

Press-Herald

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Can We Wave the Flag Too Much?

Is it possible to wave the flag too much? Provided, of course, that you wave it with integrity? Is it possible to study Lincoln or Shakespeare too much? Is it possible to read the Bible too much?

The great, the good, the true, are inexhaustible for inspiration, example and strength. I believe that we are not waving our flag enough, not nearly enough.

It seems to me that we are developing a tendency to be timid or even apologetic about waving the stars and stripes. Walk up and down the streets on July 4th and count the flags. It is our nation's birthday, a sacred day in world history, the most important day of America. Why isn't the flag flying on every rooftop and from every home and building? This complacent attitude is strong evidence of cancerous patriotic decay. The flag is a symbol of our national unity. It is the spirit of our undying devotion to our country. It stands for the best that is in us . . . for loyalty, character, and faith in democracy. Isn't our flag a synonym of the United States of America? Does it not represent man's greatest, noblest, most sublime dream? Is it not the zenith of achievement, the goal to which generations have aspired?

Ladies and gentlemen, I believe it is time for us . . . for the mad, rushing Twentieth Century America . . . to stop for a moment and think. Let us arrest our near reverential admiration of material success and return to the spiritual and ethical values. Let us imbue and rekindle in ourselves and our children the so-called old-fashioned way of patriotism, a burning devotion to the principles and ideals upon which our country was founded.

Should not every home own and proudly display the colors on holidays and other such occasions? Isn't the flag Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Franklin, Washington, Nathan Hale, Gettysburg and Valley Forge, Paul Revere, Jackson and other great men and women who have given us our heritage. When you look at the flag can't you see the Alamo, Corregidor, Pearl Harbor, The Monitor, The Merrimack, Wake Island, and Korea? Last we forget, isn't the flag Flanders Field, Bataan, Iwo Jima, Normandy, Babe Ruth, and Davy Crockett? The great events of our past and present are wrapped up in our flag.

It is a symbol of this blessed nation, a giant in industry, education and commerce. Millions of fertile square miles, wheatlands, coal mines, steel plants. Our great republic, the chosen infant destined to be man's last and remaining hope for suffering humanity, a shining beacon of light, noble and glorious, the haven for the oppressed and persecuted and truly God's gift to mankind.

That is what the flag means to me. Can we wave it too much? I don't think so.

Dr. S. L. DeLove, author of *The Quiet Betrayal* and president of Independence Hall of Chicago, made these statements on the "Know Your History Hour," Sunday, Dec. 30, 1956 to a listener who wrote as follows: "Your programs are really very good—but you are waving the flag too much. It has been reprinted in more than 400 national magazines, broadcast by 700 radio stations annually, and is part of the Congressional Record."

Opinions of Others

The Constitution decrees that prayer and religious instruction be separate from public school curriculum. Yet education in the Bible as both literature and history, and in religion as a part of the human story, does belong in the schools.—*West Point (Miss.) Times Leader*.

An underlying objective in the creation of our form of government, and one which has avoided many abuses of other forms of government, was to achieve diffusion rather than concentration of government power.—*Chestertown (Md.) News*.

EMBLEM OF DIGNITY AND JUSTICE



It's Hard To Tell From The Shadow—



STAN DELAPLANE

Follow the Yellow Line For Safe Scenic Route

PARIS — For me, driving is the most rewarding way of seeing Europe. Freedom of time and movement. A closer look at the countryside. Leisure when you want it—a picnic lunch beside a Spanish mountain stream, an old Roman road and a meadow full of tiny daisies stays with me in vivid detail. (Many an air flight I've forgotten.)

Plan a circular tour—that car has to end up in the town where you rented it, or you have to pay to have it driven back. Few exceptions.

In the excitement of getting away, don't forget to have them show you the tools. On a rainy day in France, I looked in the back of the Dauphine and found everything but the jack. So I levered the car up with slippery fence posts and changed the tire.

Later I found that they stow the jack in a bracket alongside the engine (Who would think of looking there?)

Yellow line (secondary) roads are more scenic than red line (highway) routes. Safer, too. Continental drivers become racing types once behind the wheel and gallantly murder each other at about twice the rate we do in the U.S.

"In August we will be driving from Madrid to Portugal and back to Madrid. We would appreciate any advice . . ."

At that hot time of the year, stay north. I would head straight up to Santander on the Cantabric coast. From Burgos north it's majestic country of cracked brown villages and long yellow plains.

