

Press-Herald

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Well Done, Mr. Post

Torrance banker George W. Post has joined the city's most exclusive club.

With the announcement Friday night that he had been selected to receive the Laughon-Whyte trophy as the city's Distinguished Citizen for the past year, Post joined the select group of a dozen men and women whose names are inscribed on the huge trophy.

Selection of Post was made because of his contributions to his community through many civic and charitable organizations. He has been a March of Dimes chairman for 10 years, a Red Cross leader for four years, and active in the Torrance Family YMCA, Chamber of Commerce, Torrance Memorial Hospital, Boy Scouts of America, and the Torrance Rotary Club.

The trophy, first presented to Mervin Schwab, former Torrance mayor, was made available by Mrs. Phyrne Laughon, widow of Dr. William I. Laughon, pioneer Torrance physician; and by Mrs. Pluma C. Whyte, widow of Grover C. Whyte, publisher of the Torrance Herald for more than 30 years.

The Press-Herald is proud to join in the toasts being offered to this year's Distinguished Citizen, George W. Post. We are convinced that he will continue to deserve the honor although the trophy will pass into other hands in another year.

Misguided Formula

A good example of how federal control of its public aid expenditures can sometimes defeat its own purposes has come sharply to view in California.

Under the new federal aid to education program there is a provision that larger amounts shall be allocated to school districts in which the majority of pupils have parents earning less than \$2000 annually than to other more "favored" districts. The theory, of course, is that in such "poor" areas there are insufficient tax sources to keep them on a par with "richer" districts.

The fallacy of this application of tax theory has been pointed out by Dr. Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public instruction. Dr. Rafferty holds that family income is not always an accurate indication of district income, and points to the Needles district, once his own bailiwick. While Needles does have sufficient children of poorer families to qualify for the larger federal grants, actually the district is well off because of a high concentration of tax-producing utilities. Other districts, "richer" by the federal family income standard, actually need the money more because of lighter industrial concentrations.

Dr. Rafferty intends to fight his case—in the courts, if necessary—since he feels it is needless misuse of public money. While the formula may well work in some states or areas, its inequity in cases such as that of Needles illustrates the danger of rigid federal rule. It implements the argument that state and local authorities should have more to say about the application better than anyone in Washington.

Others Say

Unwanted Growing Pains

One of the prices our burgeoning communities must pay for their growth is the prickly business of planning well and zoning for the best interests of all concerned, now and in the future. It is no wonder, then, that some 2,000 planning officials were shocked to hear their national society's executive director call for public action against the "small—but still much, much too large" group of public officials (who are engaged in selling zoning favors for a price).

Director Dennis O'Harrow, cited documented evidence of mayors, councilmen, lawyers, suppliers, etc., who were in on the graft in various communities. As he put it, the number of such malefactors is not known "because no one squeals"; but "even if it is 1 per cent or less, it is still too much."

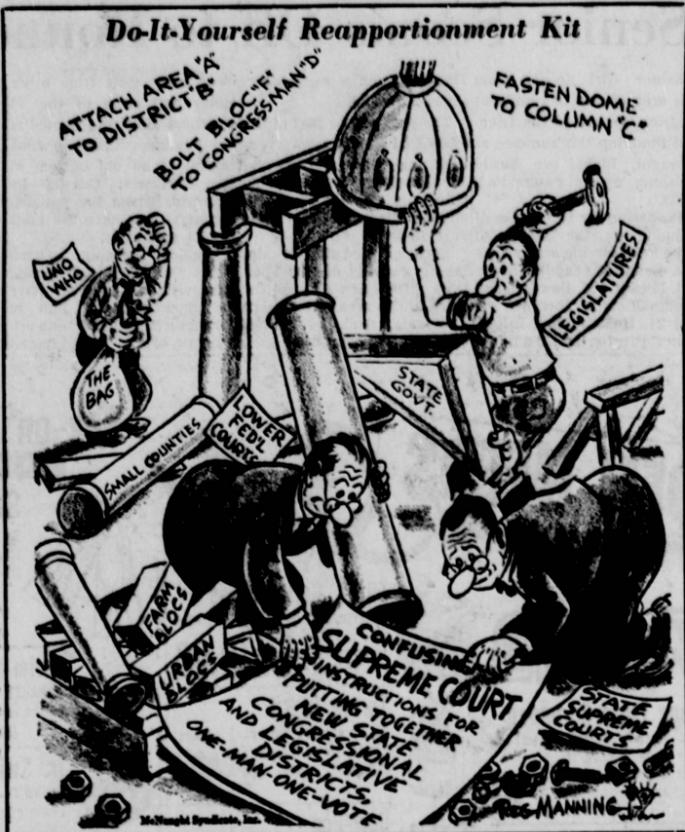
Indeed it is, just as graft in any phase of government is too much, whatever its degree. But graft there is, and so long as powers are delegated to agencies and individuals not under close public scrutiny, there will be temptation. It's one of the painful prices of growing governmental complexity we should not have to pay.—California Feature Service.

