

# Press-Herald

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## 'Report to the Nation'

"Freedom is indivisible. It is not secure in America when it is brutally denied elsewhere on this earth."

Thus did President Johnson open his 1966 Armed Forces message. "The struggle to be free," he said, "is a struggle worthy of man's unceasing sacrifice."

With the tense international situation heightening an interest in America's armed strength, Saturday's Armed Forces Day celebration in Torrance serves well to focus the attention of all Californians on those young men and their leaders who are defending our freedoms today in the quagmires of Viet Nam.

Saturday's Armed Forces Day parade, highlight of a busy weekend, is traditionally the largest military salute in the West, and will include more than 100 units and several thousand persons in the line of march.

Called a "Report to the Nation," the 1966 parade will feature Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, as the grand marshal. Each year, one of the outstanding military authorities of the nation lead the line of march and Torrance is fortunate this year to have the leading Congressional military authority to head its celebration.

Congressman Rivers will deliver a major address Saturday noon at the awards luncheon which traditionally follows the parade.

Such celebrations do not come spontaneously. Saturday's event will be the culmination of many hundreds of hours of hard work on the part of city officials and employees; on the part of Chamber of Commerce representatives, and on the part of local industrial and business leaders and representatives of the nation's armed services.

A special salute is due the general chairman George S. Wing for the general supervision of the parade planning, and to his assistant, John T. Hales, for the job of promoting the event.

By all standards of measurement, Saturday's "Report to the Nation" parade in Torrance will be the biggest salute in the West to our armed forces on their day. We recommend strongly that the people of this area join the salute from the parade route sidelines beginning at 10 a.m. It should be two hours well spent.

## Something of Value

"The person who donates a unit of blood is making a very personal kind of charitable contribution. He is, in a sense, giving a part of himself. The wealthy man can give a million dollars, but he, like everyone else, can give no more than five units of blood a year. If this element of personal giving is lost, not only will medical care suffer, but something of value will disappear from the American character."

So writes the magazine, *Changing Times*.

This element of personal giving is the basic principle on which the Red Cross Program operates.

The Red Cross knows from the experiences gained in past wars and in establishing a national voluntary blood donor program, which now meets half of our nation's blood needs, that people WILL, without payment, give blood to help others.

Our local Red Cross blood program provides the channel through which we can do this. We believe that the people of our community will demonstrate their generosity by giving this priceless donation when the Red Cross Bloodmobile visits the Torrance Eiks Lodge, 1820 Abalone Avenue, Thursday.

## OTHERS SAY

### No Help From 'Uncle'

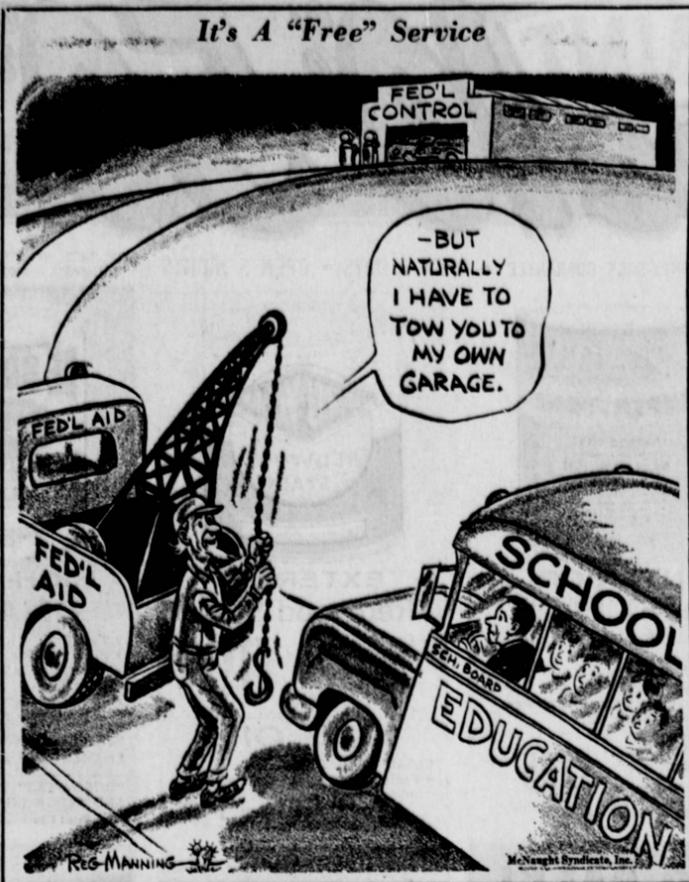
Even with unprecedented help from Washington, our great cities are not gaining on their problems. Robert P. Gerholz, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce has said that: "It is as if we were building cities to serve some other purpose than the well-being of people." He observes that the federal urban renewal program, whose primary purpose should be to help disadvantaged people, has been a virtual failure. A million people in 1,500 projects in 750 communities have been driven from their homes. Most of them were poor and "... couldn't pay enough rent to make it worthwhile to build new housing for them, so they were left to push their way still more densely into the slum housing that remained."

