

# Torrance Herald

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REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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Nobody Can Deny—

—WE'RE DOING  
OUR PART TO  
PROMOTE  
BROTHERHOOD!



## Positive Patriotism

In these days when so many individuals and groups are expending huge amounts of energy and talent being against alien political and economic systems, it is refreshing to be reminded that there are still those around who are placing the emphasis FOR something — for the United States, its symbols, and its traditions.

In a letter to the editor published in the HERALD Sunday, Bill Brase spoke highly of the practice of assembling students in front of Torrance High School each morning while the band plays the National Anthem and the flag is raised.

"It was a good sight to see," Brase wrote.

To this we heartily agree, and agree with him that the "sight of some real patriots, particularly teenagers, gives me a good, goose-pimpling feeling."

Like Mr. Brase, we would suggest strongly that anyone with a few minutes on his hands around 8 a.m. any school day could put that time to a happy use by witnessing the Torrance High School flag raising ceremony.

## Who Needs Research?

Mortimer Smith, editor of the Bulletin of the Council for Basic Education, makes some pertinent observations in his February issue with which we find ourselves in considerable agreement. Reporting the new half-million dollar federal Office of Education research program, called Project English, Mr. Smith admits to approval of its basic philosophy: that "adequate instruction in reading and in the written and oral use of the English language is a matter of utmost importance among our national needs." He wonders, however — as do we — if more research is necessary; if it might not be well first to apply practically some of the things we have learned from previous research and experience.

For example: the Office of Education might well devote some of its funds to providing a course in simple English for those of its staff who wrote in the announcement of Project English such federalese as "improving instruction for under-achieving in-migrant pupils."

Or, perhaps the Office might install a reading course in modern English literature for such educators as the former superintendent of Los Angeles Schools and the president of a Los Angeles college, who appeared as prosecution witnesses against "Tropic of Cancer." The former was unable to identify the author of "For Whom the Bell Tolls"; the second had "never heard of 'The Sun Also Rises.'"

Oh, as Mr. Smith commented, the unimportance of being Ernest! Or, the Heming and hawing way of modern education!

## Opinions of Others

There is always free cheese in a mousetrap — but you have never seen a happy mouse there. — Chicago (Ill.) AMA News.

## Morning Report:

I think it's a good idea once in a while to think about the troubles the Russians are having and be sorry for them. Usually we are only sorry for the troubles we are having.

For years now, Moscow has been spending millions of dollars jamming radio broadcasts from the West. But now the Red Chinese have started broadcasting their stuff and Moscow is jamming them on the east.

Now if India, to the South of Russia, will go into the broadcasting business, we might have 'em almost surrounded — radio-wise anyway.

Abe Mellinkoff

ROYCE BRIER

## Newest Satellite Moves Out to Study Our Sun

On the basis of the Glenn circumnavigation scientists are saying that a human observer is far more efficient than instruments.

This is probably true within limits, but it may not be true of all kinds of observation. It may not apply to telescopic observations, particularly our effort to study the objects in the Solar System, which are not "seen" today, but photographed.

The Space Administration has announced it will soon launch a satellite for prolonged study of the sun. They are calling it OSO and it is equipped for 13 different kinds of observation from an altitude of 300 miles, which escapes virtually all the atmospheric interference which hampers telescopes.

"average" star—in size, age, radiation, luminosity and structural development.

But this "average" quality is of aid in the general study of stellar evolution and of the stellar families we call galaxies and galaxy groups. Even the ancients reasoned that the sun confers all the life we know, but in this century we have learned its radiation controls the terrestrial magnetic field, and in some measure terrestrial weather.

To the casual eye the sun seems to glow steadily, a great heat-engine, but we now know it is a turbulent, slightly pulsating, body swept by vast nuclear storms we see as dark whorls on its surface. These run a cycle in number and size, maximum to maximum, of about 11 years.

flares of flaming hydrogen, soaring several thousand miles, some dissipating in space, some arching and plunging back to the surface at 45,000 m.p.h. The flares bear an undetermined relation to the spots.

This radiation (the sun loses four million tons of mass a second by it) spreads across the Solar System, impinging on the planets. It is deadly but our atmosphere extracts most of its sting. The question is: What is it? What is its pattern and origin? How is it related to cosmic rays arriving from beyond the Solar System? This is the only star we can study, but the answers may tell us much we don't know about the universe.

OSO is expected to continue its study for up to a year. It is only the first of similar devices planned.

brought home at dawn by police, it isn't going to be included in the record now.

It has happened before, this whitewashing and decontaminating of national heroes until their saintliness, purity and Galahad dimensions generally turn the collective stomach of intelligence. They tried it on Colonel Lindbergh, if memory serves, who was a fairly natural fellow until the image makers deprived him of any normal masculinity and character, but the colonel proved an idol with feet of clay. When the thrice damned prohibitionists advertised him as a fellow who recoiled from strong drink as from a puff adder, Colonel Lindbergh, to his everlasting credit, suddenly called in the reporters and photographers to record him gloriously downing Daiquiris by the bucket.

