

# Press-Herald

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## The Lesson of Rebellion

Easing of tensions which led to bloodshed, arson, looting, and destruction over a wide section of the Los Angeles Negro community during the past week opens the door for assessment of the lessons to be gained by the violent outburst.

Those who participated in the senseless riots are not blameless. They are not the victims of an unthinking California society—despite the pious preachments of some so-called leaders. They are Americans, raised in American communities, and have been told from their earliest days that murder, arson, and similar acts are wrong.

However—and here we think is a principal lesson of the experience—a continued call for "civil disobedience" to the laws of our communities, states, and the nation can lead to no end but to more and greater acts of defiance. Los Angeles was simply an example of the theory carried to its ultimate practice.

Young people who were among the most active in the Los Angeles riots have heard their elders say that only those laws a person likes needs to be obeyed.

Sharing the blame for promoting this doctrine are a large number of self-appointed leaders; many of them, we suspect, far more interested in self advancement than the plight of the Negro.

The continued expressions of contempt for laws falling from the lips of highly placed civil rights leaders advances a doctrine which threatens the well being of this nation. To have the battle cry of these leaders parroted by the nation's top political leaders, to have not-so-peaceful demonstrations condoned in high places—all adds a smack of endorsement to law breaking as a way of life.

To the rebellious in the streets, condoned defiance of one law is an open invitation to defiance of others. How can a defiant youth determine that it's alright in the eyes of his elders and peers to defy one section of the penal code but wrong to defy another?

We urge strongly that leaders of the Negro communities in Los Angeles and elsewhere reappraise their campaigns and head them off in the direction of helping Negro students, family units, and individuals instead of molding them into power blocs for self-serving purposes.

This, we believe, is the lesson of Watts.

## An Ominous Warning

We feel the Rev. Billy Graham sounded an ominous warning upon arrival in Los Angeles earlier this week when he stated he felt a hard core was at work to destroy our nation.

We commend his words for deliberation by the many do-gooders, civil libertists and assorted bleeding-heart politicians who are continually chafing in their pursuit of fault finding on the local and national scene.

These well-meaning but generally misguided "dupes," most of whom wear liberal raiment, pose a real threat to the American way of life. They offer a wonderful facade to sinister forces bent on grounding the nation under the heel of communism.

## Wanted: A College Site

The business of choosing a site for the new four-year state college to serve the ever-increasing number of college-bound students of this area goes on apace with forces lining up support for a site in south Torrance and others pressing for selection of a site in the Carson-Dominguez area east of the Harbor Freeway.

Should the State College Board of Trustees decide the south Torrance site is the best suited, this newspaper could easily endorse the decision and press for early construction of a permanent campus.

In the event that the Carson-Dominguez site is preferred, we also could heartily endorse the choice and would likewise urge early construction of campus facilities.

We have long pressed for the selection of a reasonable site and speedy construction of facilities. Each day that passes without the college facilities works a hardship on area students who would use the facilities of a four-year state college. We are still convinced those students will be best served by a college in the immediate Torrance area—not in Fox Hills, San Pedro, or Santa Monica. The student population is centered in this area, the college should be in this area.

But above all, the students need the college. The sooner the better.



Lifesavers

YOUR GIFT OF BLOOD THROUGH RED CROSS WILL SAVE SOMEONE'S LIFE THIS SUMMER. TAKE THE TIME TO GIVE BEFORE YOUR VACATION.



ROYCE BRIER

## Money Is Like Wallpaper In Sukarno's Indonesia

If you would know how an idiotic government can make an idiot of a people's economy, consider Indonesia.

Sukarno's government isn't idiotic because it despises the United States, nor because it permits street hoodlums to harass Marshall Green, the new American Ambassador. It isn't so superficial.

After the war, colonialism, including the Dutch, was losing steam everywhere. So they assembled the island world and called it Indonesia, and looked hopeful. But straightway Sukarno announced "guided democracy," which means non-democracy.

President Sukarno proved to be a fly-boy content to teeter on the rim of a volcano of 100 million illiterate natives. He preferred international demagoguery to effort to solve colossal problems of education, production and jobs.

He borrowed billions for

armaments, and blackmailed the Dutch out of territory to the east. In 1963 he conceived his "confrontation" policy against the new nation, Malaysia. He fomented revolts, frontier raids and commando landings. In 1964 he had a little deficit, a budget of 680 billion rupiahs, an income of 283 billion.

How fared the home front in the midst of this phony glory? Like this:

Since 1961 the Indonesian cost of living has risen annually about 150 per cent. This takes into account that laborers and civil servants get fringe benefits of rice, sugar and textiles in their pay. Sukarno tried to cover prices with wages. The result is a chronic ratio of 100 per cent price increase of rupiah circulation from 300 billion to 950 billion in one year.

In June, 1964, \$1 would buy 1,800 rupiahs. Last week on the black market, rupiahs were 10,000 to the dollar.

