

Torrance Herald

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REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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Some Heat, No Light

Comment here last week ("Out of Hibernation," March 22) on the sudden interest in city government as evinced by the formation of a number of citizens committees brought mixed reactions from Herald readers during the week.

As expected, some decried the Herald's comments, and one man identifying himself as chairman of one of the newly formed committees said the editorial "would seem to question the merits of the formation of a number of what you label as 'good government' and 'clean government' committees."

To set the record straight, a careful reading of the editorial will show that the Herald not only did not oppose citizens committees but lauded them.

"The Herald hopes the present concern for good government is more than a campaign vehicle for someone," the editorial said.

We still hope so, but the ensuing week has brought little to encourage that hope.

So far as The Herald has been informed, the committees still could be organized by one or two persons to serve as a campaign vehicle for one or more candidates at the April 14 municipal election.

This view is strengthened by the announcement this week that one of the newly formed committees has endorsed two candidates. A check of several candidates not endorsed indicated that they had not been contacted by the committee.

Until some identification of the committees is disclosed—other than the name of its chairman—Torrance voters could be pardoned if they raised some question about the group.

The merits of a committee of citizens formed to press for improvements in their city should never be questioned. The merits of forming a so-called citizens committee as a campaign vehicle for particular candidates can be questioned.

We asked last week—and found no answer—what provision were being made to continue the interest of these committees in municipal affairs.

Apparently, we can surmise, the answer is "none!"

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

50 Years Ago

John S. Cravens, a millionaire who lived in Pasadena and Torrance, ordered a railroad car and extra track to go with it, according to The HERALD for March 27, 1914.

"Mr. Cravens," said the article, "wants his newest plaything to be where it can be readily reached, hence his order that a spur track be laid by the Santa Fe." The spur track, about 100 yards long, was for the exclusive use of his palace on wheels.

The same edition reported the passage of bonds for the construction of Redondo Union High School, Torrance area students were to attend Redondo High until Torrance High was built a few years later.

40 Years Ago

The year remained big on news from the oil fields, and city elections were coming into focus, according to articles in The HERALD for March 28, 1924.

The city's oil yield was increased to nearly 50,000 barrels a day by the production of eight new wells. Largest of the wells, Torrance No. 36, was producing 1,300 barrels a day from the 3,800-foot level.

Eight candidates filed for city trustees. Organizations were rushing to endorse candidates. City voters were to elect three men to four-year terms and one man for a two-year term.

Construction activity was increasing each day in the city, and a total of more than \$100,000 in permits was issued in March, 1924. Most of the permits were for houses in the central section.

30 Years Ago

Biggest news in Torrance on March 29, 1934, was a pending 10 per cent increase in wages for employees of the Columbia-Geneva Steel plant. The HERALD reported notice of the wage increase had been posted following negotiations between the company and representatives of the employees at the local plant.

Cecil King, who represented the 67th district in the State Assembly, spoke to members of the Democratic Club in Torrance.

Work crews resumed work on paving Torrance Boulevard from Madrona Avenue to the city line in Redondo Beach. The job had been delayed because of "legal complications with authorities in Washington."

Finally, the city council appropriated the sum of \$15 to purchase playground equipment.

20 Years Ago

An editorial in The HERALD for March 30, 1944, demanded the city turn on the light again! Said the editorial:

"With ten councilmanic candidates focusing the spotlight on municipal affairs, it seems timely to suggest that the officials spread a little more light on the darkened streets by removing the dim-out shades on the street lamps — an action now long overdue.

"By no stretch of the imagination can anyone claim the dilapidated shades are required as a war measure, as dim-out regulations were relaxed by the military months ago," said the editor.

In sports, the Tartar track team upset Gardena in a dual meet, 53½ to 50½.

10 Years Ago

Supervisor Burton W. Chace filed papers for re-election to his post, according to The HERALD for March 28, 1954. Chace was seeking his first elected term and had the backing of prominent area residents.

