

# Torrance Herald

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## Some Free Exercise

Much has been said recently about the physical fitness of America's youth—or more accurately, the lack of such fitness among our young folks.

Leading the public outcry for a rigorous program of physical development among the nation's youth has been President Kennedy—and he has gained strong support from a tennis professional who has pointed out that our nation develops many fine young prospects for the sport . . . until they get the keys to the family car.

In light of this highly placed concern about the fitness of our youth, it was reported here that as of last Friday, 10,066 students were enrolled in the city's summer school program. This number represents more than one-third of the regular school enrollment—and all are getting to school by their own hook.

Apparently in the view of the school district, students keenly wanting to attend summer school will get there on their own initiative. The initiative falters about September, however, and the school district is prepared to spend about a quarter of a million dollars to get the buses back onto the streets.

It has appeared unusual to some observers that today's schools would approve sizeable outlays for physical education facilities at the same time they spend other substantial sums to keep students off their feet in the hours immediately before and after classes.

It has been suggested here—at least once by a man now a member of the board of education—that Torrance was approaching the day when the need for taxpayer-supported school buses would be unneeded.

It would be presumptuous to leap to a conclusion now about the need for expensive student transportation systems before the advice of the experts is at hand, but it does seem that somewhere along the line some steps might be taken to increase the exposure of students to some free physical exercise—walking to and from school.

It's no closer to school in July than it is in October.

## The Family Budget

Imagine that your salary is \$8,200 a year—and you are almost \$30,000 in debt.

Last year your debt increased by \$390.

This year you are adding at least \$700 to your indebtedness.

Your friends are warning you that you can't continue to pile up additional debt—that this is the road to financial ruin.

So you and your wife talk it over and decide to draw up a budget for next year.

But instead of reducing expenditures—or even holding them at their present level—you decide that you will spend \$340 more next year than this year.

You reach this decision on the assumption—there is nothing definite—that you will receive a salary increase next year; therefore you plan to spend it.

Nearly everyone will agree that a family handling its finances on this basis is headed for serious trouble.

Yet, add seven ciphers to these figures—and you have the exact fiscal situation of the government under the Kennedy administration!

## Opinions of Others

The government has virtually completed its expensive research project into the factors that contribute to bruises on tomatoes. You, through your government, have paid to learn that if tomatoes are dropped on a hard surface, they are likely to be bruised. We might add that if a truck runs over a ripe tomato, it virtually ruins it. We are sending a bill to the government for this information — Wynne (Ark.) Progress.

ROYCE BRIER

## Mr. K Appears Caught In Descending Market

Comrade Khrushchev seems to be in a quandary. Nothing indicates the Berlin crisis he invoked can be settled soon. He can't risk an angry clash which might result if he turned control of affairs over to the East Germans. The Wall is risky enough.

He has men in the Central Committee who don't mind a clash, and are pushing for him to act. We don't hear from them, but there are certainly important Russians who want no part of Ulbricht, and would like to forget the whole thing.

Comrade Khrushchev's boast that the Russians would overtake the Americans in production in 10 years, is hush-hush on details.

But Khrushchev himself in vague speeches in the provinces has mentioned non-fulfillment of quotas. Many hapless but anonymous administrators have recently been the targets of this goading.

Khrushchev also mentions meat and dairy shortages, not serious, but persistent. Pravda has a curious explanation for this: President Kennedy permits the Pentagon to plan preventive war against the Soviet Union. This forces revision of military and industrial allocations, and these added funds would otherwise have gone into agriculture.

Hence the Russian housewife, finding some foods in short supply, can blame Mr. Kennedy.

## Isn't That Wonderful?



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

## Merchants of Doomsday Have True Job Security

In a world where today's most essential technician may tomorrow be as obsolete as Roman entral watchers, and where professionals that are this morning seemingly as safe as houses, may be by lunch time in the discard, one perpetual, perennial and everlasting field of activity never lacks for employment on the American scene and enjoys indestructible, built-in captive audience that becomes more admiring with the years.

This is the professional merchant of gloom, the prophet of irrevocable disaster, the dealer at wholesale and retail in calamity in every guise, shape and dimension. The role of Cassandra in the Greek tragic cycle, whose merchandise was woe unutterable, used to be regarded as vaguely comic. A moderately well-adjusted human outlook on things in general simply felt any such pusher of unmitigated grief to be preposterous, and like Russian novels whose sole burden was the unending gloom of the Ural Mountains, nobody took Cassandra very seriously.

Now Cassandra is not only the loud voice in the land, her load of perpetual terror is multiplied out of all endurance or probability through the willing agency of the terror press, the terror radio, terror television and the amateurs in terror who hover on the fringes of the professions and contribute their two cents worth of gloom impenetrable outside

the accepted agencies of communications.

A radio announcer, syndicated Washington columnist, newspaper editorial writer or TV "commentator" (i.e., mental defective with narcissistic inclinations), who by any least implication of phrase or modulation of voice may suggest that all is not lost in the unutterable catastrophe of imminent annihilation, has his union card taken up with the speed of light.

