

Torrance Herald

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We Shall Miss Him

It has long been a truism that the busiest man in town is usually the one who has time to take on more work for his community when a need is shown for it.

Torrance has just lost the services of such a man—Harold G. Frenz, manager of the downtown branch of the Bank of America and president of the Chamber of Commerce who has been elevated to a new position with the bank.

At a testimonial luncheon for Mr. Frenz last week, a list of his many activities was read out by several community leaders. It is a list which includes nearly all community projects of merit, ranging from the Community Chest, YMCA, Chamber of Commerce, his own church, to Boy Scouts of America, the Kiwanis club, and other community organizations and programs.

Unlike many others who compile impressive lists of such credits, Mr. Frenz is not just a joiner; he is a doer.

In all of these activities he assumed a leading role and must be credited with the success of a large number of programs undertaken by various groups.

To say Torrance will miss him would be an understatement. It will literally take several good men to step in and fill the assignments Mr. Frenz has been shouldering.

One bright glimmer of hope has been spotted, however. In responding to the accolades of his friends last week, Mr. Frenz said he was seriously considering making Torrance his home, although his offices now are in Beverly Hills.

If he should decide to live here, perhaps we won't have to look too far to find someone to take some of the jobs he now performs for the community.

Medicare Promotion

Back in the New Deal days, even President Roosevelt's severest critics agreed that the vast array of new programs and projects he proposed, however they disagreed with them as solutions, were advanced in response to widely expressed needs and problems of the times.

President Kennedy's campaign for financing medical care for the aged, whether in need or not, through Social Security, is something new in American life. For the campaign is not in response to widespread demand, but is a campaign instead to create a demand.

The President's participation in the recent rally in New York's Madison Square Garden arranged by an organization called the National Council of Senior Citizens for Health Through Social Security—a group created to promote the rally—was an unprecedented act for an American President. Vice President Johnson addressed a similar rally in St. Louis, Secretary of the Interior Udall spoke in Kansas City, Secretary of Commerce Hodges in Boston. The hoopla was broadcast by closed TV to 28 rallies in all.

The purpose of this elaborate promotion—at least partially financed by tax funds—was to stir up sentiment for the President's proposal, and listeners were urged to flood the White House with letters. Yet a few days later, the President was forced to concede in his press conference that the response was very meager.

There is, of course, demand of sorts among some segments of the population to tax working people to provide free medical care for the aged, regardless of need. Walter Reuther, who believes the President's bill is not "adequate," supports it in order "to get the principle established." Victor Perlo, writing in the current People's World, supports the bill as a foot-in-the-door to socialized medicine, and urges a broader campaign for a more "comprehensive program." Some politicians cynically view it as a promising political issue.

But these are not the voices of the vast majority of the American people. The "demand" is minor, and the techniques employed to magnify it are those of the Madison Avenue echo chamber.

A Voice From Space

Man's progress into space is dramatic, inspirational, and to most of us bewildering. But we are not alone in asking questions. The very men who are reaching farther and farther out toward the stars are asking them, too. They are asking them of space itself; and space is giving them some fantastic answers.

Many of those answers are heard and tabulated at the great Jet Propulsion Laboratory near Pasadena. Operated for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration by the California Institute of Technology, JPL's complex communications systems maintain contact with unmanned space craft such as the Explorers and Rangers, and make possible the assembling of essential knowledge about outer space conditions that is gathered by those amazing vehicles.

It is rather comforting to the layman to know that in all this esoteric scientific wonderland, the good old reliable telephone plays a major role. At JPL a special crew of Pacific Telephone experts set up and maintain the communications systems, adjusting them to the intricate requirements of the various space shots, and in general keeping the answers from space coming in without any wrong numbers.

It won't be tomorrow that we'll be dialing M for Mars, of course; but the ingenuity and resourcefulness that made the long distance phone call an everyday commonplace is getting us there a lot faster than most of us ever dreamed possible.

Now, What Seems To Be Your Trouble?



ROYCE BRIER

You May Read the Ads By Light of the Moon

When we were young we used to loiter behind the school woodpile during recess and with a small hand mirror put a sunbeam dancing on the classroom wall, and drive the teacher a little nutty.

This scientific experiment was deemed less reprehensible than setting fire to a haystack with a burning glass, but principals frowned on it and held that such frivolous kids were heading for no good; which was sometimes the case.

You wouldn't know how much of the same pixie spirit was in the sober scientists of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology recently, when they put a little light from the earth on the surface of the moon.

You didn't see it because the reflection had to be detected electronically in a 48-inch telescope, but as we now know, everything like

this is in its infancy, and great days are coming. This is done with a science only 30 months old called optical masers, or lasers. An intense and narrow beam of light is set up in a ruby crystal rod six inches long, the beam coming out of the end of the rod.