A Tragedy of Errors by Jerry Marcus



"Is this a pit stop?"

The Travelers Safety Service



ROYCE BRIER

Role of the U.S. Grows In War That Isn't a War

Art. I, Sec. 8 of the Constitution reads: "The Congress shall have the power . . . to declare war." From the beginning, however, the President has asserted the power to employ armed forces for minor military objectives. President Washington sent troops to eastern Pennsylvania to suppress the Whiskey Rebellion.

In recent time Presidents have instigated small military operations on numerous occasions, sometimes over protest. No criticism attaches to use of troops to rescue American nationals in dangerous revolutionary situations. President Johnson was not criticized for his initial move in Santo Domingo, though the rescue aspect of the operation disappeared in 48 hours.

Nor has there been undue criticism of assignment of Americans as military advisors on application of friendly regimes threatened with overthrow.

Home acceptance of this practice permitted the largest buildup of advisors in our history in South Viet Nam. Two years ago these advisors and trainers of South Vietnamese troops numbered about 13,500.

Last winter President Johnson stepped into a new dimension when he ordered American troops to return fire on the Viet Cong attacking their installations. Then when our naval forces were attacked in the Gulf of Tonkin, he ordered reprisal air strikes. Any further insistence that American forces were acting exclusively as advisors was a fiction.

Then followed the infusion of American combat troops in the area, the use of ground combat patrols, and air strikes on Viet Cong supply bases and lines in North Viet Nam. An air raid near Hanoi "destroyed" a radio station, according to an official dispatch.

If this report was factual, some North Vietnamese civilians were killed and wounded. So, while we are not waging war on North Viet Nam, try to tell this to those in or near the raid.

Lately the American personnel figure for Viet Nam has stood at 46,500, though there are persistent reports it may soon reach 60,000. It may be there already, for manpower expansion in Viet Nam has been marked by the devious. In any case, 60,000 is about the manpower of the Army of the Potomac in the summer of 1862.

Hence, Mr. Johnson may soon be taxed to deny that on executive order he is waging war in Viet Nam, for no sonorous rhetoric about our peaceful aims there will conceal it. The best Mr. Johnson can truthfully say now is that the war is somewhat restrained and selective.

It is understandable that the President is reluctant to ask the Congress for a declaration of war. An embarrassing congressional squabble could ensue. But from now on, until he does so his executive position is highly equivocal, and the public declarations of his advisors come out as mumbling evasions of truth and reality.

Small tempest: A novel based on the activities of the Army's Special Forces in Viet Nam is causing some consternation in Washington—specifically around the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency. This is "The Green Berets" (Crown; \$4.95), which describes the activities in Southeast Asia of the elite, Commando-type, green beret-topped American anti-guerrilla forces and some of the action they have seen.

Robin Moore, listed as the author, is really Robert Lowell Moore Jr., journalist son of a Sheraton Corporation executive, who took a rugged training course with these special forces at Fort Bragg, N. C. In the book's acknowledgements, Moore thanks several Army officers who helped him prepare the work. Among these are Major General George V. Underwood Jr., chief of public information, U. S. Army, and Colonel Theodore Leonard, commanding the Army Special Forces in Viet Nam.

Current rumbles among the military brass suggest that Moore's fiction is so close to fact that it is a violation of security. Among other things, it describes in detail the techniques, weapons and tactics used by

these forces in Viet Nam (and Cambodia, Laos and North Viet Nam, too). Moore talks freely about the corruption, cowardice and bureaucracy among the Vietnamese officer corps. He stresses the bitter anti-American feeling among the French colony in Saigon, which cannot understand why the Americans keep the war going.

