

Labor Day Changes

Those of us who were old enough before World War I to remember, will be moved to reminiscence to the point of nostalgia on this eve of Labor Day.

Labor then was only beginning to receive acclamation for the part it had been playing in helping this nation to achieve recognition as a world power. It had lately shaken off the shackles of incredibly long work days and was beginning to receive some of the benefits acquired by a united front through union organization.

In those days Labor Day lacked only some of the noise of Fourth of July. It offered parades in every industrial community in which workmen marched proudly in their bread-winning attire very often carrying their tools as tokens of honor. The parade inevitably led to the city park or the picnic grounds where the town orators or, perhaps, the local legislators vied in paying tribute to "honest men who earned the family living by the sweat of their brows."

Those days are gone or they are commemorated in divergent ways by the union man himself. Today, invariably, he can take advantage of the three-day holiday to drive hundreds of miles in one of the family cars to a vacation treat of his choosing. Or he can stay at home, comfortably relaxing in front of his television set or even swimming in his private pool.

Chamber Program Outlined

A new Torrance Chamber of Commerce publication—"Business News and Views" has made its initial appearance. The handiwork of Manager J. Walker Owens, the neatly compiled four-page August issue is filled with information on the various aspects of the Chamber's vigorous program for the fall season.

A campaign to extend membership in the organization is given top billing with the intention of securing broader representation and support from industrial, business and professional interests in the city. A message from President George W. Post stresses the importance of committee participation on the part of the membership and calls for team work to attain the ambitious goals of the organization.

The achievement of the chamber's professional staff, assisted by a conscientious board of directors and hard working committee chairmen, still require the support of the membership and the community at large. Cost of membership in all classifications should be considered as an investment in a better and more progressive community.

Help Our Friends

Looking back to the beginning of foreign aid, and to the idealistic yet practical principles on which it was then postulated, gives one something of an Alice-in-Wonderland feeling.

The start is found in the Marshall Plan. The idea was to use American resources to help rebuild war-shattered nations, and to bring about a peaceful, cooperative world based upon free institutions — including free popular elections.

The tragedy is that many billions of our foreign aid have been used for very different ends. It has gone to dictatorships, in which the people have no voice at all in affairs. Worst of all, it has gone, in instance after instance, to members of or sympathizers with the communist bloc. Thus, our own dollars have been used to strengthen our enemies—and even to buy them advanced weapons of war.

One can understand that foreign aid distributions of billions of dollars are often wasteful and misdirected. That is inevitable in so vast an undertaking. But there can be no excuse for employing it to our own disadvantage and danger. A drastic change in policy has long been in order. Let us aid our friends, and stop right there.

Opinions of Others

A California county has been saved from the stigma of having defied high state and federal authority by permitting praise of what a number of people consider a somewhat higher authority, God.

Noting that prayers in schoolrooms are "more widespread than is commonly known" Deputy Sacramento County Counsel Fred G. Williams has urged educators to take "immediate steps to curtail the practice."

Mr. Williams' warning was voiced in an opinion saying it was unconstitutional for the county's school children to say this prayer of thanks before their daily milk and cookies break:

"God is great. God is good. Let us thank Him for our food."

Three United States Supreme Court decisions and a 1955 opinion of California's attorney general were cited by the Deputy Counsel as authority for his opinion.

Now that the alarm has been sounded about subversive praying, perhaps all atheists can rest easier.

—California Feature Service

Morning Report:

Just a few months ago, nobody would admit he was a candidate for the Republican nomination. In fact, when Kennedy's popularity was at an all-time high, a lot of people wouldn't even admit they were Republicans.

But now, candidates are popping up all over. The latest is Representative Charles Halleck of Indiana. After all, he plays one of the title roles in the "Ev and Charlie Show", the only thing to stay on the air so long without either costumes or girls. And television is very important in politics.

Even Richard Nixon is now considered a GOP candidate at the convention. On the basis he could be a favorite son from two States — California and New York.

