Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties

Torrance Herald

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Now 49—and Growing

With today's publication, The Torrance Herald begins its 50th year of publication—one year away from that cherished landmark, the golden anniversary.

When the first issue of The Herald was published on Jan. 1, 1914, the fledgling city of Torrance was hailed as "America's First Great Industrial Garden City," and it was reported that seven major industries had begun building Torrance plants.

Also in that first issue, the new Torrance Herald reported on the death of a Torrance businessman, the appearance of Santa Claus at a Christmas party, the election of new officers by the Chamber of Commerce, preparations for the Torrance float in the Tournament of Roses that day, and on the growth of postal receipts during the preceeding year.

The publisher of The Herald set the theme with the first issue when he promised to keep the newspaper abreast of the needs of the fast-growing city.

The Herald today continues on that theme as it begins its 50th year of publication. It will continue to expend its efforts to keep pace with the needs of the city and to provide solid support for those activities which will add to the city's growth —in quality as well as in numbers.

The day-to-day operation of The Herald is guided by a policy of service to the community, not one of mere opportunism.

Tdoay's Herald—coming 49 years and several thousand issues after that first one in 1914—is a paradox: it is similar to that first one in that it mirrors the activities of the community it serves, but it is different, too. It is larger, more comprehensive, includes features undreamed of 49 years ago, and is serving a city 100 times as large as was served in 1914.

With this first issue of 1963, it seems an appropriate time to wish all Herald readers a Happy New Year and to offer anew its pledge to be guided by a policy of service to the community in its coming issues.

We Quote...

"One large employer is losing considerable money because of the high incidence of absenteeism of employes. The employer: The people. The absentees: Members of Congress." — Loyd Neff, Overland Park (Kans.) Johnson County Herald.

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"A horse race and the human race are equally unpredictable." — Milton C. Barnett, Everett (Pa.) Bedford County Press.

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"The correspondent in a divorce case is often the fellow who wishes that half the things he's accused of could be true." — Fred W. Grown, Edgewater (N.J.) Bergen Citizen.

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"How in the world can you tell when Limburger cheese is fresh?"—George B. Bowra, Aztec (N.N.) Independent-Review.

"A great many people are already working a four-day week. It just takes them five or six days to do it."—Ray Winans, West Springfield (Mass.) Record.

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Like farmers, we have plowed our seed—and now we must wait for something to grow to gather our harvest.—Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken, San Francisco, on Second Vatican Council.

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You know actors are not of much importance and what they do isn't of much importance, and furthermore, I don't think the average guy thinks it's of very much importance. — Spencer Tracy

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"So you long for the good old days? Well, try reading these lines by the light of an oil lamp!"—E. M. Remsburg, Vista (Calif.) Press.

Torrance Herald

TORRANCE WILL HAVE SPLENDID FLOAT IN THE RENOWNED TOURNAMENT OF ROSES

TALLEST TOWERS UP AT INGLEWOOD

AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT INDUSTRIAL GARDEN CITY

SUDDEN DEATH OF E. D. DILLINGS MANAGER CALIFORNIA SALT CO.

CAMPBELL SANTA CLAUS CHILDREN'S XMAS PARTY

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

"RICHMOND" LAST IN MAGNE OIL CARRIES, ARRIVES IN "FRISCO

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE MODERN WORLD

NEW MANAGER OF THE SOUC COMPANY ARRIVES

KEEP AT IT

GROWTH OF A CITY GUAGED BY POSTAL DEVELOPMENT

CHRISTMAS THREAT FOR ITS ENVELOPS

NOVEL SOUVENIR OF A TORRANCE INDUSTRY

The New Top Gun

ROYCE BRIER

General Computer Takes Over Pentagon Command

Recently President Kennedy said we have spent $500 million on the Skybolt air-to-ground rocket, and it doesn't work. So the Pentagon plans to stop production.

The British were alarmed. They had counted on Skybolt for the Royal Air Force by 1965, and without it they feel the RAF is obsolescent. The United States is reported to have offered the British the Skybolt investment to date but many doubt the British can afford the $2 billion required to perfect the Skybolt system — if it can be perfected.

The missile is fired from a bomber in flight, then travels up to 1000 miles to target, thus sparing the bomber an overflight on target.

In a speech, Gen. Thomas D. White, retired chief of staff of the U.S. Air Force, said the Pentagon decision has "killed the manned bomber for the future." He believes Skybolt would have prolonged the life of the B-25 for 10 years.

Skybolt's case is only a new and sharp turn in a bitter controversy which has wracked the Pentagon: the manned bomber vs. the missile.

Veterans like General Le May and General White are not reconciled to the decline of the manned bomber. Yet the ratio of missile allocations in the total available for the air-space defense program rises every year. Missile zealots contend the Strategic Air Command will be obsolete in a few years.

