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Welcome Home, Champs

For the first time in its history, Torrance can boast of a national baseball championship.

Congratulations are extended to a group of Torrance-Gardena youths, the Tordena Bullets, who have outlasted more than 1,200 other teams in winning the national Connie Mack baseball title.

The Bullets, under the tutelage of Bob Prior, arrived home Monday following a nerve-shattering week of competition in the Connie Mack World Series in Springfield, Ill.

It is truly a monumental achievement for a team of 16-18-year-olds. In the past, other Torrance athletes have proven to be of national championship caliber.

Now another name must be added to the list that includes such athletic greats as Louis Zamperini and Parnelli Jones—the Tordena Bullets, national Connie Mack champions.

The Curiosity Seekers

Curiosity is a universal human characteristic. It often brings great numbers of people together to witness events that range from presidential appearances to death.

About 10 days ago, two men died in a small light plane which crashed into the Riviera section of Torrance—a crash which narrowly missed a heavily populated area. Curiosity, the natural desire to see what had happened, brought hundreds of people streaming into the area.

All too often, crowds at such scenes as that which awaited firemen, policemen, and reporters on Calle Mayor are unrestrained and interfere with the work of those men who must extinguish fires, give aid to the injured, or proceed about the work of cleaning up at such a disaster as that plane crash. This crowd was orderly, for the most part, but it did interfere with the work of firemen.

Fire Chief J. J. Jenner, who is responsible at such a scene, told the Press-Herald that his men had to force their way into the area of the crash to extinguish the fire. Several bystanders were sprayed with water, and some were pushed out of the way. Brenner also said the congestion caused by cars moving toward the scene forced his fire marshal to park some six blocks away and walk to the crash site.

In addition to this interference at the scene, the crowd presented a curious and bewildering picture of some of man's less desirous traits. The atmosphere was much like that you might expect to find at holiday picnic—mothers holding small children high into the air to view the scene, teenagers standing on on block walls in the area to get a better look, even grown men dashing about to get closer to the crash scene.

Cars flowed into the area from all parts of Torrance, just to see where two men had died. Traffic was backed up on Calle Mayor for several blocks at one time, and drivers who became impatient with the slow movement only added to the confusion with their quick and foolish movements.

People have been advised many times to stay away from the scene of plane crashes, automobile accidents, and large fires. But judging from this latest occurrence, the advice has fallen largely on deaf ears.

There is an old cliché—curiosity killed the cat. Beware, lest you be the cat.

NEWS SPARKS by James Dorais

Debate Over Press Corps Continues at Full Pace

As the tempo picks up and tempers heat up on the political front, the controversy over press and broadcast reporters' coverage of campaigns and campaigners also continues to wax hot.

Set off by former President Eisenhower's remarks about "sensation-seeking columnists and commentators" at the recent Republican convention in San Francisco and fired by complaints from others, the debate has now drawn the attention of those charged with unfairness by the politicians.

In a special election-year survey of editors and broadcast news directors by The Quill, the magazine for journalists published by Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalistic society, 52 per cent of those responding expressed concern over continuing challenges of the "impartiality" of political reporters.

Among those who noted a cause for concern was Alexander Bodi, editor of the Palo Alto Times.

"There is no problem so long as they remain reporters," said Bodi. "But they become advocates or at least commentators. I think every political reporter should be deprived of his byline for substantial periods as a catharsis."

Robert C. Notson of the Portland Oregonian noted that "there are political reporters who are tending to choose up sides in the contests they are covering and this has been reflected in some of the writings."

"We need a better definition in political reporting between personal opinion and objective observation and reporting," Notson held.

"A reporter may try to make his end product completely impartial, but if he is a good reporter he is also a most passionate, intelligent human being," declared Ralph Renick of WTVJ-TV, Miami, Florida. "The test of his profes-



WASHINGTON REPORT

Sight of Capitol Dome Still a Thrill for Him

(Congressman Frank J. Becker, Republican from New York's Fifth Congressional District, is a frequent Torrance visitor and contributor to the editorial columns of the Press-Herald.)

By FRANK J. BECKER

During the summer months, it is almost impossible to estimate the number of visitors to the Nation's Capitol. Streams of people stroll around Capitol Hill throughout the day and on into the evening. I never tire of watching these people as I walk back and forth between the House Office Building and the House Chamber in the Capitol. Hardly a day goes by when people do not stop me and ask questions about the buildings—and what is going on.

In a few months I will be retiring from this life in Washington, and will perhaps begin to see things differently. When I first came to Washington as a Member of the House 12 years ago, I was tremendously impressed. The Capitol dome meant a great deal to me and to the world. It has become even more evident to me today,

that what transpires under that dome concerns (if not determines) both the future of this great country of ours and the security of the Free World. Indeed, if the enslaved countries of the world are ever to be free again, it will have to be through our efforts. This is a grave responsibility, and I have never carried this burden lightly.

