

# Torrance Herald

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## Raise 'em Right

In all the discussion of TV wastelands, of cheap and degrading publications, of other obstacles to the proper development of children, a persistent worry has nagged us. Is there too much emphasis on building legal walls around the seamy side of life; are we shifting to government and to schools and to benevolent organizations the parental responsibilities for preparing children to face life as it is?

In a column-long discussion of a recent obscenity trial in the San Francisco Bay Area, columnist Dick Nolan offered as his conclusion what seems to us a very sound, if somewhat old fashioned, suggestion. It is that we take responsibility for what effect the un-niceties of life have on the minds of our children. Curiosity we can't breed out of the young human being. Nor can we eliminate all access to prurency and filth. What then? We quote:

"Raise 'em right, properly oriented and with a working sense of moral values, and no mere book will ever warp them off course."

That wouldn't be a bad New Year's resolution for all parents.

## 'Taint Funny, McGee

We are indebted to syndicated columnist Richard Starnes for several witheringly observant revisions of famous American inspirational slogans. He offers them for a period when "anyone who utters the words 'total victory' is automatically certifiable as a right-wing crazy."

"We have met the enemy and they are human beings just like us!"

"Fifty-four Forty or an appropriate compromise!"

"Don't give up the ship, without negotiations!"

"Forget the Alamo!"

"Give me liberty, or give me a suitable modus vivendi!"

"I shall return . . . maybe!"

These should be worth a couple of chuckles, but when you consider how close they come to the pious profundities of some of our highly placed oracles along the Potomac, it ain't funny, McGee!

## Opinions of Others

A recent suggestion . . . urging tax subsidies for newlyweds, marks another crackpot attempt to demote Americans into a class of think-not, know-not, do-not clods, stripped of the last vestiges of self-respect, ambition, and pride of accomplishment. — *Dillon (Mont.) Examiner.*

The United States has a new therapy for world problems: Spending. As a new-philosopher recently said, the idea prevails in Washington that if you throw money at your problems, they disappear. — *Portage (Pa.) Dispatch.*

## Morning Report:

Red China paused for a moment in its worldwide shopping tour for food to broadcast that it could bury the United States if it had to. No timetable was mentioned, but I suppose this would happen only after everybody over there had his three squares a day.

And the way things seem to be going in China, we don't have to start worrying this week at least. Of course, it's possible that the people who are broadcasting these dire threats are not the hungry ones.

Actually, there's no need to worry about Red China's threat. Mr. Khrushchev has already said he would bury us. If one is to be buried, it hardly matters whether it is done once or twice.

*Abe Mellinkoff*

ROYCE BRIER

## Strange Doings in Noted Sherwood Forest Exposed

Any gentleman sitting in his club in St. James' St., London, will tell you the presence in England of an American object, like a Coke, is a damned pity, and should not be countenanced by Her Majesty's Ministers.

Consider, then, the apoplectic occasion of an announcement of H. M. Forestry Commission that it will import American oak trees to Sherwood Forest.

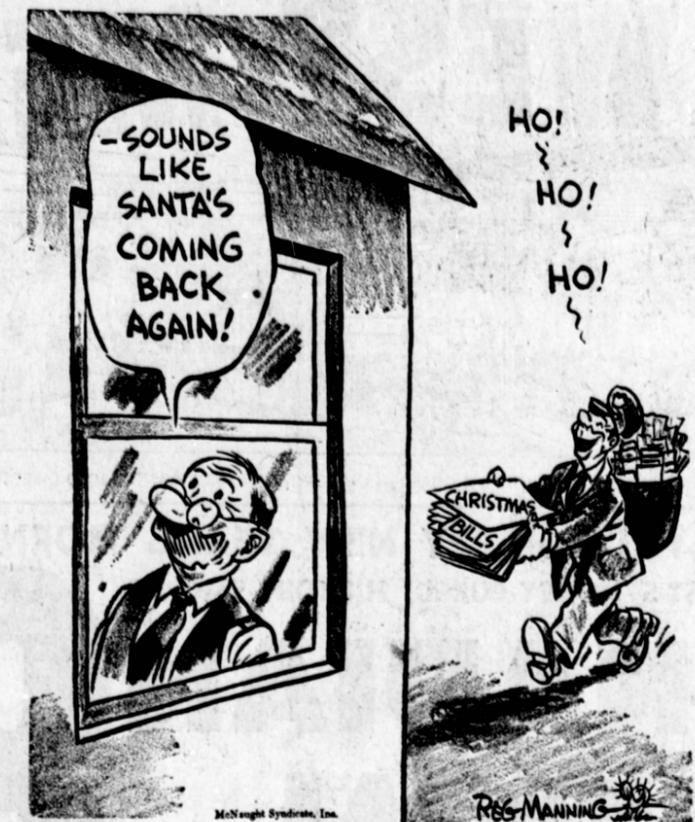
Why, blast it man, the oaks of Sherwood Forest, Quercus Robur, flourishing this half-century, were good enough for Lord Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, and here comes triflers to say the American variety, Quercus rubra, is harder.

