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Thanksgiving 1963

"Dear the people coming home,
Dear glad faces long away,
Dear the merry cries, and dear
All the glad and happy play,
Dear the thanks, too, that we give
For all of this, Thanksgiving Day."

This simple verse was written many years ago by Harriet Prescott Spofford. It tells of the traditional Thanksgiving—the Thanksgiving our grandfathers knew, and that Currier and Ives immortalized in engravings. It was, of course, a day of rest and feasting. But it was more, much more—a day of prayer in which gratitude was offered for the good things of the past, and hope was held out for the future. And it was a day of affirmation in the existence of a higher power than man, and of faith in the workings of a divine providence.

We live now in an infinitely more complicated time. A sophistication of dubious quality has obscured many values. Materialistic advances of almost incredible dimension have dulled the needs and wants of the spirit. And we live, too, in a world so torn with dissension, covering every aspect of human affairs, that, to many, the real relevance of Thanksgiving has been largely lost—the eternal is buried under the pressures of the moment. We have the feast—without remembering and pondering, the reason for the feast.

Perhaps this all may change. Perhaps this Thanksgiving Day, great numbers of us will observe it in the spirit of our forefathers. If so, it will truly be a day of thanks for the blessings of the past, broken with sorrow as we mourn the death of our young President Kennedy—and a day in which we will find new courage to meet whatever is to come. Then, above all, it will be a day in which we realized deeply another thing our forefathers knew—that, under God, each individual human being owes an everlasting debt of duty and responsibility to his family and his neighbors, and that no institution and no government can discharge it for him.

Your Blood Needed

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," says an old English proverb that dates back at least to the 16th century. We are reminded of this by a line in an announcement of the recent meeting of the American Association of Blood Banks.

This valuable organization of hospital and community blood banks is an out-growth, remarkably enough, of the terrible Texas City disaster in 1947. The banks which cooperated to save lives after the ship explosion there felt the need for continual cooperation and formed an organization. It now has 3,800 members in every state and 25 foreign countries.

It has established standards for blood banks, a national clearing house system, regional reference laboratories, and a central file of rare donors. The workings of the last two often save lives dramatically by turning up rare blood types in emergencies.

The life of a woman in Wichita Falls, Texas, for example, was recently saved by blood flown to her from Boston, Milwaukee, and California donors. Blood from Memphis, Tenn., similarly saved a woman in Jersey City.

Since 1961, the Association and the American Red Cross have cooperated to permit local donation of blood for credit to friends or relatives anywhere in the country. But it all still depends on the human blood donor. So far, there is no other source. If you are between 21 and 60 and in good health you should give blood regularly to your local blood bank or collection center.

The Hope Remains

Writing from Washington, James Reston of the New York Times tells a grim little tale: "The difference between what public men here say in public and what they say in private is greater today than at any time since the war. Their public statements are optimistic as usual. . . ." Mr. Reston then lists some of the developments, here and abroad, for which they publicly express high optimism. "But," he adds, "the private conversations of thoughtful men here in Washington are quite different. For the first time since the war, one begins to hear doubts that mortal men are capable of solving or even controlling the political, social and economic problems life has placed before them."

The reasons for this private pessimism are many. They run a gamut from Soviet pressures to racial unrest to technological revolutions to differences among supposed allies. And there may be another sort or reason of profound moment—the belief, reflected in action throughout the world, that the solution to almost every conceivable human problem must come from government; that the primary need is for government to pass some more laws and assume more of the duties and prerogatives of the individual and the family.

Well, this old world has gone through the grimmest kind of troubles in the past, learned its lessons from them, and survived. The hope is that history will again repeat itself.

★ ★ ★

The Federal Bureau of Investigation reports the establishment of a number of records during the 1963 fiscal year. One of them: Fines, savings and recoveries resulting from FBI investigations totaled \$186,225,348, which is over \$11 million more than the previous yearly high. The sum amounted to a return to the government of \$1.37 for every dollar in the FBI's appropriation for the year.

★ ★ ★

America's armed forces use more than 300 million barrels of oil products a year.

Translation For 'K' - Slightly Cleaned Up



ROYCE BRIER

Quarantine of Red China Has Its Complications

Last year when the Red Chinese started hitting the northern frontier of India, Pakistan refused to get excited.

What did excite Pakistan was an American pledge of help for India. Pakistan said: here are we, your ally, and you are giving more military aid to India, a nonaligned country, than to Pakistan. Pakistanis also argued military supplies for India would be turned against them in their Kashmir dispute with India.

This was most unlikely as India is spread very thin militarily, and nothing we pledged prepared her for a two-front conflict.

Moreover, American aid to India was pledged strictly in the American interest. So the Pakistanis were telling us in effect that we couldn't look out for our own interests in sub-continent.

In the midst of this deterioration, Pakistan signed an agreement with Red China giving Red Chinese airliners landing rights in Karachi. The United States promptly protested, and announced it would hold up, but not cancel, a \$4.3 million loan for airport improvements in Pakistan.

This looks like a precipitate, and almost petty, phase of the over-all American effort of years to enforce a

quarantine on Red China.

