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A Plea for Your Help

Multiple sclerosis is commonly identified by the initials "MS." It is a chronic, disabling disease of the central nervous system. Tragically, it strikes mainly at young people, young men and women in the vital, productive years between 20 and 40. Cause, cure and prevention remain unknown.

There are an estimated 500,000 Americans afflicted by multiple sclerosis and its related neurological diseases. Many of them face a future of steadily worsening disability. Yet they have hope... hope made bright by the research program of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. And they have help... help made manifest through the Society's patient service program.

Founded in 1946 to support and stimulate research in MS and related diseases, the National Multiple Sclerosis Society has supported 177 research projects, 54 of which are currently active. It has swelled the ranks of MS researchers through the awarding of 50 research fellowships, 12 of which are now ongoing. It has aided and helped stimulate foundations of 13 foreign sister societies in 11 countries. It fosters the International Corresponding Panel on MS numbering 91 leading scientists from 34 countries. Its chapters support, wholly or in part, 39 clinics, clinical programs and centers where patients and their families may seek guidance and aid in medical care.

Calling forth all nationwide support of these programs is the Society's 1963 MS Hope Chest fund campaign, now in progress and ending Aug. 31.

Fidel May Be Right

For once, it is possible that millions of Americans can find a point of agreement with Cuba's Fidel Castro.

In the course of a three-hour harrangue Friday night, Premier Castro criticized Kennedy, saying he was pursuing "a stupid policy toward Cuba." Hear, hear!

Opinions of Others

Only by our own choice can we liberate ourselves and become again free. It may be, as Aldous Huxley fears, that our time is short; but let us use that time in rebellion. Perhaps the forces that now menace freedom are too strong to be resisted for very long. It is still our duty to do whatever we can to resist them.—*Toledo (Iowa) Chronicle.*

Too many people in this administration have placed faith in a belief that the only important thing is to avoid a major war between the United States and Russia, and if that can be forestalled, communism, because of its own structural weaknesses and the education of its people, will slowly turn away from dictatorship and enslavement and move toward the Western position. No dictatorship ever walked off the stage of human affairs.—*Everett (Wash.) Herald.*

Understand that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare is spending millions in a research program to determine the cause of illegitimacy. How ridiculous can we get?—*Blanchester (Ohio) Star-Republican.*

Taxation is not merely a heavy burden, but also a force which changes the world around us.—*West Point (Miss.) Times-Leader.*

Now there is more money, but the old idea of thrift has abandoned... Of course the example for all of this is set by government, which insists that it must spend, regardless of resources. Government says it's all right to let the national debt pile up; just borrow more money for what is being purchased this year and to pay the interest on what was borrowed before.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Liberty Ledger.*

Profits... are the keystone of the American economy, although since the early days of the New Deal there has been a persistent effort to denigrate them. Without profits, no capital investment. Without capital investment, no jobs, no dividends or interest. In the long run, no tax revenue.—*Dunsmuir (Calif.) News.*

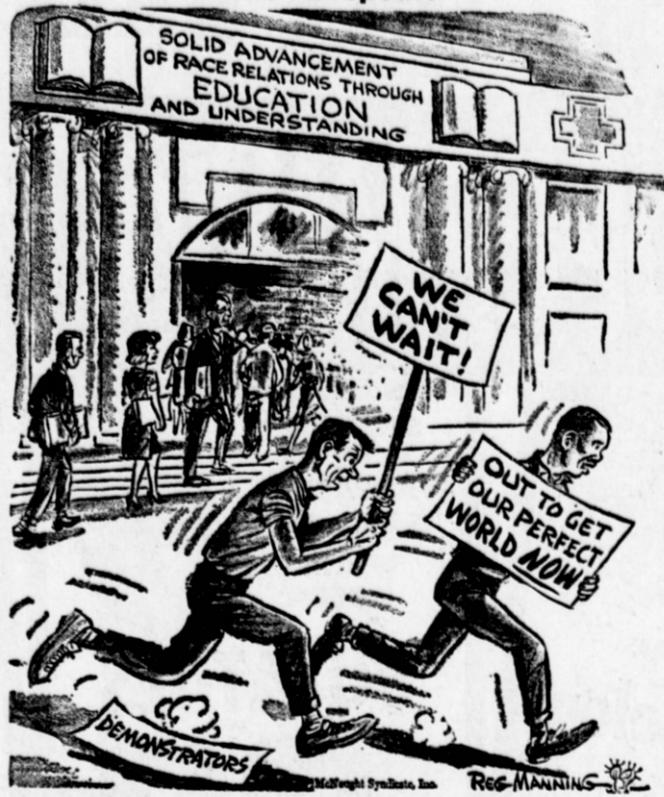
LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER



"I'd say you're contributing to juvenile delinquency!"

