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REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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A Plea for the Doer

An articulate plea for recognition of the uncommon man, the doer, came this week from the pen of J. Walker Owens, manager of the Torrance Chamber of Commerce. We think his comments, contained in the current edition of the chamber's monthly news bulletin, are worth sharing:

Community leadership pays a high price for survival. It has always been true and will remain true throughout history. But, thank God, there have always been those here in Torrance who have been willing to pay the price. Today's Torrance is evidence of this. Tomorrow's Torrance will depend on the degree that others are willing to face up to challenges and responsibilities.

Events transpire so rapidly in today's cities that there are many times when it is all but impossible to keep the lines of communication open. We become so engrossed in doing that we fail to keep people informed as to why things are being done, and thus the conflict.

Community leaders find it necessary to develop a special brand of guts that are essential to success. It isn't always easy to keep your eye on the target while having to swat mosquitoes. And, too, when the mosquitoes begin to swarm, lesser men abandon the target altogether. Dying and decaying American cities of today, cities that at one time held greatness within their grasp, serve as monuments to community leadership that couldn't stand the heat and got out of the kitchen.

Any community leader who exposes his community to any change in the status quo runs the risk of castigation by those who oppose the change. The fact that the change is essential is not the governing factor. We are all frustrated to one degree or another, and having to deal with any change, whether for better or for worse to us personally, merely adds to our frustrations.

Torrance demands leaders who believe in draining swamps rather than swatting mosquitoes . . . leaders who will become involved in the city and its wellbeing and who aren't afraid to become active participants in the arena of battle.

As long as Torrance continues to produce men of quality and character who have the courage to face up to issues and find answers, then Torrance will continue its quest of excellence. But if we allow Torrance's destiny to fall into the hands of those of lesser courage, those who panic at the first sign of opposition, then this city will find itself relegated to the ranks of those who have sought the common denominator . . . and who have found it. Torrance needs more uncommon men, not common men. The common man has never produced greatness and never will.

Opinions of Others

We hope we can make it clear. The great problem of our time centers around private property and the inroads being made against it by government. Ever since the socialist movement began, economic theorists have toyed with the idea that the world would be a better place if people didn't own property privately. Essentially, this is all that Karl Marx was interested in promoting when he launched the communist movement. In a free society, both welfare and protection, as services, can thrive and, indeed, will for both of these things are humanly necessary. But to establish a system wherein everyone in society can be systematically looted in order to provide services some may not want, is to descend into socialism.—*Harlingen (Tex.) Star.*

Your tranquilizer pills may cause you not to worry about the future of this nation, your businessess, your families and your schools, and they may even make the chains lighter—I don't really know. But the guys who don't take 'em will be cracking the whip.—*Covington (La.) Farmer.*

Will the economy live up to its promise? The 1962 tax revision which helped industry to meet the challenge of obsolescence is now having some impact on the economy. The 1964 tax cut may produce a rise in consumer spending. The important question is the attitude of the economic planners, the men in Washington who shape policies of the future. Will they support sound expansion through free enterprise and private investment? Or will they revert to the restrictive "planned economy" and "pump-priming" of the 1930s?—*Flemington (N.J.) Democrat.*

The American Meat Institute has decided to finance a program to stimulate the sale of American beef in both the United Kingdom and on the Continent. The decision is a sound one . . . If the program is carried out with the intensity and skill traditional in most American selling, there can be little doubt it will meet with great success. And also, the American beef-consuming public will continue to be able to enjoy the benefit of a comparatively free market.—*Alameda (Calif.) Times-Star.*

As citizens of the world's greatest democracy we know first hand of horrible injustices that are perpetrated by skillful law dodgers. We know that a democracy protects the crooks, the evildoers, and the scum of our society completely too many times. Sometimes it seems as though it were devised to encourage conning and skulduggery. We forgive, forget, and overlook flagrant violations of decency and honor, and yet—this is the best. What's better?—*Humboldt (Iowa) Independent.*

Cry Me A Mainstream

IT BREAKS OUR HEARTS SOB WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR DEAR, SWEET OLD REPUBLICAN PARTY!