The quarantine attempt may give us some emotional satisfaction. Red China is our declared enemy, and nobody likes to omit occasions to embarrass an enemy. But there are times in history, as in individual life, when animus, however justified, does not pay off, and this may be one of them.

For the cold reality is that American resentment of Red China is not general in Asia. It isn't even as strong throughout the non-American West. Neither Britain nor Canada accepts our advice not to trade with Red China. They want business. Pakistan hates India and so likes Red China—a little. Even Prime Minister Nehru was friendly until attacked. It is possible Red China will find, for a cycle of a few years, that it cannot swing a full-scale invasion of India. You may then expect Pandit Nehru's hostility to relax, for he is nothing if not an opportunist.

In Tokyo the great newspaper 'Asahi' published a report of earnest discussions in the Ikeda cabinet indicating that Japan will not accept the American boycott of Red China. Only recently there was a report of a Japanese deal to sell the Red Chinese a \$20 million textile mill.

Asia is simply too big and too varied to make an Ameri-

can quarantine effective. We can be holding a very large bag there in the next decade unless we reappraise the situation.

A Bookman's Notebook

By WILLIAM HOGAN

There will be much erotic poetry around this season—more than 1,000 printed pages of it. Ovid to Allen Ginsberg. I think this is too much poetry—or at least too much fancy packaging of a dubious product. I have an idea that the publishers involved are going to find that many less Christmas stockings are stuffed with these gaudy, bawdy and baroque collections of rondelets than they had bet on. Who, this side of the subscription list of Playboy, could be that interested?

In the gift market at \$7.50 is "An Uninhibited Treasury of Erotic Poetry," edited and with a running commentary by veteran anthologist Louis Untermeyer (Dial). From Random House comes "Erotic Poetry: The Lyrics, Ballads, Idylls and Epics of Love—Classical to Contemporary," pasted up and priced at \$8.50 by another professional anthologist, William Cole.

Of the Untermeyer enterprise, its publisher frankly states that "the most renowned poets of all time are represented in this fresh collection where freedom of range is matched by an equal freedom of speech in writing about sexual love." In an introduction to his caper, Cole makes much of the point that erotic poetry has no relation to pornography. He also excuses the absence of "Song of Songs" because "it should be read in its entirety and is, of course, available in any hotel room."

Each book, it seems to me, is merchandising of a most cynical kind, in spite of pious words about the fact there is no standard to define the term "erotic," and the idea that eroticism and religion both involve reverence for life. Well, no doubt. But a potential reader of these books is invited not to poetry as such but to a voyeuristic sharing of "the joys of amour, both in retrospect and anticipation," as Mr. Cole puts it.

★ ★ ★

Potential readers of these books probably never bothered to buy a volume of non-erotic poetry by James Broughton, or Robert Burns, or Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, or anyone else on hand here. Erotica is the ticket to this show, whether your name is Swinburne, Emily Dickenson or William Blake

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AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Venezuela Prime Target of Latin-American Reds

CARACAS — Venezuela is the prime target of communism in all Latin America, Gustavo Machado, powerful head of the Venezuela Communist party, who I saw today, put it bluntly this way. . . . "Venezuela's oil and iron," he said, "are more strategically important to communism in Latin America than sugar, tobacco, coffee or bananas from Cuba to Chile — and Khrushchev and Castro know it."

Venezuela is today the world's largest exporter of oil . . . comprising 65 per cent of its \$2.3 billion annual income. It is a strategic and economic prize second to none in Latin America. This is the reason that Castro's spies and saboteurs have invaded Venezuela like locusts. Caracas is constantly under a Communist espionage stage of siege.

Columbus discovered Venezuela on his third voyage from Spain in 1498. But explorer Alonso de Oveda gave it its name, "Little Venice," in 1499, when he saw the native huts built on stilts over water. South America's liberator, Caracas — born, Simon Bolivar — drove out the Spaniards in 1823 and was the first president of Gran-Colombia and Ecuador in those days.

From that time to the present, despots followed one another until 1948, when Romulo Betancourt and his reform Democratic Action party held the first free elections in history.

President Betancourt was once an active Communist. When asked about it the other day, he replied, "It was a youthful attack of smallpox, that has left me immune to the disease."

This just about spells the present attitude of Betancourt on communism. . . . and the Communists show their hatred for him around the clock.

Betancourt will retire next March and if he survives the constant Communist attempts to assassinate him, he will become the first popularly-elected Venezuelan president to stay alive for a complete term of five years.

Mailbox

DOESN'T AGREE

First of all I want to compliment you on the three editorials of Nov. 14, especially the one on economic illiteracy. When working with the friends of my teenage son I found them to be uniformly and completely ignorant of our economic processes.

Secondly, I would like to know where you found a columnist like Art Hoppe? Shouldn't he be on the comic pages or on a fiction medium?

It is bad enough that he paints a picture showing the U.S. to be equally as bad or equally at fault with the U.S.S.R. regarding the autobahn tie-ups in West Berlin, but he should at least be made to tell the truth. He is either a liar or is unable to get his facts straight. If the latter is true, it would hardly qualify him as a columnist worth reading.

