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A Chance to Share

"Stoop as low as you lawfully can to pick them up, rather than let them wax worse while you stand on your dignity."

This striking sentence was spoken by Catherine Booth, wife of General William Booth and often referred to as the "mother of the Salvation Army," during the course of a Christmas time address in London, England.

It correctly keynotes the spirit and purpose of the organization which she helped her husband to found and build.

This week in southern California the Salvation Army will try to bring Christmas happiness in one form or other to an estimated caseload of 200,000 needy persons, many of them in family groups.

Most of us would like to have a share in this philanthropy.

We may do so by sending a check, large or small, to the Salvation Army Christmas fund.

In this way we multiply our own enjoyment of the season.

A Bright Note

A bicycle ridden proudly to grammar school, put away for occasional use in high school; a teddybear once loved relegated to the closet, games played again and again with delight, dolls cuddled till the cuddling arms no longer cared for inanimate children, a ball once bounced with gusto — these loved objects, glamour lost, were given by Torrance High School students to live anew for some child this Christmas.

The Spirit of Christmas burned brightly for Torrance High School students with the donation of many toys, dolls, games, books, and puzzles.

Too often today we criticize the youth of our country for its seemingly heartlessness, yet they themselves can respond beautifully to almost any situation when requested. The donated toys, no longer needed by maturing young adults, will serve a useful purpose again and rekindle the light of human kindness in an ever-darkening world where suspicion, fear, and distrust run rampant. (The above was submitted to the HERALD by a high school official following the campaign this week. We are happy to concur.)

Opinions of Others

"An American and a Dutchman were talking. 'What does your flag look like?' asked the American.

"It has three stripes," said the Dutchman, "red, white and blue. We say they have a connection with our taxes. We see red when we talk about them, white when we get out the bill and we pay till we're blue in the face."

"That's how it is here," said the American, "only we see stars, too." — Wadesboro, (N.C.) Messenger & Intelligencer.

"It . . . is certainly the time to put all governmental spending under the public glare and start pruning those programs which are not of immediate importance to the overall problem of national defense.

"A sound defense is necessary, and we will gladly pay the cost. But let's not spend money as though it were going out of style." — Klamath Falls, (Ore.) Herald.

Morning Report:

For a long time now a lot of people have had the idea that Premier Nehru was a nice guy as a philosopher but a weak sister as an ally. Every time we talked roughly to anybody, India seemed to be protesting.

But the other day India mobilized troops against Portuguese Goa. And is sending off notes to Red China that are positively unfriendly. Full of the rumble of marching men.

Now it seems that Mr. Nehru can be calmly philosophical about our problems, not his own. After all, Goa and Red China are closer to India than is Berlin.

Abe Mellinkoff

ROYCE BRIER

About Our Policies in Event of Shooting War

Dr. Leo Szilard, an eminent, world-minded physicist, proposed to a Cleveland scientific audience a Movement for Abolishing War.

This is the general thesis of our day, and if there is some questioning here of phases of Dr. Szilard's proposal, it is not from any doubt of his common sense or good intent.

He would set up a scientific lobby seeking political attitudes summarized in the dispatch as follows:

The lobby would resist "first strike if necessary" policy, substitute a decision to "maintain an invulnerable second strike"; unilaterally proclaim no bombing unless there is unprovoked attack on American or allied soil; in case of war, use nuclear bombs on combat troops only on our side of prewar boundary; nuclear-missile systems only in American control, not NATO's.

Taken in order, the first

seems a little different from the John Foster Dulles "massive retaliation" policy. But this policy, in view of many experts, has lost some force due to technical considerations of the paralyzing effect of a massive nuclear attack. We have not repudiated the "second strike" theory, but neither has a practical solution appeared.

The "American or allied" soil theory is now national policy, but in any case it is the free nation tradition as exemplified in British reaction to German violation of Belgian neutrality, 1914.

Nuclear bombs "only on our side" of a boundary presents technical difficulty involving enemy troop dispositions in warfare, and can hardly be sold "a priori" to any military command.

While NATO has some atomic cannon, the big nuclear-missile system are in

Their Late Father



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Death Wish Is Strong in Nation's Bleeding Hearts

The incredible naivete and suicidal hankering for good works which, more than any other single sappy trait in the national character, may yet lead Americans to total disaster, couldn't be more horrifying on view than in the current emotional hassle over surplus grain to be shipped for the aid and comfort of a nation with whom we are implicitly, if not explicitly, at war.

Reduced to its simplest terms the solution is this: For a variety of reasons, including the fact that the Chinese Communist government has been shipping huge quantities of its own desperately needed food out of the country to purchase the support and loyalty of other nations, grain is in short supply in China and a widespread general famine is advertised to threaten the lives of several million peasants.

This, despite the widely heralded report of British Field Marshal Montgomery, a professional Communist admirer, that the Chinese economy was in tiptop shape and that the government's agricultural program couldn't be more successful.

