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Television Wins a Race

Last week's defeat of Richard M. Nixon in his bid to become the governor of California precipitated a frantic struggle among the nation's off-shade liberals to be the first to complete the political assassination of a genuine American patriot.

The American Broadcasting Company apparently won the grand prize with the Sunday airing of a show put together by Howard K. Smith which featured as one of its principal guests an ex-con who had been sent to prison as the result of a congressional investigation headed by Nixon, then a member of the House of Representatives.

New York paper salesman Alger Hiss, once a high State Department officer and among the chief architects of the United Nations, was given the facilities of a national television network to voice his comments on a show entitled "The Political Obituary of Richard Nixon."

Hiss was convicted of lying when he said he did not pass on American secrets to agents of Communist Russia. How that qualifies him as a political analyst has not been explained.

The television network has admitted receiving "thousands" of protests and that some of its outlets had been picketed. While the most telling protest could be in the hands of the person switching the television dials, letters of protests are still in order.

The general content of the Sunday show, while it did include the appearance of persons loyal to Mr. Nixon's beliefs, was an effective slap at those who would dare oppose the intellectual liberals.

From the day Mr. Nixon pinned the lie on the infamous Alger Hiss, he has been under attack through a vicious campaign of smears—much of it an angry but subtle whispering—and the Sunday spectacular was an open gloating of those attackers on the apparently successful conclusion of their campaigns.

In one sense, the Howard K. Smith taped program proved what many Americans have known or suspected all along: Richard Nixon was the greatest and most effective foe of communism and foreign intrigue in this country. That is why, no doubt, a lot of them enjoyed that TV wake with one of their own boys getting top billing. In their eyes, it must have been sweet revenge.

Opinions of Others

About 30 years ago, Washington took note of the fact that the rural people of the Tennessee Valley didn't seem to be as prosperous as those in much of the rest of the country. The Tennessee Valley Authority was the result. Today, most of the Tennessee Valley is still described as "depressed" despite the outpourings of hundreds of millions of tax dollars to un-depress it.—*Quakertown (Pa.) Free Press.*

A politician thinks only of the next election—a statesman of the next generation.—*Zebulon (Ga.) Journal.*
Integration is far from being the only problem which must be solved . . . the constant warring between labor and management, the friction between church and service groups, the trend toward corruption in high places, and the lack of harmony among a multitude of groups and individuals should give this nation plenty to do without our insistence upon reforming the rest of the world.—*Bartow (Fla.) Democrat.*

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly; you can hunt until you're dizzy but somehow it gets by. Till forms are off the presses it's strange how still it keeps. It shrinks into a corner and never stirs or peeps. The typographical error is too small for human eyes. Till the ink is on the paper, then grows to mountain size. For all the other printing may be clean as clean can be, but that typographical error is the only thing you see.—*Fort Sumner (N.M.) News.*

We were shocked the other day when a man remarked that he didn't "bother" to advertise his services in this newspaper because everybody in the area knows what his business is and where to find him if they want him! The person who uttered this heresy obviously never heard the old refrain: "The man who whispers down a well, about the goods he has to sell; doesn't rake in lots of dollars, like the one who stands and hollers."—*Pennsburg (Pa.) Town and Country.*

Some folks leave a movie right in the middle of a picture. Could it be sleep walking?—*Altoona (Pa.) Mirror.*

Morning Report:

Even though he led the league in dismantling atomic rockets, Khrushchev didn't get the Nobel Peace Prize this year. In fact, nobody did. The Swedes just put the \$49,000 back in the bank.

A lot of people probably could have used the money. But they were so busy picketing the White House that they didn't have time to send in their applications.

Maybe it's just as well. In 1913 and again in 1933 the Nobel Committee gave somebody the Peace Prize. The next years—BOOM.

Abe Mellinkoff

The Puppet Doesn't Want To Let Go!



ROYCE BRIER

A High Seas Blockade in Cuban Waters—Long Ago

It happened in the same way almost 101 years ago in the very waters — off Havana — where it happened last month. Let us examine

this earlier "freedom of the seas" imbroglio.

It was the Trent affair, one of the most celebrated causes in modern history. The Confederacy had sent two men, James Mason and John Sidel, to France as high commissioners, hoping to persuade Napoleon III to intervene in our Civil War.

The Confederacy was blocked, but Mason and Sidel beat the blockade to Havana. There, Nov. 7, 1861, they boarded the British ship Trent for Liverpool. A few hours out they were intercepted by a United States naval vessel, San Jacinto.

The skipper was Capt. Charles Wilkes, U.S.N. Over the protest of the British skipper, Wilkes boarded, arrested Mason and Sidel and their secretaries, then released the vessel. San Jacinto sailed to Boston.

Boston went nuts (the Union cause needed a lift) and the prisoners were confined in Ft. Warren.