I NEVER KNEW THEY CARED.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Let's Get Back to the Old Drawing Board, Sir

Fourteen years after the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt they got around to planning a Washington memorial. It was fairly rapid as modern monuments go—Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson memorials required decades.

In 1961 the Fine Arts Commission chose a design from among 574 architectural entries, and was straightway in trouble.

The design chosen called for eight monolithic concrete slabs, the highest 167 feet, set in seeming disorder in an open park. Before one tablet would stand a heroic statue of the late President.

Washington, used to classic memorials, and most newspapers and other organs of lay opinion, took a dim view of the whole project, and what was more important, the Roosevelt family demurred.

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The least said was that

the memorial was in a pagan mood, sharply reminiscent of the celebrated Druid monoliths in England called Stonehenge.

So a new Commission tried again, and recently approved a slightly modified design.

The steles have flowing bases, and they are not so high, but they are still scattered about.

But the new design promptly went down the drain when Congressman James Roosevelt, speaking for the five children, said: "We don't like it, and I'm sure father wouldn't either." He also said he would seek congressional intervention if the Commission went ahead.

Memorials to heroes have a fascinating history. None survive to Pericles or Alexander, but the Egyptians and Romans had self-declared heroes who didn't wait for posterity.

The pharaohs erected great obelisks to themselves, and we successfully

adopted the form in the Washington Monument. The Roman emperors preferred arches and columns, and the Trojan's with its biographical bas-relief in spiral, still stands in Rome and is one of the finest of all time. The British also like columns (Nelson's), but unhappily ran to monstrosity in the Albert Memorial.

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We have at least one atrocious memorial, the top-heavy Grant's Tomb, but Lincoln and Jefferson, classical adaptations with axial vistas, are better. Lincoln seems superior to Jefferson, but this may in part be emotional involvement with the hero.

The learned jargon coming from zealots for the tablet memorial is hard to take, but there is no indication FDR, a political modern, cared for modern art. Apparently the Commission must now turn to the classic, however painful this may be for the avantgarde.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Posthumus Fitzgerald, Hemingway Feud Mounts

Hemingway's testy evaluation of F. Scott Fitzgerald in "A Moveable Feast" has become a major literary conversation piece. It has spurred much mail to me, most of it supporting the unhappy Fitzgerald, who had watched Hemingway's rise as a promising young heavyweight writer to world fame as Fitzgerald's talent dwindled.

This posthumous "battle" between two of the most shining knights in the American literary pantheon indicates that members of a previous literary generation remain more newsworthy than their counterparts today—Joseph Heller to Norman Mailer.

Another round? "The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald" provides one. There was no bitterness, Fitzgerald revealed, even when Hemingway made a snide remark about him in "The Snows of Killmanjaro." Writing to his editor, Maxwell Perkins, Fitzgerald however summed up the later Hemingway:

"Somehow I loved that man, no matter what he says or does, but just one more crack and I think I would have to throw my weight with the gang and lay him. No one could ever hurt him in his first books, but he has completely lost his head, and the duller he gets about it, the more he is like a punch-drunk pug fighting himself in the movies . . ."

A comment from Lois M. Young, the former silent film actress Lois Moran who is widely believed to have been the model for Rosemary Hoyt, the young actress in "Tender is the Night":

"Papa's Feast was indigestible . . . Hemingway was just plain insufferable. A great writer, he became so darn precocious . . . He looked down on Scott, but Scott had the guts to fight, work, write, while Hemingway was frightened; kept notes of his blood pressure on his bathroom wall—yet he had the gall to say that Scott was a hypochondriac . . . Let's forget it. Makes me mad again . . ."

Another reader writes that "A Moveable Feast" made her want to know more about the man Hemingway, and more about Hadley, his first wife. Is there a good biography? This is a continuing story—and right now the critic and Princeton English Professor Carlos Baker is engaged, with the cooperation of Mary Hemingway, on what will be the definitive biography.

