

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher

REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor

Sunday, February 13, 1966

Boy Scout Week

During the week just ended, the 56th anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America was observed by more than 5,600,000 boys and adult leaders in 143,300 Scout units throughout the United States. Scouting is a tremendous force for good in the lives of millions of boys, broadening horizons and creating an inbuilt sense of responsibility and duty that can never be forgotten in later life.

The number of Torrance area families who are participating in the many Scouting programs available was impressed on those who witnessed last week's annual Scout Parade down Torrance Boulevard. Several thousand Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, Explorers, and other units paraded while other thousands of their friends and parents watched.

Every Scout takes the following oath: "On my honor I will do my best—To do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout Law; To help other people at all times; To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight." Any boy who makes this oath an important part of his life in his formative years will grow to be a man of which his family, his community, and his nation may justly be proud. The Boy Scouts of America deserve the recognition, support and thanks of all of us.

Others Say:

A Campus Conspiracy

The American college student today is being subjected to a bewildering and dangerous conspiracy perhaps unlike any social challenge ever before encountered by our youth. On many campuses he faces a turbulence built on unrestrained individualism, repulsive dress and speech, outright obscenity, disdain for moral and spiritual values, and disrespect for law and order. This movement, commonly referred to as the "New Left," is complex in its deceitful absurdity and characterized by its lack of common sense.

Fortunately, a high percentage of the more than 3 million full-time college students are dedicated, hard-working, and serious-minded young people; however, their good deeds and achievements are greatly overshadowed by those who are doing a tremendous amount of talking but very little thinking.

Much of this turmoil has been connected with a feigned concern for the vital rights of free speech, dissent, and petition. Hard-core fanatics have used these basic rights of our democratic society to distort the issues and betray the public. However, millions of Americans, who know from experience that freedom and rights also mean duties and responsibilities, are becoming alarmed over the anarchistic and seditious ring of these campus disturbances. They know liberty and justice are not possible without law and order.

The Communist Party, USA, as well as other subversive groups, is jubilant over these new rebellious activities. The unvarnished truth is that the communist conspiracy is seizing this insurrectionary climate to captivate the thinking of rebellious-minded youth and coax them into the communist movement itself or at least agitate them into serving the communist cause. This is being accomplished primarily by a two-pronged offensive—a much-publicized college speaking program and the campus-oriented communist W. E. B. DuBois Clubs of America. Therefore, the communist influence is cleverly injected into civil disobedience and reprisals against our economic, political, and social system.

There are those who scoff at the significance of these student flare-ups, but let us make no mistake: the Communist Party does not consider them insignificant. The participants of the New Left are part of the 100,000 "state of mind" members Gus Hall, the Party's General Secretary, refers to when he talks of Party strength. He recently stated the Party is experiencing the greatest upsurge in its history with a "one to two thousand" increase in membership in the last year.

For the first time since 1959, the Party plans a national convention this spring. We can be sure that high on the agenda will be strategy and plans to win the New Left and other new members. A communist student, writing in an official Party organ, recently stated, "There is no question but that the New Left will be won."

Thus, the communists' intentions are abundantly clear. We have already seen the effects of some of their stepped-up activities, and I firmly believe a vast majority of the American public is disgusted and sickened by such social orgies. One recourse is to support and encourage the millions of youth who refuse to swallow the communist bait. Another is to let it be known far and wide that we do not intend to stand idly by and let demagogues make a mockery of our laws and demolish the foundation of our Republic.—Reprinted from the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin for February, 1965; John Edgar Hoover, director.

Morning Report:

Sometimes it seems to me that scientific research can be carried too far as in the case of Dr. Louis H. Paradies of Dallas. His breakthrough concerns why women wiggle when they walk.

Up until this year of 1966, anybody who wondered why thought it had something to do with female genes or something. Not so, the doctor has discovered. Women do it on purpose, get the habit, presumably enjoy it, and never break it.

If the good doctor now plans further study into why this specific habit has spread so uniformly around the world, across all national and ideological boundaries, he is wasting his time again. Almost anybody can tell him.