In the United States there is a large surplus of wheat and grainstuffs, generally, that the Chinese government would like to purchase (with what negotiable assets nobody knows) to assure the survival of sufficient Chinese

to overwhelm the United States in the war of extermination which Chinese leaders quite explicitly promise within the next couple of decades. In other words the people of the United States are being asked specifically to export to a hostile nation commodities of war that are to be used for their own annihilation when the time comes.

The fact that the Chinese government has the effrontery to suggest we contribute to our own suicide is a fair index of their estimate of our national mentality. In support of this low opinion of us, they have incontrovertible evidence in the circumstance that, with war with Japan a demonstrated certainty, Americans, until the very day of hostilities, continued to ship to Japan scrap iron with which to kill American soldiers.

And yet in the face of dearly bought insight into the treachery of the enemy, there are bleeding heart mentalities in the present pass who drool the same old humanitarian bathos about the Chinese being fellow human beings and America's obligation to accomplish its own irretrievable ruin by getting their American-hating bosses out of a domestic scrape.

It simply staggers the realistic mind, but there you are. Pick up any editorial page and the letters to the editor are sure to contain a plea for the lives of the innocent little Chinese children who, in fifteen years, will be bayoneted American prisoners of war and whose elders are even now advertising the inevitable war they plan against the West.

And is anyone so naive as to imagine that, should we shower down that staff of life on China, the Chinese masses would be permitted any inkling of the fact that it derived from the capitalistic United States? It would be proclaimed the gift of Fidel Castro, or perhaps enough of it to fatally poison a few hundred million Chinese would be dosed with arsenic and then ascribed to the personal benevolence of President Kennedy. It's the sort of practical joke that appeals to the Communist mind and the Chinese can be spared. On the say-so of their own government.

The American mind seems congenitally incapable of apprehending the basic and factual realities of life, one of the first of which is that you do not export good will, you export hatred. We've tried

the good will pitch all over the world, handing out billions of the taxpayers' cash on the recommendation of professional bleeding hearts in Washington, given away foodstuffs, medicines and life essentials with a liberality which now threatens our own bankruptcy. Through the chemistry of communism, these have been translated into instant hatred of the United States and irrefutable evidence of its imperialistic intentions everywhere.

The shipment of a single boatload of wheat to Communist China would be widely advertised in that miserable country as a diabolical effort on the part of Wall Street to take over Outer Mongolia in the name of Standard Oil. Hamlet remarked that "rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind." The corollary politically is that rich gifts are poison when their distribution is handled by Borgias.

And, in the final analysis, whom are we to believe anyhow? Field Marshal Montgomery, who wouldn't wait to get on the wires to the world with the news that communism was radiantly successful in China and that every prospect in Old Cathay was enchanting, or the Chinese government sobbing that the little children starve?

Play it either way you like, Mao Tse-tung, the Chinese Communist archmurderer, has bragged that in 20 years there will be a billion nationals in arms, hating the United States and ready to undertake the conquest of the world. In this circumstance, it would be reasonable that, in the defense of civilization itself, the United States do its bit to inhibit the population storm that will set it all off.

The answer to the do-gooders is that every ton of foodstuff shipped now by the United States to China appreciably hastens the day when the Chinese, on their own say-so, are going to undertake the murder of every American and every inhabitant of the civilized West.

My Neighbors



Critics of Comprehensive High Schools Win a Round

By JAMES DORAIS

For many years, the type of high school plant advocated by the great majority of professional educators, notably including author and former Harvard University President James Conant, has been the type firmly entrenched in virtually every California community — the comprehensive high school.

The comprehensive high school seeks to meet the needs of all the children within the area it serves, both children for whom high school education is terminal and those who are preparing for college.

In communities too small to warrant more than one high school plant, it is obviously the only kind of school possible. Its supporters, however, argue that even in large cities, each school should be a comprehensive school, drawing its students strictly from the geographical area in which it is located.

Critics of the comprehensive school contend that vocational training courses and other non-academic subjects tend to water down the content and effectiveness of academic courses.

Their viewpoint won a surprising victory in San Francisco last week, when the Board of Education approved the opening of a newly constructed high school strictly as an academic, college preparatory school — without homemaking labs or wood-working or metal shops — in which qualified children from all over the city may enroll on a non-district basis.

The new school will carry on the tradition of San Francisco's 105-year-old Lowell High School, which long has been an exception to California's comprehensive high school rule.

When Lowell's outmoded plant was to be abandoned, and a new high school in a different location was constructed to replace it, a major controversy developed in the Bay City between parents of Lowell students, Lowell alumni and teachers, most of whom wished the new Lowell to be strictly academic, and supporters of the comprehensive school idea, who considered the old Lowell an educational anachronism.

"A tall, stately girl is merely a long, lanky girl with money." — W. Harvey Hurt, Waynesboro (Miss.) Wayne County News.