To prevent overheating of the apparatus, the beams flash only 1/500 of a second, but they generate the light of a 2-million-watt bulb. Less than a year ago lasers were first described in "Scientific American," and then they had been thrown only a few miles.

But the scientists are confident they can be developed in time to generate power and heat across space, and they may be useful as a "knife" in surgery. Even soon they can probably light an artificial satellite at night. The recent moon shot was

thrown on an area near the crater Albatagnius, a spot you will remember well, and it was a mile wide.

The prospects here are unlimited. If you can throw an artificial light on the moon you can when improved so it is visible to the naked eye) advertise. Who's going to stop you? A bug is, of course, that Comrade Khrushchev would start advertising Gum Department Store bargains, and if we flashed the baseball scores of the day, he would scramble it with the week's farm tractor production. It would be a mess.

There is another drawback. If some helpful scientist insisted on doubling the lunar output of light, it would be a scourge to lovers, but let lovers take care of themselves. They weren't designed to exist in a technological world, anyway, so nothing is lost in the long view.

Morning Report:

Like any irate subscriber, Jack Kennedy canceled the other day. He dropped the New York Herald-Tribune. In fact, he canceled all 22 of his Tribune subscriptions.

As a rich man, he needed three copies. So he could read his paper in peace while Jackie went through her copy looking for old furniture in the want ads and Caroline colored the comics in the third copy. That still leaves 19 copies unaccounted for.

But Presidents are used to speaking in a loud voice. By canceling all 22, he showed he really didn't want the paper around the White House—even in the wastebaskets.

Abe Mellinkoff

Quote

"Some mothers-in-law suffer bad inferiority complexes." — Bert Masterson, Hartsdale (N. Y.) Masterson Press.

"A joint checking account is one that lets a wife beat her husband to the draw." — Harold J. Blaschko, Arcadia (Wis.) News-Leader.



Don't Quit Trying When You Win a Round

By Count Marco

designs and finally promoting them to the world.

Once on top, however, they became smug and overly confident. Soon they decided they needed no advice from anyone. Little by little they began to produce garments that were far from being as good as their earlier products.

They were living on past history, and like Roman history it was rapidly going into ruins. Their constant bickering among themselves split the market, and now finally has forced a complete separation.

Several of the biggest houses have moved from Italy to Paris;

others plan to follow. The fashion cards have come tumbling down, as I predicted.

That is the same way with many of you wives. You reach the top of perfection as a woman in his life, but once there you begin to take it easy. You think you have it made.

This is never so. At the top is where you have to work all the harder to keep your place there. You have shown him perfection and he likes it. Anything less than that, he feels, is not enough.

If he likes everything about you and you find yourself proud of that fact, keep it that way. Try even to improve upon perfection. It can be done.

And with a positive attitude of that type you'll never have to worry about being such a failure as the now unfortunate Italian fashion industry.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Eichmann—Consideration Of Man's Inhumanities

Adolf Eichmann, the most revolting symbol of man's inhumanity to man in our time, was hanged in Israel for "crimes against humanity," and more specifically for his part in the extermination of six million Jews. This age will never forget Adolf Eichmann... as it will never forget the barbarism of his superiors, inferiors, and the millions of German Nazis who rallied their fanatical orgy around the pivot of Hebrew hate.

I reported from Germany during the rise of Hitler... and one could hardly find a German then who was not a Nazi, or who did not render at least silent sanction to the Nazi brutality against innocent Jews. In convenient contrast, after the total defeat of Nazism one could hardly find a German who would admit his former support or sympathy of the Nazi regime.

Which is to say that the extermination, persecution, and indignities against the Jewish people in that era was not only the national policy of the German government, but was supported or condoned by millions of Germans.

Adolf Eichmann was only one of these. He was undoubtedly a Jew-hater from youth... as so many of his contemporaries in Germany.

The National Socialist party (Nazi) drew most of its original converts from such perverted Jew-hating minds. Hitler led the pack... and all his cronies I used to see at the Magrafanahoff from 1931 were wolf-packs of human hate and sadism—sadism principally against the Jews.

Eichmann was a product of this fanatical fringe. There were thousands like him... who are now walking the streets of Germany.

Not once at the trial, reporters say, did Eichmann show any remorse for his heinous crimes. From his courtroom bullet-proof glass cage his only defense was that "he carried out orders of higher authority." That he did... and so did the fiends, murderers and sadists under him who carried out his orders.

But Eichmann did not just carry out orders of his superiors. Mostly he carried out the fiendish extermination program of his party... and the fanatical cruelty of his own malignant brain. His selection in the "extermination branch" of the Nazi S.S. was undoubtedly on his credentials as a fanatical anti-Semite.