The other day 10 new Minutemen missiles were lodged in silos in Montana, making 20 now ringing Great Falls. The Minuteman is a solid fuel rocket and has a 6300-mile range. The Montana rockets are already aimed on targets, and can fire on order. There are also 129 Atlas and 54 Titan missiles, both liquid fuel, on concealed sites in the West. Supporters say Minuteman is cheaper and more reliable than the others.

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But there is a manifest problem here: what if when fired, some Minuteman rockets fizzle? In the one-hour warfare theory it could be fatal, and we are daily aware of the high incidence of test missile failures.

General White voiced a defense viewpoint not hitherto brought to the attention of laymen. He says the Pentagon is overrun by computer scientists, some of them juniors who studied IBMs in college, and that these computers are being used to select weapons systems. He added words that would startle Napoleon: "Computers now are necessary even for the development of forces."

He thinks computers are taking decisions out of the hands of senior officers, who should have "more voice" in selection of weapons systems.

The term "push-button warfare" has been chopped down frequently, but if General White's interpretation is valid, such warfare isn't so far away.

"It's better to give than receive. Besides, it's deductible."

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

This I Believe...

• Khrushchev probably dismantled more Republican candidates in the last election than guns in Cuba.

• In Washington a reporter constantly hears about "federal funds." There's no such thing. It's taxpayers funds" the government extracts and spends. The government has not a dime of its own.

• Covering the UN you learn what the "population explosion" really means. A population the size of Los Angeles, over 2½ million, is born every week . . . and half of it is slowly starving to death.

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• I gather material constantly for this column and for my talks. But facts, charts, figures, microscopes . . . or opinions of experts and critics . . . do not always reveal all that should be known or understood. For which of these or any other efforts to reason can prove that Johann Strauss' music is beautiful.

• When politicians discharge an obligation, you can hear the noise farther than a nuclear bomb.

• Praise is what most of us live by, like bread. But real praise is like a spontaneous hug from a child . . . it has to be earned.

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• People often ask me if I mind interruptions during a talk, or conversation . . . or disagreement with what I write. My answer is an emphatic NO . . . for "interruptions" like these are the spice of life.

• I was taken on an inspection tour of some new IBM brain machines in Dayton that can calculate the figures of the most complicated equations of science. But it's man alone who can set the goals . . . make the machines . . . and provide the urge and inspiration. No machine can ever calculate the power of a human heart, mind, or its goal of infinite proportions.

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• The more you love or desire anything . . . the more vulnerable you become to it.

• Whatever happens politically, we usually blame only the politicians we dislike. We talk about "they" on everything from Cuba to the "Welfare State" . . . when we should be talking about "we." It's we who elect those who make political decisions. We are responsible, not they.

• I don't think it's possible to understand a Castro or a Khrushchev . . . a man or woman . . . unless you're one.

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• If you fool people to get their money, it's fraud and you go to jail . . . but if you fool them to get their votes, that's politics . . . and you are promoted to Washington.

• I have never found a single generalization on anything which proved true.

• The reports of a handful of top-flight TV and radio newsmen are sound and informed . . . but most TV and radio personalities who call themselves "reporters" and talk about "giving news in depth" . . . are probably already way over their heads.

• When gossip-mongers say "I don't want to mention any names" . . . it isn't necessary.

• I hear adults speak of the "innocence of children" . . . but to me it appears more of a figure of speech than of fact. All of us were once 12 . . . and there are very few "crimes" a boy of 12 has not thought about. His only "innocece" may be that he is not old enough to really desire its fruits . . . or too scared to try it.

• A person with original ideas is often called an eccentric or a crank . . . until the idea succeeds.

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• A philosopher usually makes something interesting and inspiring out of what appears as nothing . . . some so-called humorists make nothing out of everything.

• One of the great inventions of our time is wasting money.

• Thinking is like loving . . . each must do it for himself.

• It always shocks the man with just his feet on the ground, to see a man with his head in the clouds and vision, pay a big income tax.

Our Man Hoppe

Anarchy Needs A New Symbol

Art Hoppe

Sometimes people ask: "Are you a Republican or a Democrat?" Personally, I always say, "No, I'm an Anarchist." And they say, "Ha, ha." And they're right. I' mnot really an Anarchist." It's because of their symbol.

All political groups, as you know, have symbols in order to sum up what they stand for. Like ponderous elephants or braying donkeys. And my friends, the Anarchists, have at long last evolved one of their own to appear on their sporadic publications.

It depicts the world with meredians of latitude and longitude. Rather like the symbol of the United Nations. Only is isn't flanked by olive branches. Instead, superimposed on the Anarchist's world is an upraised arm with a hand and fingers. And the gesture it is making can only be described as one of defiance. At least, that's the only way it can be described in a family newspaper.