Time is running swiftly by, and I will soon be saying farewell to Washington—but with each day I realize more and more that I shall never be free of the responsibility I assumed here 12 years ago.

Every morning and evening in my early years here, I took a certain route driving between the Capitol and our apartment. Then one morning I changed this route and drove along in front of the Capitol Building. I stopped the car and paused to look up at the Capitol and the Statue of Freedom that tops its dome. Since that first morning, I have made it a practice, morning and evening, to drive this route. Most evenings I do not get away from work until seven or eight o'clock. Sometimes we are in session late and the lights are turned on. (The Capitol is not the White House). It is a most impressive sight. The Armed Forces Bands

play in front of the Capitol on most summer evenings, and it is thrilling to see the Capitol steps crowded with tourists enjoying the beautiful music.

This leads me to wonder why all citizens, who are able to do so, do not make it a project to bring their families to this great seat of our government. I have a feeling you would be very impressed and would leave Washington with a greater feeling of respect for, and responsibility to, your government.

No one realizes more than I that government has its faults, that there is too much corruption, and too great a bureaucracy—but only the PEOPLE, through their understanding and participation, can correct these faults. When I look at the Capitol dome, I think to myself, "how much greater our country would be if—all of our people would pay less attention to columnists and commentators, read more of the news for themselves, write to their Representatives to send them information, attend political meetings, ask questions, and insist on straightforward answers . . ." Think about this.

Later I will try to complete this story—as I feel it is more of a "Washington Story" than a Washington Report."

BOOKS by William Hogan

Frank Look at Momism

Bruce Jay Friedman is the young author of "Stern," a widely discussed first novel of a year or so ago that dealt with anti-Semitism. A second novel, "A Mother's Kisses" (Simon & Schuster; \$4.95), is a complete switch. The action is limited, but it is all very funny.

The book is about a New York teen-ager and his vivacious Mom. The talk is wonderful, like the talk in some of Bernard Malamud's stories, or in Philip Roth's. Not dialect talk, understand; but affectionate broad, flavorful, Bronx stuff that may remind you of Elick Moll's "Seidman and Son" or some of Paddy Cheyevsky's plays.

Friedman's style is mercurial, mint-fresh and many cuts above the Molly Goldberg kind of American Jewish folk opera we have been overexposed to in recent years.

"You're such a child; you are such an infant," Mama tells Joseph at one point. "Who's looking at you? Do they know if you're a

Hindu? You could be a Sioux Indian for all they care. Stop worrying about yourself for a change. The Jew thing should be my first worry and I'd be riding on velvet."

Mama has a great and strong role in all this, a new kind of Mama role. She is a sexy, fast-talking, irresistible character called Meg—and as long as we're reaching all over the place for comparisons, she's Shelley Winters. Meg watches over her Joseph, who is turned down by a couple of colleges; gets a job as a summer camp waiter; is confused by sex. Many things here have happened before in funny stories about boys, especially New York Jewish boys, but suddenly it is all engagingly new.

"A Mother's Kisses" is more than a delicatessen. Friedman has pitched his tent in the literary camp with the Malamuds, Philip Roths and J. D. Salingers, and leaves the Henry Aldrich-Dobie Gillis crowd back with the Beatles. Mama-Meg

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

New Mythologists Use A 'Political Quackery'

In medicine we call them quacks, which means either practicing without medical authority, or perverting the good name of medicine in illegal practices.

There are too many politicians and other persons who practice a kind of "social quackery." Some are sincere but misguided, who envision a society patterned in mythology. Others are like parrots who have been taught to repeat the myth so often they begin to believe it's real.

We hear some of these myths all over the country. As a speaker on current affairs, they appear during question and answer periods from a more informed segment of our society. We can only imagine the reactions of the less informed.

There is the myth going around that Republicans prevented a fair shake for our Negro citizens for years. The fact is that Republicans under Eisenhower gave the Negro the first civil rights bill since the Emancipation Proclamation.

Some areas of the civil rights bill are workable, some are not. Street mobs are hurting, not helping, the rightful cause of the Negro citizens by actions and demands which create national resentment to the point that enforcement and acceptance of important rights will be jeopardized.

Conservatives in both parties, with few exceptions in the South, have always supported certain rights otherwise denied our Negro citizens.

The "mythologists" condemn conservatism, and yet conservatism is the philosophy of moderation. It supports change that complements American traditional liberties—and opposes change that curtails these liberties.