Abe Mellinkoff



Threat to U.S. Defense Seen in Bomber Cut-Back

By CRAIG HOSMER
Long Beach Congressman

Up to 149 million, American lives can be lost, according to testimony in House Armed Services files, unless surprise nuclear attack upon the United States is deterred.

With a national population of 195 million people, this means you have a 78.4 per cent chance of being one of those fatalities.

That is precisely the stake—you have on a bet that the President and the Secretary of Defense know what they are doing and are correctly answering the question:

"What does it take to deter the Soviets?" and "Will we have it after the cutbacks are made?"

The "cut backs" are those involved in the reported plans of the President and the Secretary of Defense to materially reduce the strategic megatonnage of the United States.

They have announced 425 manned bombers will be scrapped. At an average payload of 40 MT per aircraft, 17,000 megatons of nuclear firepower will be eliminated, to reduce by 59.5 per cent our present capacity to retaliate.

To partially offset this reduction, they plan, by 1971, to add 210 new bombers and 360 new missiles to the strategic forces. If these carry the same average payload as existing weapons, the 17,000 megaton reduction will be offset by a total of 8,760 megatons by 1971.

On this basis the new, 1971, level of our strategic megatonnage will be 71 per cent of what it is today.

Note with extreme caution, this calculation generously assumes the yet undesignated replacement bombers will actually carry the same average payloads as existing weapons. They are to be the FB111, a variant of the TFX fighter aircraft still under development.

Retired SAC Commander, Gen. Curtis E. LeMay says of the FB111, "This will be inadequate to do the job for several reasons . . . insufficient range, insufficient size. It is just not big enough."

The Secretary of Defense estimated earlier this year that the present superiority of United States strategic forces over the Soviet Union exceeds 3 or 4 to 1.

Thus, at its most generous interpretation, the proposed cutback will reduce this ratio to something around 2 or 3 to 1.

If General LeMay is correct and the FB111 proves inadequate and its megatonnage unavailable, the ratio will slip to between 1.25 and 1.66 to 1.

It is clear that the Pres-

ident and the Secretary of Defense still see a need for U. S. Strategic retaliatory forces to deter Soviet surprise attack. Otherwise they would simply eliminate them rather than reduce them.

Marxist-Leninist dogma compels Soviet leaders to carry forward a program of world domination. It charges them, further, to carry it forward with maximum haste, utilizing the highest degree of force which can be employed without provoking retaliatory action that would impose unacceptable damage on the communist homeland and base of power. If they do not do so, they are guilty of the communist "sin" of "deviation" from dogma.

The principal — perhaps the only — reason for U.S. Strategic forces is to have the capability to impose unacceptable damage on the communist homeland which, in fact, deters communist leaders from a dogmatic decision to strike us to expedite the program of world domination. Our strategic forces are now realistically based on an understanding of this communist doctrine and are in sensible response to it.

Because our strategic nuclear striking forces are superior to those of the Soviets, they provide an effective major war deterrent that guards not only our country but the free world. The United States is a roadblock to communist domination.

Without this major war deterrent, we would never have been able to encircle Russia with military bases, fight a limited war in Korea, provide an effective airlift to Berlin when the Reds cut off access to that city, maintain our troops in Europe, blockade Cuba, help the Chinese Nationalists at Quemoy, and act effectively in the Viet Nam situation. The Soviets did not intervene because of the supremacy in strategic nuclear striking power of the United States. That was, and is, the only reason. Weaken or destroy that supremacy and what is there to prevent the Soviets from having a free hand everywhere?

Plans to reduce the strategic forces of the United States by the elimination of hundreds of nuclear bomb-carrying aircraft have set Kremlin computers whirling.

If it is determined that, at a certain point, the cutbacks in our strategic retaliatory capability will weaken us so that we cannot hurt them to the point of unacceptability, then communist doctrine requires Soviet leaders to launch, at that point, an explosive attack against us to remove

the United States as a roadblock to communist domination.

