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Opinions of Others

I want to take this opportunity to offer my congratulations to Bobby Kennedy, the Attorney General of the United States, for his great accomplishments in his office during the first 18 months of his administration.

First, his great success with roasting wienies in his office in the Justice Department for the VIP children. This earned front page coverage all over the country.

Secondly, his wonderful parties at his country estate. The selected group to be pushed in the swimming pool fully clothed, has brought whoops of joy from the American public.

And thirdly, the recent act of 'Beauty and Brums'. Poor Brums is lonely, he must be brought to the Justice Department, where he is provided with a beautiful 'governess' (at government expense) to walk him up and down the corridors. I wonder if there are any 'curb your dog' signs in the Justice Department hallways. The public rejoices.

But the Hoffas and other racketeers are still roaming the land. Crime is on the increase and particularly here in the Capital City. Of course, his action in the steel hike case also drew rave notices.

I hope, some day, when Bobby gets over the heady publicity of these great events, he may be able to devote some time to the high office he holds as Attorney General.

Tomorrow, I hope to call attention to the great successes of another cabinet member. They too, are very inspiring.—Congressman Frank J. Becker (R-N. Y.) in a speech before the House.

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If I were the devil and wanted to turn America into a Communist hell, I think I would do something like this:

I would cultivate among the people the idea that the individual is nothing, the indiscriminate mass of people everything. I would also seek to convince Americans that God and Christian ethics and an honest desire to make one's way in the world is old fashioned.

I would get elected to office on the promise of helping everybody at someone else's expense. Then I'd treat the Constitution as a sort of handbook on the philosophy of government to be referred to only if it served my purpose.

I would increase the size and scope of government in every way possible, going into every conceivable business in competition with established enterprises, paying the state's business losses out of the treasury. I would try to keep hidden how this could lead at the right time to the nationalization of industry.

I would thus create a government strong enough to give its citizens everything they want. Thus I could create a government strong enough to take away from them everything they have.

By a combination of inflation and taxes I would rob the very people I pretended to help until, if they ever should want to return to freedom, they couldn't—but would be completely dependent upon the state. Next I would gradually raise taxes to 100 per cent of income (we are one-third of the way there now)—so that the state could have it all. Then I'd give back to the people enough to keep them alive and little enough to keep them enslaved.

In the meantime I would take from those who have and give to those who want until I killed the incentive of the presently ambitious man and satisfied the meager needs of the rest. The police state would then be required to make everybody work—and the transformation of America from a republic to a second rate Communist nation would be complete.

Do you see in this any similarities to what we have been doing for 30 years?

The Communist slogan is, "FROM ANYONE WHO HAS SOMETHING, TO ANYONE WHO WANTS SOMETHING." The difference between these two is the same as the difference between an alligator and a crocodile.

... By KENNETH W. SOLLITT, Pastor, First Baptist Church, Midland, Mich.—From a sermon entitled "Four Foundations of Freedom," published in the Kenbridge—Victoria Dispatch—Victoria, Va.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



MRS. PIP'S DIARY...
"Have you got any extra money with you in case I lose control?"

Don't Look Now, Jack—



James Dorais

Crow Indians May Have New Roads, But No Food

Some people have no trouble at all getting money out of the U.S. Treasury. The Communist Yugoslavs and Poles, despite Senate reluctance, are still on the Presidential approved list for massive foreign aid.

The Dominican Republic, outraged at Congressional efforts to cut its quota of sugar exports to the U.S., threatened to quit taking U.S. foreign aid if the quota wasn't increased. It was.

The Indians, under the leadership of Premier Nehru, have probably done better than anybody. But American Indians aren't nearly as lucky.

Take the Crow Tribe, for example, of whom there are 4,400, confined on a reservation in Montana. Many of them are destitute.

Some years ago the Crows sued the U.S. Government for compensation for the seizure of their lands. After a long and complicated court battle, the Crows were awarded a settlement of \$9,500,000. Compared to the amounts annually distributed abroad under the foreign aid program, the amount is very modest, and represents only a fraction of a cent per acre of land.

Now the Crows are trying to collect. A delegation of Crow chiefs, led by 72-year-old Robert Yellow Tail, came to Washington early this month to confer with Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall. They're not happy with their reception.

"Mr. Udall gave us an audience," Chief Yellow Tail told members of the House Interior Committee, "but when we outlined our modest needs and asked for \$1,000 each—from our own money—for the destitute Crows over 65 and \$300 for those under, he jumped up angrily and ordered us out of the office."

