

Torrance Herald

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KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL
REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor

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A Spark of Life

The campaign weary voter who has lived through a succession of drives to unseat Congressman Cecil R. King during his 20-year sojourn in Washington, D. C., is beginning to look on the 1962 campaign being waged by Ted Bruinsma, San Pedro businessman and attorney, with new interest, it is reported from various areas of the district.

Bruinsma has launched one of the most vigorous, intelligent campaigns which have been mounted against the incumbent Congressman. His campaign has enlisted the support of a number of prominent Democrats, and Republicans in addition to the rank and file of important segments of the district's population.

The personable campaigner has put his philosophy on the line for all to examine—and many have liked what they saw.

Voters of the 17th Congressional District have been promised that they will have a working Congressman in Washington if Bruinsma is elected. He has told service clubs and dock workers that he would represent them in the affairs of the national government—and that he would keep them informed on his actions, and on his stand on the issues as they arise.

Bruinsma is taking his campaign to the people on the street and in their homes, and is making an honest attempt to talk to every voter of the district. It's a huge task, but with his energy and dedication, he might come very close to meeting his goal.

Whatever the decision of the voters in November, we are sure that a larger number of 17th District residents will be aware of the issues facing the nation in which the Torrance-Harbor area is vitally concerned.

And equally important, Mr. Bruinsma is breathing a new life into the two-party system in the district.

Please Let Us Alone

With the Democrats' gubernatorial campaign theme rigged to attack Republican conservatism as being out of date and backward it was amusing the other night to hear old Harry Truman still hacking away with campaign methods current in the early days of the 20s in big city ward healing politics.

Then it was assumed the only way to beat one's opponent was to indulge in blistering personal attack. Republicans and Democrats used the same "give 'em hell" line and, it was thought, the most articulate abuser was certain to win.

It was amusing and revealing also to hear the lively ex-President (himself a product of an old time big city political machine that was proved somewhat less than pure) tell his partisan audience in Los Angeles blandly that he never indulged in "personal attacks" during the very minutes he was devoting to slandering Richard Nixon.

The Truman type of politics may be entertaining, but, it should be taken for just that by adults who credit themselves with being able to think.

Furthermore, and this goes for political figures of both parties as well as minority group leaders of all kinds, the people of California have demonstrated their capacity to govern themselves. They don't need outside help in deciding who shall be their governor or representatives in Congress.

Just let us alone you meddlers and let us try to decide this election ourselves. Then, if we do make mistakes, you won't be held responsible.

Opinions of Others

Do you know what the largest single item in our federal budget is? Except for defense appropriations, it is the interest on the nation's public debt. Taxpayers of this nation are having to pay the exorbitant sum of \$17,960 every minute of the day as interest alone on what America owes! Use your own knowledge of arithmetic to compute the amount of interest we are paying by the hour or by the day. We too are scared to attempt it.—Prentiss (Miss.) Headlight.

Last Words—On Highway Safety



James Dorais

Some Subtle Politics In the Twilight Zone

Traditionally, newspaper publicity statements issued by candidates for public office are slam-bang, hard-hitting affairs. Incumbents tear into challengers as predatory, ambition-mad upstarts, and challengers plead to the electorate to throw the rascally incumbents out.

This year in California, however, something new has been added to the art of political publicity.

Eschewing direct attack, the Committee to Re-Elect Governor Brown is resorting in its news releases to a refreshing combination of purple prose and subtlety.

A recent release discloses that the Committee "hosted a fabulous reception honoring (sic) Miss Lena Horne to benefit the governor's campaign for re-election. The place was the Hemet Club in Berkeley; the affair was a black-tie and the event was a most delightful (sic) one."

According to the release, "a lengthy message from Governor Brown expressing his regrets that he could not be present at the reception was inadvertently omitted from the evening's festivities."

All was not lost, however. "Wearing a Pierre Balmain creation (a slim black crepe sheath waist length bolero jacket of iridescent jade green embroidered with red flowers), Miss Horne thrilled the guests with her gracious

ness... 'I'd hate to think what would happen,' she said, looking off in dark-eyed disgust, 'if we elect someone else as governor.'" (To whom could she possibly have been referring?)

"Guests arrived early," the release concluded, "dined on roast suckling pigs, sirloin of beef, stuffed birds, exotic salads and other delicacies, sipped champagne and danced to the music of Ricardo Lewis and his Blue Jazz Trio." Altogether, a most "delightful" evening.