Faced with this item in The Times, Sir Shane Leslie, who is president of a tree society as old as Sherwood Forest, is quoted as follows: "Absolute nonsense!"

Not that Sir Shane isn't a stout fellow. He's a gambler, willing that a few American oaks be planted alongside English oaks, "and in 500 years we will know who is right." No, said H. M. Commission, we will import a lot of them. "They are trying to rush this through, knowing time is on my side," said Sir Shane, who had hoped to be around to win that wicket.

Truth to tell, your American correspondent suspects Sir Shane has a bit of a show here. In the Victoria and Albert Museum are two-score rooms, mostly drawing rooms and libraries from the old manor houses, taken entire when the houses were razed. You will not see in all the world a more beautiful, more gracious array of dwelling interiors.

A few are in depraved rosewood or walnut, but most are in oak. There are high wain-



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RIK MANNING

THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

## Age of Elegance Exhumed, Dusted Off With Nostalgia

A few weeks back the author expressed concern for the melancholy circumstance that the restaurant manager of one of San Francisco's best known hotels had stated publicly and in the record that the food and service in his establishment were, to put it plainly, lousy but that this was of no consequence since all his patrons demanded was ostentation and the cheap glamour that used to be associated in the public mind with movie palaces and amusement parks.

## Quote

Attending meetings and reading books is not enough. In our Republic, citizens can find the answer only at the polls, by electing men of ability and courage. — Tom Coffee, Los Angeles

The great danger in any country is for people to believe that there is anything absolute about security. — J. E. St. Sure, Richmond

The censors should collect a fee for their service to authors. — Donald Schmitt, San Jose on censorship as a sales aid.

Would it not help to inspire greater Americanism if hotel lobbies, business offices, and reception rooms regularly displayed the flag? — Lorin W. Ferdinand Sr., Sacramento VFW.

His patrons, the man stated, were recruited from a bottomless abyss of trash and he, for one, was entirely agreeable to gratifying their witless and debased taste. Quite explicitly he went on record to the effect that today's hotelier need have no truck with quality in any aspect of his calling, but merely needed the instincts of a burlesque manager.

I doubt if any issue aired in the public prints could have more stirred or outraged the San Francisco consciousness. The mail that resulted from this particular column revealed a sense of affront and indignity at the desecration of what San Franciscans like to think as their civic image far transcending their concern for such trivia as capital punishment of atomic warfare.

An element of fiery patriotism simply suggested burning the hotel in question to the ground and hanging its proprietors as enemies of society.

More reflective correspondents invoked the noble past as personified by William Ralston, James Lick, and Lucien Heyraud. They pointed out that great gentlemen were not altogether lacking in the contemporary hotel scene and pointed with pride to Dan London and Edmond Reider.

But whatever their stant or degree of vindictiveness, they all revealed an overwhelming awareness of San Francisco's hotels as public monuments far outranking all its art galleries, opera houses, and other public structures put together.

A betrayal of the collective integrity of San Francisco's hotels was treachery of an epic dimension, a damnation blacker and deeper than that of Judas, Ganelon or Benedict Arnold. A la lanterne!

This, I maintain is pure San Francisco and the town at its best. Some time ago and inspired, to be sure, by the legendary Windsor in Denver, the late Gene Fowler wrote: "The history of Greece is in its temples, that of America in its hotels." In no community is the city's basic character more resolutely reflected than in San Francisco's hotels and the long legend of hotel keeping and the art of the restaurateur that goes back to the original Niantic made out of a stranded clipper ship.