He was so psychologically conditioned, and brainwashed with the Nazi hatreds of Jews, that even the court review of the sordid crime of the century hardly evoked a muscular contortion from his cold calculating face. His obedience to "higher authority" was a convenient sanction to his own sadistic compulsion to exterminate innocent Jews.

Adolf Eichmann deserved

to be hanged a million times... not once. His prosecution was based on a concept of law originating at the Nuremberg trials... "that even in time of war, persons commit crimes 'against humanity.'"

But is this really a sanction of law... or only a sanction of victory? What if Germany had won... would Hitler have the right to try all he accused of conspiring against him... Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, for instance?

Would Japan have tried all involved in the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki?... for a hundred thousand women and children were killed miles away from the field of battle. What about the Allied General Staff which ordered the bombing of Berlin and Hamburg that killed hundreds of thousands more?

Ignoring for the moment Eichmann's sadistic compulsion... could he or other officers have disobeyed the orders of their superiors as German officers, knowing they would be court-martialed and shot?

Where do crimes against humanity begin and end in time of war? Is it different to kill a hundred thousand civilians with an atom bomb... or 100,000 prisoners in a mass grave? How different is it to march 100,000 humans to the crematory... than to cremate 100,000 Japanese civilians with an atom bomb?

The "sanctity of obedience" in time of war engulfs both the humanity-loving

and the sadist... but where does one begin or end in a trial for "crimes against humanity?"

How does the Geneva covenant on rules of war apply? Is it law when only the victor applies it on the vanquished?

When U. S. fliers were captured over Japan and later shot, it was a violation of the Geneva convention... but the Japanese did not accept it as such. Why were not those who shot them tried as war criminals... as well as the bigwigs like Tojo?

Until the gallows trap-door sprang from under him, Adolf Eichmann maintained he had done no wrong, but merely "carried out orders." He was void of remorse.

This was not true of war criminals at the Nuremberg trials... even though all the Nazi defendants stated they were "carrying out orders," too. Nearly all were remorseful.

Was it lack of remorse that sent Eichmann to the gallows... and that remorse saved some of the barbarian Nazis? We hate to think so... for his and other war crimes were heinous, regardless. To spare a murderer from the death sentence because he showed remorse is to make mockery of the law.

I recall in law school Blackstone's prophetic conclusion that... "the main strength and force of law consists in the penalty annexed to it."

Our Man Hoppe

Language Issued By Inch or Yard

Art Hoppe

Now where did it go? I'm speaking of the Ruanda-Urundi crisis among the Tutsi, the Hutu and the Twa. And I just had it here somewhere.

I usually keep African crises on the right-hand side of my desk and Asian crises on the left. The Latin-American crises are under a stuffed penguin on top of the bookcase and European crises are in the filing cabinet under "D." for De Gaulle. System, that's what counts these days.

If you wish to talk about crises these days you not only need a system, you need Language. But you can get this from the State Department. It's called "Language." Ask for it by name.

I discovered this in Washington while wandering through the State Department. I passed this office in which an attractive lady (approaching middle age) was on the telephone saying: "Yes, but do we have any Language on Halle Selassie's yacht?"

Being unfamiliar with Washington, I thought a remark like this unique. So later I asked a nice gentleman in the Press Section about it and he explained the whole thing:

"Here at State," he said, "we supply material on foreign issues to any Government official, elective or appointive, who wants to make a speech or write a letter to a constituent. Now we have three kinds of material. At the top are Position Papers and such. Very official. Next down are texts of speeches by Mr. Rusk or Mr. Ball and the like. You might call this semi-official. And at the bottom comes Language."

Language? "Yes," he said. "If a crisis pops tomorrow morning, obviously we won't have a Position Paper on it without Study. Nor will we have texts of official speeches for at least several days. But several Congressmen may want to make speeches immediately. And naturally they want to know what position to take. So as soon as each new crisis breaks, we draw up Language. You might call Language unofficially semi-official."

He said he had to go. I went wandering off looking for the room where they made the Language. I never found it.

But as I envision it, it's a huge, square room, like a garment factory. There are rows and rows of ladies working at typewriting machines. And men in vests hurry this way and that with incoming orders: "Give me two yards on Laos. Rush!" "Three-and-a-half feet on Cuba and not too colorful!" "Take the padding out of Vietnam and in a little at the seams!" And so forth.

Personally, my concept of language is not Washington's concept of Language. Indeed, it sums up the differences between us.

But when I think of our Congressmen and officials ordering Language so that they may sound well-informed without taking any political risks, and when I think of them spiritedly debating our foreign policy, all in the same Language, I like my system better. In fact, I've gone so far as to make some Language to sum up my Position on their Language. It's one word. Four letters.