Even the President of the United States, a normal and apparently well-adjusted young man until he became fouled up in the snake pit of Washington horrors where he is exposed daily to Joe Alsop and Drew Pearson, has fallen into line and become a practitioner of the Apocalyptic jive whose matter is the brimstone end of all things.

Commentators on this peculiar mass hysteria, only a microscopic fraction of which has had any least impact on newspaper readers and radio auditors who have become so conditioned to the end of all things that they pay the screaming mind, will some day trace the ascending spiral of panic incentive as registered in the public prints and the corresponding immunization of the general mind.

Only a few years back a "tough stand" or "sharp note" on the front page could galvanize the peasants into a momentary sensation of insecurity. Sometime thereafter the word "crisis" was briefly effective. Today a banner head across the front page retailing the news that "Atomic Warfare May End All Life on Earth" is worth a yawn.

We've had it and are done with it and the last final snarling troglodyte idiocy of fallout shelters, and whether or not to blow the neighbors to doll rags if they invaded the piano crate in the back yard, put a final touch to it. At the new year, the accustomed panels of fearful forecasts prophesying complete and irrevocable disintegration (a) in Berlin, (b) Africa, (c) Atlanta, Ga., (d) in Colombia and (e) on the moon evoked a national yawn as everybody turned off their radio sets and reached for the cheerful gin bottle.

Newspapers, radio, TV and self-designated merchants of doom, most of whom never got their names in the papers until the city desk gave them a headline with the word "survival" in it, and university professors, who until now haven't been able to attract attention to their opinions at the faculty cafeteria, suddenly find themselves swept up

in a radiant and Imaginary holocaust in which their worst mental aberrations, until now a private matter, have been lent conspicuous significance in the public eye. "Scientists" who, until recently, couldn't lay a credible fire in the parlor grate, are now quoted on "firestorms" and "continental disasters" and it's a dull meeting of the PTA that doesn't get itself in on the act of how to avoid incineration in the impending galactic bonfire.

Right now the doomsday custodians are running a temperature because a stock market already inflated to heights beyond any possible economic justification insists on performing as any moderately sane observer could have foretold as far back as two years ago. A lot of men are being separated from the boys in a setup where, Sylvia Porter has cogently remarked: "It's not the stockbrokers who need to be licensed; it's the investors." Last week some female news commentator screamed into the microphone that the current market shake-out was "the worst crisis in the history of the America people."

The lady has taken leave of reason. I like to think of the late George F. Baker, well into his eighties when the market hit bottom in the early thirties, a really rich millionaire and bedded in what proved eventually to be his terminal illness. When he got the news, he defied the nurses, called for his frock coat and aged Pierce Arrow and headed for Wall Street like a fire horse scenting smoke.

"I've lived through ten depressions and I've made money in every one of them," he told the reporters. "I'm going to do it again."

He did, too, nothing substantial, but about \$35 million and was able to die happy and in harness.

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## AFTER HOURS By John Morley

## Traveler Ponders His Choices as Ideal Home

Every now and then people ask me in what place in the world I would choose to live . . . if I had that choice. This is not a simple question to answer, for I have had "ties" all over the world since I was a boy.

One likes to live where he is loved and where his loved ones are . . . where natural beauty, climate, cultural surroundings, work convenience prevail . . . or just where one feels "comfortable." As for me, I could not be comfortable being away from the sight of the sea . . . the ocean I view from my living room . . . or a lake, river, or bubbling brook.

There are many places I have lived around the world I could easily enjoy going back to. My ocean home in Pacific Palisades would be hard to beat.

But there is one place . . . just one . . . which intrigues me more than any other. The farther this spot recedes into the enriching haze of time . . . and time's mystery . . . the more it grows in nostalgic memory.

I have lived there enough to know its secret and its magnetism. But I could not quite describe its mystery or its allure . . . except that the urge haunts me to hurry back again and again. Every one who has lived there wants to return to live some more.

The heartstrings, for one reason or another, tug me far and wide. In Europe, which bore my forebears and where I first took notice of the world around me . . . the continents where relatives and friends now live . . . the critical borders of the world which drew my by-line for 30 years. All these reflect me across myriads of space and time.

But to choose just one . . . well, there is only one . . . Hong Kong . . . only one in this wide, wide world . . . and where I must always return until the curtain draws.

I have been a stranger in a strange land many times.

## Quote

"What about a Department of Suburban Affairs—before the charcoal smoke problem gets completely out of control? — Billy Carmichael, 3rd, Chapel Hill (N.C.) Weekly.

"The greatest consolation for many vacationists is that they have found where to stay away from the next time." — B. J. Dahl, Chewelah (Wash.) Independent.

"Once upon a time the only trouble about parking was to find a girl who would agree." — John L. Teets, Richmond (West Va.) Nicholas Republican.

"Paying for the kidney-shaped pool he put in his back yard last summer is giving one local resident ulcers." — Donald S. Fellows, Saugerties (N. Y.) Catskill Mountain Star.