"George" can't do it for us and neither can "Uncle Sam." In a small town, it is easy to see the importance of individual effort in community progress. But in a city, where problems are larger and more complex, there is all the more reason for leaders in local government, business, and civic affairs to take the initiative and responsibility for solving the problems that they know best. There is no other way.—*Industrial News Review*.

Conscience is a small inner voice that warns us not to do something after we've done it.—*Pennsburg (Pa.) Town and Country*.

Federal aid is giving yourself a transfusion by drawing blood from your right arm, returning it to your left—and spilling 90 per cent on the way across.—*The Bergen (N.J.) Citizen*.

Many a man who misses his anniversary, catches it later.—*Joe Harrison in The Texas (Dickens County) Spur*.



STAN DELAPLANE

## Waikiki -- Ideal Spot for 'Boy Meets Girl' Safaris

HONOLULU—For girls in the unmarried set (who seem to be set on getting married) this is the place where Boy Meets Girl. The beach at Waikiki. Can't assess the quality, but there is plenty of quantity. If you're single-o, as the song says — "there's no place like Hawaii."

"For two secretaries (25) where would you suggest for vacation? Mexico? Hawaii? One of the National Parks?"

Hawaii, as above, is Number One. But keep it on Waikiki—the Outer Islands are too chancy. The action is all in this area. Hotel social directors advise you to meet people on the beach where everything is informal. They also advise you to stay loose. There's a lot of traffic. Something better may come along on the next plane. Aloha!

"We will be in Spain for a few weeks and are concerned about medical treatment if my husband should need it..."

The British-American hospital in Madrid is supposed to be very good. But out in the country, I don't know. Only experience I had was in a small town. After prescribing a shot, I found the doctor doesn't do this himself. A fellow called a "practicante" comes to your house and does it. Mine had an assortment of used needles which he pulled out of a tobacco tin.

Most Spanish cooking is drenched in olive oil. If it's a little old, you've had it. Better learn to say "cooked in butter." Madrid is OK. In the country, drink bottled Solares. The late dinner (10 to midnight) may throw you. So get the Spanish habit of taking a "merienda" — a snack — about 5 or 6 o'clock. The Spanish custom of a

big, big lunch with plenty of wine, starting about 1 o'clock, bugs me. I hold it down — maybe just the soup and salad. You get a lot of anxious — "Is something wrong, señor?" But you feel better. Change of time and food are the traveler's hazards. A Mexican friend of mine tells me he gets sick every time he comes to New York. "I

## Travel

order bottled water there," he said, "and the waiters think I'm crazy."

"We are told we should drink only bottled water in Mexico..."

So they say. And so I do. Yet nearly all of us drink it with ice. Which is probably NOT made with purified water. One comfort: Mexican doctors say people over 30 are 10 times more resistant. (Youth will be served, and it serves them right.)

"Can you tell me if the rates are lower in the Caribbean in summer?"

They are, but they vary with the resorts. Roughly, you can figure rates in July and August will be half what they are in winter. Some islands are sliding the

## Quote

Age is an American phenomenon. This accent on youth is not found anywhere else in the world.—Matthew Kelley, San Francisco, on women's ages.

We might soon read... so and so hit a triple but refuses to leave third unless he receives \$15,000 more next season.—George Jessel, Hollywood actor and raconteur, on high sports pay.

## Morning Report:

No doubt that Former Vice President Richard Nixon has come up with the perfect campaign issue for his next time around. He maintained the other day that the Administration is "Mismanaging the war in Viet Nam." I figure this is the kind of issue that will please everybody — except perhaps the President, members of his cabinet and their wives, a small handful of voters.