If Colonel Glenn wants to escape the heritage of complete infamy with which he is being invested by the moral wowers of the current generation, he would be well advised to go on the town some Saturday and spend the night in precinct govt.

It wasn't always so with the heroes of American folk legend. Until comparatively recently, when the Methodists started remarking the image of desirability, the men who attracted worshipful attention to themselves in the national scheme of things were almost inevitably men of bounce with redeeming traces of low character about them. Examine briefly the outstanding public favorites of a better time in the land and you discover an imposing, indeed a radiant array of lechers, drunks, saloon brawlers, blasphemers against all godliness and low fellows generally.

Take a specially choice American hero of positively epic dimensions that have endured long after his passing from the scene, Buffalo Bill Cody. From manhood until the day of his death, Pahaska smelled of strong waters. Much of the time he was soused to the sombrero, and had to be helped onto his horse. His employers had him enjoined by court order to stay sober and take only six drinks a day, a shyster legal trick which the colonel resolved by taking his drinks in a fire pail. Much of the time he spent chasing the squaws.

As handsome and verile as he was boozey, his taste was catholic and legend has him making his escape from the boudoir of an English peeress in the classic manner: "It is my husband! Go, quickly and from the window!" When he once reproved Gene Fowler for an editorial liberty in Denver with the words,

"Young sir, my hairs are hoary!" Fowler replied: "Aye, Sire, and not with eld."

Or take another national hero of a bygone and more illustrious day, John L. Sullivan, the Roxbury Strong Boy who could lick any s.o.b. in the place and did it two or three times a night for fun. John L. liked finery, especially silk top hats which he discovered to be at once a status symbol and ideal for chilling champagne in the absence of a more conventional wine cooler. Sullivan's personal morality was of an order to curl the hair of virtue, and he was worshipped by 100,000,000 people as all that was enviable.

In the realm of politics, the circumstance that he was the father of an illegitimate child instantly endeared Grover Cleveland to an overwhelming majority of the national electorate. General Grant, whom the enlightened electorate hoisted to the highest honors within its gift on two separate occasions and who enjoyed sufficient personal popularity to live down political scandals that would have sunk lesser idols, was a rummy of the first chop. The list is endless.

Americans used to like their folk heroes with hair on them. If they have lost their taste for free-wheeling individualists with some savor and gusto about them, all is indeed lost and the national jig is up.

## Quote

"When Khrushchev gets through popping off his super bombs, I'd like to get his attention long enough to ask this one question, 'How do you pronounce your name?'" — J. D. Blizzard, Dillon (S.C.) Herald.

"In Russia, a one-horse town is one with just enough people to be fed by one horse." — Kenny Bennett, Greencastle (Ind.) Putnam County Graphic.

"Why doesn't the Department of Internal Revenue offer us our money back if we are not satisfied?"

"You can't really blame the average taxpayer for feeling that he's his brother's keeper." — Robert T. Bramson, Moline (Iowa) Record.

"Memo to the groups that picket the White House bearing banners that urge our government to end nuclear testing: 'Go picket Khrushchev.'" — Clarence S. Hebda, Fullerton (Neb.) Nance County Journal.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

## Social Security's Myth Result of Brainwashing

PHOENIX—It is unfortunate but true that most Americans today are unwitting victims of socialist-benefit "euphoria." Euphoria is an abnormal, exaggerated or phony sense of well-being.

We talk constantly to thousands of Americans in every walk of life in every part of the nation. Probably more than 80 per cent think, for instance, that government social security is similar to insurance they buy from private companies . . . and what they are taxed to support it is like paying a premium to provide a pension for their old age.

They suffer from delusions that somehow government bureaucrats can provide life insurance, annuity and health benefits cheaper and better than private insurance companies. With the prestige of high political office . . . plus unlimited funds for publicity and propaganda . . . the bureaucrats have been successful in selling this idea to the majority of Americans.

As a result of this political brainwashing, most of our people have no conception of what social security really is and how much they are forced to pay to get it.

With Machiavellian disregard for truth and popular usage, the Washington bureaucrats employ such words as "insurance," "contribution," which spell security to the public.

The average American cannot be blamed when irresponsible politicians assure him that social security is insurance . . . which it is not . . . and never can be under the wording of the Social Security Act of 1935. Despite political doubletalk to the contrary, the U. S. Supreme court, in its decision in the case of "Fleming vs. Nestor" said:

"The non-contractual interest of an employee covered by the Social Security act cannot be soundly analogized to that of the holder of an annuity whose rights to benefits are buttressed on his contractual premium payments."