"How is it that a woman can rush through department store aisle 18 inches wide without brushing against the glassware — and then drive home and knock the doors off a 12-foot wide garage?" — A. H. Sanders, Manning (Ia.) Monitor.

"I know one woman who, despite the hot weather, drives around with the windows closed in her car — so everybody will think it's air-conditioned." — Hamilton V. B. Rigg, Fillmore (Calif.) Herald.

"The morning after is generally caused by a lovely Eve." — Donald McKay, Rutherford (N.J.) South Bergen News.

"Marriage is a union of two people in which the man usually plays the dues." — S. E. McKeel, Ovid (N.Y.) Gazette and Independent.

"A woman wants her husband to be good looking and free with his money. That is: tall, dark and handsome over." — Max Miller, Bellows Falls (Vt.) Shopper.

"For every man who lives to be 85, there are seven women — but by then it's too late." — Edward J. Franta, Cavalier County (Langdon, N.D.) Republican.

"Elizabeth is using the dining room for us to eat in this week. They're not through painting the kitchen." — Charlie Crawford, Lawrenceburg (Tenn.) Democrat-Union.

"The most provocative age for a woman is any other woman's." — Fred W. Grown, Edgewater (N. J.) Bergen News.

"Gals who live alone, seldom are." — John L. Teets, Richmond (W. Va.) Nicholas Republican.

"At least a modern wife knows what to do with a button that comes off hubby's shirt. She puts it in a box on the dresser." — Leo R. Stonek, Cudahy (Wisc.) Reminder-Enterprise.

"Every little girl is in a hurry to grow up and wear the kind of shoes that just kill Mother." — E. M. Remsburg, Vista (Calif.) Press.

"Oh, for the good old days when 'fallout' was nothing more serious than a tiff with your light of love!" — J. D. Blizzard, Dillon (S. C.) Herald.

Voicing the comprehensive point of view, PTA district president Mrs. Stanley Kolar told the Board: "We don't want our children sorted like eggs and labeled U.S. Premium or Grade A Large."

On the other hand, district schools were strongly opposed by U. S. Attorney Cecil Poole, speaking for the National Assn. for the Advancement of Colored People, who declared that they "carry on all the evils of residential segregation."

Also favoring a separate, strictly academic school, Lowell teacher Mrs. Ina Marie Cooper voiced the educationally unorthodox view that prevailed in San Francisco: "Talented students educate each other. They need competition of one another. Bright students are born all over the city in all kinds of homes."

Hoppe in Wonderland

The New Order: Hamster on Wry

Art Hoppe

Is the American press, defender of our heritages, equal to the awesome responsibility of explaining the issues of our time to the citizenry? True or false?

True. I, one of your many heritage defenders, have ferreted out what happened to Miss Caroline Kennedy's hamsters.

The issue, as you know, has rocked the Republic. On a cool and seemingly peaceful evening this fall, an incredible rumor swept Washington: Miss Kennedy's hamsters, Debbie and Billie, were no more.

Small groups undoubtedly gathered on Pennsylvania Avenue, shaking their heads unbelievably and muttering.

At 7 p.m. Associated Press was on the phone to the White House. The White House Social Office grimly confirmed the rumor. Billie and Debbie were "deceased." The news was flashed to a waiting nation.

At 3 a.m. United Press International, in the finest traditions of the profession, was rousting Mr. Pierre Salinger, the Presidential Press Secretary, out of his bed in Falls Church, Va., pressing for details. Was it a lingering illness? Did they leave any notes?

Or, worse, was foul play suspected? Mr. Salinger, an excellent press secretary in other respects, had by now developed a slight anti-hamster streak. "If I knew whom to call at the White House at this hour," Mr. Salinger told United Press International, "I (so forth and so forth,) wouldn't."

Until this very day, Mr. Salinger, driven by his blind anti-hamster bias, has stubbornly refused to reveal the fate of Debbie and Billie. The uninformed nation, naturally, has been torn this way and that by speculation.

The John Birch Society, for example, has spread the uncorroborated tale that Debbie and Billie were cruelly murdered by Pushinka, the Communist dog Mr. Khrushchev gave Miss Caroline. Left wingers claimed the villain was the Welsh terrier, Charlie, a gift of Miss Caroline's capitalistic grandfather, Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy. Strife was rife. People were losing confidence in the American press.

So, naturally, when Mr. Salinger was out my way recently, I nailed him. When I first mentioned "hamsters" I thought from the way his cigar lit up that he was a little put out. Not at all. "I will tell you," said in a confidential whisper, "The father ate the children and the mother committed suicide."

Some cynics will probably say that explanation's untrue. That's not the point. The point is the citizenry can once again have faith that the American press will always go to any ends to present an authoritative explanation. True or false.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHEP



"... getting a new hat and dress hidden in the closet before my husband gets home . . . isn't that an emergency?"