The 'Dropouts'



Minority of 5 Per Cent Keep Russians in Check

By KING WILLIAMS
Herald Co-Publisher

The returned traveler from the Iron Curtain countries finds himself in the predicament of the bewildered patron of a carnival escaping from the hall of mirrors. He knows he has seen a lot of paradoxical sights but he isn't quite capable of separating fact from fancy.

This much is certain: the less than 5 per cent of Russia's 280 million people who are members of the Communist party have the country firmly in their control and can shape its policies on a day to day basis. This 5 per cent in Russia dominate and control the 5 per cent party membership in the other countries of the bloc who in turn may have some small variations of the Russian system. All follow the main line of Communist thinking.

All the leaders in the subordinate nations are there as direct choices of Moscow or through direct approval and support of Moscow.

National characteristics quite naturally persist and are evident to the visitor. Rumanians, for instance, have a latin derivation that probably will endure forever. Consequently, the people seem more cheerful, more entertaining as individuals and have achieved an atmosphere of "freedom" that is in contrast to the drabness and austerity of their "liberators"—the Russians.

The Polish are more ready to express dissident opinions and always have posed a

threat to complete domination by anyone. But it takes more than superficial lip service to the principle of freedom to hope for achievement under the Russian system. Each of the other countries has maintained a national spirit of its own, permitted to do so only to an extent that does not pose a threat of successful revolt to the Russian masters.

The shocking thing to the world would be that these millions upon millions of people—people just like the good neighbors you know—cannot change their predicament and most certainly may remain in bondage for generations to come.

The gateway for most Americans visiting Russia by ship, rail, and air usually is Leningrad, former seat of the Russian monarchy and the cradle of the revolution.

Founded as St. Petersburg in 1703 by Peter the Great on the site of a monastic citadel offering a strategic military "window on Europe" it became the capital from 1713 to the end of World War I when the Bolsheviks took over.

Much of Leningrad was destroyed during the Nazi occupation and siege for 900 days from 1942-44 but many of the old landmarks have been restored and new apartment buildings built.

With a population of 4,000,000, it is Russia's second city and ranks high as a center for commerce and industry. There are many landmarks of the city's opulent

19th century intact and many sophisticated world travelers still regard it as one of the most beautiful large cities of the world.

We were met at Leningrad airport by two women Intourist guides who were to be with us throughout our stay in Russia. These two young women were as unlike in personality and general demeanor as an American dollar and a Russian ruble. More about them later.

Our flight from Helsinki, Finland, on a brilliant twilight of a subarctic evening was by Russian jet, an austere piece of equipment that seemed to have been built for transportation only. The No Smoking sign stayed on throughout the trip which contributed to the nervousness of all, including the non-smokers.

It was still only deep twilight when the plane circled for a landing over sparsely lighted villages and farms laced together by narrow dirt roads with few vehicles in evidence.

This was the setting for our introduction to a county that is shaping or misshaping the destinies of the world.

Quote

"With a woman in orbit this old planet is running more or less risk of being plagued again with flying saucers"—Louis Nelson Bowman, King City (Mo.) Tri-County News.

ROYCE BRIER

Vice Squads May Check Mom's Morning Glories

Once upon a time in the Mississippi Valley every house had a shed out back. This shed housed garden tools and discarded furniture, and was dilapidated. So little old ladies used to cover them with morning glories.

These blooms were pretty aesthetic, even to a small boy. For no particular reason they made you think of Huckleberry Finn's day, when everything was innocent, excepting Huck of course. They made you think life was still innocent and easy-going.

But science cannot abide innocence, and does not want you to be easy-going. It found poison in smog (which was only a coughing smoke in the Model-T time) and in cigarettes. True, we knew as kids that cigarettes were coffin-nails, but we smoked corn silk of the dried flower of pink clover—without filter tips or comely girls wading in babbling brooks—and they didn't seem to hurt us.

In those days if a grownup didn't like life as it is, he took

to drink, as the saying went, for his hallucinations. Once in a great while some poor wight took laudanum, but it wasn't socially acceptable.

There were no effete young men writing books about their experiments with strange chemicals which begot strange dreams, transcending life, so to speak. No doubt the Indians had peyote and the Mexicans had marijuana, but little old ladies didn't grow marijuana in our town. No demand for it.