A few days later, the Committee to Re-Elect Governor Brown informed the press that "leading members of the clergy in the Bay area are anxious that their entire congregations register to vote" in order to "maintain the good social reforms... It

was stressed that it is the duty of every person of voting age to keep a civil vigil on their families and neighbors" to urge them to do so.

There followed a list of pastors "making announcements from their pulpits" to that effect. The release does not actually say that there has been a revelation from on high as to the proper way to vote in November, but the inference is there for anyone who cares to draw it.

This is all pretty subtle stuff. And not a single reference to the Birch Society or the California Democratic Council.

Quote

"The Kennedy administration plans to feed 1,500,000 hungry people in all parts of the world. A most worthy undertaking, if only the hungry nations stop pointing their guns at us while eating our food." — T. R. White, Pittsburg (Tex.) Gazette.

"Profit is the life blood of American industry—yet each year it grows smaller and smaller." — J. M. Savell, East Prairie (Mo.) Eagle.



AFTER HOURS By John Morley

A Haunting Voice From The Tomb of Napoleon

Flying across the country on my speaking tours. I try to catch up on some serious reading. The other day, of all things, it was again Edward Gibbon's "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

I treasure this book among the finest in history. In it Gibbon offers five reasons for the fall of the greatest empire of all time. They provide an ominous warning to all mankind today.

Here they are:

1. Rapid increase in divorce with the undermining of the sanctity of the home which is the basis of modern society.
2. Higher and higher government taxes... the indiscriminate spending of the people's money for politics, handouts and luxurious and expensive celebrations.
3. The mad craze for pleasure... even sports becoming more and more brutal.
4. The building of gigantic armaments, intended for an enemy without, when the real enemy was from within. The decadence of the character of the people, tired of doing things for themselves and depending more and more on government handouts.
5. The decay of religion... faith fading into mere form... losing touch with life and becoming impotent to the realities of the day.

Any similarity to present conditions is merely coincidental.

Since I was a small boy I have stood many times by the grave of Napoleon in Paris. It is a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold surpassed by none I have seen in the world.

For many years I have been fascinated by the sarcophagus of rare and priceless marble, where rests the ashes of this most restless man.

I have leaned over the balustrade and reflected upon the "greatest soldier in the world"—at least so the French think.

In retrospect, I saw Napoleon walking along the banks of the Seine, near where I sailed toy boats as a boy.

I saw the Emperor contemplating suicide, for that we told he did.

I saw him at Toulin... I saw him, single-handed, stop a raving mob at Place de la Concorde.

I saw him in charge of the army of Italy crossing the bridge of Lodi with the French tri-color in his withered hand.

I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the great pyramids... I saw him conquer the unconquerable Alps.

I saw him at Marengo... at Ulm and Austerlitz.

I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and ice and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered and decaying leaves.

I saw him at Leipsig in defeat and disaster... driven by a million bayonets back to Paris... clutched like a wild beast... and banished to lonely Elba.

I saw him escape and reconquer an empire by the force of his malignant brain.

I saw him upon the bloody field of Waterloo, where chance and fate joined to wreck the fortunes of their former king.

And finally, I saw him at St. Helena, with his helpless hands crossed behind him... gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I saw a Napoleon, not de-

scribed thus in the small French school house that first taught me the glory of France.

Today, when I hear of Napoleon's tomb (which I don't visit any more), I think not of Napoleon... but of the barbarism and the blood.

I think of the pain and suffering... the widows and orphans he alone endowed... the tears that had been shed for his glory... and the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold, cruel and calculating hand of his ruthless ambition.

I often offend my mother's French forbears when I withdraw with subtle indifference and obvious disrespect of their historic hero.

Our Man Hoppe

Can Our Boys Lick the GIs?

Art Hoppe

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to another in the distinguished series of nutshell lectures, designed for busy people who wish to keep abreast of world affairs so they will know whom to root for. Today's lecture is: Our Military Aid Program in a Nutshell.

In a nutshell, our military aid program is perfectly understandable.

Currently, for example, we are making plans to increase our military aid to our friends the Cambodians so they can better shoot it out with our friends, the South Vietnamese. But it's perfectly understandable.

You see, our Cambodian friends and our South Vietnamese friends have been happily shooting each other up in border incidents for years. But we had to go and send South Vietnam \$2 billion and 8000 American troops to shoot up the Viet Cong guerrillas, who are the Bad Guys. And we only sent Cambodia a couple of hundred million or so. Because they were not fortunate enough to have a revolution on their hands.

Our South Vietnamese friends have naturally been pursuing the Viet Cong Bad Guys across the border into neighboring Cambodia. Unfortunately, their motto seems to be: "If you can't shoot a Viet Cong, pot yourself a neighbor." And underarmed Cambodia is naturally sore. They're demanding we equalize things a little. It's the least we can do for our friends.