The Pentagon hasn't gone so far as to crack down officially on the book. However, The New York Times reports that people from the office of Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, has called on the publishers in New York to suggest that Moore had "taken advantage of" the Army. The author, the Times adds, said he had offered his manuscript for security review, but had been told that the Defense Department did not review fiction.

Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel, biographers of Goebbels and Goering, have produced a third and presumably final unit in this grim rogues' gallery, "Himmler" (Putnam's; \$5.95). After Hitler, Heinrich Himmler was the most powerful and certainly the wickedest man in the Third Reich. A prim, uncorrupt-

able bureaucrat, he was Hitler's chief policeman. As head of the SS, he was directly responsible for the concentration camps; the murder of the Jews and for medical experiments on prisoners.

It takes a strong stomach to read the Himmler story. But apart from his inhuman behavior, he is not an interesting biographical subject. He was a tiresome, narrow bourgeois cop; superstitious, a hypochondriac and probably as mad as Hitler himself. Himmler does seem like some dark caricature out of a novel by Gunter Grass. But he is also a prime candidate for oblivion, so let's forget him.

whether it will last as long as they do.—Sally Koch, Poyntette (Wisconsin) Press.

The power of pictures is illustrated by the effectiveness of seed catalogs.—William L. Ziegler, New Oxford (Penn.) Item.

Remember the old timer who claimed "life begins at 40"? . . . Well, actually, life begins when we realize just how soon it ends.—Elbert Forester, Atlanta (Ga.) Suburban Reporter.

Folks used to worry because they couldn't take it with them. With today's tax situation their only worry is

Civil Rights Movement May Fall Into Disrepute

By ALPHONZO BELL
Congressman, 28th District
Civil disobedience as a method of action designed to advance Civil Rights is in danger of falling into disrepute. If it tumbles, it could harm a just cause with many serious long-range ramifications.

Used historically to protest inequitable laws and practices and bound with the origins of American freedom, civil disobedience has a noble and proud past in the world. For Gandhi it was an instrument to create a modern India. In American experience, Henry David Thoreau in 1845 chose nonpayment of poll taxes and imprisonment to express abhorrence of slavery. Militant suffragettes, arrested in 1917 for picketing the White House, remained in prison to strengthen their appeal for enfranchisement.

For the past five years, Civil Rights advocates in the United States in using the Constitutional Right . . . peacefully to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances have been winning concessions for their cause. Enactment of many breach of peace and trespass ordinances in southern states merely to enforce segregation has seemed to justify nonviolent resistance.

The Commission on Civil Rights has, furthermore, found that many official sanctions against demonstrations, applied ostensibly to protect "peace" and "order," are really intended to suppress equal rights efforts. Direct nonviolent action, after years of fruitless waiting, has forced recalcitrant southern communities to face reality. Participation and leadership by the clergy often testifies to the movement's eminent respectability and restraint.

But there also have been instances of willful obstructionism, in which the overly militant and the immature have discredited a good cause.

In March, 1964, seven Civil Rightsists sat down on an approach to New York's Triborough Bridge and halted thousands of rush-hour motorists. A series of questionable Civil Rights incidents marred the 1964 opening of the World's Fair in New York. Pointless heckling and chanting greeted President Johnson's speech there, and, although the planned traffic stall failed, demonstrators caused subway delays and incidents which escalated into violence. Pickets against Selma brutality staging a "lie-in" in the White House and the Justice Department in Washington had to be dragged away bodily.

Those in the Justice Department corridors jeered Attorney General Katzenbach's offer to speak with delegates and violated their code of nonviolence by kicking and biting police. As unwarranted prejudice continues, so will immature demonstrations in which participants give Civil Rights opponents more ammunition. The tactics have spread to atrocious campus behavior, where students have far less serious things than discrimination to protest. Moreover, some consider the disrespect for order inherent in the less palatable incidents to be a contributing factor to street violence.

The line between passive resistance and violent eruption is thinner than one might imagine. If civil disobedience is to be applied

effectively against truly unjust regulations, keen judgment and greater effort to impose discipline among mature Civil Rights leaders is an absolute requirement. Ahead of us in this summer of 1965 are ominous suggestions that from the Civil Rights movement will come either bloodshed or suppression—neither of which our society can afford.