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Notes on the Margin . . . Lewis A. Allen is the author of "The Management Profession," which McGraw-Hill will issue later this month. This is the result of research involving some 385 companies and 12,000 managers throughout the world.

Alfred Villiers, seafaring author of more than a score of books, has assembled a scrapbook of miscellaneous writings titled "Of Ships and Men: A Personal Anthology." Printed in England and distributed here by Arco Publishing Co. (\$5.95), it contains all sorts of seagoing prose and verse—Conrad, Shakespeare, John Paul Jones, Melville on Lord Nelson, et al. Handsomely illustrated.

"Hungry Tiger: The Story of the Flying Tiger Line," by Frank Cameron is by no means merely a company history. This is a vigorous story of an important pioneer in American aviation, the Flying Tiger Cargo Line, founded by a rugged group of veterans of General Chennault's Wartime American Volunteer Group. A solid, honest business-venture, it is a story in which the author had the good sense to call the balls and strikes as he saw them. (McGraw-Hill; \$4.95.)

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This week Harper publishes "Normal Neurosis," by Gail and Snell Putney, both assistant professors of sociology. Their work deals with the neuroses of the average "adjusted" individual, ranging from career insecurity through broken homes to racial bigotry. The authors show ways of overcoming many of the frustrations of every-day existence.

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

Debates on 'Extremism' Continue on All Fronts

SAN FRANCISCO — "Extremism," Webster says, "is taking a radical position." And "a radical in politics is one who advocates sweeping changes in laws and methods with the least possible delay."

Present controversy over extremism and moderation is the result of Senator Goldwater's . . . "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice . . . moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." His opponents pounced on only these 18 words of a 45-minute eloquent acceptance speech, because they are the core of his conservative thinking. What did Senator Goldwater specifically have in mind? His dissenters accuse him of approving extremism of the right, regardless, under the guise of defending liberty.

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Some Republican liberals even refuse to support him in the coming campaign unless he defines extremism and moderation to their liking.

It appears unlikely that Goldwater would do what Nixon did in 1960 to win their support. He has been unwilling to compromise his position — and the liberals have been unwilling to compromise theirs since 1936. The two appear politically irreconcilable with the present cast of characters.

The emotional, hysterical comments on those now famous 18 words indicates that "extremists" are not confined to the conservative cause. Senator Goldwater in a brilliant choice of words merely expressed in a nutshell the conscience of a conservative. He believes that extremism in the pursuit of liberty is justified, and that moderation in the pursuit of justice is dangerous and dishonorable.

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Covering the inner play at the convention, it was constantly apparent that the desperation of the liberal camps, especially Scranton's resulted in the most flagrant Goldwater baiting and personal slander. The liberal forces impugned the Goldwater character daily, culminating with the rebuke upon his integrity in the controversial letter delivered to Goldwater by the Scranton forces.

It is very possible that Goldwater had retaliation in mind when he uttered those 18 words, for he had taken a lot of abuse.

Had Eisenhower or Nixon uttered them, they might have been cheered by both sides. So it appears to us that the opposition to the Goldwater "image" created the rancor. For, classically, those 18 words are both prophetic and true.

Ignoring for this discussion the conservative Goldwater label, is extremism in the defense of liberty a vice? And is moderation in the pursuit of justice a virtue?

In the classical sense, of course not. But there are instances where extremism even in war and in defense of liberty is a vice.

For instance, the cold-blooded murder of prisoners, German, Japanese, Chinese, or American, as committed by all sides is barbaric and inhuman. We saw a number of such instances.

But on one hand we apply "extremism" in sacrificing American lives in Vietnam in the defense of liberty . . . but apply "moderation" in our reluctance to go all out to win, just like Korea. Those two positions are incompatible and could well be what Goldwater challenged.

chisement of our Negro citizens in the South for generations?

Has not history repudiated our "moderation" regarding Castro, the Bay of Pigs, Soviet rockets in Cuba, the rape of Hungary, the Berlin Wall, and in Korea where we lost 38,000 American dead in a tragic policy of Communist containment. Has not moderation proved costly in our "soft-policy" on communism since we recognized Russia in 1933?