Payments of \$1,000 to the aged, and \$300 cash, plus \$700 for home improvements, for those under 65, the Crow delegation pointed out to the Committee, would help relieve real distress on the reservation, and in total would consume only half of the \$9,500,000 due the Crows under court decree.

Udall, however, has different ideas on how the money should be used. He intends to spend it, he told the Indians, on roads and recreational facilities. It is Yellow Tail's contention that hungry Indians have no need for playgrounds and are not even interested in touch football.

According to Representative James Batin of the House Committee, Udall presently has no legal right to refuse the Indians per capita payments, but has presented an amendment to the Interior Department appropriation bill, now in conference be-

tween the Senate and House, which would permit him to do so. The members of the House Committee expressed sympathy,

but odds are that the Crows will lose the battle. Their best bet, probably would be to apply for foreign aid from Russia.

Law in Action

Our Constitution, the supreme law of the land, gives contracts a key place. It says that no state can "pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts."

And when one state did try to impair the obligation—in the famous Dartmouth College vs. Woodward—the Supreme Court cracked down. In 1789 the English governor of New Hampshire gave Eleazer Wheelock and eleven others a charter for Dartmouth college. Wheelock became president and could name his successor in his will. The trustees could fill board vacancies.

In time, after our Constitution was adopted, a fight started over college management. So in 1818 the state legislature packed the board of trustees and created a board of overseers to take over.

The old board sued Woodward, the college secretary, to get back its official seal, a token of its control.

The state courts upheld the new board. But the case went up to the Supreme Court. There Daniel Webster, lawyer for the old trustees, made one of his greatest arguments, using the famous phrase "It was a small college, but I loved it dearly."

Chief Justice Marshall asked: (1) Did our Constitution protect the old charter? (2) Did the state law impair it? To both he answered: Yes.

(1) For Marshall, the charter was a contract among the people who gave the college money. And so the Constitution protected this contract.

(2) Marshall held that under this contract, the old trustees could run the college. The state and the donors had put their trust in the old board. To take control from the old board would betray the donors' trust. So the state law—since it would impair this contract—was void.

ROYCE BRIER

Status Quo in Formosa Strait Wins JFK Backing

Again, the matter of Quemoy and Matsu, the islands off the Red China coast, runs to semantics. But unlike some troubles west of the International Dateline, this one has been considerably clarified by President Kennedy.

The islands are held by Chiang's Nationalists. In 1958 the Red Chinese shelled them, and Chiang shelled back. Some thought the islands were strategically vital to Formosa, 125 miles across the strait, and some thought they weren't. In the 1960 campaign, President Kennedy doubled their strategic value. He appears now to have a higher opinion of them, but he is not fully committed to their strategic value.

In his news conference recently he warned Red China that the United States would not remain inactive in case of aggression against the islands "which might threaten Formosa."

This phase leaves the President free, in case of a strike, to determine if Formosa is threatened, and it does not alter Eisenhower policy. The question arose from reports of a Red Chinese

buildup on the mainland. It now appears a good part of these reports originated with Chiang's regime. But by far the most important passage in the President's pronouncement was that supporting a "renunciation of forces" in the strait. This in effect put Chiang on notice that the United States would not support him should he unilaterally attempt an invasion of the mainland, using the islands as a jump-off.

Restoration to power on the mainland has dominated Chiang's thinking since he fled to Formosa, but even he knows he can't do it alone. When Confederate President Jefferson Davis was in flight after Appomattox, and about to be captured, he told his generals he would go west of the Mississippi and fight on. They listened in polite amazement.

Chiang's position has always been substantially that of Davis. With few exceptions, Lost Causes are forever lost, and history rarely tolerates reversal. But Chiang while he lives will not cease to plan and to press for aid. Some Americans think he could make a

good start in the current embarrassment of the Peiping regime, and some would aid him. But the mass of Americans, little as they like Peiping, want no part of any undertaking to restore Chiang to the mainland.

The President's statement declared for status quo in Formosa Strait. Status quo is never realistic in long history, but perhaps it is justified in this case, at this moment.

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A Bookman's Notebook

Saga of the 40-Block Move 'Uptown' Drags

William Hogan

Jerome Weidman has taken a very British title for his new novel, "The Sound of Bow Bells." Bow Bells, you remember, are in the Cheap-side Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, and tradition says that only he who is born within the sound of these bells is a true Londoner, or "Cockney."