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True, as a symbol this has much to recommend it. It is pithy, to the point, and well sums up the Anarchist's attitude toward a world ruled off by arbitrary lines. But this directness is a thing with Anarchists.

For example, their platform's major planks on such worrisome headaches as farm surpluses, civil rights, military spending and the mounting national debt have the elemental appeal of simplicity: Abolish the Government.

"Oh-ho!" you will say. "They are subversive." Not at all. I know for a fact they are very anti-Communist.

They are also highly moral. Their current motto: "always do the right thing, even if the authorities forbid it; never do the wrong thing, even if the authorities require it." A philosophy, I might add, to which the world occasionally subscribes. Such as in the case of Mr. Adolph Eichmann.

And talk about the faith in man! The Anarchists think the nicest thing you can do for a man is leave him alone. Because man is inherently good. And it's authority that makes him bad. And authority comes from organizations. So organizations are inherently bad. And I think they've got something there.

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I notice that every time three or more people get together they form an organization. So they'll feel stronger. They write by-laws, elect a leader and, feeling strongest, march off to clobber some inferior non-member who doesn't agree with them. So everybody's got to join a group for protection from other groups. And you have to think pretty much like everybody else in your group or you may get the old heave-ho. So what happens to individualism?

Thus, while groups are necessary and while some groups are better than others, I agree with my friends, the Anarchists: The hope of man lies not in bigger and better organizations, but in the day when he can stand alone and do without them.

"Hah!" you will say. "If you believe all that nonsense, why aren't you an Anarchist?"

Well, it's as I said, they've got this new symbol. And I figure any group that comes up with an official symbol is getting too damn well organized.

A Bookman's Notebook

The Alfred E. Neuman Route to Shakespeare

William Hogan

For some years now Mad Magazine has been the American adolescent's delight and often an exasperated parent's bane. This is the saucy, satirical monthly that takes nothing seriously. Indeed, its advertisements, produced to look like the real thing, contain some of the sharpest social satire around these days.

Mad's humor is unsubtle, to say the least. Yet is is inventive, topical, often more sophisticated than its youthful audience suspects. I find it generally healthier amusement than other stuff the youngsters can pick up on newsstands, or the television, for that matter.

But Mad Magazine as an educational force? Preposterous! the purists should snort. Until recently I would have believed so myself.

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SIGNET BOOKS issues a series of paperback reprints of the best from the magazine (or "worst," as Mad likes to label it). Latest I am aware of is "The Ides of Mad" ("The evil that Mad's done lives after it . . . the unkindest cutting articles of all.")

This is my 13-year-old son's favorite book this month. And before eager parents start writing uppity letters to me, let me tell a funny thing that happened on the way to Mad's forum: My youngster is suddenly aware of long passages from Skakespeare.

Between Mad's crazy version of "How to Assemble Your Hi-Fi Set" and a Commemorative Stamp Album that includes a special three-cent issue on the two millionth anniversary of the wheel's invention, is a feature called "Shakespeare Up-to-Date."

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This is Marc Anthony's Funeral Oration from "Julius Caesar" in what Mad calls the "old version;" then the Mad version:

"Friends, Romans, hipsters. Let me clue you in; I come to put down Caesar not to groove him. The square kicks some cats are on stay with them; The hip bits, like, go down under. So let it lay with Caesar . . ."

I can hear the orthodox educators gulp; I can see over-anxious mothers trying to stare me down. To continue:

"Man, you are real nowhere; You don't make it anymore. Don't cut in on me; My guts are in the pad there with Caesar, and I gotta stop swinging till they round-trip . . ."

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And on and on it goes hilariously—if the teachers of English will excuse the expression. Yet my 13-year-old "translates" this hip talk back into Shakespeare's ringing English verse. And "Man, you are real nowhere" becomes less the gag as he reads:

"O judgment! thou are
fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their
reason. Bear with me.
My heart is in the coffin
there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it
come back to me."

The kids don't get that on the late, late show, or even in the magazines of Walt Disney. "The Bard in Birdland" may be unsubtle, but the Funeral Oration, Act III Scene II, "Julius Caesar" is spelled out here.

And the magazine's impish impressario and house image Alfred E. Neuman puts it: "What — Me Worry?"

Morning Report:

After the long months of dickering it was finally plain old friendship—and money—that swung the Cuban prisoner deal, Bobby Kennedy just got on the phone, and "Put me down for a million bucks," Bobby's pal said.

The buddy wants to remain anonymous. And so far nobody has guessed. I suupose that's because Bobby has so many friends with pocket money. Even after finishing their Christmas shopping.

In politics it's not only what you know but who you know. (Pause) Who you know with a million bucks lying around loose.

Abe Mellinkoff