It took science a long time to catch up with the morning glory, but now they've got it cornered. Only a few weeks ago you could buy packages of morning glory seeds in a nursery, and if you had been asked, what is the most chaste flower man grows? you would have answered right off: the morning glory. Even a ruby-throated humming bird would have known that.

Now all the big seed people are scurrying to send their morning glory seeds to labo-

ratories to be analyzed, because when chewed they seem to act like a hallucinogenic drug, lysergic acid diethylamide, or LSD-25.

The Food and Drug boys are now chewing on two varieties called "Heavenly Blue" and "Pearley Gates," and pretty significant names, if you want an opinion. Anyway, it seems if you chew 50 or 100 seeds, nothing happens, but chew 200 to 500 and you start orbiting without a space suit.

There is even a flower related to the morning glory said to have deadly seeds.

You perceive that life is getting more hazardous by the year. As a kid, you knew you shouldn't take a nip of a plant called nightshade, but that was the extent of your narcotic lore. Nowadays little old ladies must be spinning in their graves if informed of their earthly sins, and pretty soon the vice squad will be raiding morning glory gardens, if any there be in this bleakly knowing scientific age.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Peace Corps Needs More Maturity Among Members

The Peace Corps is a noble idea conceived by President Kennedy in the 1960 campaign.

He is personally nursing his brain-child to maturity with the help of the Kennedy clan... and the prestige of the White House. For this reason alone it is bound to grow, regardless.

The corps has idealistic, realistic, but extremely exaggerated virtues. It is doing good, on a very limited scale, in 50-odd backward nations... like education and nursing in places such as Malaya and Nepal... crop raising in hungry areas of Afghanistan and Senegal. But its highly touted accomplishments border the fantastic. There are, for example, nine corpsmen in Afghanistan and five in Senegal and the Peace Corps publicists herald their work as "helping to win the cold war."

From observing the Peace Corps in training at colleges here, and its operations abroad, it is probably the most over-sold, over-rated, over-publicized travel club in the world. Stripped of its marginal good deeds... and dedication of a few of its volunteers... it is mostly a captivating slogan attempting to tranquilize the complexities of worldwide human convulsion, with a kind of rah-rah enthusiasm of college boys and pom-pom girls.

This is no reflection on the dedicated among its present 4,990 members... or on citizens who idealistically give approval. We need the truly selfless volunteers and others who see in the Peace Corps an inspired challenge to help mankind.

But dedication is the moving force of but a few. Most of its volunteers are average American youth who admittedly joined for the adventure and little else. They were mesmerized by the Peace Corps publicity on their bulletin boards, newspapers and magazines with offers to travel, do some good and see story-book lands at

Uncle Sam's expense. The general reaction of college men recruits is "It beats going into the army, hands down."

President Kennedy tapped his able brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, to head the Peace Corps in 1961 and sold congress on a \$31 million stake to begin its work. Director Shriver organized a staff of 30, mostly among Kennedy family friends, ten of whom barnstormed a round in the world to get the plan in motion.

In two years the administration force of the Peace Corps grew from 30 to 865... with about 600 salaried workers in Washington and the rest abroad. The 865 administrators who supervise the present 4,900 volunteers provide a ratio of one well-paid bureaucrat to six amateurs paid an average expense stipend of \$25 a week.

Of the 3,500 volunteers presently overseas six have died and 300 resigned and came home at their own expense. Their reasons were disappointment, futility of the project, unrealistic claims, loneliness, sickness and boredom. An undisclosed number were dismissed for sex, moral reasons, pregnancies, etc.

The average age of the corpsmen is about 26... notwithstanding the impression that many matured persons are enrolled. Such members as California's school teacher Blythe Monroe, 68, in Addis Ababa, are the rare exception. The Peace Corps primarily caters to the college crowd... and was conceived, some say, partly to decrease the youth unemployment pressure at home. Evidence to support this is the announced plan to expand it to 100,000 and include domestic units.

Most corpsmen we talked to like the program. They frankly admit its much better than going into the service, looking for a job, doing dishes or raising babies and mortgages at home... and free of parental supervision and curfews.

The 300 globe-trotting administrators wouldn't trade jobs for anything. Most Demo-

crat congressmen approve it not only because of support to the president, but also because it provides extra free junkets and coveted patronage opportunities. Colleges approve the program, for it brings federal grants and prestige for the training they contribute. Foreign governments clamor for its expansion... for what better way can be found for so much free aid and manpower.

