

Torrance Herald

Co-Publishers
KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL
REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1962

Just the Facts, Ma'am

All too often, as any newspaper editor can tell you, vague complaints against public officials for one cause or another are many times circulated throughout a city, often running from one backyard to another until the town is saturated. Efforts to tie down the rumor to specific cases, however, is another story.

During its nearly 10 decades of publication, the HERALD's editors and reporters must have heard nearly every tale of shame in connection with almost every public official, ranging from whoever happened to be mayor at the time to the young elementary teacher in her first teaching assignment.

With rare and almost nonexistent exceptions, those making the accusations are repetition third-hand information—or worse—and efforts to determine the validity of the complaint proves fruitless.

Such was the case recently when a particularly vicious report was circulated about a city employe. It was just a rumor, but trained investigators traced it to the source to find that probably it was true.

There, for the moment, the story ends. When confronted with the request to name names, times, dates, and specifics of the charge, the faint-hearted rumor monger backed off. He refused to furnish any details of the case, preferring to let the malicious bite of the rumor do his dirty work.

If the current reports are founded on fact, the city has a small cancer infesting its official body, a cancer that could spread beyond its present confined limits.

Citizens of a community—or of a nation, for that matter—get the kind of public officials they want, and have the guts to demand.

The man who hides behind the cloak of cowardice, saying in effect, let's you and him fight, has no complaint when the wrongdoer goes on and on with his dirty work.

Citizens who have specific complaints against any public official should not hesitate to make it known. There are many places where such complaints can be lodged—the school superintendent, city manager, city attorney, police chief or any councilman or board of education member.

But rumors don't cut the ice. If the complaints can't be specified, the rumor should be killed.

A Warning to Heed

An earnest young man is making the rounds of the 17th Congressional District these days telling all who stop to listen that he wants to represent them in Congress.

And, he is placing an emphasis on the word, "represent."

Theodore Bruinsma, who prefers to be called Ted, has been making a vigorous campaign throughout the district, pointing out to thousands the record of the incumbent congressman and giving chapter and verse of the times which his help was needed and not forthcoming.

Mr. Bruinsma has demonstrated to many during recent months that he has the ability and the desire to represent this area in Congress. The HERALD believes that the area needs such representation and believes with Bruinsma and his supporters that such representation is not now being offered.

The HERALD has long followed the policy of endorsing able men regardless of their parties. Representing this area now in the State Legislature, and doing outstanding jobs, are Assemblyman Charles E. Chapel and Vincent Thomas. One is a Republican, the other a Democrat, and each has received repeated endorsement from the HERALD in the belief that they are the best able to offer the representation to which the citizens are entitled.

Using the same reasoning, The HERALD favors the candidacy of Ted Bruinsma and recommends to the voters of the 17th Congressional District that they listen to the warnings being sounded by this able young man.

The Torrance-Southwest is an important California area and deserves to be ably represented in Congress. Bruinsma, we believe, is the man who could do it.

Opinions of Others

There are many ways to talk. Ships at sea, talk with fog-horns, bells and signal flags. Auto drivers talk with their hands, their horns, their stop-lights, and their directional flashes. Some drivers signal for a right turn and then wheel recklessly left. That is a kind of careless talk that kills people. — Norwich (N.Y.) Cheungo Union.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By FRED NEHER



"Since he found out there isn't any age limit . . . everytime we have a fight he threatens to join the 'Peace Corps'!"

That Weightless Feeling



James Dorais

A New High in Federal Gobbledygook Uncovered

The patient reader, long accustomed to federaleese and bureaucratic jabbberwocky, usually can take strange literary emanations from Washington in stride. But even the experts in gobbledygook seem to have been stopped by a recent wire service report concerning the wild unguilate and the beagle brain.

These were not White House epithets for steel company executives. They concerned, rather, some activities of the department of welfare. It seems that one of the places our tax dollars are going—in addition to providing sunpowered TV sets for the jungle natives of Africa—is into research into

ungulate." Another is an equally exciting study of the "stereotatic atlas of the beagle brain."

If "wild unguilate" and "stereotatic atlas" leave any readers cold, they will probably warm up when they find what \$8,025 and \$9,775, respectively of their tax money is being spent for.

According to the dictionary, unguilate is a hooved quadruped, or—to be more specific—a four footed animal with hooves. Like maybe a moose. The National Institute of Health presumably thinks it well worth eight grand to hire an expert to determine what unguilates in the wild state do for social

life without the eight-to-one martini.

As to the "stereotatic axis," that's a little sticker. The dictionary says "stereotatic" derives from "stereotaxis" which quite obviously is definite as "thigmataxis." There is an obvious invitation here to comment snidely on bureaucrats who spend their time trying to thig of mo ways to spend taxes, but temptation is resisted, because "Atlas" is beckoning.

