

Torrance Herald

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This Week's Motto:

The way foods are put up these days, most girls feel they don't need to study Home Economics.

A Day for Fallout

It is probably a coincidence, and could be credited to the mania now sweeping the nation, but several of the nine new columnists who are joining the list of HERALD contributors today discuss fallout shelters to inaugurate their columns in this area.

At the bottom of this column, Abe Mellinkoff, city editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, opens up with the conclusion that everything should go underground . . . if that's the way we're going.

Art Hoppe looks ahead a little in his piece, across the page. He explores the first postshelter minutes of a new civilization.

The incomparable Lucius Beebe, naturally, has his own ideas about the current craze—and it's the sort of thing you can expect from Beebe on a regular basis.

Talk of fallout shelters is very much with us, however, and can not be ignored. The Tuesday meeting of the County Board of Supervisors was devoted in part to a suggestion by Supervisor Hahn that the county put a \$404 million bond issue on the ballot to finance countywide construction of shelters.

Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed and Mr. Hahn's efforts to have the matter placed on the ballot received no formal support. The Supervisor's colleagues didn't scoff at the idea, however. Supervisor Chase set the tone when he commended Hahn for "bringing this very timely subject to the attention of the board and the people of Los Angeles County."

On Chase's urging, the board agreed to "proceed with an orderly study of the needs of the people of Los Angeles County for fallout protection and their ability to finance such a study."

Public opinion, Mr. Chase said, was against the special bond issue for shelters. He reported that top officials of cities in his district were opposed to the special election.

The HERALD believes the Supervisors took the common sense approach to the problem, and urges other bodies public and private, to exercise the same restraint when they come to deliberate plans to spend huge quantities of public money for such a program.

If the United States can keep Mr. K. convinced that we are ready to destroy his country on a moment's notice, we should never need the shelters.

Foot in the Door

If the County Supervisors and other Southland legislative bodies are successful in mounting a campaign to have the legislature consider the outlawing of draw poker in California, they apparently will have to do it without the backing of the Torrance City Council.

Assemblyman George A. Willson of Huntington Park and Senator Richard Richards have petitioned Governor Brown to call a special session of the State Legislature next year to consider the bill.

A motion by Councilman Nick Dralle this week to put the council on record in favor of asking the legislature to outlaw draw poker got only one backer—George Bradford.

Torrance is close enough to the state's most notorious poker city—Gardena—to have an idea what such activities mean to a city. The people of Torrance have taken the safeguard of placing a strong ban against all gambling in the city charter.

Most often cited advantage of permitting draw poker operations in a city is the financial return to the public fund, thereby giving the taxpayers a break.

The "foot in the door" opportunities afforded gangsters, crime syndicates, and other undesirable elements of society by the operations of legalized gambling spots is reason enough for most citizens to see that it is not allowed near their homes.

Evaluating all the circumstances, the HERALD believes no long term good accrues to a city from the operation of poker parlors, and that the inherent dangers more than offset any fiscal advantages.

Councilmen Dralle and Bradford are to be commended for their efforts to put the city behind the move to outlaw draw poker—the state could do very well without the present local option law.

Opinions of Others

"Are you contributing a share toward the one hundred million dollars spent annually on comic books? This amount is four times the annual book budgets of all public libraries and exceeds the amount spent on textbooks." — Edward Hofer, Lennox (S. D.) Independent.

Morning Report:

Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, urges we build fallout shelters at schools to protect the kids. And Senator Morton, of Kentucky, suggests we build them along Federal highways — presumably to protect the motorists.

It would only be fair, of course, to build them also along railroad tracks for those who commute by train. Any number of experts say we must have shelters in office buildings, factories and homes to protect citizens at work and at rest.

So I suggest the only way to satisfy everybody is to put the whole country — lock, stock, barrel and shooting range — underground.

Abe Mellinkoff

Now Honestly, Nehru—



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

The Homo Sap Grovels In A Fallout Shelter

Well, you can't say the American people didn't hold out to the very end against the combined assaults of Henry Luce, Khrushchev, Governor Rockefeller, the President of the United States and the dictator of Communist China in what will be remembered by students of business history as the greatest sales promotion campaign for a completely bogus bill of goods ever to have been launched against a pre-conditioned captive audience.

If, in the end, they weakened, and the silliest panic in the history of human gullibility gradually became epidemic as a sales promotion scheme to dwarf all previous swindles from Ponzi to the Swedish match king and including the South Seas Bubble, it was only because incessant and unremitting terror administered by the most urgent and unscrupulous publicists in the United States finally beat them to their knees.

The panic is indeed on, a shameful, degenerate, childish and wholly irrational panic inspired by public figures as devoid of responsibility as they are of public ethics. Undoubtedly, since even such veracious news media as The New York Times and Wall Street Journal admit it, Americans are plying up money for fallout shelters. Manufacturers of patent trash the length and breadth of the land are leaping in wildest sarabands of salesmanship, screaming death and terror universal to be avoided only by the purchase of their product, and the miserable dolts who read Life and Time from Bangor to San Diego, are being pillaged in such a rooking as no promoter until Henry Luce dared contemplate.

