

Torrance Herald

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REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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Self Help Program

Most fair minded Americans conscientiously hope that the American Negro will achieve the rights the Constitution guaranteed him a long time ago and can understand his impatience with a process that seems too slow and too unpromising of fulfillment.

Those who try to be most understanding of this problem in civil rights want to help the cause all they can but they realize that a much-needed self help program would speed up the cause. They deplore the apparent inability of Negro leadership to generate a sound program.

A most encouraging development in this field has been revealed in San Francisco where two young and successful Negro businessmen have announced an ambitious and far-reaching self help movement designed to raise the commercial and cultural life of Negro life within the city. In the belief that people of their race "must get a stake in the community" before ghettos can be eliminated, these men have set out to raise from three to five million dollars in capital that will be invested in two basic areas: an intensive educational program, and a unique employment service they believe would enable qualified Negroes to find employment in top white collar positions.

Proponents of the plan who call it PACT (for Plan of Action for Challenging Times) feel that welfare types of aid only service to perpetuate the ghettos "mentally" and hope to enlist the aid of top Negro leaders in all fields in their program. They will appeal to racial pride and ask that their followers avoid the paternalism of charity.

If they succeed in their noble effort, these Negro leaders will assist mightily in peacably assisting in the momentous changes the nation has been experiencing on the level of human relations.

They Might Have Lived

Recently we attended the funeral of a dear friend who was a very great lady in a quiet way. Everything about her bespoke elegance in character, mannerism and dress. Her charities were many and performed in the same quiet way. They entailed more than the giving of money with which she had been fortunately blessed; she visited the old and the sick often and regularly and made the problems of their otherwise drab lives her own. She was humble, almost timidly respectful to the great and the lowly, and she spoke no unkind words about anyone.

She should have had many more years to enjoy and to continue her good works. But she was killed in her elegant automobile in a headon collision on a city street in the vicinity of her beautiful home. She was an experienced careful driver yet she and her aged passenger, also a great and good man of 84 years, had no safety belts. Traffic officers gave it as expert opinion that had they had safety belts properly in use, both might have been alive to enjoy another Christmas.

Help for Rose Float

This year, as has been their custom for the past several, a group of public spirited Torrance residents will labor faithfully to provide Torrance with a representative float entry in the annual New Years Day Tournament of Roses parade.

While these volunteers will again do their part it remains for others from the community at large to provide funds, in addition to an appropriation by the City Council of \$4,500, and at least \$2,000 is needed to assure success of the project.

Those who would like to be helpful in this worthwhile effort should mail checks to the Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 479, Torrance and assist Bob Vroman and his Junior C.O.C. committee in making the 1964 Torrance float a crowning achievement.

Misuse of Parking

Many observers believe the two-hour parking permitted in the beautifully redesigned Downtown Torrance business section, is defeating the purpose of providing more convenient parking space for shoppers.

Too many of the most desirable positions are being taken up by clerks and office employees who find it easy to change parking places during coffeebreaks or short recesses from work, according to some observers, and are using the streets for all day parking lots.

The importance of convenient parking to stores and service organizations goes without saying and businessmen and their employees should be the last to discourage old and new customers.

Opinions of Others

YORK, NEBR., NEWS-TIMES: "Few of us ever have folding money in our pockets long enough to become very well acquainted with it. . . . But there's a fellow in Miami, Fla., who has complained to his congressman about the \$10 bill. He thinks the obsolete car in the picture on the back gives America a bad image and certainly does not convey the idea of progress which this nation is so proud of. . . . However, as one Treasury spokesman commented, the out-of-date ten-spot is 'a symbol of the stability of the American economy.' On that controversial note, perhaps it is best to close the subject."

ALBANY, KY., NEWS: "Democrats and Republicans in Congress are accusing one another of playing politics. That's like accusing Daniel Boone of carrying a gun."

Our favorite words in any language . . .