"The number of people not working this summer is about double the number of those unemployed." — Bert Masterson, Hartsdale (N. Y.) Masterson Press.

"This month, a miracle kitchen knife that cuts frozen foods is being advertised. We'd prefer one that cuts frozen prices." — Lloyd S. Waters, Mountain Home (Ida.) News.

This strangeness removes one from the reality around. You find yourself isolated from the responsibility of work or duty while others are hustling about.

You have time to think and to reflect . . . and to have a long neglected communion with your inward world. With the excitement and adventure about you, you are isolated in a world of your own, for you have no contact with the world trying to earn a living.

It's more than dress, language, newness, customs of strange places that intrigue the traveler. It's strangeness itself you feel as a tourist from another world. For you are different . . . as different from the natives as the natives are different from you.

The strangeness is mutual . . . and you feel the appraising eyes, just as they feel yours. Behind the faint smile of the concierge in your hotel there is a note of envy or wonderment, as to how it is possible for one nation to have so many of its citizens spend as much money in an hour as they spend in a month.

The boundaries of culture never follow the boundaries of nations. The unsearchable depths of the mind and spirit of man know no national barrier. The traveler discovers this very early in his pilgrimage.

Between shaves in strange lands a man has lived through

ages instead of hours. The fact and fiction of history parade in review.

No discovery is so limited as not to illuminate something beyond itself . . . so goes for the monuments and statues and historic antiquity. On the road you can expect the best and the worst from mankind, much like the weather.

It startles the American traveler to see how others bear so many crosses. Living in grace does not necessarily mean having hot water for one's bath. If you miss this truth, it's like missing the first buttonhole . . . you will button up crooked and must start from the beginning.

Just like being in a small boat in the open sea, you find your own personality abroad. It is not true, as some suggest, that we are little or nothing in this cosmos . . . it is only that we are less than we think. When you travel in a reflecting, happy, relaxed mood . . . the valor, the hardship, the pain and the happiness of mankind to which you belong is stark naked.

It's hard to hate anyone when you travel across a diversified world. We have learned to love our neighbor on Sundays . . . and politics and propaganda tell us to hate him on weekdays . . . and there one six times as many weekdays as Sundays. But on the world-beat every day is Sunday.

## Our Man Hoppe

## Fallout Shelter Now Very Non-U

Art Hoppe

My neighbor, Mr. Crannich, was out spading his lawn this spring. It had gone to seed during the months he'd spent busily building his fallout shelter. His was the only shelter on the block and its erection somewhat strained the atmosphere of neighborliness on our street. Mainly, I think, because of its built-in gun ports.

A little coolly, I asked Mr. Crannich if his shelter was now finished. "Shelter?" he said. "What shelter? Oh, you mean our underground TV retreat. It's not a shelter. Who'd want a shelter?"

This was surprising, because last fall, during the Berlin crisis, he'd been most proud of his shelter. Downright arrogant, if you ask me. And I wondered about this change in Mr. Crannich.

But then I saw where fallout shelters have now become inverse status symbols. Very non-U. All over the country the few who have them are now filling them in like mad, or converting them into rumpus rooms, mushroom dens, bird baths or what-have-you. Nobody who's anybody would be caught dead these days in a fallout shelter. No sir, they'll be caught dead above ground with the rest of us.

A Congressional Committee axed Mr. Kennedy's shelter-building program "because of public apathy." And Business Week reports private shelter manufacturers are complaining that "the stability of the demand is a big disappointment." Which I'm sure it is.

What we need to revive the shelter fad, of course, is another first class crisis like Berlin. These second class crises like Laos and Rwanda-Burundi do very little good. But I'm confident we'll have another first class one sooner or later.

And yet, in recent weeks as I watched Mr. Crannich's lawn for the first signs of the new grass, I came to believe that once again, no matter how seemingly grave the crisis, a few of us will dig up the flowers in our backyards in order to plant fallout shelters.

And this is very strange. For a thermonuclear war is a distinct possibility. And a fallout shelter definitely increases your chances of survival—maybe a little bit, maybe a very little bit, depending on how many bombs fall where and when. But despite the survival instinct, few of us build shelters.

I think it is a question of what is real. All of us are quite willing to accept the concepts of fantastically destructive hydrogen bombs and rockets as realities in the world of international diplomacy. But in the real world of our homes and families and gardens these concepts are wildly irrational. Completely unbelievable. And there are few of us who can plant this concept in our own backyards. Not out there among the flowers.

Even more strangely, I find this comforting. Perhaps we shall all be incinerated because we cannot believe in hydrogen bombs. And yet it is good to know that the human race still believes flowers to be more real. Even in a personal way, more important.

Well, the new grass is beginning to sprout in Mr. Crannich's front lawn. It looks as new grass always does, each blade translucent and pale and oh, so very vulnerable. I hope it grows. I hope it grows lush and thick and green.

PUNJABS  
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