If the American people are going underground, and making the most preposterous spectacle of themselves since the Spanish war when they fled eastern seaports in terror of impending bombardment by Admiral Cervera, they aren't hiding from the Russians, they're in the last straits of desperation to get away from the brain-washing of Luce, Kennedy, Rockefeller and Company incorporated in a sales campaign and monopoly in grave-digging that makes Standard Oil in Rockefeller's grandfather's time look like peanuts.

The great civil defense fraud for a long time was the saddest flop with the American people since prohibition. It withered on the vine, not because the American people doubted the statistics of mortality from atomic blast and subsequent radiation, but because they were abundantly

aware that the world into which they might emerge if they survived then simply wouldn't be worth inhabiting.

Until the last elections, they had a President who was impervious to the notion that he should become an accessory to the coffin-making industry or himself turn into a casket salesman. Mr. Eisenhower also knew that the United States was close enough to absolute bankruptcy not to flirt with hundred-billion-dollar ventures into the realm of total futility.

Mr. Kennedy suffers from no such reticence. As a prophet of incalculable disaster, whose speeches drip with the lexicon of Apocalypse, he was the shot in the arm the great fallout fraud needed. He was also a fantastic assist to Henry Luce, a cultist and dedicated patriot whose most notable gift to the country in recent years has been his championing of the rise of Castro to the estate of Communist dictator of Cuba.

Of course a national panic is made to order for every thief, hoodler and opportunist in public office to inaugurate the universal pillage of the public treasury to the tune of a hundred billion dollars. The brother-in-law of every city planning commissioner in the land went into the survival shelter business overnight. The names of my two most profitable salesmen

each begins with K." a Midwestern fallout shelter manufacturer told The Wall Street Journal. "Their names are Khrushchev and Kennedy."

It's no use for reasonable intelligence to point out that, as a radiation shelter, a closed car or your bathroom are as adequate as the monstrosity on view at the lumber yard, and that elaborate shelters built into city dwellings will only kill their occupants by fire or flood when the sewers burst, or be crushed when the roof is blasted in. There are all those mendacious statistics and terror-laden "expert" opinions in Time to frighten hell out of the kiddies until they plead for a partly submerged toolshed made of plastic (on tick, of course) to save them from Mr. Luce.

In a few years, if any of us are around to pay them mind, the landscape is going to be fouled up with a number of million discarded and unwanted survival shelters, each as beautiful as an obsolete automobile chassis in the back yard, monuments to the transcendent genius for peddling profitable terror by a couple of unmitigated opportunists aided by a President of the United States. How many such wretched carcasses are around will be the measure of the gullibility of homo sapiens Americans, or as we'll call him for short, homo sap.

ROYCE BRIER

Some Innocent Games In a Joint in Tokyo

You know how it is, somebody offers you something new and you have to top it.

You can't open a paper nowadays but they're writing about The Twist. Seems they're doing this dance in a New York dive, and it's spreading. The couple stands still and wiggles, no contact.

Shucks, they've been doing it in Tokyo for years. Yours truly saw it last March. In a town with the wildest nocturnal doings, the night clubs close at 11:30 p.m., no more dancing. So about a thousand joints go on from there. Dave Jones, the Panam man in Tokyo, took yours truly to a big one. We had a table by the bandstand. At midnight the joint was a Sahara.

"It's the night traffic, takes awhile to fan out, it'll jump," said Jones. In an hour the joint was packed.

Nobody looked at the Western table. A few westerners drifted up for a drink. On the

far side were tables occupied by Japanese television stars. Nearby was a beatnik enclave. At the bar were some figures noted as small-time hoodlums on the make.

A Manila bongo outfit came on to beat your ears off, the dancers jammed the postage-stamp floor. They stood still and wiggled. One we called the Jolly Neanderthal. He danced for hours. He had 30 or 40 partners, ranging from slatterns in tennis shoes to gorgeous babes. His former partners sat at the tables, sipped Squirr and gazed on him with Elvis Presley idolatry.

A couple of hoods started a fight across the room. One was given the heave-ho, the other nursed a bloody nose and was tongue-lashed by the chief hood. Later there were two more small melees.

About 3 a.m. a lookout yelled "Ho!" and the place exploded. The bongoes ceased

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

A Few Fallacies About Today's Men and Events

CARLSBAD, N.M. — These are conclusions of one man whose professional occupation for 30 years has been covering world headlines.

This differs from the conclusions of those who are not encumbered with professional responsibility and whose reputation will not suffer as a result of idle or irresponsible statements, however sincere they may be. This is an important difference in expressing opinions . . . and ought to be judged accordingly.

Take the case of Khrushchev, for example. Most people who discuss him do so by remote control . . . by what their favorite observer says of him. Too many commentators and writers also discuss him by remote control . . . by what they read or hear about him.