Change is not necessarily improvement. But for good or evil change is inevitable. The world changes. Principles should not. They remain as guidelines for freedom and free men.

"Liberals" in the political, not classical, sense have less respect for private initiative. Almost by reflex they call on government to solve problems. Almost by reflex they do not believe the private sector can do the job as well. Almost by reflex they want to subjugate free initiative for public initiative.

Of course, both liberals and conservatives see the same problems. The liberals instinctively seek government machinery. Conservatives instinctively seek private machinery.

"Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."

Liberals give it only lip service. They say that only when the private sector fails do they turn to government.

This is just not so. But it is this argument that will spark the current political debate.

The nation has been sold a bill of goods that the latest tax reduction will improve the nation's economy. That we will have more money to spend. We have been led to believe also that, since taxes were reduced, government expenses "will be reduced in time."

These "quacks" have suddenly discovered a new "law of economics"—that taxes can be reduced without the necessity of reducing spending. As a matter of fact, under this new "quack law" government can even increase spending while reducing taxes. This is absurd.

Heavier government spending increases the burden on taxpayers, and lower taxes do not make it less. The only real meaning to a tax reduction is to effect a corresponding reduction in government spending.

The "economic quacks" obviously pushed tax rate reductions mainly for political purposes. They assume that most taxpayers are nitwits and can't see through it all.

The impact of government upon the economy is

determined by the extent of its spending. Taxes are simply the means of obtaining the money to finance this spending. When spending remains the same, or is increased, and tax rates reduced, then the money has to come from some place else. And the biggest "quack" is INFLATION. Proof is in the increase of the public debt limit to \$324 billion.

Any stimulant that the productive forces of the economy may receive from a reduction in tax rates is more than counteracted by the impact of this additional inflation.

We are now experiencing another "quack illusion" of prosperity. Lower taxes and greater government spending is stimulating present economic expansion.

But the "quacks" don't tell you that this combination has always spelled inflation and rising prices. As long as government operates on this dangerous assumption, deficits will increase, not decrease, resulting in the loss of purchasing power of every dollar in that most taxpayers are nitwits and can't see through it all. This means business costs will rise and profits will fall—and we're back where we (Continued on B-11)

Our Man Hoppe

New Delegate System Touted

By Arthur Hoppe

Now that the conventions are over, it is time to build for the future. And what I'm building for the future is an All-Purpose Stuffed Delegate.

For, as anyone who's been in Atlantic City all week can tell you, the only official duties of an official delegate in these days of television are three: It must make noise, it must wave placards and it must—above all—help fill the empty seats. The vision of a speaker addressing empty, unlistening seats is the nightmare of all convention managers. Which is really why we have delegates. Who don't listen, either.

So delegates are desperately needed. But, obviously, a neat, cheaply-constructed all-purpose stuffed delegate could perform these functions far more efficiently and economically than fallible human delegates. The party will save millions; those in control of the convention will be assured an enthusiastically harmonious vote on all motions; and it's doubtful anyone but cab drivers and bartenders will note the difference.

Best of all, this will save untold wear and tear on the frail human delegates who now must devote four long days to performing these arduous mechanical chores. And who hate every minute of it.

It probably isn't generally known that human delegates despise conventions, but all you have to do is talk to them. Their reservations are fouled up, they can't see or hear from their seats, every party they crash is overcrowded, they can't get a cab, a table or a girl, they despise whatever city they are convened in, and their hotel room is not only miles from anything, but it is a direct insult.

Indeed, at the recent festivities in Atlantic City, the California Delegation was quartered at the Ambassador, which might be described as a stately old hotel. If it were more stately.

And prizes were finally offered to the delegates with the most heartrending tales of woe, most of which involved doorknobs falling off, thereby locking people in bathrooms. First prize was a week in Atlantic City. Second prize was two weeks in Atlantic City.

But you can't blame delegates for being grumpy. Here they've taken a week off from work and spent hundreds of dollars in some place they can't abide, being constantly pushed and shoved around in order to perform three simple mechanical functions for the television cameras that an All-Purpose Stuffed Delegate could handle much better.

Yes, there's no doubt the human delegate is on his way out. At long last, thanks to our fast-advancing technology, man will soon be relieved of the dreary burden of suffering through boring, tawdry, artificially staged political conventions in the flesh.

Yet it's odd, the few delegates I've approached with the idea have been strangely unenthusiastic about being saved. Frankly, I'm beginning to suspect they're already looking forward to attending the next boring tawdry, artificially staged convention. And, come to think of it, so am I.

Morning Report:

Abe Mellinkoff is on vacation. His Morning Report will be continued in the Press-Herald on his return.

Abe Mellinkoff