Abe Mellinkoff

Same Objective



ROYCE BRIER

Calls Ward Case Monstrous Exhibition of Hypocrisy

A more monstrous hypocrisy than the Ward-Keeler-Profumo case has hardly engaged the world's attention in this century. You wouldn't believe it if you didn't see it.

It has produced a travesty of justice and common sense in the ministries and courts where it has been dragged, in the British (and American) press which has exploited it and droned sanctimonious homilies about it, in world show business which slathered it in cheap jokes old in Imperial Rome. Not to mention the humanoid masses who have drooled over it.

Consider the reality: Dr. Stephen Ward was a slightly unpleasant connoisseur of venery who, for a fee, procured the services of harlots for rich or well-born clients. Every city has thousands of such entrepreneurs. London has thousands of streetwalkers catering to a million plebeians who were jolly glad to see the fashionable West End toffs caught in the Pharisee's net.

Ward didn't hurt anybody. He didn't despoil, as the unctuous saying goes, innocent girls; he didn't kill anybody to hack him up, or steal a widow's mite, leaving her penniless. But for promoting a universal sin, so-called, he could get 25 years in prison.

Mailbox

Editor Torrance Herald
As the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty is being discussed all around the world and the different arguments by the press and other news media, there is an ominous and foreboding feeling about the treaty or so-called agreement, and well there might be!

Many outstanding persons, including Air Force Chief Curtis E. Le May; Dr. Edward Teller, "Father of the H-bomb"; other well-known national figures; and other individuals have warned of the danger in signing this treaty. The Preamble alone in its wording reveals some of the dangers that it holds, not to go into the complex and twisted wording of the treaty itself.

However, since the Communists have made no pretense of keeping treaties or keeping their word, what reason do we have to trust them now? Did they not keep on testing before when they gave us their solemn word they would not test? Lenin said, "We will have to use any ruse, dodges, tricks, unlawful methods, concealment and feigning of the truth, and make use of innocents and dupes."

Also he said, "They will make one last move to accept our friendship and when their guard is down we will strike them with our iron fist." Containment and co-existence has been the "hue and cry" of the

in the stupidity of English law — and it was worth 30 days. He sensibly chose suicide.

Superimposing itself on this dreary commonplace of mankind's peccadillos, the London press vacillated between the little-old-ladyism of the Times stripe, and prurient purchase (for prurient readers) of the Keeler woman's "confessions."

Eight-million circulation News of the World bought these elegant memoirs, and the Times assailed it and demanded a moral crusade, which the Spectator called a witch-hunt, Daily Telegraph and Manchester Guardian, everybody with a printing press, went into daily push-ups on the low ethics of their fellows, while in adjoining columns printing what they dared (under severe libel laws) of the garbage, half of it patent lies, being dished up at Old Bailey.

Along with this Pecksniffian chorus, both papers and humbug Labour MPs, be-moaned the evidence of cant in the Establishment marking the Profumo affair from the beginning, Malcolm Muggeridge, a maverick journalist who specializes in bright sayings on American television shows, said: "Last week the Upper Classes passed unquiet-

ly away." Would that the Lower Classes were as lucky!

Unhappily, all this drive was read by, when it wasn't peddled by, men who would be only too glad to have availed themselves of Ward's services, had chance put him in their path (but don't get caught, hear!). Since when has illicit sex, or just sex, been rare in the human species, civilized and uncivilized, professing respectability or flouting it? Since old Victoria snuffed out? Let's not be downright silly.

The whole works is a nauseous exhibit of human sham, and it was a pleasure to see Ward beat it. It's like a fox hunt where the fox drops dead, leaving the slobbering hounds with nothing much to do.

The trouble with hitting the literary jackpot, or any jackpot, at the age of 19 is that nobody is going to let you forget it. In the Lancashire lass Shelagh Delaney should write another "Hamlet" in the year 1964, she no doubt will be described as the young lady who burst into literary prominence in 1958—at the age of 19—with the great success "A Taste of Honey."