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It is possible that the American people are going to be confronted soon, not with a two-party system alone, but by conservative and liberal parties, just like England.

Advocates of "internationalism" and "nationalism" are going to meet head on in the coming campaign. The nomination of Senator Goldwater goes far beyond the two-party system. It goes deep into a strongly

divided national temper. The Goldwater statement, in our opinion, removed from the context of the conservative-liberal debate, was prophetic in its connotation. For under most conditions extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice . . . and moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue.

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Pros and cons will continue long after the elections. But the 18 words will be referred to often as a public challenge, just like President Roosevelt's: "We have nothing to fear but fear itself" . . . and President Kennedy's: "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."

Extremism and moderation, when wisely applied, have served the nation's cause of freedom and justice throughout our history. We like to believe that Senator Goldwater had this in mind.

Our Man Hoppe

In Defense of Mr. Goldwater

By Arthur Hoppe

Excuse me while I take a deep breath and screw up my courage. For I wish to take an unpopular stand on a burning issue. Yes, whatever the cost, I must say what I believe. And I must say I don't think Mr. Goldwater is really an evil power-mad fascist who's plotting to liquidate the opposition, incinerate the intellectuals, and blow up the world.

Now you may say this isn't much of a burning issue. But that's only because you haven't been chatting with any Liberals lately. Frankly, I think the liberals have gone out of their Liberal minds.

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Before the GOP Convention they used to make nervous little jokes about Mr. Goldwater, referring to him as "Dr. Strangewater," and saying, "Is Goldwater alive in Argentina?" Or: "Don't worry if he wins the election; Hindenburg will keep him under control."

But since his nomination and acceptance speech, their tone has changed. "I'm really worried," they'll tell you, looking really worried. When you ask them why, they talk vaguely of Hitler and the FBI and Right Wing takeovers and mysterious conspiracies afoot. And the picture that comes through is of Mr. Goldwater in a swastika-festooned cap charging up Capital Hill at the head of a secret army of stormtroopers, who even now lurk under every bed.

Well, I think that's very liberal of the Liberals. Paranoically speaking. But, to tell the truth, I'm having a little trouble envisioning Mr. Goldwater as a power-mad dictator. From reading the books he's had ghost written, talking to reporters who've followed him around, listening to him at press conferences, and watching him with people, I've always had a different picture of him.

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It's a nice, decent, sincere, honest, likable department store owner with the courage of his convictions.

Here's a man who likes to fiddle with his electronic gadgets, go flying in his airplane, and play with his amateur radio set. Here's a man who, while all the power politics were swirling around the convention, sat up in his hotel room chatting with fellow hams in Peoria and Keokuk about the weather, crops and how to install an antenna on the White House.

Here's a man who may talk like an American Legion rally, but who candidly says: "I don't know whether I've got the brains to be President." And, agree with him or not, it's a charming statement.

So, as I say, I've been trying to envision the scene when the jack-booted aide stomps in, salutes and says: "Mein Fuhrer, the SS stands ready to begin its historic putsch from Knott's Berry Farm!"

"Golly," says Mr. Goldwater. "That is an idea. But, gee, my electronic putsch pusher is on the fritz and I was just going to pick up a little old lady in Sioux Falls. I mean on the radio and . . ."

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Nope. I simply can't see Mr. Goldwater lusting to be a power-mad dictator. Heck, I'll even go further in his defense. After reviewing all his public statements, I don't think he even wants to be President.

Morning Report:

If I were a ghost writer for the Democratic National Committee, I'd start looking for another job—right now. They're going to fire these fellows by the platoon.

The President is the money-saving type—as anybody worth \$9,000,000 is. All Mr. Johnson's office will need is a pair of scissors, a pot of paste, and copies of the speeches made in San Francisco by Governors Scranton, Rockefeller, Romney and Hatfield. Luci can cut and Lynda Bird can paste.

Between them, they'll have enough anti-Goldwater orations for Daddy if he campaigns every day between now and November.

Abe Mellinkoff