The Soviets tend to accept rather large damage factors before they classify them as unacceptable. In World War II they readily accepted 25 million human fatalities and the destruction of 40 per cent of their industrial capacity without considering the combined loss "unacceptable" damage.

The President has never claimed expertise in the area of assessing strategic force capabilities and vulnerabilities. And the judgment and advice of the Secretary of State is no more infallible now than in the past, when his judgment has at times proved fallible. It has not been revealed how our President and the Secretary of Defense arrived at the conclusion that the proposed cutbacks will not trigger a Soviet surprise Sunday punch. Far better assurances are needed than have been given that they proceed with wisdom.

The United States is a government "of, by and for" the people. It is not, supposedly, a dictatorship. We Americans have a right to know the facts and participate in decisions which control our national and individual survival.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Intellectuals Find a New Darling in Susan Sontag

Susan Sontag is a young, pretty, intelligent literary critic (she takes on the theatre and films, too) who sits at the white hot center of the New York literary establishment. She took over the heavyweight title (feminine division) from Mary McCCarthy by default. Her critical left jab is even more devastating, it seems to me, than Miss McCCarthy's was in her Partisan Review prime.

Miss Sontag's "Notes on 'Camp'" a couple of years ago triggered a whole new American attitude. Another essay on "Happenings," or the art of radical juxtaposition, was equally dazzling. She is the Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flaked Streamlined Baby of the new intellectuals. She lobs sharp, assured judgments and interpretations on any cerebral topic with the casualness of a table tennis professional. She is on display in a collection of strong recent critical pieces somewhat ironically titled "Against Interpretation."

Miss Sontag discusses Plato, Kafka, Orson Welles and Camus' "Notebooks" with the greatest of ease. She also deals with what must be some of the most obscure writers in the world (the French eccentric Michel Leiris, for example). She is such an interesting writer that she can make one really care when she analyzes the literary criticism of the Hungarian philosopher Georg Lukacs (Georg Lukacs?). She attends the theatre with a very large chip on her shoulder. And she appears to have seen more films than anyone this side of Pauline Rael, and writes about them almost as interestingly, Leni Riefenstahl's "The Triumph of the Will," of course; and Sternberg, Resnais, Robert Bresson, Cocteau, and "The Goldiggers of 1935" (Miss Sontag probably was not yet born in 1935).

The "Camp" piece is here. And one on Casare Pavese. "The Artist as Exemplary Sufferer." And Simone Weil and Nathalie Sarraute. (I mean obscure, the writers you and I don't get around to.) An evening of this and

one's mouth hangs open; one is so ashamed, so hopelessly uninformed. Proust, yes, and even Rousseau's "Confessions." But the modern confessions of Jouhanneau and Laclou. And Levi-Strauss (who has nothing to do with blue denim), and a body of "difficult" novels comparable to abstract expressionist painting.

I do not think this is a mind the lady puts on display here. This is some sophisticated heat transfer in a lunar launch, an automatic digital control panel in some new celestial machine. Remarkable.

Notes on the Margin—"Roll Jordan Roll," a "biography" of the River Jordan from ancient times, by the veteran correspondent Robert S. John, appears from Doubleday (\$5.95). "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," periodically a bridge to make it available to wider readership, has now been condensed by H. R. Trevor-Roper, the British historian (Twayne; \$6).

Yet there's not much Western suppliers can do but work harder, and take some comfort that the invasion is commercial, only. Anyway, that's the way it goes when you get rich—all sorts of people want your money.

Quote

When freedom is at stake, silence is not golden — it's yellow—Bernard B. Cleary, Coronado.

I like it now. Look at all the things you can do. And people are still wonderful.—Mrs. Margaret Gordon, 100, retired teacher.