The city's sports minded gathered to honor Bob Moon, son of the city's sports director, Elmer "Red" Moon, at a banquet honoring him for his all-CIF selection. Moon also became the first athlete in THIS history to have his name on the school's "Athlete of the Year" blanket two years running.

HERALD columnist Criswell predicted no future for Adlai Stevenson, defeated Democratic candidate for president in 1952. Criswell also said people would be surprised to hear a new bomb had been developed which was powerful enough to make a city the size of St. Louis disappear in 10 seconds flat!

Don't Think I'm Rushin' You, Son--



BOOKS by William Hogan

'Night of the Generals' Has Everything, He Says

My favorite novel so far this season is one that seems to offer just about everything—murder, espionage, social satire, a savage portrait of highly placed members of the Wehrmacht, a manhunt over some 20 years that involves special forces of three governments plus Interpol: the unsuccessful 1944 officer plot against Hitler and finally, a book that suggests that in the best of times, or worst, the German military establishment is not to be trusted.

This is "The Night of the Generals," by an assured and sophisticated writer named Hans Hellmut Kirst. If you labeled him a German Graham Greene, you wouldn't be far off. Kirst's previous novels, "The Revolt of Gunner Asch" and "The Officer Factory," have attracted only minor attention in this country. He is a member of the lively new German intellectual camp that includes Gun-

ter Grass and Uwe Johnson.

His special talent is a narrative drive that is related more to the suspense genre than to the outpost of longer-haired literary stylists. That talent hums like the motor of a Mercedes in "The Night of the Generals." My colleague, Ralph J. Gleason, might call it "a natural gas," which, in this case, means great fun while it lasts, plus some afterthoughts on the German military mind that will scare the daylight out of you.

Kirst's novel is populated with just too many finely drawn, complex characters to attempt to suggest them in this space. Chief among them are three Wehrmacht generals of the war period and in the immediate postwar years. Was one of them involved in a series of particularly grisly sex murders (Warsaw, Paris, Dresden)

committed over a period of two decades? A member of the French Surete, who could be Jean Gabin playing Inspector Maigret, thinks so. Could the criminal be the iron man Tanz, whose professional facade is that of Mars himself, but a maniac underneath?

This is the sort of drama Kirst generates in this historical novel that is also a moral thriller, a crime comedy and a love story to boot. Beyond that it is a chilling analysis of Germany's recent past viewed from Germany's uncertain present, which seems a little chilling, too.

"The Night of the Generals" has had a vogue in England as well as on the Continent. It is a story told with zest and glacial irony, and I hope it takes on here. Highly recommended.

The Night of the Generals. By Hans Hellmut Kirst. Harper; 319pp.; \$4.50.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplaine

Bastille Day Celebration Lasts a Day in Tahiti

"Could you tell us the best months to visit Tahiti? Hotel costs? Any other facts that would be helpful?"

Best time would be starting next month... the rainy season is ending. The most popular month is July. These French islands celebrate July 14 Bastille Day for a full month. All the outlying islands people come into little Paapeete town. And nobody goes to bed.

Last letter I got from Tahiti said some thousand Foreign Legionnaires are now based there waiting for France to test a new atom bomb in the Pacific. I gathered that the Legion wasn't doing much for the island. No Paradise.

Hotel costs: Hotel Tahiti is best at \$12 to \$17 single, \$15 to \$20 double. Matavai is about two-thirds that price. Best of the medium-cost hotels.

Pan American is now flying this route. So is TAI from Los Angeles, the French airline. (It recently changed its initial name. But you can find it in the phone book under TAI still.) Flying costs to Tahiti are high enough that I don't think it is worthwhile unless you are going to go onward to Australia and New Zealand. Or stay at least two weeks.

"Can you give us weather conditions in April on the central highway to Mexico City? What insects to beware of. What brand of beer and tequila are most satisfactory?"

Mexico has so many central highways now I'm not sure which one you mean. But on any of them, the weather should be OK. If you are going from Laredo on Highway 1, cross the high mountains starting at Tamazunchale at midday. They are sometimes in clouds morning and late afternoon. You could get it so thick you couldn't drive ahead or turn back.