All the North rejoiced. The House of Representatives voted Wilkes a gold medal. But all England was furious. This was an inviolable ship on the high seas, and this was "piracy." Lord Russell, the

foreign minister, drafted a note to the United States, threatening war unless there was release and apology.

Here the matter came before the youngish Queen Victoria, but more importantly before the Prince Consort, who was on his deathbed.

Albert persuaded Russell to tone down the note and take out the ultimatum sting.

Meanwhile, President Lincoln had taken the matter to his Cabinet. A majority was for Wilkes, but the President and Secretary of State Seward began to see they had a boo-boo on hand.

This was before instant transatlantic communication, so it was late in December when Seward released the prisoners on the ground Wilkes had acted without orders. He should have seized the ship as a prize, taken it to a Northern port to have its "cargo" adjudicated.

This was largely face-saving hogwash. The blockade of the Confederacy was legal, but it hardly extended to Cuba, or to a neutral ship plying to or from a neutral port. Wilkes was off-base. There was no Anglo-American war. Don't know what became of Wilkes' gold medal.

Quote

"One trouble with portable TV is that you can take it with you."—Bert Masterson, Hartsdale (N.Y.) Masterson Press.

"Nowadays our necessities are too luxurious and our luxuries are too necessary."—Van W. Davis, Huntsville (Mo.) Randolph County Times-Herald.

"In Russia they have a new twist on an old slogan. They say it this way: 'No taxation without regimentation.'"—Lynn H. Carpenter, Dundee (N.Y.) Observer.

"One of the first things a child learns in school is that other children get allowances."—B. J. Dahl, Chewelah (Wash.) Independent.

James Dorais

Charm of Instant Credit Fades in Company Losses

The heyday of instant credit apparently has passed.

According to the Wall Street Journal, the nation's three major credit card companies, Diners' Club, Inc., American Express Co and Hilton Credit Corp., are taking stringent steps these days to make sure that not just anybody can substitute credit for cash wherever he goes.

The instant credit business hasn't been an overly profitable venture. The pioneer in the field, Diners' Club, has made money since 1952, but earnings last year slumped to a four-year low. American Express' credit card division has lost money each year since it was established in 1958. Likewise, Hilton Credit (Carte Blanche) hasn't shown a profit since it was started in 1958.

All three companies predict, however, that this year is going to show a different story, as a result of a considerably tougher approach.

The big mistake in the past, credit card officials state, was in not screening applicants closely enough. As a result, profits were done in by stag-

gering bad debts. One company's losses from dead beats and forgers reached 10 per cent of volume two years ago.

Today, the companies are refusing to reissue thousands of cards as they come up for renewal. Hilton Credit cancelled 200,000 cards in the last two years. Diners' Club reported this year that it had declined to reissue cards to 40,000 former cardholders.

Credit standards vary among the companies. No one under 26 years of age can get a Carte Blanche card, and an applicant has a slim chance if he hasn't a steady job record.

American Express usually requires that cardholders have an annual income of more than \$7,500. Diners' Club recently removed advertising displays from bus depots, according to the Journal survey, because they attracted undesirable applicants.

Annual "dues" required from cardholders have been raised by all three companies from \$5 to \$6 a year ago to \$8 this year. Commissions

charged participating restaurants and other establishments also have been boosted.

Another new wrinkle has been the removal of cardholder addresses from the cards. This saves the cost of reissuing a card whenever a member moves. More importantly, it makes it difficult for a restaurant or other participant in the credit card plan to bill the customer direct and short-circuit the credit card company.



AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Dikes Holding Red Tide Leaking in Many Places

THE INN, BUCK HILL FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA — This dateline undoubtedly will surprise many of our readers throughout the nation. Like myself, many had never heard of Buck Hill Falls before.

But it has a direct significance with the subject of this column. I was here less than 20 hours . . . but they were drama-loaded hours indeed.

Physically it is one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen anywhere in my coverage of the world since 1931. Nestled deep in the Poconos, a few miles from Scranton, Buck Hill in October is a forest-fountain of breathtaking color from the brush of nature.

For communion with paradise—or with one's own self, for an annual honeymoon or a holiday, or for a never forgotten respite from a war-weary crisis-ridden world . . . this is the needle in the haystack.

It was here during these 20 hours that I met the man who knocked at my door at 2 a.m. this morning. He said that he had heard my lecture that evening and had to see me.

"I am an Hungarian refugee, one of the few who made it to freedom," he said.

His name must remain anonymous. But what he said revived our spirits and hopes in the ultimate defeat of communism. His visit inspired this column on his "forgotten people."

The power of a thousand Sputniks can never equal the power of the persecuted human-heart behind the Iron curtain.

The power that may tomorrow launch another Soviet cosmonaut—not to four but 40 orbits of the earth—will one day be smothered by the power of one refugee, or one slave, still behind the Iron curtain.