To tear down so something better may be built is fine; but to tear down just for the sake of destroying what is not liked is asking for disaster.—Elizabeth Findley, Burbank, Calif.

In business I don't think that (Americans) are any more efficient or effective than the British . . . Your special contribution (is) a driving urge to get things done—not necessarily next year or next month, but tomorrow; or better still, today.—Edward Whithead, O. E. B., British industrial, in San Francisco.

We never fight until we know it is right, so let us fight to win.—William J. Adams, San Diego.

In the north, dip off the coast into the cool mountains—the Picos de Europa. You can fish the Esla here—they use a 15-foot rod and catch trout that has a pink salmon flesh.

The people are Asturians—a Celtic people with blue eyes and red cheeks. You return to the coast and follow the pilgrims' road to Compostella and the shrine

of St. James. Follow the coast into Portugal. Return through the pine hills at Guarda in the north. To Salamanca and the walled city of Avila and to Madrid.

"We would like to drive in England but worry about the driving on the left hand side of the road . . ."

I really have to keep my mind on it for the first 24 hours—there's a tendency to slide over to the right if you daydream. Particularly if the road is empty. But after a day, left-hand driving seems quite normal.

Stay on back roads and England is the loveliest of all countries to drive in. It seems so uncrowded. All hedgerows and a thatched roof village with a leaded window pub just around the turn. A run of 150 miles a day is enough on these roads.

" . . . driving in Italy?"

The big, new autostrada are straight, antiseptic, divided speedways completely lacking in color. They bypass all the beautiful towns. Take the older highways that follow the Roman consular roads.

" . . . driving in France and speed limits?"

It is difficult for an informed, literate sailing enthusiast to write badly about his deep-water adventures, and the Irish-American writer Leonard Wibberley ("The Mouse That Roared") does very nicely in his sailor's odyssey, "Toward a Distant Island" (Washburn: \$5.50).

This is a leisurely account of a series of love affairs with small boats over the years—in the Caribbean, off the Southern California coast.

It is yarning by an experienced sailor who does not like the term "yachtman," which suggests a cocktail flag and expensive gear. Yachts were what he owned and sailed, including the 40-foot yawl Bahia, Los Angeles to Honolulu and return.

Like many other accounts of amateur deep-water sailing, this is an agreeable rather than a memorable record. Wibberley's book did one thing for me—sent me again to Captain John Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World," which remains one of the great entries in the literature of the sea.

History has proved that the paternalistic approach ultimately produces a sterile, self-defeating society.—Henry Garsva, Novato, Calif.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Paris Fresh, Beautiful After a Thousand Books

PARIS—You forget how dreamily beautiful this city is—a tree-studded, memory-ridden parade of epochs, belle and otherwise. From our window above the Rue de Rivoli—the croissant eaten, the cafe au lait growing cold—my wife and I gazed out at the children playing in the Tuilleries Garden, the lovers embracing on benches, the old men in blue smocks cleaning the streets with crude brooms made of twigs.

On the rooftops of the Louvre danced the frozen fantasies and caprices of monarchs long gone—the stone newly cleaned and sparkling against the blue sky. Out of the Left Bank rose the domes of the Pantheon and the Invalides, and we could stare straight across the Seine at the statue-encrusted baroque pile of the Gare d'Orsay, its two great clocks telling you that time doesn't stand still, even in Paris.

But there is definitely that illusion as you let your eye wander selectively over the enchanting skyline: 18th and 19th century facades all of a size, punctuated at the right intervals by Renaissance church spires and domes—and, of course, the inevitable Eiffel Tower. If you could block out the noise of the traffic below, it could be 1890. Only a far-off ugly Neo-Inevitable blockhouse spoiled the dream of Apollinaire and Diderot and of

Baudelaire, who found the Paris air "filled with the quiver of fleeting things."

Fleeting things ourselves, we fled into the streets and walked rapidly in all directions—determined, in the time-honored manner of tourists, to swallow the feast of Paris at one gulp. It was a day to buy violets on street corners and roasted chest-

nuts in dark cubby holes, to peer into the discreet windows of Cartier's and Van Cleef, to pick up an out-of-season melon at Fauchon's (the Tiffany of fine food stores), to drink espresso at a sidewalk cafe, to have your picture taken by a street photographer in front of the Madeleine.