"Peace On Earth To Men Of Goodwill"

Paix sur la terre, aux hommes de bonne volonté... French

Friede auf erden und den menschen ein wohlgefallen... German

Pace un terra agli uomini di buona volontà... Italian

Paz en la tierra ya los hombres buena voluntad... Spanish

Mir na zemly, dobro sudennu... Russian

Pokoy, dobra vsta dla ludyskoici... Polish

Epäpa olé Hioqpar ki Agioun Etous Adpüooun... Greek

Frid på jorden och väntkap för alla... Swedish

Rauha maassa ja ihmisille hyvin tulo... Finnish

Veide op aarde aan de menschen van gaaden wil... Dutch

Ramybe pasaulė del žmonių... Lithuanian

Pax in terra e benevolentia hominum et caritatem... Swiss

Mir na zemly, dobra rule fsem... Czech

天下和平友善待人... Chinese

John Morley

ROYCE BRIER

Even Big Lift's Success Faces Eventual Offsets

Exactly 100 years ago the Union Army was under siege in Chattanooga after defeat at Chickamauga, and Fighting Joe Hooker was sent with 15,000 men from the Army of the Potomac to reinforce it.

The airline distance is about 500 miles, but this rail movement, via Louisville, required about three weeks. Recently 15,000 American soldiers were moved from Texas to Germany, distance about 6000 miles, in 64 hours.

This "flying army" operation was accomplished under ideal conditions which would hardly prevail in war, as divisional stockpiles of armor were in place near Frankfurt when the troops debarked. Notwithstanding, this was the biggest integrated movement of troops in military history, and similar operations are planned for next year to the Middle East and Far East.

It is true, 15,000 men do not today constitute an army, while a corps in the Civil War was a small army.

Just the same, the Big Lift had a comic book futurity about it. Anyone with a small boy has seen such troop carriers from another planet barreling about the universe.

Within limits, multiple-division troop operations may be expected when supersonic military transports are built. It is entirely possible that in the 1970s we can transport 100,000 men, with some armor, to any world destination in a day or two. The jargon is "global deployment." What warfare would be in this case, is any general's guess, for we must assume for the present cycle that the Soviet Union could develop a comparable mobility.

This projection of mobility incalculably beyond the classic mobility which made Caesar and Napoleon so formidable, bears nagging reservations. Rocket and nuclear technology more than keeps pace with airplane development, and is likely to make mass mobility precarious, when it does not thwart it on some approaches to targets.

There is also the moral question of how far we propose to go toward imposing a global will by force, or rather, dividing the application of force with an antagonist like the Soviet Union.

Regardless of technological development, it seems likely that the capacity to operate a world police authority will run into diminishing returns. People just don't like to be policed from afar, and may

find unforeseen ways of overcoming it. In any case, the moral question is increasingly going to infiltrate our military technology, but we have been observing that phenomenon since Alamogordo. (Distributed by Chronicle Features)

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

ATAMI, Japan—"We have wanted to visit Japan and the Orient, possibly at the time of the Olympics. Would that be good? How crowded will it be?"

Best time for Japan is earlier than the Olympics—about May is very good. Right now in winter, it's chilly as a pawn broker's welcome. Summer in Tokyo is hot and muggy. Good deal like Washington, D.C.—which was ceded by Maryland and Virginia to the Federal Government because nobody could stand living there.

But—if you want the Olympics, you have to have tickets. And if you want tickets, you have to have firm hotel space. And the only way to get that is through a travel agent who has the space booked. People here recommended going through American Express.

Another possibility: I don't think the Olympic committee has booked up all the hotels out here at this seaside resort. Right now it's a couple of hours by electric train to Tokyo. But they are building the new Tokaido Line which will run express trains at 120 miles per hour and reach Tokyo in 40 minutes! So they say. And they say it will be done by Olympics time.

Very good Japanese inn here is the Kiunkaku. Sit-on-the-floor. Eat-on-the-floor. (But there's a sun alcove with table and chairs. And the decor and service are fine.) Town's a little on the Coney Island side but it's fun. For Kiunkaku space you could try travel agent. Or write to Mr. Yoshida, Kiunkaku Hotel, Atami, Japan.

I am staying in a half Western, half Japanese style hotel. I have never found any of these any good. Either get all Western or all Japanese.

"As part of our retirement program, we have been considering buying a house on

the Costa Brava or Costa del Sol of Spain. Which would you advise?"