Only a handful of those who discuss Khrushchev really know him, or ever met him. Even foreigners who meet him casually in Moscow don't really know him. It takes regular contact with a man to really know him. And to judge a political leader by his public utterances is the height of naivete. Here's an example closer to home.

California's Governor Brown, for instance, proclaimed during the last presidential campaign that "California would go to Kennedy by a million votes." Kennedy lost California.

If Governor Brown really believed that Kennedy would win by a million votes, he is not fit to make other judgments in behalf of the people of California. The chances are that Governor Brown did not really believe it but it served good politics to appear so confident.

This is the point about politicians' public statements: You cannot judge political figures by their public statements, whether their names are Khrushchev, Kennedy, Nixon or Brown.

Khrushchev is a fanatical Communist. This is nothing new . . . but it explains a lot below the surface. A Communist will lie, kill, blackmail, conspire at any point, anywhere if it will serve communism. This does not take brains . . . it takes sadism and fanatical dedication to a goal.

If Khrushchev were a smart man, as so many think, he would agree on disarmament with the U.S. . . . for if disarmament came, the cutbacks would put the U.S. in the most serious economic fix in our history.

So, from our observations of Khrushchev in Moscow over the years, and our confidential contacts with Russians who knew Khrushchev from way back and who es-

caped to West Germany . . . it is our opinion that Khrushchev is one of the most over-rated politicians in the world. As a matter of fact, the Russian picture is exaggerated and oversold here.

The "peace corps" has all the earmarks of a politically inspired slogan. The 52 "corpsmen" who are now in Ghana were referred to by the President's brother-in-law, Director Shriver, as "the first U.S. peace corps mission overseas."

He and other "corps" advocates ignore the thousands of U.S. teachers and missionaries who have been serving the U.S. cause over many years around the world.

If the "peace corps" were not a political slogan, why didn't its advocates expand the idea through existing agencies of experienced men and women serving for years all over the world, like missionaries, Salvation Army, educators, etc., who could perform a superior job.

Millions of Americans have again been sold another round of billions for foreign aid. How much has \$90 billion in foreign aid helped the U.S. over the past 15 years?

Why don't the kings, queens, shahs, princes . . . and rich foreigners . . . give away some of their wealth to help their own people in Europe, the Middle East, Asia, Africa, Latin America?

Why do foreign aid advocates tell us that we don't understand the needs of the world? When are we going to insist that the world understand the needs of the U.S. for a change . . . since so many of our allies are mortgaging our citizens for decades to come?

Why do we not understand the needs of the world? When are we going to insist that the world understand the needs of the U.S. for a change . . . since so many of our allies are mortgaging our citizens for decades to come?

Hoppe in Wonderland

A New World, A Question

It was on April 23, 1968, a full two weeks after the last of the blasts, that Mr. Crannich shouldered open the steel door of the shelter for his first look at the new world. The door stuck. As he kicked at it, the nagging feeling that there was a question he should be asking himself was stronger than ever.

The feeling had grown ever since the last of the blasts. He had worried about it often in the dark silence of the past two weeks. He knew it was a question charged with emotion, one that it was somehow his duty to ask. It frustrated him that he couldn't think of it. It also left him vaguely guilty.

Mr. Crannich saw what had been blocking the door. It was Luther What's-his-name, the old man who was always borrowing his electric hedge trimmer. He thought that might have been Luther banging on the steel door just before the first blast. It was too bad you couldn't let everybody in.

He poked Luther with the butt of his .22 rifle. Did the question have something to do with Luther? No, it was more—well—larger in scope. It was something . . . the light hurt his head and it was hard to think.

It had been so dark in there. And quiet. The little transistor radio had gone silent a few seconds before the shock of the first blast had reached the shelter to rock it like a boat. The radio had been dead since, but for a hum. After her hysterics in the first series of blasts, Hilda hadn't said a word. She ate the wafers and she drank the canned water, but she hadn't said a word. The children had cried sporadically, but they slept most of the time.

So it had been quiet, monotonously quiet. You could tell the cycles of day and night in the shelter, for there had been long periods of warmth followed by long periods of cold as the sun had risen and set somewhere above. That was all.

And the soft darkness, almost womblike. He had used the flashlight only to read the dial on the Sav-Ur-Selt radiation meter. It had hit 6,000R outside on the second day of the blasts. Now it was down to 30R. He probably shouldn't stay out too long. But he felt that the sight of the real world once again might snap the nagging question into his mind.

He squinted his eyes and looked. All was seared and crushed and gutted. The apple tree still stood, its blackened branches twisting toward the sky. He wondered if it were this bad in Russia. Maybe they . . . Then he remembered the question. What kind of patriotic American was he not to have thought of it before? But his guilt was washed away in the flood of pleasure that surcease from the nagging frustration brought, like the removal of a splinter.

And he looked up through the branches of the apple tree and in his relief asked himself the question aloud: "Who won?" asked Mr. Crannich.