Miss Delaney has temporarily abandoned playwriting for a brief experiment in autobiography, "Sweetly Sings the Donkey." This new import refers only obliquely to her notable drama and film. In the shortest of eight personal reminiscences, called "All About and to a Female Artist," she snips fragments from letters to her and clippings about her. One of these is a paragraph from some poor, ungifted soul who has decided to write a play, and Miss Delaney, whether she realizes it or not, sighs "there but for the grace of God go I."

Other entries in this girlish, if always lucid scrapbook describe the young lady's experiences in a convalescent home run by nuns; a trip to Poland; vignettes from the English Midlands. It is all set down in a pleasant, evocative minor key and would have been awfully hard to sell to an American (or British) book-buying public if the author had not written the remarkable play "A Taste of Honey." At the age of 19.

Betty Smith published her enormously successful novel, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," just 20 years ago. And even if she wrote a play as memorable as "A Taste of Honey," she would continue to be known for her initial and

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THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Suggests Teen-Agers Can Fill Time Reading, Working

Be it said at the outset that, aside from their ever-present and deadly menace on the highways of the land, a risk the author of these sentiments shares with every other adult who ventures beyond his own driveway, I am not often available to the torments of teen-age children or their monstrous capacity for making a nuisance of themselves.

In Hillsborough, Calif., where I am an occasional house guest during the inclement months of the year, the little nasties in the surrounding manses are tolerably well in hand and, save in rare instances, not outright criminals.

In Virginia City, which is my spiritual and spirituous home where I vote and pay taxes the teen-agers are no bargain, but they are by and large so easily exhausted by the mere thought of physical effort that they seldom climb the abrupt ascents of the hill and I am protected in reasonable measure from their assaults on civic tranquility by the force of gravity.

Elsewhere I gather from the public prints and the conversation of my peers, teenage children constitute the most offensive single element of the American scene, contribute far more than their share to crime (which should be none at all since they have no incentive) and dominate, in an outrageous oligarchy of spoiled brats, their elders who encourage them quite literally in some cases to murder.

That these sentiments are not the isolated mutterings of elderly curmudgeons I gather from a letter from some determined parents reprinted in the editorial columns of The Territorial Enterprise which reads in part:

"Always we hear the plaintive cry of the teenagers: What can we do? Where can we go?"

The answer is: GO HOME! "Hang the storm windows. Paint the woodwork. Rake the leaves. Mow the lawn. Shovel the walk. Wash the car. Scrub some floors. Repair the sink. Build a boat. GET A JOB."

"Study your lessons and when you are through, and not too tired, READ A BOOK!"

"Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your village does not owe you recreational facilities. The world does not owe you a living. You owe the world something. You owe your time and energy and talents so that no one will be at war, or in poverty, or sick or lonely again."

"In plain simple words: GROW UP; quit being a cry-baby, get out of your dream world, develop a backbone and not a wishbone and start acting like a man or a lady."

"I am a parent. I'm tired of nursing, protecting, helping, appealing, begging, excusing, tolerating, denying myself needed comforts for your every whim or fancy, just because your selfish ego instead of common sense dominates your personality, your thinking, your demands."

What doesn't seem to occur to reasonably adjusted persons who are aghast at the pretensions, appetites and mannerless philosophies of the juveniles they deplore is that they, the adults who must pay for it, are the end product victims of a vast commercial conspiracy to sell mountains of pure trash to kids who have neither the need nor the justification for any property at all.

To point out that things were different when I was under 20 is not strictly relevant in the light of the greatly increased material prosperity

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available on every hand which didn't then exist. I had a dog, sometimes two, a 22-caliber Winchester rifle, a double-barrel Ithaca shotgun and a mess of fishing tackle, which were about par for a country boy in 1914.