It will satisfy the "hawks" who want us to do more and the "doves" who want us to do less. It should also go down well with voters who are neither "hawks" nor "doves" — but just hope the whole thing would just somehow go away.

Of course the plain fact is all wars are mismanaged — as every living GI will tell you. And every memoir by every general on all sides can clearly prove. After the war is over.

Abe Mellinkoff

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# A Long, Terribly Silent Look Was a Proper Reply

I have been watching the TV nightly newscasts for the first time in years, and the longer I watch, the more I wonder why so many newspaper editors consider these programs competitive to the point of ruin. Huntley-Brinkley, Cronkite, Jennings, Grimsby, et al, are charming people (except in the eyes of Robert Welch, who considers them part of "the conspiracy"), but the shows are unbelievably repetitious, and the so-called "on-the-spot" interviews childish. Case in point: A "newsman" sticking a mike into the face of a U.S. officer who survived a bombing in Saigon, and asking (I swear it): "Do you think it's fair of the enemy to do things like this?" The officer gave him the reply he deserved — a long, long, terribly silent look of disbelief. Something seems to be killing off the newspapers, but it can't be these "news" shows.

Non-startling statistics: Seven out of 10 housewives don't get up to fix breakfast for their husbands, according to an exhausting poll by the Home Juice people. Of the seven men thus relieved of the sight of their wives in wrappers, hair up in curlers, four content themselves with juice and coffee, two eat downtown and one cooks a proper breakfast for himself. It's the one meal men are fairly good at. No statistics on the number of men who bring their wife a breakfast tray in bed, but I

imagine it's considerable (what — you too?)... If a woman hasn't eaten five hours before going into a supermarket, she will spend \$5.76 above her average. If she eats well two hours before, she spends \$7.84 less. Moral: Bring your wife a GOOD breakfast... Another surveyor chides me for saying that Skid Row guys are muscatel drinkers. "If you bothered to examine the empties," he says,

## San Francisco

"you'd see that white port is No. 1, followed by tokay, red port, burgandy, Thunderbird and vin rose"... Which brings us to another pet peeve; radio and TV announcers who call the latter "vin rosay." If they're going to say "vin," they might as well say "rose." Apparently the French pronunciation of both words is verboten, may porkwah?"

Caendix Camera: Five-year-old Corky Hand, son of Lloyd Hand, handing out "Hand for Lt. Governor" bumper stickers on Market St. "Corky," beamed Father Hand, "will be ring bearer at the Lucel Baines - Pat Nugent wedding in August. Boy, I hope he doesn't drop it!" Corky's real name, by the way, is Thomas Lyndon (uh-huh) Hand... If Roger "King of the Road" Miller ever appears at the Fairmont again, it'll have to be as a customer — NOT as

headliner in the Venetian Room. He failed to win any friends in the front office during his three-week engagement. Final straw: Two 15-minute shows (instead of two 45s) on his closing night... Is the law looking in the wrong direction for Author Ken Kesey, who wrote "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and then flew the coop in the face of marijuana charges here? Eyewitnesses who saw him in Acapulco, they say, report he boarded a ship there bound for — Canada... Cartoonist Gus Arriola of Carmel just found out that his "Gordo" was voted "Best Humor Strip of 1965" at the N.Y. Cartoonists' Society awards dinner in N.Y. "It must be the best-kept secret of the year," he says. "Maybe you could print it in your column and keep it that way." Why do I like the guy?... The red carpet is getting a workout at Del Monte Lodge. Prince Georg and Princess Anne of Denmark spent the weekend there, and were followed by Prince Michael of Greece and HIS Princess.

Jack Valenti, who once said "I sleep a little better each night, knowing that Lyndon Johnson is my President," is the new czar of the motion picture industry, and is already quoted as saying "I don't ever remember seeing a bad movie." We can all sleep a little better in the theaters, knowing a man like that is in charge.

## ROYCE BRIER

# Bonus Payments for Big Families Ending in China

The population of Red China is put at 725 million, a fifth of mankind. Increase by births is approximately 2 per cent, or 14-15 millions, and the death rate is declining. The estimate of absolute gain is 10 million annually.

Immediately after the war, the rulers of China and the Soviet Union, and Japan before the war, wanted an expanding population in belief this conferred wealth and power on a Nation.