From the border down to where you start to climb is scorpion country. Very painful bite. They love those tile floors. Don't walk barefoot. And shake out your shoes before you put them on.

Tequila Sauza is a good brand. For beer, Corona Extra and Bohemia.

"We plan to travel in France (in order to learn French). Would like any thrifty ideas for we do not have much money."

Well, you chose the highest priced country in Europe. A red Clichin guide will give you listings in each town of hotels, restaurants and comparative prices. Any book store and most magazine stands.

restaurants post their dishes and prices outside the restaurant. The French consult these before they go in. And you should too. If you ask for the "menu" it means a fixed price meal with all courses included. If you want to shop for items, ask for the "carte." The fixed-price dinner is usually the best buy.

"If my husband and I each buy a watch in Switzerland and use them, do we have to declare them and pay duty?"

You do have to declare them. You get \$100 duty-free for each of you. Above that you pay duty. (Anybody wondering about U.S. Customs duty should get "Customs Guide for Travelers" written by Ed Wing, a Customs Inspector in Honolulu. Less than \$2 — my copy doesn't have a price mark.)

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HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Hatred Ties Two Queens Across Four Centuries

Elizabeth I (reigned 1558-1603) sat a rough throne. Much of her long life she was the target of assassination plots, turning on an effort of European Catholics to restore their power in England.

France and Spain were the chief instigators, and Mary Queen of Scots, who spent her youth in France, was the chief instrument. There is no doubt that she was culpable, and the Queen, after keeping her in prison 20 years, reluctantly signed the warrant for her execution.

We are all familiar with the famous tragedy, and with the murderous climate in which it occurred four centuries since. But we are not familiar enough with another murderous climate today, which quite openly threatens the life of Elizabeth II.

The allusion is to the Pro-

vince of Quebec, where political hatred with religious overtones is rampant.

In the United States we have just seen what senseless hatred can do, and as friends of Canada we may well be dismayed to find its same quality there.

Our magazines are filled with elegant tourist pictures of the quaint charms of Quebec, but news stories tell of exploding bombs and arms caches of rebels against the Dominion.

"Liberation" armies paint initials and slogans on Montreal and Quebec walls, like Castro's terrorists in Venezuela. The Quebecois, mostly of French stock, have been sullen for centuries, and did not want to be drafted in the war. They now want a special autonomy, and firebrand separatists want to secede from the Dominion.

Elizabeth II does not wield power, as Elizabeth I did, but she is a symbol of English-speaking power in an attenu-

ated way. And symbols are what childish haters hate most of all.

The Queen is scheduled to visit Canada in October. So listen to one Marcel Chaput, a separatist, as quoted recently. "Some of my people are ready to let the Queen know—and brutally—that she is no longer welcome in French Canada."

The Queen has walked in perfect security among African savages with rings in their noses, but M. Chaput implies his "people" will not be so tolerant. Notwithstanding, the government says plans will not be changed, and the Queen will be protected. Easier said than done, as we well know.

Quebec nationalists and separatists run to widders. Some think they can secede, and in time be annexed by a benevolent United States. Well, thank you! Just what we need now is a 51st state, a large segment of new citizens with acid, for blood, in their veins!

Quote

Politics are ruthless, cold-blooded, and since September, I have been pouring tea for a parade of saliva testers.—Mrs. Clair Engle.

I'm flexible. When you live with a person who is always on the move, you learn to move in a hurry.—Mrs. Phillip Burton, wife of new San Francisco Congressman.

There is evidence of a greater degree of license in the marketing of books and motion pictures relating to sexual promiscuity, which deals directly with the problem of rising venereal disease rates.—Governor Brown.

No doubt Chamberlain did appease Hitler, but he was only an apprentice compared to our government's recent trend of appeasing everyone.—Mike Stinch, Hayward.

What we are doing resembles a wild spree more than a sober scientific program.—Harvard Biologist George Gaylord Simpson on space exploration.