San Francisco came of age when the original Palace opened its doors, a hotel that became such a repository of folklore and regional mythology that, to this day and surviving even the indignity of foreign ownership, the Acropolis of the Golden Gate is still located at the south-

east corner of Market and New Montgomery.

San Francisco's nominal head of state is Mayor Christopher, a man of many excellences, but I offer the proposition that its chief ambassador to the world is Dan London, a magnifico in the great tradition of Ralston, Duncan Nicol, and the old bearded nabobs and owners of everything in sight who delighted in their company.

I encountered London a few months since in the Vendome side lobby of the Paris Ritz where, in another man's hotel, he was holding what amounted to court, surrounded by acquaintances and admirers and where he was, there was a little part of San Francisco, too.

Of course the wonderment of San Francisco's hotel has been inflated into the realm of folk mythology, but the hard fact of excellence has long been one of their established properties. It wasn't for nothing that D'Oyly Carte, when he was building the original Savoy Hotel in London, sent his planners and architects to San Francisco for their inspiration and then hired Cesar Ritz and Escoffier as members of his staff in an effort to top The Palace.

A number of my correspondents in the great hotel scuffle pointed out that a hotel, to be profitable, was forced in large measure to reflect the tastes and personalities of its patrons and that, American taste in food, drink, and service being what it is today, you ought not to expect much in places catering to it.

There is a certain specious validity in the argument and obviously the convention trade recruited from the ranks of furniture salesmen and electricians isn't going to appreciate the pheasant Souvaroff at Alexis' or the saddle of lahb pre sale at La Bourgonne. But they can be educated. If there's one thing Americans are mad to become it is sophisticated at table. Even Texans can learn.

When they built the original Palace, the Russ House, and Lucky Baldwin's, everybody admitted they were far too good for the crude Mother Lode sourdoughs who would be their principal patrons, but in no time the sourdoughs were in there giving battle to the French menus and taxing the chef's capacity for running up *coûtiliac a la Russe* and *langoustine en croute*.

Noble surroundings can, in time and with a little effort, ennoble their occupants. That is why San Franciscans set such store by their tradition of fine hotels and believe that noblesse oblige is far more applicable to bartenders than to the aristocracy.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

## Lessons for New Year Gleaned From the Past

After hours tonight, we reflect on the past 12 months and some of the lessons they produced for us. This is a sort of recap of one man's reactions to the world . . . and somewhere between the actions and reactions of men's minds that influence the conduct of our society.

The rise of Soviet nuclear science is overwhelmed by the rising indignation of the world against Soviet nuclear testing.

Khrushchev is riding high at present . . . but Khrushchev is human, and humans — especially dictators — are vulnerable to hate, suspicion, assassination, as well as natural death. Who can predict today that Khrushchev will survive the New Year? The possibility of civil strife has increased with the factional war against the Stalinists. And what of the increasing influence of the Russian army as the third power waiting on the sidelines?

The past 12 months have increased the concern of millions of Americans on the solvency of the nation. The vanity and presumption of this administration to keep increasing the public debt to be paid by future generations is both insult and insolence in our opinion. Every age and generation must be free to act for itself, not to be mortgaged by the preceding generation to this irresponsible extent. Will we learn the lesson in 1962?

Across the nation the most critical problems for today's college presidents are somewhat removed from education. Their biggest worry appears to be trying to get more and more money from the alumni . . . bigger and better stadia and football to appease them . . . and parking all over the campus for the students. Education is squeezed somewhere between football and parking.

From our journalistic perch . . . the world needs more light and less heat . . . more truth and less sensational headlines . . . more living than dying for one's country . . . more ideas from the heart than the head . . . more daring and less diplomacy . . . more initiative and less pussyfooting.

The nation needs more work and less unemployment compensation . . . more community effort and less federal bureaucracy . . . more teaching and less adjusting in schools . . . more vigilance against communism and less emotionalism and fear of it . . . more profit incentive and less taxing profit . . . more maturity and experience in public office and less emphasis on youth and TV glamour . . . more concern for the next generation and less concern for the next election.

The national purpose is not political as some politicians presume it to be. The seed of our national purpose is in the collective attributes of our people. These attributes should not be destroyed by grandiose promises of government for security from the cradle to the grave.