It never occurred to me, or any of my contemporaries, that we were underprivileged because we didn't have a Peerless roadster and, on the

basis of this miserable deprivation, to take up a career as hoodlums.

Today's juvenile delinquent and excessive rate of teen-age crime is the direct and unavoidable result of a universally financed campaign to sell commodities aimed specially at a juvenile mentality and with the im-

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Around the World With



"My girl friend and I, ages 17 and 18, plan to travel across the country, transportation by VW sedan. Do you consider camping a safe proposition? We have about \$800 to cover all expenses."

I think you'd be out of your minds to camp. The American highway is one of the dangerous places. Ask any newspaper to get out their files on highway-type murders.

Eight hundred more than covers you — you drive it in eight days, coast to coast. Take about 15 and you can see it much better. I'd plot a course off the Big Highways like U.S. 30 and 40. Stay in good motels — Master Hosts, Fort Worth, Texas, will send you a list of cross-country motels with swimming pools. A little more expensive. But did you see that motel in the movie "Psycho"?

"I read a question to you about students camping in Europe. It IS much cheaper. I traveled and camped for as little as \$15 for two weeks. Rates are by the tent and I never paid more than 25 cents per night."

"Near all worthwhile cities and resort towns you'll find road signs shaped like a tent showing camping sites." I'm for kids shaped in Europe. It seems perfectly safe.

"Where do we get information on vacationing in Puerto Rico you've written about?" Write to me. There's a lot of information on this treasure island I can send to you.

This is one of the islands in the sun. Long white sand beaches. Blue water full of instant diamonds. Trade winds, coco palms, Spanish towns with fortresses that fired on Drake — and you can drink the water.

"I have an unattached daughter who has secretarial training. She would like some kind of work on a large ship. Do you have any ideas?"

It's not easy but — Have her apply to the personnel offices of the steamship companies at their home offices. (Look at the yellow section of the New York and San Francisco phone books.) Ships do sometimes use a typist. No doubt she'll have to go through some union eventually. But that's a start.

"You suggested a gold coin bracelet — or gold coins for a bracelet — as a gift from overseas. But here in Caracas, Venezuela, we have heard that U.S. Customs has been taking such coins away..."

"I don't know what law they are interpreting. I never heard of this before but maybe it's so."

"We'd like a pleasant but not expensive kitchenette apartment for about 10 days in Hawaii. Is this possible? Where do we find it?"

I've never stayed in them but I've folders from some. They are off the beach a few blocks in Waikiki but you can walk over. Hawaii Visitors Bureau, Honolulu, Hawaii, has all hotel listings. Ask them.

"You say people can live in Spain very well on \$300 a month. But where do you find housing? Is there any specific list?"

The tourist people in Madrid answered me on this: "We answer EVERY letter." They didn't have a list but indicated they would give advice. I don't have much luck with most tourist bureaus — they seem to be hiring somebody's cousins. And not the bright ones, either. But you could try: Direccion General del Turismo, Avenida del Generalissimo, 39, Madrid, Spain.

"What about Guatemala. Roads, entertainment, shopping, places of interest."

Roads are pretty rough. Entertainment is sightseeing. The only "nightclub" I can remember was a marimba-and-cane sugar place. It wasn't where you'd take your mother on her night in town. Women find shopping interesting. Lots of nice textiles. Silver work has different, Maya designs but is not as good as Mexico.

I find Antigua, an hour away from Guatemala City, better than the capital. It's the original Spanish capital of the Central Americas. Nice hotels. Not expensive. Trips to the Maya towns are rewarding. Hayter Travel Service in Guatemala City is best for arranging this. They've been in business for many years.

"I plan to spend three months in Europe. Stopping off in Ireland and then going to England and Germany to pick up the car. Or should we have the car delivered in England?"

You can do better than that. Shannon Free Airport sells cars duty-free. Why don't you write Brendan O'Regan at Shannon Free Airport, Ireland. Give him the model, color, extras, etc. Have him order the car and have it waiting.