I'd say get an American contractor or architect, preferably a friend, to look at the house. These booming Spanish coasts are speculators' heaven. And they told me in Spain that many of these houses are chicken wire and wet cement.

I noticed some of the rental ads said: "Guaranteed not to leak." Costa Brava is crowded in summer. But so is Costa del Sol on the coast opposite Africa. Little hotter in the south during summer.

For all overseas retirement ideas, I would go for six months. Rent a house. Try living there. Sometimes living overseas is not as pleasant as it looks — you miss your friends and your drug store and supermarket and American food and language. Try it before you commit yourself.

"The way we planned a Pacific trip, we do not think we can see the South Pacific (Tahiti, Fiji, Australia) and the Orient (Japan, Hong Kong, Bangkok). This is probably our ONLY trip. So which should it be?"

Definitely the Orient. (But have you looked into Pacific air fares? If you are going all the way to Bangkok, I think this gives you a return by way of the South Pacific. Or the difference is a very few dollars, if any.)

"Would you have a choice at this time between the East and West Coasts of Mexico?"

Down at Vera Cruz on the east, you'll probably get "nortes"—warm but steady winds of three or four days at a time and they get on your nerves. On the other side, at Acapulco it will probably rain. I think I prefer the west coast though. Probably drier up north. Mazatlan, Manzanillo, Puerto Vallarta.

THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Newspaperman Best Known By Enemies He Acquires

It so happens, fortuitously, that this column will appear on the sixty-first birthday of its vagrant and often, no doubt, fallible conductor, and at the same time marks approximately four decades of editorial activity on four different newspapers, a period largely enlivened by reciprocal insult, bad feeling and the exchange of metaphorical dead cats and decayed vegetable matter.

This is neither the space nor, contrary to the hopes of many readers, the occasion for an 'apologia pro vita sua' but it may well be the occasion for a brief account of editorial stewardship which has endured and maintained continuity since the first outraged subscriber to 'The Boston Telegram' in 1922 called on the managing editor at 99 Portland Street and demanded the dismissal of the Boy Beebe and that instanter as an affront to God and public morality. I think I had submitted an irreverent report of a temperance meeting in Tremont Temple.

The powerful boot of the m.e., a tough and temperamental fellow (whose temper was uncertain until after the fifth drink of the morning which he had not yet had), was applied in the appropriate place. The editorial rooms of the long since defunct 'Telegram' were on the fifth floor achieved by a steel and cement stairwell down which a descending body ricocheted in gratifying manner. On the sidewalk outside the prostrate and barely recognizable advocate of temperance was colored by Murph the cop as an undesirable early morning drunk and thrown into the tank.

"The thinnest skinned men in the world," Mr. Taffe remarked, replacing the bottle of rye that occupied the file drawer in his desk marked "City Hall Contacts, Confidential," "are reformers and liberals. All they want of a newspaper is everything their own way and the suppression of all opposition. The anointed can't take it."

Over the years it has been my almost unexceptional experience that Mr. Taffe was so right. The identifying hallmark of the true, deep-dyed liberal, the dedicated sore-head and witless do-gooder is intolerance of any opinions but his own and the clamorous demand that the voice of heresy be unequivocally stifled. The discovery has been a source of inspiration throughout a professional lifetime predicated on the realization that combat is part of the human condition and that combat against the dedicated forces of spurious benevolence in the world is the most satisfying of human occupations.

The risk of being detested by mannerless inferiority is not just the calculated risk of the practicing journalist of any discernible integrity; it is his vindication.

The commentator motivated by any sense of responsibility to his readers, his employer or to himself cannot be simply an unctuous play-back for the golden opinions the human race has come to form of itself through the simple but defective device of believing its own publicity.

To do so is a profound disservice to a completely inconsequential placental mammal who, through his innate capacity for murdering other animals, has contrived to dominate a molecule of galactic dust floating on the outer

perimeter of a sea of time. The human race has always paid the highest going price to its priests to tell them it was immortal and its press agents and secular comforters to tell them it was consequential. Both are, however, mendacious and often hilariously disproved by the headlines in an adjacent column.

"A newspaperman mistakes his calling," says Raymond Moley, strictly an old pro himself, "when the enters a popularity contest."

