ghana, are pressing the Angola issue, calling for Portuguese condemnation for real or imaginary atrocities. They are joined by Russia in demanding expulsion of Portugal from the UN.

Britain and South Africa are also under heavy fire from anti-colonial forces. For together with Angola and Mozambique . . . South West Africa, which the South African government administers under an old League of Nations mandate, constitutes the last remnants of white rule in all Africa.

The Portuguese-Angola decision could well lead to the final showdown of colonialism in Africa.

("Eye Witness Report . . . Morocco" in next issue of After Hours.)

## Our Man Hoppe

# Righteousness Can Destroy

—Art Hoppe

### WASHINGTON

The day after the funeral was grey and cold. I was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, aimlessly. In search, I suppose, of comfort. How very much we need comfort right now. For I think we are confused, uneasy, vaguely fearful of an infection among us (How odd that rings.)

President Johnson had quickly ordered "a prompt and thorough investigation" of the assassination. Texas was naming a court of inquiry. Congressmen were demanding "a blue ribbon investigation" of their own.

In the coming weeks, I knew, we would probe and examine and test and analyze. What was this infection? Was it spreading? What was this growth? Was it malignant? We must be reassured.

There would be headlines and magazine stories and official reports and gradually, I supposed, an official story would emerge and we would all be comforted and turn to something else. And I felt more uneasy than before.

In that first terrible hour after the shooting, I remembered how quick the liberals were to assume the assassination a plot by the radical right. "We really can't tolerate them any more," said one rational man I know, his eyes full of grief and anger and hatred. "They really must be wiped out."

The assassin now appears to have been a member of the left wing. And I feared how, after this period of mourning is over, the right wing would cry with equal hatred and anger for the blood of the radical left.

The picture came to my mind, as it often has these past few days, of the killer himself with the rifle butt to his cheek, the target in his sights. How righteous he must have felt when he squeezed the trigger. How noble. How martyr-like.

And I thought of Jack Ruby. How righteous he felt when he squeezed the trigger. How superior. How like an avenging angel.

And I never felt more strongly that the malignancy on our fringes is not so much hatred as righteousness.

For no man is evil to himself. All men must justify what they do. And how easy this is for the righteous.

The radical right, in its righteousness, would save us all from the Communist conspiracy. And the radical left, in its righteousness, would save us from the Capitalist exploitation. Each knows he is right. Each is positive of his cause. And the deeds of each are therefore self-justifying.

So if we are destroyed, it will be those who would protect us. If the world is destroyed, it will be by those who would have it. All in a righteous cause.

But as I climbed Capitol Hill in the funeral greyness, I found the comfort I sought. It lay in the solid massive, granite and marble of the buildings — in the serried columns of the Capitol, in the pristine morality of the Supreme Court.

I felt, as I always do, how enduring our system is, how deep its roots. But I understood for the first time that its prime function is to protect us from the righteous. For the heart of our American idea is that the majority will save itself. And I think it will. I think it will. For we, the people, are our only hope.

## Morning Report:

For political reasons, our leading politicians have declared a 30-day moratorium on politics. I think the main reason they have stopped talking is that they're afraid they'll say the wrong thing. For the public is in no mood to listen to ranting from anybody.

Actually, you can't stop politics unless you stop the government. So, it won't go on as usual for a while, but it'll go on. Only most of us won't know about it.

It's no more possible to declare a 30-day moratorium on politics than it is to declare an end of our grief over President Kennedy's death after 30 days.

Abe Mellinkoff

## Quote

"After paying his income tax, a local resident says he never had it so good, or taken away so fast." — Donald S. Fellows, Sugarites (N. Y.) Catskill Mountain Star.

"It is often surprising to find what heights may be reached by remaining on the level." — Virginia Gaskill, Pennsburg (Pa.) Town and Country.