Because some Americans are not convinced of the wisdom of some liberal proposals, it does not follow that they have hate in their hearts or, somehow, are unpatriotic.—Willard Galbraith, L. A.

It may seem dingy and frayed, but the curtain on the voting booth is the priceless tapestry of freedom.—C. Harold Rader, Oakland.

President Johnson has graciously offered a share of my earnings to upgrade the standard of living of our citizens who make less than \$3,000 a year. I would prefer, however, that he seek re-election without my financial support.—G. W. Kuhns, Duarte.

Strength for These Days (From The Bible)

I have called you friends.—(John 15:15).

If we but realize that most people want to be friendly we will be able to make many friends for others. It is the friendly spirit that draws people to us and adds much to our happiness.

Pipeline of Life



PLEDGE YOUR PINT TODAY!

OUR MAN by Arthur Hoppe

Oh, No! Not Stately Pierre

Frankly, I'm in a terrible bind. Mr. Pierre Salinger is running for U. S. Senator. And I happen to be one of his very oldest friends. Indeed, I think hardly anybody knows the real Mr. Salinger better than I. Except maybe his mother. And I trust she'll never tell.

Yes sir, Mr. Salinger and I went to the same small grammar school together and the same high school. We even joined the same Navy and later worked for the same newspaper.

So you can see the awful dilemma I face: Shall I reveal the truth about Mr. Salinger so that a better informed citizenry may more intelligently assess his qualifications? Or shall I keep his friendship?

Oh, dust, thou art a hard taskmaster. I first met Mr. Salinger in the fourth grade. Never will I forget the picture he presented, for he was tall for his age even then with the same slim hips, broad shoulders, and tiger-like grace which have since become his trademark. He paused in his one-handed push-ups, put down his volume of Cicero's "On Honesty" and gasped my hand firmly. But humbly.

"Hi, there," he said with his freckle-faced, boyish American grin. "My only goal in life is to some day be able to serve the beloved people of my beloved California (where I shall always legally dwell in my heart) as their United States Senator."

His candor and humility won me, as it did all his school chums. And, oh, how we cheered the successes of "Flash" Salinger, as we called him—his brilliant victories on the playing fields in Karate and alligator wrestling; his famous Concerto for Six Pianos and Gut Bucket; his academic triumph in translating the complete works of Edgar Guest into Etruscan... The list is endless.

In high school, Mr. Salinger continued to grow in both body and spirit. I recall, for instance, his refusal to go out for football "for fear," as he put it modestly, "of hurting someone." And I think we can pass rapidly over his Navy years as skipper of a sub chaser. For his feat of ramming several enemy-held islands in a desperate attempt to sink them is too well known to go into here.

It was as an ace newsman that Mr. Salinger found himself. His one-man crusade against drinking, smoking, and poker playing are still legend. "We must dry up the sources!" he would say. And many were the off-duty hours he devoted to cleaning out gamblers. Truly, his luck was phenomenal.

Later in Washington, where he was known to one and all as "Stately Pierre," he...

"Stately Pierre!" No, I can't go on. For I honestly think Mr. Salinger today is a warm, intelligent, dignified, astute gentleman who'd make a fine U. S. Senator. And for success in politics, every politician needs all his old friends. To keep their mouths shut.

For old friends are prejudiced against you. It isn't that they know any secret evils in your past. It's that they know you were once an ordinary human being. And that's the one thing we hate to know about our leaders.

Morning Report:

As nomination time draws nearer, Richard Nixon is spending more effort to keep his image of non-candidacy before the voters. He came in fourth out of six in New Hampshire, which is pretty bad for a guy who is not running. A perfect non-campaign would have ended him in the No. 6 spot.

But he did it with only three part-time secretaries. Still, he wants to do better, as who wouldn't? So he plans to hire a full-time press secretary.

If this fellow can work it out so Nixon comes in last in the next primary, he will have done his job. This will transform Nixon into an elder statesman—or an ideal nominee for the GOP convention.

Abe Mellinkoff