The measure of a true professional on this basis is not his friends but the enemies he has acquired and should cherish as his justification for existing at all.

Of a winter's evening, before a blazing fire of letters to my employer demanding my dismissal and suppression instanter as an enemy of the

people, I warm myself with the recollection of creeps, humanitarians and other shy-sters whose disapproval I have incurred. They include even 'Time' magazine which once wired its San Francisco representative: THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE INTERESTED IN ONLY ONE REPORT ON LUCIUS BEEBE, THE INEVITABLE MILESTONE. (signed) THE EDITORS OF TIME.

The thought occurs that Henry Luce is a little older than I am and nobody to be cheerily soliciting the news of the death of other professionals. But then, with 'Time' for an enemy, who needs friends?

As I have suggested before in these columns, the disfavor of envious inferiority is a boutonniere that can be worn by a gentleman all day without fading.

Our Man Hoppe

Spy Fringe Benefits

Art Hoppe

Ah, espionage! Ah, to be a spy! What an exotic dramatic, heart-thrilling way of life, divorced forever from the humdrum common herd. And I see where our spies are demanding an improved pension program. With earlier retirement, higher annuities and increased severance pay. Which is the way it goes these days.

The Central Intelligence Agency, which is in charge of our spies, has been busily engaged lobbying the necessary bill through Congress. And I'm for it. Although CIA officials are very secretive as to why we need higher fringe benefits for our spies, I assume we've been having a recruitment problem. And we've got to meet the competition.

SCENE: A secret basement room off the Champs Elysees in a secret foreign country. The CIA Deputy Personnel Manager, Mr. DC-8, who looks like Peter Lorre, is seated at a secret green baize table. There is a secret knock on the secret door and Miss Matta Hour, who looks like that slender vampire lady in the Charles Addams cartoons, enters.

DC-8 (whispering): Ahh, you have come.

MISS HOURI (whispering): Yess.

DC-8: I need not tell you how important this is to us, Transylvania, the unnamed country for which you work, has literally scores of secret secrets. Employing you as a double-double agent would be a masterly stroke. With your help, we might even be able to capture the infamous Dr. Nu and squelch SQUUNCH forever. Tell me will you come over to our side?

MISS HOURI: Well, your offer of a GS-16 rating with a pay scale of \$17,398 and four weeks paid vacation is all right. But what about your retirement plan? A girl has to look ahead, you know.

DC-8: If our new bill passes, you'll be able to retire after 20 years of spying at 40 per cent full pay, I'm proud to say.

MISS HOURI: Promises, promises. Besides, the unnamed country of Mauritania is now offering 52 per cent annuities after only 17 years.

DC-8: True, but you're overlooking our Comprehensive Group Welfare Program. Here, this brochure will explain it. See? You will receive a \$2000 triple-indemnity life insurance policy with convertible features; 16 sick days a year; and a pre-paid medical plan with full maternity benefits, an item which should not be ignored by one in the type of work you do, if I may say so.

MISS HOURI: Yes, Transylvania does offer only 50 per cent maternity benefits. And I like your sick leave features. You see, I'm allergic to microfilm and every time I swallow some, I'm under the weather for a week. All right, I'll sign.

DC-8: Grand! And now if you'll just fill out these 37 employment forms, we'll begin processing them immediately. And you should hear from us in—oh, about two months. And from then on, Miss Hour, you can look forward to a stable, secure future in espionage.

Well, as I say, that's the way it goes these days. Each man has to make the choice between dull, old security and exciting, dashing adventure. And all that bothers me is that more and more we're all making the same choice.

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Morning Report:

General Eisenhower, who almost had a successor a couple of times when he was in the White House, has written about the subject. He suggests we go back to the old system. That way the Presidency passed to the Vice President and then to the Cabinet.

Ike didn't say so, but I'm sure he was influenced by that picture of President Johnson speaking to Congress with two grandfatherly types behind him. Those were, left to right, Speaker John McCormack, a robust 71, and Senator Carl Hayden, next in line at 86.

I hope both men will hit the century mark. But it does seem our presidential bench is at something less than full strength these days.

Abe Mellinkoff