Weidman, however, has written a thoroughly New York novel here. The idea is that you transfer "Bow Bells" to the lower East Side neighborhood. This is the point from which Weidman's central character, Sam Silver, makes his way uptown to success and splendor as a big money magazine writer. Like Dick Whittington, who was called back to London by the sound of Bow Bells, Sam Silver will always be an East side boy at heart.

Apparently there is a trace of autobiography here. For Weidman, who will always be known as the bright young author of "I Can Get it for You Wholesale" (1937), came from that old neighborhood himself. What he has done with this slick, commercial, wide-screen entertainment is something he will have to live with as a serious novelist. For the most part it is well-carpentered entertainment, but at the same time it remains as superficial as anything written by Sam Silver in the story.

"Marjorie Morningstar," if not with Philip Roth's stinging short stories that investigate the same area of American life. The story of how Sam Silver makes the long journey of 40 or so blocks from East Tenth Street to a \$80,000 co-operative apartment uptown plus his romantic and literary problems simply do not add up to a serious work of fiction.

Weidman made his reputation as a satirist. His garment district character Harry Bogan is one of the classic heels in our literature, along with John O'Hara's "Pal Joey" and Budd Schulberg's Sammy Glick. Weidman seems to have lost this satirical knack as he has grown older—although he is the librettist for the successful current musical version of "I Can Get it for You Wholesale." What we have in "Bow Bells," it seems to me, is a lot of middle-brow nonsense populated by characters dragged out of some literary stock company. For Weid-

man's sake (and mine, as a reader), I'm sorry. Notes on the Margin... Title of the late summer, due Aug. 17 from Prentice-Hall; "Grow Rich While You Sleep," by Ben Sweetland. Straight-faced stuff, apparently.

THE SOUND OF BOW BELLS. By Jerome Weidman. Random House. \$11 pp., \$5.95.



Around the World With

DELAPLANE

"We're going abroad. It will be our first time in an airplane (we must be unique!)—so is there anything special we should know?"

Not so unique—only 15 in 100 Americans have flown. You check in your tickets and baggage at the ticket counter at the bus terminal or the airport. You're flying transatlantic, so figure to be at the airport an hour before flight time.

Tourist-class baggage allowance is 44 pounds. (Weigh your bags on the bathroom scale; transatlantic excess is expensive.) Ask the checkman if there is a seat selection. If there is, take a pair way back (closer to the bathrooms) and on the right side. (Keeps the morning sun out of your eyes, eastbound.)

Going out through New York's Idlewild, you can order (for delivery on the plane) cigarettes and liquor at no-tax prices—\$1.70 for cigarettes, \$2.50 for Scotch. These shops are on the upper deck of the International building.

Both items are expensive in Europe. You can take in roughly two cartons of cigarettes and one bottle of liquor, each.

You tip the man who carries your bags 35 cents per bag. You do not tip people on airlines.

The flight number and destination is called on a loud-speaker. They tell you the gate number.

Dinner and breakfast are served on the plane without cost. But (in tourist class) you buy your own drinks. There are electric razors and all sorts of goodies available free. But get to the bathroom early.

There are only four available for about 80 people. And there's always the woman who considers once she is in, that's her private dressing room for the next hour.

When the plane lands, everybody stands up in the aisle. Sit and relax. Nobody is going anywhere until the last passenger is off. You wear yourself out standing around.

On the ground, you go through Health (your yellow card with vaccination certificate), Immigration (your passport) and then Customs (your baggage).

There's an airport bank. Get some money changed. Ask the man what the proper tip per bag is. Tip the porter when you get outside.

First thing at your hotel—before you forget—call the onward airline and confirm your onward flight. (Name, flight number, date.)

Some things I've found useful in flying: Take off your shoes and put on some slippers—I use ski sox. Carry a little shoehorn. Your feet swell sitting up and you have to wrestle into your shoes.

Take off your coat and put on a sweater. Shed the tie. Lots of women carry slacks in the flight bag. Get rid of the skirt and girdle until morning. A pen-size flashlight is a help at night looking for things you dropped under the seat. Helps find the lights in strange hotels, too.

Everybody's got to fly the first time. And that's how you do it.

Stan Delaplane finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland, and Spain (10 cents each), send coins and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to the Torrance HERALD, Box RR, Torrance, Calif.