HERB CAEN SAYS:
Some Notes on Historic Lady

HISTORIC LADY: If you're under 40, chances are you never heard of Pola Negri, and too bad for you. To the rest of us, she once meant burning sands and burning lips, spit curls and the tango, Princes and limousines. Also flaming passion and stertorous breathing.

In the 20s, she and her hated rival, Gloria Swanson, were the hottest things on what was called the silver screen. Born Appalachia Chalupec in Old Poland, she came to Hollywood as the First Big Foreign Star. She had wildly publicized affairs with Chaplin and Valentino. (When Valentino died, she threw herself sobbing across the bier, as the mob surged and sighed.) She was the first woman to wear red fingernail polish IN PUBLIC! Her hit movies bore such campy titles as "Gypsy Blood" and "Forbidden Paradise." She was the No. 1 vamp. Rhymes with camp.

She was married first to a Count Mombeka, who must have been from Transylvania. She also did the "in" thing for that era: married and divorced Prince Serge Mdivani, one of the celebrated "Marrying Princes" of Old Georgia. In the 30s she went to make movies in Germany, where Goebbels called her "that Polish Jewess" and tried to have her deported (actually, she's Catholic). Hitler, one of her admirers, came to her rescue. Later, a French magazine reported she and Hitler were having an affair. She sued for a million francs and won.

Why are we talking about Pola Negri? Recently she checked into a suite at the Sheraton-Palace, her hair still dark, her eyes still burning, her fingernails red. For the next two months, she will be in San Francisco, writing her autobiography, to be published by Doubleday under the pallid title, "Memoirs of a Film Star." Her home is now in San Antonio, but she came here to work because "it is cool, calm, and invigorating." She speaks in dark, Slavic tones, and, for a woman to whom so much has happened, seems surprisingly cool and calm herself. But deep down inside . . . Out of the harem and across the hot sands to the tented oasis where the handsome outlaw awaits!

CAENFIDENTIALLY: Mrs. Bing Crosby is now minus her tonsils, removed by a doctor in L.A. . . . Mrs. Harold Smith Jr. has reconciled with her husband, the Reno gambling heir, but now how does she explain that diamond and ruby bracelet sent to her by a Beverly Hills millionaire who just won't quit trying? . . . Yes'm that was indeed Bob Hope prowling around Brookdale Lodge (the historic spot, in the Santa Cruz mountains, is in bankruptcy and up for grabs at public auction). After inspecting the seven-acre resort, Robert said "Looks great!" and flew back to L.A. to confer with his bankers about making a bid (around \$350,000 should swing it) . . . You'd like Doris Day's unlisted phone number? Easy. Just grab her poodle, Muffy (usually to be seen around the lobby of her Palo Alto Cabana). The number is engraved on the dog tag. Happy to be of assistance.

SPEAKING of nightmares to come, how about the two "Harlow" movies on the same double bill? . . . Claude Jarman, the life insurance exec who's a big wheel in the S. F. Film Festival (and who won an Oscar as a child actor in "The Yearling"), has moved to bachelor digs, a signal that his marriage is over. . . . The rich Kingston Trio, still on a real estate binge, is dickering to buy the jewel-box Little Fox Theater, therein to present themselves and other acts. . . .

TO THE CLASSIC QUESTION, "Does a tree crashing unheard in a forest make a sound?" we may now add, "Is an ovation for an artist no longer there an idol gesture?" Only Sviatoslav Richter, the legendary Soviet pianist, can answer that question. After his recital here the audience refused to leave, even after two encores. They crowded around the stage, whistling, shouting, beating their fists on the boards in a fantastic demonstration that lasted 15 minutes. But 10 minutes earlier, Richter had dashed out a side door and was already in his hotel suite as the ovation for the man who wasn't there reached its peak.

Morning Report:
Just about everybody who watched, or bet a buck on the fight between Sonny Liston and Cassius Clay is still screaming in anguish. Even Congress has been interrupted by the bleating.

I don't understand the fuss. This was fundamentally a financial transaction. Neither the two fighters nor their managers are complaining. Worse attractions have run on Broadway for years and nobody called for the Marines.

The two contestants were not exactly unknown personages. If a citizen chose to spend his \$5 or his \$100 to see them, it was his right. As to permanent damage to the "fight game," nonsense. It's been a million-dollar shell game for years.

Abe Mollinkoff

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