In arguing for this point of view the U. S. solicitor general said to the supreme court . . . "Social security must be viewed as a welfare instrument to which legal concepts of "insurance," "property," "vested rights," "annuities," etc. can be applied only at a serious distortion of language." In other words — lies. This is what the supreme court was told about the words used by the proponents of "social security."

Testifying before the Senate finance committee, Secretary Ribicoff's assistant, Professor Wilbur Cohen, one of the main architects of social security, let the cat out of the bag when he said:

"The so-called trust fund under social security set up by the government would be insufficient to pay the benefits of these already on the benefit rolls, let alone provide anything for the millions who have paid social security taxes but are not yet eligible for benefits."

Another act of trickery is the impression deliberately perpetrated by Washington bureaucrats that they can supply security cheaper and better than private insurance companies.

Federal social security appears to be supplying "bargains" for some only because it is able to defer costs and impose them upon later generations of taxpayers.

After all, many recipients of social security checks don't care where the money is coming from, as long as it is coming. Few recipients are going to concern themselves about future generations who are going to sweat it out to pay for their "free ride."

Social security is now almost 26 years old. During this period of socialist schemes, by both political parties, the federal budget has only been balanced five times. This year our deficit will be over \$10 billion, while the obligations of the U. S. treasury are almost \$300 billion in the red.

This fantastic fiscal plight is not attributable solely to

war, or Khrushchev, or to defense . . . but in a large measure to political payoffs and vote-getting schemes.

There is justifiable cynicism in the words of the late H. L. Mencken, who wrote: "The government consists of a gang of men exactly like you and me. They have, taking one for another, no special talent for the business of government; they have only a talent for getting and holding office. Their principal device to that end is to sea . . . out groups who pant and pine for something they can't get, and to promise to give it to them."

"Nine times out of ten that promise is worth absolutely nothing. The tenth time it is made good by stealing from A to satisfy B. In other words, government is a broker in pillage, and every election is a sort of advance auction sale of stolen goods."

Hoppe in Wonderland

## Everybody Out For Peace Race

Art Hoppe

My favorite maiden aunt is in the pink, thank you. I was over at The Sanitarium to visit her again. And I've never seen her so chipper. "We're having a Peace Race!" she said happily, pouring me a cup of her Darjeeling tea. "It's so exciting."

I asked her politely who was ahead. "Well, I'm not at all sure, Dear. But I do think perhaps it's that nice, rotund little man in the East Wing who says he's Premier of all the Russias. After all, he does have the biggest bomb."

That puts him ahead in the Peace Race? "Why, surely, Dear. I believe the rule is called deterrence. You see, bombs deter your opponent from making war and thus insure peace. Everyone knows that. Therefore, the bigger the bomb you make, the more you are for peace. Isn't that so?"

I said it sounded logical. And had the Premier's opponent conceded? "Do you mean the nice, handsome young gentleman who says he is President of the United States? Oh my, no. The President says he has many more little bombs than the Premier and is therefore well in the lead. Toward peace."

A booming explosion reverberated from the East Wing. "That's the Russian Premier," said my aunt, nodding complacently. "He's been testing again. It's a question of security. Would you care for some sugar?"

Security? "Well, of course, Dear. The more bombs you have, the more secure you are. It's one of the rules. Now while each gentleman already has enough bombs to blow up The Sanitarium, they both wish to make bigger and finer bombs in order to be able to blow it up better. It's so nice to know that there are still perfectionists in the world, isn't it?"

Was the President testing his bombs? "Not right now, Dear," said my aunt, smoothing her fingerless, white lace gloves. "You see he has said all along that he had the best bombs. I believe that's why the Premier wished to test his to catch up. The President says he is still ahead, but he will have to resume testing so that he will stay ahead. Of course, the Premier says that if the President resumes testing and gets ahead, he will have to resume testing to get ahead. But, of course, because testing increases security, it makes us all feel much more secure. You do understand, don't you?"

Wouldn't it be nicer if they both threw away all their bombs? My aunt frowned. "Oh, that would make us feel terribly insecure. Besides it would disrupt the total disarmament negotiations."

Oh? Which gentleman was for total disarmament? "Why, both of them, Dear. Everybody knows that. They must negotiate, however, because the President says he is more for total disarmament than the Premier is. Or perhaps it's the other way around. Anyway, they are having quite a fight about it."

I said a Peace Race certainly sounded like fun. But how could you tell who won? "Why, I never thought of that," said my aunt, looking puzzled. But then she brightened. "I do suppose that the only way you could be positive were if the Premier became very angry and blew the President up. Then the President would clearly be the winner. That does sound logical, doesn't it?"

It said it certainly did. Comparatively speaking.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"He just turned down an invitation to go to the movies with ME... I don't think he'd care to play cards tonight!"

We know the sun as an The sun also gives off great