Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties

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An Elementary Lesson

When a small Wisconsin town recently took on the State Board of Education in a no-holds-barred battle to preserve the old-fashioned McGuffey's Readers in its elementary schools, it made a double contribution to the cause of good education. For one thing, it illuminated the earnest desire so many American parents have for a return to old, sound standards of teaching. For another, it made very clear the inevitable result of government aid to education: government control of education.

All during the great crusade for President Kennedy's federal aid bill we heard many a pious protestation that such aid would not mean federal control. We didn't hear it from the professional educationists, of course, for they are entirely frank about wanting federal control. But we heard it.

If nothing else proves the validity of the Supreme Court's holding that what government finances government must control, the Wisconsin case should. There the local taxpayers were told that their share of state aid would be withheld if they did not agree to the standards set by the state. This, of course, is as it should be. We can't entrust money to state agencies if there are no regulations as to how they shall spend it. But the point is, why turn over to state agencies important functions that we can handle ourselves, in the way best suited to our particular needs and preferences?

McGuffey's Readers taught some pretty sound elementary things. Maybe what this country needs is a McGuffey on political science.

A Fumbled Football

It's the season for kicking football around, and Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin must feel like one these days. The good Senator, like all his colleagues, is accustomed to doing little errands for the folks back home. So, when "several persons" interested in the artistic and economic fate of the Green Bay Packers pro football team asked him to seek special deferment from army duty for two Packer stars, Senator Wiley passed the request on to the Pentagon.

Then the kicking started. Although it was later explained that he acted only as a messenger, Senator Wiley's position as ranking Republican on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee made him particularly vulnerable to criticism.

There is little doubt the Pentagon is trying to be equitable in its recalling of reservists. But we have a strong hunch Senator Wiley will think twice before he runs any more plays sent in by the home town coaches.

Opinions of Others

J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI states: "We complain about high taxes, but last year crime cost every man, woman, and child in the United States $122, or a staggering estimated total of 20 billions of dollars. Perhaps this figure could become more meaningful if we realized that for every $1 spent on education, crime cost $1.45; and for every $1 which went to the churches of the nation, $13 went to crime." — *Sandersville (Ga.) Progress.*

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The average man has three colds a year, and these cost industry approximately 90 million working days annually. — *Bishop (Calif.) Inyo Register.*

Morning Report:

Robert Mitchum, a loud-talking movie actor, accused 250 GIs of being afraid to board a landing craft being used in a picture he is making in France. But they finally made it after he led the way.

As Mr. Mitchum told the story, and later denied it, this makes Mr. Mitchum a brave fellow.

But it just could be that the soldiers weren't scared at all. Maybe they didn't want to get their feet wet. And, at GI wages, I wouldn't want to taken even that risk just to help Mr. Mitchum, at several thousand dollars a week, make a movie. They are being paid to defend Berlin, and perhaps they think that's risk enough.

Abe Mellinkoff

Deadly Reckoning by Robt. Day

'What are you crabbing about? I didn't pass the truck on a curve, did I?"

In the Pioneer Tradition

THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

History May Label It 'Great Fallout Panic'

Up until the immediate here and now, the reconstruction years immediately following the Civil War have been the favorite target for national apologists for the American record. The bibliography of defamation, mostly by miserable third raters whose preoccupation with invective against their betters is a measure of their own stature, is a considerable one, and Americans have been brain-washed into believing that the largely admirable empire builders and family dynasts who roared and struggled in the market place for wealth and dominance were social predators of the first chop.

In point of fact, any sort of intelligent enquiry into the American scene in the late Sixties and throughout the Seventies will probably reveal it as the most formative and, in many ways, enchanting era in the national annals. It was, for one thing, a time when Americans knew that their government was for the birds and acted accordingly, which should recommend it to any perceptive intelligence.

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Next to the Reconstruction, however, it is a safe bet that in years to come at greater or less remove, as Lachesis is minded, history will point most urgently in embarrassment to the age we are now living in and which may well come to be known as the Years of the Great Fallout Panic.

Posterity will either be convulsed or revolted, according to its lights, by an era in which a great and powerful nation, and one in the ordinary course of things presumed to be in possession of at least some of its marbles, ran hog wild in self-induced dementia of terror and indulged a panic of obscene dimensions at the behest of cultists and crackpots ranging from Henry Luce and Governor Rockefeller at the top to the self-appointed Minutemen at the thin fringe of sanity.

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There never was a clown act the cast of which included such a miscellaneous gaggle of exhibitionists, includign statesmen, ward politicians, clergymen of every known denomination and some that crawled out of the woodwork for the occasion, "scientists" who contrived, against all odds of probability, to bring a new dimension of contempt to the word, evangelists, soul-savers, emotional thimbleriggers, knaves, irresponsilbe journalists and salesmen of the most demonstrable sort of trash.