There is no part of any cold war agreement that gives the Russians the right to check any convoy of our troops. The agreements that do exist clearly allow the Allies "free" access to Berlin. The recent Berlin tie-ups revolved around the insistence of the Russians to check and count the people going in and out and since it's none of their damn business who we send in or out we were refusing to be harassed by an illegal search.

Where was this man Hoppe when the Russians pulled the same illegal shenanigans that resulted in the Berlin airlift? Where was he when the agreed right of access and traffic between East and West Berlin was abrogated by the Russians when they built the Berlin wall? Were we also equally at fault?

It makes me wonder who Hoppe is working for. Is he working for world freedom or world socialism?

If you are so hard up for columnists that you feel you have to keep this guy, at least make him tell the truth.

ELVIN D. POE

It appears a foregone conclusion, barring a Communist coup, that Betancourt's closest friend, Raul Leoni, will succeed him. Fidel Castro's Revolutionary Left movement (MIR) is the strongest opposition . . . along with the Democratic Republic union (URD) and the Social Christian party (COPEL).

Betancourt's greatest political selling point, in addition to keeping the Reds from taking over, is the excellent financial shape of Venezuela. Their dollar reserves exceed \$700 million, which is unusual for a small nation of 7.5 million people.

Venezuela has only recently emerged from 150 years of totalitarian regimes. The current elections were only the third in the country's history. It was Betancourt that did it. Since January, 1959, when Castro took over Cuba, the Communists openly declared war on Betancourt and Venezuela. In this period, several attempts have been made on his life.

In 1960 they almost killed him when a dynamite blast

exploded in his presidential car and did kill three officials that were with him. It was a miracle that he was the lone survivor.

Terror campaigns and three bloody uprisings brought Venezuela close to revolution in the past year and there is no letup in sight as we cover the scene.

Betancourt appears to be as fanatically opposed to communism today, as he was in favor of it years back. This he admits publicly.

Both the extreme left and right hate him. Conservatives mistrust him because of his former radical ideas . . . the leftists hate him because he abandoned them.

By any typical Latin American yardstick, President Betancourt should have been killed long ago. Yet he remains to day the political master, and mystery, combined . . . and a record for political longevity without precedent in his country's turbulent history.

"Eye-witness Report on Portugal-Angola," direct from Lisbon, is next "After Hours."

Our Man Hoppe

Yes, 09426; There Is a 99701

Art Hoppe

The New York Post Office, in keeping with the Christmas spirit, is trying to promote something. Namely, ZIP Code numbers. And it urges all kiddies writing their traditional letters to jolly old Santa Claus at the North Pole to address him with his ZIP Code number—99701. Presumably to speed up service.

As bait, says the Post Office, all small fry who include their return ZIP numbers with their gift requests will get a reply from St. Nick himself, "appropriately decorated with a drawing of Santa Claus and Mr. Zip, his new helper." Which sure will make Christmas for the little tykes.

Unfortunately, skepticism is rampant in the young. And already I have a letter from a little girl who writes: "I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no 99701. Please tell me the truth. Is there a 99701? Yours truly, Virginia 09426."

What a creative challenge to an ace newsman! But I met it. I met it in the usual ace newsman fashion: By looking up an old clipping and rewriting it to fit the challenging times.

"Yes, 09426, there is a 99701. He exists as certainly as efficiency experts, time-and-motion study analysts and bureaucrats exist. And you know how they abound to give to your life its highest order and uniformity.

"Alas! How jumbled the world would be if there were no 99701! It would be as jumbled as if there were no Social Security numbers, driver's license numbers, credit card numbers or bank account numbers. There would be no punch cards, no electronic sorting machines, no data processing centers. The fast-progressing regimentation with which bureaucrats fill the world would blow a fuse.

"Not believe in 99701! You might as well not believe in All-Digit Dialing! To be sure, your little friends will tell you they have never seen 99701 coming down the chimney. But what does that prove? Nobody sees 99701, but that is no sign that there is no 99701. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see.

"Did you ever see bureaucrats dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the bureaucrats there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside. But there is a veil covering the unseen bureaucratic world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of the strongest committee, can tear apart. Only through conformity and depersonalization can we ever hope to take our small places as little cogs in this vast machine. Is it all real? Ah, 09426, in all this world there is nothing else as real and abiding.

"No 99701! Thank Efficiency, he lives, and he lives forever! A thousand years from now, 09426, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the hearts of bureaucrats.

"Just as surely as there is a 558-18-4454 up there in 08702."

Morning Report:

Premier Khrushchev said he wouldn't race to the Moon. But would spend his money on wheat instead.

If we only believed him we could cut our budget by five billion dollars. This is probably the highest price ever put on distrust in the history of the world. Because if they don't want to get to the Moon, there seems little reason for us to get there first.

Of course, I understand that some people want to get to the Moon for the same reason they want to climb Mt. Everest—because it's there. Granted. But mountain climbers need only a new pair of shoes, ropes and a couple of extra blankets. Not a boost in the Federal tax rate.

Abe Mellinkoff