Soviet scientific success can never erase the blot on the Soviet conscience for the persecution and enslavement of 150 million humans . . . or the millions who died and decayed before them.

For with them were destroyed some of the great minds and cultures of our time.

With each encounter of a Gromyko, as we had in the UN again this week, we see the forced faint smile of deceit.

We seem to feel the clarion call of a world conscience in silent condemnation of every false communist word and promise.

"There are no satellite people," my Hungarian visitor passionately informed me.

"The Communist barbarians I left behind deceive no one, not even themselves. For they know that their rigged elections keep them in power, with the help of Soviet guns and jails."

Each time I cover the Iron curtain I am more and more convinced that the millions will have to free themselves . . . for most of the so-called free world has forgotten them.

We prove our indifference each time we exchange "cultural" teams with the Communists. Each time an orchestra, or a pianist, or a U.S. exhibit is sent to Moscow.

Each time Communist propaganda is sanctioned and subsidized through U.S. mails. Each time a western ship is leased to bring red guns and missiles to Cuba.

Each time we allow free men to compete with Communists in sports and dignity their hate for freedom.

Without headlines the Hungarians, Czechs, Poles and millions of others fight back around the clock. We see them fight back . . . those who escape and those who prefer to stay back to keep the rat in confusion.

A bomb explodes in Munich . . . a Red train is robbed of cargo . . . a Communist leader is hanged . . . more secret radios are launched . . . a million leaflets are enclosed in grocery bags, inside cab-

bage leaves, passed out in darkened cinemas.

The recent riots again in Pilsen . . . the regular explosions at the Berlin wall . . . the passive resistance in Budapest . . . the labor strikes in Warsaw, Prague, Bucharest . . . are living altars of sacrifice against oppression.

My Buck Hill Inn visitor became emotional as he was leaving my room.

"The dikes," he said, "are leaking badly from the Dan-

ube to the Rhine to the Volga."

"Nowhere have the Communists won a genuine free parliamentary election."

"The Red bayonet is the Red ballot."

"Each time a Red sentry walks through the Brandenburg gate, he knows it could be his last."

I wish I could remember how many times I heard these words from the lips of unsung heroes . . . from Moscow to Buck Hill Falls.

Our Man Hoppe

Our Leaders Are Most Reassuring

Art Hoppe

It's time for another in our series of "Tributes to the Unsung Heroes of Lesser Known Government Agencies." Today we pause to salute the unsung men and women of the Federal Department of Reassurance and its thousands of branches across the land.

Most of us are familiar with the department's work on the local level. Should our water faucets eject mud, algae or small tadpoles press releases are immediately issued saying:

"While perhaps somewhat distasteful, the ingestion of small tadpoles is absolutely harmless to human beings, Water District Engineer J. Fullerton Franch announced today. Mr. Franch cited statistics showing small tadpoles may actually be of help in the fight against cancer and urged all water users to avoid waste."

While Mr. Franch invariably gets the credit for quelling public unease, the press release is, of course, the work of the Department of Reassurance and its dedicated, anonymous employees. Or "R-men," as they are called.

On the state level, our R-men have been highly effective behind the scenes in the battle for more freeways ("Freeways Spell Progress!") and in the unending fight for urban sprawl ("Watch Us Grow!"). It is primarily to them we owe the comforting feeling the world is a better place, thanks to freeways and urban sprawl.

But it is in the big picture that the department's efforts, night and day, have proved most rewarding. A minor example is the current campaign to reassure us that insecticides and other poisons sprayed indiscriminately on our food and in our water are good for us. While dramatic, to our hard-working R-men, however, this is but mere routine.

Of greater import, has been their struggle in behalf of radioactive fallout. As you know, fallout from nuclear testing recently exceeded federally established levels in several American communities. Panic loomed. What could be done?

It was our R-men who incredibly turned the tide. Through numerous government officials, they pointed out, clearly and logically, that federal established levels were, after all, only federally established levels. And we can all absorb much more fallout than that. Which is unarguable.

Space prohibits detailing the brilliant work of our R-men before and after our government blew up the Van Allen radiation belt. Let us turn instead to the most pressing problem still unlicked: thermonuclear war.

Encouraging progress has been made. We, the people, have long agreed H-bombs are what we need. And we are coming to believe thermonuclear war itself isn't really so bad. But, despite the department's efforts, we still stubbornly balk at the concept that being blown up by an H-bomb is good for us. Personally.

It's a supreme challenge. But let's have faith in our R-men. Remember their motto: "Whatever It Is, It's Good for You."

For it's a vital role they play. Every government must justify what it does. Whether it pollutes, blights, poisons, radiates, or incinerates its citizens. And as for us people, I can't think of a time in history when we needed reassurance more.



"But, Father . . . I'm starved for conversation!"