At an exalted political level, the President of the United States isn't adverse to making hay of his party with doomsday gloom of brow and the lexicon of fiery apocalypse every time Mr. Khruchchev frowns and stamps a foot in his direction. At a lower level, there is Governor Brown of California, surely the silliest buffon ever to hold public office in the State, who brackets public traitors with members of the electorate who disapprove the graduated income tax, which keeps him and his overfed payroll at the public hogtrough.

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The clergy have horned in the act with holy attitudes and pronouncements of sanctimony to the effect that (a) a true Christian will relinquish to interlopers his space in a fallout shelter of dubious efficacy, and (b) a devout Christian is entitled to shoot anyone who attempts to invade his property. You have mayors of uncontaminated communities who will shoot refugees like dogs and civic supervisors who will welcome them with the municipal band. You have advocates of taking to the hills and advocates of taking to piano crates in the back yard, and there are even so-called radiation suits to don at the approach of doom, much as garlic used to be rubbed about the lintels of the huts of Transylvanian peasants to keep off Count Dracula.

Tittering and pirouetting on the marginal reaches of sanity, you have "peace marchers" and the student "peace vigils" at Berkeley, whose peers in untidy futility have not been seen hereabouts since Mr. Townsend's ham 'n eggers in the Thirties.

All this whoobab and ruckus, all this screaming for political advantage and commercial profit, all this terror for the justification of the great Civil Defense fraud, and all this bird fluttering among men of holy orders, in a word, all this evocation of silliness on a positively cosmic scale has as its excuse and warrant an unconfirmed and nebulous potential of peril, a form of contamination that has never been assayed or defined, that many well-informed people believe to be microscopic and that, in the end, may not exist at all.

It has been evoked by a variety of agencies for a variety of reasons, by the terror press of circulation, by politicians for political advancement, by clergymen to maintain some hold on an ever-declining attention to their mysteries, by "survival" tradesmen for money, and by radio commentators on whose say-so you wouldn't accept the theory of gravity just to hear themselves scream.

When it's all over and discarded, fallout shelters and anti-radiation suits litter the desert like empty beer cans, there will be a time for embarrassed self-appraisal. In the meantime, we may contemplate with unbelieving revulsion the "peace marchers" converging on City Hall to demand that the municipal furnace man outlaw atomic fission and make Mr. Khrushchev behave.

ROYCE BRIER

Some Ethics at Door Of Backyard Shelter

Let us consider further the shelter question, particularly the protection of small shelters with firearms in case of nuclear attack.

It all started in Nevada, where the desert was considered safe, and some characters said armed militia would halt an influx of Los Angeles refugees. Now there is a community shelter in Idaho for use only by cardholders in a subdivision, and the managers say "security officers" will prevent unauthorized entry.

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But the individual, home shelter has generated a strange conflict between basic ethics amid common sense which appears insoluble. The question is: Will you admit "a neighbor" to your shelter in an emergency or turn him away? Several permutations of this question straightway command your attention.

First, it may not be your neighbor, but your brother, his wife and two kids asking sanctuary. Will you shoot him or them — when they show up in panic?

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Here arises the ethics of the matter, modified by the jungle heritage in us all, but also the common sense of the matter. For your shelter was built only for your family's survival — it can't accomodate two families — and to hell with everybody else.

Yet, alas, it won't be "a neighbor" who shows up, but a dozen or a score, for it will be a long time before there is more than one small shelter in a neighborhood. So apparently you don't need a pistol to protect your shelter, but a light machine-gun. Besides, one may kill you, and all your little plans are lost in extinction.

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Indeed, the full implication of repelling by force fellow citizens who ask you for their lives, is exceedingly grim. When a ship sinks (Titanic), there are ignoble and noble, the lifeboat scramblers and those who can take it. In the Iroquois Theater it was everybody for himself, and most died.

Then meditate this at a million shelter entrances in a nuclear attack. Here is not dehumanization of a few hundred in a pinpointed disaster, but dehumanization of a nation.

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Yet a nation, a people — our nation and people — is a collective, human organism. When we cease to be that, when we become tigers in the jungle and sharks in the sea, then what we have here isn't worth a damn.

Have you an aswer to this problem at the shelter door as it is posed today? The writer hasn't, and doesn't believe there is any.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Thanksgiving for the Right to Say 'Nuts'

Thanksgiving . . . for the right to say "nuts" to the president of the United States, or the president of U.S. Steel.

• For the right to make an ass of yourself any day or night . . . to be as wrong as Judas and not be crucified.

• For the right to be a Communist one day, a Socialist the next . . . and end up by joining the John Birch society.

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• The right to sink or swim with your pet peeves, prejudices, paranoias.

• Not just the right to vote . . . but the right not to vote at all.

• The right to fail and start again . . . to walk with or without shoes . . . to dress like a chorus girl in public.

• The right to paint a lemon sign on your car to get even with giant General Motors.

• The right to pick a president . . . then pick on him 24 hours a day.

• The right to join the holy rollers, Angelus temple, or the fashionable Episcopalians in Beverly Hills.