Since June the government has begun another round of price increases. Rice went from 340 rupiahs to the liter to 500. Cotton textiles went up one-third, and the cost of kerosene doubled (Kerosene is used in lighting, and as all know, Sumatra has a large oil production). But fares more than doubled in Jakarta, and air fares tripled. Steep increases in rail fares and electricity rates are expected momentarily.

Thus Indonesia is on the approach to total bankruptcy. It is at the base of an inflationary spiral of the explosive force of the German in the 1920s. With this prospect, President Sukarno dawdles about the palace and receives ambassadors. He occasionally flits to Japan to cement his ties with Red China. He occasionally makes forays into the city to harangue his followers on the iniquitous "imperialists," the Americans and British.

WILLIAM HOGAN

## Bernstein's New Guide Handy Tool for Writers

What a nice reference book this is. Nice, I say, because reference books are basically tools. They need not be pleasing, agreeable, even socially acceptable, unless the tool is a book of etiquette, and then, I should think, that would depend on who is calling the socially acceptable shots.

Theodore M. Bernstein's "The Careful Writer: A Modern Guide to English Usage," is a nice reference tool. It is pleasant, agreeable, and a dependable new friend to keep, along with Fowler, within arm's reach on a desk.

Bernstein is an assistant managing editor of the New York Times who issues a witty house bulletin from time to time on English as it is (and frequently as it is not) written in that august journal. He is the author of two previous books that developed out of that bulletin, "Watch Your Language" and "More Language That Needs Watching." The book at hand is a realistic rundown of dos and don'ts for student, journalist or just about anyone else who writes anything—even an occasional letter.

The book is a big one. The words he discusses are set down in alphabetical order (anachronism, analogous, analogy, and-or). There are cross references and, unlike most reference books, this

is set in large type, designed to be read.

Let's look in on Bernstein's lengthy entry, "Curled cliches." Here our cheerful guide through the underbrush of American English usage demonstrates that that some writers are in trouble from the minute they take pen in foot. The cliché is bad enough; the curled cliché is like the tennis novice attempting the gallant leap over the net and falling on his face. "It's a fragment of your imagination." The following are examples from a conscientious record, Bernstein tells us, set down over an extended period, of the unconscious oral outgivings of a certain newspaperman, unnamed:

"It's in the lap of the cards." "Those guys have been harping on me." "He's just a once-in-a-moon customer." "We were sitting there like a shooting duck." "It's a shut and dried case." "He dashes in like a whip of the will." "He's upper-crust—one of the high polloi."

Writing, Bernstein concludes in this efficient, witty, realistic and valuable shop talk on American English usage, cannot be done by ear or by rote. "He who disregards this warning is skating on mighty thin ground."

Notes on the Margin . . .

P. K. Tomajan is the author of a new Peacock Press publication, "Meanettes," a collection of poetic miniatures. Previous works by this author include such titles as "Beaux & Arrows," "Hymns to Hers," "Djinns & Bitters," "Hades and Jades." A limited edition (\$2) P. O. Box 875, Berkeley, Calif.

## Quote

When we start the day, place ourselves through prayer under divine direction. God is at the heart of our being as wisdom and intelligence. He is our light and our guide. His spirit goes before us and prepares the way. We are not alone. God is with us. He gives us a sense of peace and security.

The American people should realize by now that the communists want an apathetic American citizenry to surrender their responsibilities and freedom to an all-powerful central government.—Dale Boyer, Miramar naval aviation technician.

Isn't it time we taxpayers close the gates of the university to these troublemak-

STAN DELAPLANE

## Crush of Waikiki Not So Crushing As Season Ends

HANAIEI, HAWAII— "We are thinking of a trip to Hawaii with a view of retirement there if it is attractive. I'd appreciate any ideas or books to read . . ."

Now is a good time. The summer season is over. The crush at Waikiki is not so crushing (Even so, I'd be sure to have a hotel reservation on arrival.) After that, take a tour of the islands of Hawaii, Maui and Kauai.

This is not inexpensive country. Friends of mine in outer island villages find living about 15 to 20 per cent higher than San Francisco. Might be sure in Honolulu.

Of 670,000 people in all the islands, most of them live in Honolulu—534,000. So you get good restaurants. But high-rise buildings hiding crowded beaches. Theaters and music and night clubs. But not that lazy island atmosphere. The weather is superb. Clothing cost is low and you don't need much.

Most land is leased to you, rarely sold. Payments work out about like mainland rental rates. My own choice would be this island of Kauai—30 air minutes from Honolulu when you want to go there. Flowers, beaches, weather and an excellent store in the town of Lihue. Best general book is Thrumm's Hawaiian Annual, \$1.50 by mail from Star-Bulletin, 420 Ward St., Honolulu, Hawaii.

"We will go to Hawaii for a week. Then to Japan, Hong Kong and Bangkok. Can we return through the Philippines? And suggest a few books to read before . . ."

You can go back through the Philippines and from there direct to Hawaii—via Pan American or Philippine Air Lines. On that kind of ticketing, you can go all the way around the Pacific—get BOAC from Singapore down to Sydney.