Paris is a hundred movies you've seen, a thousand books you've read, and always fresh, even when the scenes are startlingly familiar: the old ladies in widow's black, carrying their two long loaves of bread from the bakery to whatever secret, shuttered place they call home; the tough cab drivers, their ever-present Galois (or Gitane) stitched to their lower lip; the gendarmes, smart in their flat-round caps and their evil capes, weighted to use as weapons. Eyes bugging, feet flattening, we sniffed at the air of Paris, finding it like no

other—this hard-to-define blend of wine and urine, perfume and sweat, frying shallots and rotting refuse, mixing with the catacombs' mustiness of glory and tragedy and the dust of Quasimodo, Richelieu, the Sun King, and the upstart from Corsica.

Haute cuisine and haute couture—two of France's proudest traditions—appear to be losing their sanctified position. More and more, the serious eaters are deserting the three-stars and turning to the dozens of excellent bistros, where the atmosphere is congenial, the prices astonishingly lower, and the protocol at a minimum (one finally gets weary of the legions that hover around in the fancy restaurants—the captains, the waiters, the busboys, the sommeliers: one or another seems always to be inspecting your every bite).

We dined well in two three-stars—Le Grand Vefour and Maxim's. The former's owner, the bearded and celebrated Raymond Oliver, marched to the kitchen to prepare personally a braised chicken with truffles. When the dish appeared, it contained more whole truffles than I have ever seen in one place: great black chunks, like pieces of anthracite. We tried to eat them all—each one is, after all, worth its weight in coal—but it was no use.

ROYCE BRIER

Surveyor Photos Reveal Surprises on Moonscape

When we first acquired large telescopes, we discovered the extensive mountain systems of the moon, comparable in altitude to the Himalayas. In the airless sunlight these cast long, pointed shadows, resulting in a popular conception, often pictured, of jagged peaks of the Matterhorn type.

A few years ago the French astronomer Rudaux reinterpreted the shadows, saying most of them were cast by rounded elevations with gentle slopes.

Now Surveyor comes up with a picture of one of these elevations, rounded like the hills of Nebraska which bothered the Reverend Davidson in "Rain." The peak shows over the horizon rim of Surveyor site, and it is not yet determined if it is a mountain or hill, because distance from the camera is undetermined. One estimate is 12 miles.

As Surveyor produced many thousands of pictures before shut down by the lunar night at a subzero temperature of 230 degrees, the experts are revising their estimates of the lunar crust.

Though Surveyor was an immense success, due to a

hospitable site for touch-down, the experts say it may have missed destruction by only a few hundred yards.

Within camera range is an area of large boulders which would have wrecked the vehicle's landing gear.

Another surprise is that the landing pads threw out "rays" from impact and a slight depression in the soil. One of the moon mysteries is an enormous intersecting ray system surrounding the craters (there are 400,000 craters with a diameter ex-

ceeding one-half mile). These crater rays, often dazzling in full sunlight, are lighter than the background crust. But the tiny Surveyor rays are darker than the undisturbed crust.

Experts surmise the natural rays are made bright by radiation bombardment of disturbed soil over a million or more years. They also surmise the little rays may also turn lighter with radiation, but they won't live to prove it.

Examination of pictures is only cursory so far, but when fully examined and collated, the pictures may help to settle a long controversy as to whether the craters are primarily meteoric or primarily volcanic, from an upthrust of magma from a molten interior a billion or more years ago. The question is also linked with the lunar mountain chains, which may not have been formed as ours were, by upthrust.

There is tentative evidence in Surveyor pictures of intense meteoric activity on the moon. The wide scatter of rocks and pebbles within a mile of Surveyor's site, indicates a "throw-out" from meteor impact. Experts are likening it to a throwout mantle at a nuclear crater in Nevada, and it is known on a small scale near the Meteor Cave in Arizona. But they say the moon rubble may have been hurled halfway across the lunar globe.

One thing is sure if we expect to learn much from a team on the moon, one of the team will have to be a gifted geologist. If you have a kid who brings home rocks, alert him to a job opening.

My Neighbors



"Okay, I'll take a bath—and contribute further to the growing water depletion!"

Books

edited with commentaries by Walter M. Teller, which Rutgers University Press published in 1958.

My point here is that it is very difficult to produce a superb journal of small boat sailing following Slocum, which in this case is unfair to Mr. Wibberley. But if one craves for salt water adventure, get some edition of that Slocum. You can reread it a dozen times and find something new, fresh and exhilarating each time. Thank you, Leonard Wibberley.

If your father were Charlie Chaplin and your grandfather Eugene O'Neill, how normal would you be? Michael Chaplin, Charlie's