Japan was the first to see it as a delusion, and at the close of the war began a systematic shrinking of the birth rate. The Russians became dubious early in the 1950s, and legalized birth control. But as late as 1957, parents of mainland China were given bonuses for large families in the form of clothing and food allowances.

This family bonus system, with presentations ceremonies for bewildered peasants who didn't know how important they were, has died out across the world.

This resulted from gradual dissemination of information regarding the danger of population explosion

## World Affairs

where food consumption was almost level with food production plus import.

A news story out of Hong Kong says the Mao regime in 1963 began reversing itself on the family problem, but did so quietly to save face for officials who had urged big families. Today the Party line is openly for family planning, and in big cities 2 is urging contraception, sterilization and abor-

tion. A fourth child no longer earns a bonus, and the birth rate is falling in cities like Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai and Canton.

But it's a different story in the country. Over the ages, Chinese parents have considered children insurance for old age, particularly in the matter of tilling the soil. The Hong Kong story says the government is setting up birth control clinics in the villages, trying to explain why large families are no longer wanted.

Government functionaries themselves had to learn the lesson the hard way.

For some years Red China had to allocate 40 per cent of its hard currency to purchase of wheat abroad. This radically scaled down funds available for purchase of machinery and some lines of raw materials, and the ratio promised to get worse unless the population increase was arrested.

It wasn't a case of guns or butter, but of machines or wheat. In short, machines, not population expansion, confer power and wealth in the modern world.

Even the Americans, with their vast resources, are learning there is a law of diminishing returns in sheer population increase but the law is much more rigorous in the undeveloped countries. Many are learning the lesson, but not all. Apparently India, the runner-up in population, has not learned it.

The demographers with their forecasts are changing the flow of the world's socio-political forces, but nobody can comprehend it in detail.

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Spring Book Lists Leave Him Greatly Unimpressed

Negative Approach: The trickle of spring novels has grown to a seasonal flood, inundating this desk. For the most part they are indifferent efforts, signifying nothing. "Timid with false heart and congested groin," as the critic John W. Aldridge describes the fiction of John O'Hara; "emotionally sweaty."

In recent days I have poured over a stack of new fiction, passing from one title ("Shame, Shame on the Johnson Boys"), tailored specifically to the needs of a television audience, to another called "Hopscotch," by a South American, Julio Cortazar, who appears to have read too much James Joyce and whom I couldn't understand at all.

There have, in recent weeks, been occasional bright spots in the new novels. These would include: "The Competitor," by Thomas Bontly, who at 26 has chosen a curious subject for a first novel, a day in the life of a tired shoe salesman, and brings it off with subtlety and compassion. And

Reynolds Price's Tarheel romp, "A Generous Man." And Evan S. Connell Jr.'s "The Diary of a Rapist" which, if not the most successful performance of the season, is a daring and original exercise.

But the others—a tale of a New England coastal girl, Grizzle, with flaming orange hair and an incorruptible

## Books

integrity ("Games in the Darkening Air"); or a clever, cool British young lady, Margaret Drabble, who in "The Millstone" writes about the New Women, Emancipated. Who buys and reads these baubles that perpetually get published and disappear?

My unrewarding sampling of these works (their bright, inviting dust jackets almost inevitably concealing a mess of literary potage) was brought into focus by a paragraph I came across in "Time to Murder and Create," John W. Aldridge's recent collected criticism. He writes:

"It sometimes seems that a 'Kilroy was here' sign hangs over the literary life of our age. It is a sign that flashes in the intellectual's eyes each time he opens a new novel and before he has had a chance to read a word. And of course it flashes dazzlingly in the eyes of the novelist before he has had a chance to write a word. The insolent, ubiquitous signature of the man who got ahead of everybody else and, like Hemingway's little Indian girl, did first what no one has ever done, or may ever do, better — this is the ghost that haunts the novelist in his search for new and unclaimed territories of the imagination."

## Notes on the Margin

The 1966 edition of "Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe" (Morrow; \$6.95) has grown to an astonishing 2,078 pages. A reliable mixture as before, updated, more of it. Printed on a kind of Bible paper and a smaller format that still fits into the pocket to me — if you were your coat well, a British great-knuckles would be white!

## My Neighbors



"Fred, you're not listening that still fits into the pocket to me — if you were your coat well, a British great-knuckles would be white!"