For general getting around, try my book, "Pacific Pathways," McGraw-Hill.

"Will we need raincoats for Christmas season in Mexico City?"

No. That's the dry season. But you'd better take a heavy overcoat. Mexico City at 7,400 breathtaking feet can get down to the thirty-degree temperatures. Most of the time it's warm. But they get flashes of cold. Everything out of Mexico City is downhill. And all you have to do is drive an hour and you're into spring. Another hour and you're into summer.

"Do you know anything about St. Moritz in the ski season?"

I've been there. This is the old and elegant ski resort. All the guests are retired royalty. And the door-men are exiled Grand

Dukes. A beautiful Swiss town on the champagne circuit. Expensive.

" . . . some restaurants in Dublin, please, for three days."

Jammet's is the Old World famous Dublin restaurant along the river Liffey. Dark paneled walls and chandeliers. (The original Jammet came over as a cook for the English Lord Lieutenant.) One I like particularly is The Old Bailey on Duke Street.

"We are going to Guatemala for a few weeks at New Year's. Are there any good swimming beaches?"

I never heard of any beach development. Cham-

perico and Acajutla on the West Coast are coffee ports and very small. I never heard of any hotels there. But I may be wrong. The people who could tell you are Hayter Travel Service, Guatemala City.

"Can a family camp in Hawaii?"

There's a family camped not far from here on the island of Kauai. A beautiful marine-blue bay. A white sand beach. Rent equipment for any island from Camping Service of Hawaii, Box 157, Honolulu. Buy anything you need from the little plantation town general stores. Beach camping looked to me like an unexpected possibility for cheap vacationing here.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

## He Talks When Mouth Is Full

DIG THAT CRAZY CAVITY: I was interested to Howard H. Jan, a dentist, is lecturing on "General read in the Semantics Society Newsletter that Dr. Semantics Techniques: How They Improve Communication Between Dentist and Patient." All I can say to that is, high time. I don't know about you and yours, but communication between me and my dentist couldn't be worse.

As soon as he gets my mouth full of swabs, depressors, mirrors, drains, tubes, drills and probes, he gets chatty as hell. "Open wider, please. And how's the little woman." Me: "Aaaargh." "A little wider. That's it. How do you think things are going in Viet Nam?" Me: "Grrrrtflerk." "You think Goldwater would have done a better job than Johnson?" Me: "Eccccech." "Fine. Please spit."

Trouble is, after he gets all the hardware out of my mouth, we find we have very little to say except "Rinse" (he) and "Boy, that stuff tastes cheap" (I). Now and then we talk limply of having lunch one of these days, but we never will. What would we talk about?

ROGER KENT, lawyer and California Democratic leader, is a member of the Postmaster General's advisory committee on new stamps. As such, he received a letter a few days ago from the Chamber of Commerce of Liberty, Missouri, "earnestly requesting" a stamp issue commemorating the centennial of "the first daylight holdup in the United States," at Liberty on Feb. 13, 1866. While conceding the historic significance of the event, Mr. Kent felt obliged to say no. "However," he added, "don't feel hurt about this. We have also turned down requests for stamps commemorating Marilyn Monroe—and the establishment of the first VD station."

GLOBAL AFFAIR: A group of newsmen were gabbing about their favorite characters, including Nikolai Fedorenko, the Russians' Ambassador to the U.N.—and one recalled the time Fedorenko (plus other dignitaries from all over the world) attended a ceremony celebrating the independence of one of the new African nations.

First came four hours of speeches under a broiling sun, followed by a three-mile parade in the intense heat. As they were trudging along, Fedorenko suddenly turned to the American envoy and gasped: "Why are we killing ourselves? We represent the two most powerful nations in the world, right? Let's you and I drop out at the next bar we pass and have a beer in the shade." Mopping his brow, the American grinned back: "I'm with you."

They walked a few more yards in silence and then Fedorenko sighed: "But we won't, will we? And we both know why—that damned Chinese behind us is going to march the full three miles!"

FURTHER PROOF, if needed, that censorship is self-defeating: The publishers of the new paperback, "Boys and Girls Together," expected to sell 300,000 copies. Since the "suggestive" poster advertising it was banned by the Municipal Railway in San Francisco (resulting in national publicity), sales have reached 825,000. . . . Some un-American fink is busily plastering stickers around the country reading "Mary Poppins Is a Junkie. That's terrible. Have YOU ever seen her high without an umbrella?"

## Morning Report:

With all the shooting going on in the world, it's pretty easy to forget that there's a Disarmament Conference meeting in Geneva. It's not getting anywhere, but it is meeting.

The subject is complicated: How to stop the spread of nuclear weapons. And it wasn't simplified the other day when the Russian announced that before the subject could be discussed, a whole string of conditions would have to be met by us.

I suggest that we strike a commemorative stamp right now—one of those up-and-down jobs showing William C. Foster, our chief delegate, with a long, long white beard.

Abe Mellinkoff