Webster makes no mention of a beagle brain atlas, but the human atlas is the first vertebra of the neck which "revolves upon the odontoid process of the axis on a pivot and articulates with the occipital condyles of the skull."

If the reader thinks all of this seems slightly demented he is not alone. Even the good grey senator from Illinois, Paul Douglas, who first dug up the information about the NIH research admitted the projects seemed, on their face at least, a little "silly."

What brought all this to mind, however, was the other report from Washington that Democrats in Congress are urging a pay raise ranging from 3.7 to 35 per cent for federal employes. Could it possibly be that the wild unguilate man is going to hop from \$8,025 to more than 10 grand? And the beagle brain . . . pardon the stereotatic assistant . . . to nearly 14? It fair rattles one's occipital condyles.

Abe Mellinkoff

Quote ROYCE BRIER

Grants in Perpetuity Lasted for 168 Years

"A legend is a lie that has attained the dignity of age." —Virginia Gaskill, Pennsburg (Pa.) Town and Country.

"An unbiased person is one who has the same bias as you have." — Lee Batcheler, Sauk Rapids (Minn.) Herald.

"A bigamist is a chap who has had one too many." — John L. Teets, Richmond (West Va.) Nicholas Republican.

"Chivalry is a man's desire to protect a woman against all men but himself." — Fred W. Grown, Edgewater (N.J.) Bergen Citizen.

"Rock Hudson could have been a hit two or three years earlier if he had gone to Harvard." — Adolph Zukor, Hollywood movie mogul, on the value of education.

"Poise is the ability to talk fluently while the other fellow is paying the check." — Harold J. Blaschko, Arcadia (Wis.) News-Leader.

"Arriving in a 1958 Ford sedan, Chief Corbett Sundown lighted up a filter-tip cigarette and adjusted his horn-rimmed spectacles."

So runs a newspaper description of an American Red man, a leader of people, at a gathering recently at Kinuza damsite on the Allegheny, Pennsylvania, near the New York state line.

It was American Indian Day, proclaimed by Governor Rockefeller for a few thousand and Iroquois. Chief Sundown is a Seneca, an Iroquois tribe.

There were about 200 Indians present, but they weren't dedicating the dam. They were mourning this majestic token of the United States. They called the lake it will form "Lake of Perfidy." An Indian woman said, "We will stay until the water comes."

The lake will inundate 10,000 acres, putting hundreds of Indians out of their homes on the Conrplanter

Reservation. They didn't settle there recently. The eland was given them in perpetuity in a treaty between President Washington and Chief Cornplanter, 1794.

As you perceive, perpetuity in this case runs 168 years.

You might doubt it, but Chief Cornplanter was a good Indian, as General Washington had reason to know during the Revolution. Dale Van Every, a foremost authority on the period, as written a fine book about it, published last month, called A Company of Heroes.

It tells of the wilderness struggle of settlers and Indians during the great and decisive struggle which engaged Washington, 1775-1783. In it you will find some bad pioneers, too.

When they taught these things in school, you read of the Cherry Valley and other massacres. That was when good Indians.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Washington Is Worried Over Berlin Wall, Cuba

WASHINGTON, D. C.—pulse of the nation beats here and the blood pressure is at the highest point we have seen since the Korean war. Privately, key officials talk about how close we are to the brink . . . followed by a conglomeration of excuses as to how we got there.

Washington is worried. While President Kennedy's popularity is high, nationally, according to Gallup, it is not high at the nation's capitol.

The nation is in trouble from Cuba to Berlin . . . from the flight of gold to the European common market . . . and a national mistrust of the business community of the administration's intentions.

The U. S. economy is not moving, notwithstanding official pronouncements . . . nor has communism been contained notwithstanding administration releases.

This reporter gets the feeling that we are in trouble . . . the kind of trouble that was apparent in June, 1950, just a week before the Korean war, when President Truman said: "We are closer to peace today than at any time since World War II."

Then, as now, it appears that the President and a few of his staunch supporters are indeed lonely in their optimism.

While the nation wonders how we have come to the brink of war over Cuba . . . Washington private sources of both political parties provide some answers.

One of them most mentioned is how we allowed Soviet propaganda to increase in circulation through the U. S. to Latin America.

At this writing about a million pieces of Soviet propaganda arrive in the U. S. every month. This was not always the case.

For many years, acting under the authority of our Espionage Act of 1917, the Tariff Act of 1930 and the Foreign Agents' Registration Act of 1938 . . . the post office confiscated such material.

Seizure of enemy propaganda goes back 175 years ago.

In both war and peace the denying of use of U. S. mail to carry foreign propaganda has been well established . . . until recently.

Last Year President Kennedy ordered the seizure of communist propaganda to stop. Since then the flow of Soviet propaganda has tripled.