I don't like these cold, precise, perfect people, who in order not to speak wrong, never speak at all, and in order not to do wrong, never do anything.—Henry Ward Beecher.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Stark Naked and Group Must Find Another Name

NOTES & QUOTES: Malvina ("Ticky-Tacky Boxes") Reynolds anti-freeze ode. "The Concrete Octopus," is being recorded for Columbia by Peter Seeger. All together now: "There's a concrete octopus in Sacramento, I think, that eats red tape and has gas tax to drink" . . . How do you account for the rash of Polish jokes? The Feb. issue of Cavalier runs a flock of these weirdies: "Do you know who won the Polish beauty contest? Nobody" — "How do you keep a Polish servant from going into the wine closet?" "Hide the key under the soap" — "Who has a long dirty white flowing robe and rides a pig?" "Lawrence of Poland" — and I ask, what did the Poles ever do to anybody? . . . Stark Naked and the Car Thieves, the rock 'n' rollers, have signed for their first record album, but the company won't go for the name: Stark, who is really Jack Beam, is stuck for a substitute, having turned down such brilliant alternatives as Grand Larceny and the Felons and Murray Poppins and the Junkies.

month . . . Being unloaded off the French Lines freighter, Michigan, at the waterfront the other day: four big wooden crates from France, addressed to M. Bing Crosby, Hillsborough, and containing, quote "Sanitary Units." Bids for Bing?? . . . Unflash: Ronald Reagan's real name is Donald Reagan; he changed it early in his career for alliterative reasons . . . Rep. Wright Patman, quoted by Drew Pearson: "I'll never countenance a rump meeting. That I can't stomach. Who could? . . . I keep saying that Claude Jarman, now an exec with John Hancock Life, is S.F.'s only Oscar winner, but he's not the only San Franciscan who has an Oscar. One of the gold statuette reposes on the TV set in a little house on Knob Hill — the home of Mrs. Joseph P. Rucker. She's the widow of the cameraman who won an Oscar for cinematography in 1930 for "With Byrd at the South Pole," which was not the story of a pregnant penguin . . . Our other animal joke for today is contributed by Ted Griffith, who asks: "Where does an 800-pound gorilla sleep?" Right. "Any damn place he wants to."

glowing adjectives in the lexicon . . . Most of all, she had humor. The last time I lunched with her, a few years ago at the Fairmont, a waiter asked her if she'd like a drink. "I brought my own," leered Aunt Kate, a teetotaler. "I've got a bottle of Four Roses stashed under the table" (this at 80) . . . Her late husband, Novelist Charles G. Norris, who had white hair and a black moustache, was a crony of Conductor Pierre Monteux, who had black hair and a white moustache. Laughed Mrs. Norris, years before the famous ad: "Only their hairdresser knows for sure!" . . . Once when she was a guest of Eleanor Roosevelt's at the White House, she heard that her then nine-year-old niece, Kathie Thompson, had been misbehaving. Grabbing a piece of Presidential stationery, Aunt Kate wrote to Kathie: "The President is shocked at you!" . . . A few years ago, an old friend told her of the death a few days earlier of a mutual friend, a dowager: "Happened on a Wednesday. She got up early and spent the morning with her nieces and nephews. She then had lunch at the St. Francis, went to a matinee, had tea with her family, took a little nap before dinner—and never woke up." Gosh. . . sighed Aunt Kate, "Doesn't it just make your mouth water?" . . . Goodbye to a great lady.

THE TALKTAIL LOUNGE: Phyllis Diller just signed with ABC for a Fall series titled "The Pruitts of Southampton," the simple and presumably touching story of a poor widow with two children: Patrick "Auntie Name" Dennis is the writer, and filming begins this

month . . . Being unloaded off the French Lines freighter, Michigan, at the waterfront the other day: four big wooden crates from France, addressed to M. Bing Crosby, Hillsborough, and containing, quote "Sanitary Units." Bids for Bing?? . . . Unflash: Ronald Reagan's real name is Donald Reagan; he changed it early in his career for alliterative reasons . . . Rep. Wright Patman, quoted by Drew Pearson: "I'll never countenance a rump meeting. That I can't stomach. Who could? . . . I keep saying that Claude Jarman, now an exec with John Hancock Life, is S.F.'s only Oscar winner, but he's not the only San Franciscan who has an Oscar. One of the gold statuette reposes on the TV set in a little house on Knob Hill — the home of Mrs. Joseph P. Rucker. She's the widow of the cameraman who won an Oscar for cinematography in 1930 for "With Byrd at the South Pole," which was not the story of a pregnant penguin . . . Our other animal joke for today is contributed by Ted Griffith, who asks: "Where does an 800-pound gorilla sleep?" Right. "Any damn place he wants to."