The Peace Corps is a noble idea, but its fulfillment falls short of it nobility. Even the White House support and lavish publicity, the image is glossier than the results. Foreigners like it for it brings free help... but privately they call it "a typical American TV daydream... a Boy Scout junket... well-meaning, but fanciful, inept, amateurish... for the gigantic reforms, investment and development backward countries need."

Critics say the corps should start replacing the college crowd with more matured professionals... like retired teachers, farmers, engineers, builders, nurses, production men. Compensate them adequately on a joint basis with foreign governments... who can't appreciate anything that is all free.

Backward nations are in dire need for gigantic farm irrigation projects, schools, factories, medical care, and know-how. The well-meaning, but miserably unqualified college students are a poor substitute... and unbecoming a great nation offering to help fill this life-saving need.

A better alternative may be to transfer the noble idea and the present \$100 million budget to U.S. missionaries and other private philanthropic groups abroad under an experienced non-political director with lots of know-how on backward countries. This will save millions in administrative costs alone. But most important, it will enable dedicated matured men and women, with language proficiency, talents in improvisation and long experience with backward people, to spark the President's inspired idea to its worthy and humane goal.

A Bookman's Notebook

Golden Tries to Embed The Peddler in History

William Hogan

The prose of Harry Golden, journalist and raconteur, fairly oozes with good cheer. It does so again in an affectionate, emotional and very bad book on the American old-time peddler, "Forgotten Pioneer."

The author of "Only America," and other philosophical works tells us he has read a lot of American history, "and it struck me that this fellow—the peddler—is not even in the index; his place in the pageant of America is ignored."

With a heart bigger than his talent, Golden seeks to rescue the peddler from obscurity in this anecdotal account of a colorful mercantile breed. He covers the pushcart peddlers of New York's East Side to those on the western frontier who were, he assures us, "adventurous as the fellow riding shotgun on the stagecoach."

Hardly the definitive work on the subject, this appears to be a children's book rather than a serious contribution to history. I think Golden's manufactured dialogue along the way put me off this book as much as anything. For instance, in his account of Levi Strauss, the Bavarian immigrant who "invented" the denim Levi's in post gold-rush San Francisco, we read: "Okay, young fellow," said the man, dismounting. "I'll buy a pair of pants. I'm a sourdough and I need pants up in my digging!"

Even in the depths of the summer publishing doldrums one might question the valor of issuing a book called "Mobile: Study of a Representation of the United States" (Simon & Schuster). This is a translation from the French of a baffling prose poem (I

think) by Michel Butor, a young writer whose novels have been highly praised abroad. Journal, travelogue, nightmare, this is obviously designed as an elaborate portrait of the United States—the words of Thomas Jefferson to something approximating Henry Miller's "The Air-conditioned Nightmare."

"Mobile" is no ordinary travel book, its publishers assert in the understatement of the month. Gibberish, rather than Joycean; anti-pottery rather than longwinded e.e. cummings, it is all strung together with typographical trickery, and at \$6 per copy. Boy, this must have lost plenty in translation.

"The Essential Lippmann," a comprehensive selection from Walter Lippman's writings over the years, appears from Random House (\$7.50). Subtitled "A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy," it is edited by Clinton Rossiter and James Lare, who note in their introduction: "This treasury of writings... is a witness to our conviction that he is perhaps the most

important American political thinker of the Twentieth Century..." Writings from 1914 ("A Preface to Politics") to the present.

On Aug. 19, the 20th anniversary of the publication of her best seller, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," Betty Smith's new novel will appear from Harper. Titled "Joy in the Morning," it is the story of a couple from Brooklyn, very poor and very young, who try to make "something wonderful" of their life together. According to the publisher, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" has sold nearly a half-million copies to date. It has been translated into 16 languages.

New American Library, enormously successful publisher of paperback books (Signet, Mentor, etc.), has entered the hard-bound publishing field—a switch in the normal procedure. First title, due Aug. 21, "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," a James Bond thriller by Ian Fleming.

"Forgotten Pioneer," by Harry Golden, World, 157 pp. \$4.

Morning Report:

Whatever you may think of Marlon Brando as an actor, there's no denying that as a guy he is full of energy. He was all set to fly from Hollywood to Maryland to see what he can do to help the Negroes get their American rights. But first he had to lick a high fever from a kidney ailment. While he was thus occupied politically and medically, an attractive dancer maintained he was the father of her 4-month-old daughter.

I think the guy needs a director off the set—as well as on it.

Abe Mellinkoff