• The right to refuse . . . to clam up . . . to change your plea from guilty to not guilty all in the same breath.

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• The right to gossip . . . to produce opinions without producing the facts.

• The right to lock youself in your own castle.

• The right to buy or sell anything . . . the right to get stung.

• The right to share the public domain . . . to elect the judge . . . to select the jury who will judge you.

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• The right to appeal to your own prejudices . . . to become obnoxious . . . to become a beachcombing loafer . . . to be eccentric . . . to be a pain-in-the neck.

• The right to gamble with your life or whims.

• The right to be heard even though you're as guilty as sin.

• The right to be a snob . . . to be a stuffed shirt . . . or to be the neighborhood clown.

• The right to build a round house in a square house block.

• The right to change your church or your preacher.

• The right to get nasty with the editor or the mayor of your town.

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• The right to assembly in the stadium or in your front room.

• The right to heckle . . . to call the referee a bum.

• The right to organize anything, anywhere, anytime.

• The right of the wrong side of the tracks to move to the right side.

• The right to believe as a Catholic, Protestant, Jew . . . or to believe in nothing.

• The right to quit . . . to refuse to do anything against your will.

• The right to build your fortune in dollars or friends . . . to fill your house with books, bridge tables, TVs or tropical fish.

• Thanksgiving for the right to say "no" as an American . . . with the highest authority known to man.

Mailbox

Editor, Torrance Herald

The Torrance Area Unit of the American Contract Bridge League wishes all to know that their recent Bridge Sectional held Nov. 10, 11, and 12 at the Elks Club in Torrance was a big success. With bridge players coming from all over the United States and here in Southern California, the building was really packed.

Ken Hillman, tournament director, stated that the Unit was very pleased with the outcome and knows the sectional planned for next fall will be twice as successful.

Following the last bridge session on Saturday night, the players changed from bridge and danced until the wee hours to the music of a fine orchestra.

The women of the Elks served buffets each evening. This was a fine gesture and proved to be something to look forward to in the fall.

MRS. RALPH ROBERTSON
Publicity chairman

Quote

"A small town is the only place where sound is faster than light."—William L. Ziegler, New Oxford (Pa.) Item.

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"Never have so many people lived so well so far behind before." — B. J. Dahl, Chewaleh (Wash.) Independent.

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"Bernard Becker, speaker at Friday night's buffalo barbecue for visiting cattlemen, said that it takes 92 muscles to frown—and only seven to smile." — Emory and Margaret Cross, Bassett (Neb.) Rock County Leader.

Hoppe in Wonderland

Mr. Sihanouk Is A Real Prince

I was reading this interesting dispatch from Cambodia. Which says Prince Sihanouk is very grateful for the $293 million we've given him so far and he mentions us often in his speeches. "Those awful Americans with their white faces and long noses," is the way he mentions us.

The dispatch says we're pretty hurt about this. Only we've got to keep giving him our money or he'll start taking the Russians' money away from them. Which makes sense.

Surprisingly, it's like the crisis we had in West Vhtnnng. Which is country I made up once.

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The leader of West Vhtnnng was Prince Phnph. Who was described in our news magazine as "pro-Western and democratic." Of the $12.4 billion he'd gotten in U. S. aid, Prince Phnph had spent no less than $8.4 billion constructing a modern "workers' retreat," open to the lowliest Vhtnngese peasant. In case the lowliest Vhtnnngese peasant happened to be wandering through the French Riviera. That being where Prince Phnph constructed it. The other $3.8 billion went for miscellaneous.

But now Vhtnnng faced a crisis. The U. S. Ambassador had called on Prince Phnph to express America's "gratification at the manner in which Vhtnnng has become a bastion of democracy in Southeast Asia."

Prince Phnph, naturally horror-struck, calls an emergency session of his Cabinet. "Brothers," he says, (for all Cabinet members are his brothers), "we face economic disaster!"

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The cabinet listens. "Brothers," says his brother, Prince Sphbong, gravely, "you must make the supreme sacrifice." "You mean?" "Yes, you must be overthrown." So they overthrow Prince Phnph, who retreats to the Riviera, and install Sphbong in his stead.

Prince Sphbong promptly issues a statement saying Americans are all right (though snaggle-toothed), but would you want your sister to marry one? And he invites the Russian Ambassador to lunch. The news magazines describe Prince Sphbong as "Communist-leaning" and say Vhtnnng is "the keystone to Southeast Asia." U. S. aid is naturally trebled and all ends happily.

Prince Phnph's sacrifice is not forgotten. His statue now stands in Vhtnnng Square, erected by his countrymen as "a symbol of true international friendship." The pose is nice. The Prince has his left hand extended in a gesture of peace. Palm up. But American visitors are often puzzled by the simple Latin inscription on the base: "CAVEAT EMPTOR."

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By FRED NEHER

'All right, all right, Jacobson! Tell me about your hunting!"