While considering the President's request for increased postal rates, the House of Representatives amended the 1962 postal rate bill to force the President to reverse his order of 1961 and prohibit the use of the U. S. mails for free distribution of communist propaganda.

This amendment, proposed by Representative Glenn Cunningham, Nebraska, was

adopted almost unanimously by the House.

It is now before the Senate . . . and at this writing President Kennedy is pressuring the Senate to defeat it.

Mr. Kennedy's main argument is that a ban on Red propaganda "has no intelligent value and interferes with efforts to improve East-West relations."

Few officials here support the public clamor to stop Castro at any cost . . . by embargo, encirclement, or attack.

Most say it's too late to stop him, short of attack . . . and war over Cuba is "junacy."

This is pretty much official thinking. Foreign officials say we have lost our chance. To attack Cuba now, they say, would be inviting Soviet attacks on bases close to Russia, including such U. S. bases as Formosa.

To blockade Cuba, they say, under the threat of seizure, is an act of war, not only against Cuba but against any country with ships under their registry delivering to Cuba.

This includes Russia, China, or even Greece, Japan, Turkey, Britain.

If Russian or Chinese ships resist, it means we will fire and sink them. This means war, pure and simple.

As to violation of the Monroe doctrine . . . they shake their heads in indifference here. Mr. Kennedy, they say, buried it when he said Soviet weapons in Cuba were

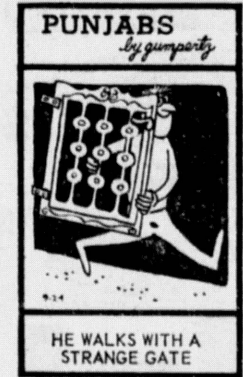
"defensive" and he sees no threat to our security.

Others say that of course Soviet infiltration is a violation of the Monroe doctrine . . . for it specifically states that any interposition by a European power in this hemisphere would be considered an unfriendly disposition toward the U. S.

But, by invoking the Monroe doctrine, we also stated: "In the wars of European powers, in matters relating to themselves, the U. S. has taken no part, nor is our policy to do so."

World Wars I and II, and Korea, nullified U. S. isolation from European affairs.

It appears questionable to attempt to invoke the first part of our statement in the Monroe doctrine without nullifying it by our enormous military build-up in Europe and around the world.



Our Man Hoppe

Hero McSleed Makes a Buck

Art Hoppe

Well, there goes our old space program. As you know, our Space Agency has seen fit to tighten the rules on how our hero astronauts can make an honest buck or two on the side. It's a crying shame.

Our new hero astronauts can't do endorsements. Worse, they can't even peddle "exclusive" accounts of their epic flights. When they land, they have to tell the crummy reporters everything. For free. And all they can sell through their agents is tired re-hashes with intimate details. Such as: "My Frustrating Love Affair With a Prickly Venusian Princess."

What was wrong with the old system? Our first seven astronauts got half a million from Life for their exclusive stories and invested it in a Cocoa Beach motel. This not only proved their faith in the free enterprise system, but it created incentive for the men who are now to follow in their footsteps.

True, there were some dangers in this trend. You could see hero Astronaut Fulgrath McSleed, the first man to set foot on the moon, landing from his historic round trip as thousands cheered: The President: Congratulation, McSleed. The nation is in your debt today for your . . .

McSleed: Thanks loads. But hold it, will you, till they get this shot of me downing a bottle of Bubby-Up. It's in the contract. Yes, friends, what I missed most on my long trip to the moon was thirst-quenching, tangy Bubby-Up in the handy six-pak.

The President: Now then, McSleed . . . McSleed: Excuse it. Move a little to the left will you? That's it. You were covering up the words, "Smoke Marijuanas—The Only Way to Fly," on the front of my space suit. No sense getting a sponsor sore.

The President: McSleed, we know you're tired. But, tell us, how was it on the moon? Can we establish military bases there?

McSleed, I'd love to give you the info. Honest. But Life's signed me up for the on-the-moon angle. And U. S. News & World Report had the highest bid on the military analysis bit. Although the CIA's was mighty close. Look's got an exclusive on the trip out and Readers Digest has sewn up the trip back. I do have 5000 words left though. It's about how I felt on the subway on the way out to the missile base. First person singular. And it's your for only 10 Gs.

The President (angrily): Look, McSleed, the nation desperately needs this information to . . .

McSleed: Glad to hear you say that. I got subscription blanks to all four magazines right here. One year or three? With three years you get a free teddy bear.

In the event a hero astronaut sold his date to some monthly magazine, there might have been a slight delay in our officials learning that the moon was made, say of green cheese. But it's the American way. And everybody agrees the profit motive is the strength of our system.

Maybe so. But it's also the weakness of each of us. Which is why I think these new restrictions on our heroes are a shame. A real shame. Not the restrictions themselves. But the fact that we needed them.