The seed-bed of our national purpose has always been working and saving. Everything that is free and enduring comes from private initiative and private work and private saving. It does not come from the sweat of others . . . or from politicians who penalize the hard working and frugal to support the loafers and leeches for political profit.

We have observed many tyrannies during the last year imposed on men's minds. One of the worst is the tyranny of falsehood on some TV commercials sponsored by well-known companies. If not outright falsehood . . . untrue innuendo, untrue suggestion, untrue claims of product performance.

The fly-by-night pitch men you can identify like a sore thumb . . . but the subtle implication from the lips of a film celebrity, or a personable TV announcer, with the support of soft music and lens fakery . . . that a cream or a soap will restore a woman's youth . . . that a hair lotion will give a woman of 50 the luster that

was in her hair at 15 . . . to mention only one area . . . is an insult to the intelligence of our women.

☆☆☆

The tyranny is not in taking money under false pretenses alone . . . but in what it does to the minds of young girls and women who are repeatedly told that they smell bad, their hair in its natural state is a mess, that romance fades unless costly lotions are used by the gallon. It's a kind of "glamour-trap" that removes billions of dollars from gullible women, but worse than this . . . it results in dangerous frustration, disappointment, disillusionment and mental breakdown.

Such falsehoods and exaggerations create a society of feminine morons . . . who do not realize that feminine beauty is not found in any

bottle or jar . . . but in the feminine soul and understanding of her purpose in life. Beauty is of the heart . . . not the skin.

☆☆☆

If a hundred million people repeat a false thing . . . it is still false.

What sustained the nation through the past year were a few statesmen in both political parties . . . a few parents in every block who set the right example . . . a few men and women in every club, college, church, community, who really cared who went the extra mile, who served far beyond the call of citizenship and duty.

In every year, like the weather, we should expect the best and the worst from our society and the society of the world. But the lessons of the past year should provide at least some insulation.

Hoppe in Wonderland

## If Duty Calls, Resign Yourself

Art Hoppe

I guess you saw where the Young Republicans commended General Walker "for his courage and personal sacrifice in resigning from the United States Army" because he didn't like the way they were running the outfit. And he wanted to fight communism full time. But right after that, Mr. Truman said General Walker "got what was coming to him." And it was very confusing. I didn't know whom to commend. So I decided to commend my friend, Pfc. G. I. Jobe, U.S. Army (Reserve).

It's on account of this letter I got from him. Let me read it to you:

"Dear Pal: Things here at Fort Indefensible are about what you'd expect, if you were ever in the Army. Or the Black Hole of Calcutta. Not that I'm griping about being drafted to meet the Communist threat. As President Kennedy says, 'They also serve who stand and pick up cigarette butts.' Of course, he's worried because five out of seven are being rejected by the draft. He says it's because Americans are getting softer. Maybe. Personally, I think it's because Americans are getting smarter.

"Anyway, I want to tell you how our daily routine goes here at Fort Indefensible. Although I suppose you may have guessed much of it by reading the newspapers.

"Well, after breakfast we fall out to be interviewed by reporters on our gripes of the day. Then we get two hours for writing complaints to our Congressmen. We send these local mail. Because all our Congressmen are here at the fort, chewing out the general and posing for news photographers.

"In the afternoon, after an hour for sending irate letters to the editor of our hometown paper, we pick up butts. Then we drill in dismantling our M-1 Crossbows blindfolded. (The generals concede the M-1 Crossbow is getting outmoded. But they say they're expecting a shipment of muskets any day now.) In the evening, we have a Happy Hour, where we all sit around thinking up angry telegrams to Mr. Kennedy.

"So when I heard about General Walker, I said there's a general whose example I can follow. And I got up this petition condemning picking up butts as unrewarding and volunteering to resign from the Army in order to devote full time to the more important fight. Everybody, from corporal on down, signed it. Isn't that heartwarming?"

So I wrote Pfc. Jobe, commending him for his "courage and personal sacrifice" in volunteering to resign in order to fight communism full time. I just got back a postcard from him. It says: "Fight communism? Are you a nut? We're resigning in order to devote full time to fighting the Army."

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"I was driving along, minding my own business, looking in shop windows, when all of a sudden . . . BOOM!"