THE UNFORGETTABLE: We shan't see her like again. Kathleen Norris, who died recently at 85, was wise, witty, warm, wonderful — and all the other

ROYCE BRIER

Oil Makes Poor Mice of Sahara Desert Fat Cats

Back in the 1930s, on passing through the Strait of Messina, the writer saw a big ship loaded to the gunwales with Italian colonists bound for Libya.

As the Caesars had made quite a thing of the region, getting grain and olive oil, Signor Mussolini's imperial thoughts turned to Africa. He did a little irrigating and built some roads, but the Fascist administrators were even more corrupt and inefficient than the Caesars, and Il Duce's empire was a colossal flop.

Here he was chased by the British early in the war, and here came Field Marshal Rommel to sea-saw with the British until the debacle late in 1942.

In 1951, Libya was set up as an independent kingdom by the United Nations. Few of the new nations had a drearier prospect. Twice as big as Texas, the country is nine-tenths Sahara Desert.

There is a narrow coastal growing strip, where about a million people, half nomads, wrung a bare living from the land.

Then it happened — the dream of us all. In 1954 there was a trickle of petroleum, and by 1957 there were gushers. The Russians read the Arabic papers, and in 1956 offered economic aid to Libya and were turned down.

Nowadays the poor mice of Libya have turned into fat cats. Oil production zoomed every year, and last year the export was \$750 million. Rails, pipelines, refineries, Libyan kids got new schools, and Berbers who once rode donkeys were tooling around in Chevrolats and Fords. The big town, Tripoli, has skyscraper housing and traffic jams.

The oil exploration companies, mostly American

and British, share 50-50 with the Libyan government.

So Communists as far away as Peking began reading the papers, too. As Russian infiltration hadn't worked 10 years ago, the Communists played it cool. They flooded the country with commercial salesmen.

The other day there was an item in the paper saying the Western powers are "concerned."

Chinese pajamas, glue and like trifles are appearing in the Libyan bazaars. The Soviet Union sends heavy machinery to a trade fair. Poland, Yugoslavia, Romania and Bulgaria have been under-bidding Western contractors for structural goods. Czechoslovakia is selling Skoda cars, textiles and machinery.

Communist exports to Libya increased from \$1.6 million in 1959, to \$16 million in 1964. Even so, the Communist countries account for only 5 per cent of Libyan imports.

Doubtless the Western businessmen are not only concerned but alarmed, though many of the infiltrators are bidding below cost for possible political effect, and to acquire hard currency.

Yet there's not much Western suppliers can do but work harder, and take some comfort that the invasion is commercial, only. Anyway, that's the way it goes when you get rich—all sorts of people want your money.

AT H
Kiv
Out
Three o
area citiz
by Kiwan
mington, S
mila at th
Recognition
bor Colleg
Honore
Clubs wer
covich of
Steinman
and H. F.
mita.
Marino
public acc
accounting
Harbor C
Division a
sity of S
Ben Karn
is Club, p
STEIN
of the W
the Croc
Bank. He
the Wilmi
Stat
Dra
Four r
El Camil
a staffs cu
sitions of
California
society.
Nearly
within th
with the
presiden
monson
utive sec
ization in
of Mode
Henry
of the d
ics and
mino, is
generin
The pr
closely
New
Get
At
Four
at Harb
their c
Cross in
vocation
uation
A tot
al nurs
indicat
pleted
training
monies
Robe
man of
at the
Hawley
Norri
suority
The
nurses,
to tak
examin
Minnic
Barbara
sority
Marj
Sharon
Neum
Winn
Schot
Linda
ton, D
Shore
Hawth
fiths
Manh
CO
S