It's perfectly understandable. The only problem arises with our troops. You see, our troops often accompany our South Vietnamese friends on their raids into Cambodia. And now if we send more American troops to our friends in Cambodia... Well, as the Associated Press puts it in a dispatch from the Cambodian capital:

"United States officials here do not discount the possibility that American servicemen might face other American servicemen in a border clash involving a Cambodian unit and Vietnamese forces."

As you can see, this would be perfectly understandable. But the question arises as to whom a loyal American should root for in such a battle. The Americans or the Americans?

The results may cause some confusion. The patriotic newspapers will announce: "Big Victory: Americans clobber Americans!" While the more sensational press will decry: "Terrible Defeat! Pentagon Shake-up Ordered!"

Politicians will have an awful time castigating "the deviously cruel and pitiless enemy our boys in the trenches are facing." War bond rallies may well turn into riots and the producers of Hollywood war movies will go smack out of their minds.

But it is perfectly understandable. As long as we send guns and bullets overseas to help our friends shoot each other up, it's only logical we send them Americans to show them how to do it.

The only alternative is to knock off all military aid to our friends forthwith. We might mail the money to Russia instead. Russia could send Russian troops to Cuba, Red China, Albania and so forth. Eventually, by the perfectly understandable laws of military aid programs, the Russians would exterminate themselves.

If our military aid program is good enough for our friends, to put it in a nutshell, it's good enough for our enemies.

Morning Report:

Moscow has announced it doesn't want to discuss the Berlin Wall with the Western powers. As they see it, the only solution is for us to get out of Berlin at the soonest—yesterday if possible.

This attitude by the Russians is going to be deplored in many quarters. But, as I see it, their attitude is not an unmixed loss for our side. It saves us the cost of another endless conference in Geneva.

The Russians are only willing to discuss things they don't already have—like South Korea or South Vietnam. I don't see where they could gain anything by discussing their wall.

Abe Mellinkoff



Get Up on Your Toes If You'd Be a Woman

by Count Marco

FORT WORTH—Women in warm climates have more of a tendency to waddle than women in colder climates. I have noted this in Los Angeles, Palm Springs, Arizona, and now in Texas.

This is not the ordinary lumbering and plunging act that so many of you American women adopt when you think no one is looking. No, this is a gait of laziness, which you so easily blame on the heat.

Heels were created for women, and I'm speaking of the heels on your shoes. You American women are getting further and further away from shoes. Without knowing it you are slipping into the most unfeminine picture imaginable.

When authors of motion pictures, stage plays or books wish to convey the image of an illiterate, ignorant girl or woman they

usually show her without shoes. From my observations of you at local supermarkets in this country, you must be one mass of illiterates.

You wear either something called a sandal (but which is really only a worn, torn piece of leather) or your bedroom slippers.

Or, Mon Dieu, you wear those rubber things that you think are Japanese, and in your efforts to keep them on your feet you plunge wildly like a frantic old hen trying to escape a near-sighted rooster.

Your grandmothers managed to walk across mountains, plains and deserts without taking off their shoes in the presence of their menfolk. The least a modern, lazy American woman can

do is keep a pair of shoes on during the hours she is in public.

All real women wear heels. Models wear heels because they help them to walk more gracefully, to look taller and to show their figures to the best advantage.

Strippers may drop everything on the runway, but tell me—have you ever seen strippers take off their high heels? Never; the high heels help to give them the exciting long-legged look so appealing to men, and they remain shod to the end.

The final symbol of sexiness, ballerinas, dance on their toes. The heel off the floor makes the leg look longer, slimmer and more attractive.

Heels not only help you look feminine, they make you feel like a woman. Can you name one graceful, attractive creature in the whole animal world that slithers across the ground? Of course not. Now, where do you fit in?

FROM the MAILBOX

California Not Right for Him

Editor, Torrance Herald

My wife and I have sold out in California. We have sold our home and have gone out of business. We are leaving California and shall not return. The reason is because for more than two years we have been trying to work with the so-called "Conservatives." I am now thoroughly convinced that the Conservatives do not really want any progress.

They are contented with status quo.

Real estate and personal property taxes which should not exist are entirely out of reason. Income tax, which is unconstitutional, is confiscatory. Our entire savings were wiped out in April of this year by income and real estate taxes. In another few years homeowners will have to mortgage their homes to pay the real estate and personal property taxes. Some of them are already in this position. The Conservatives don't seem to be interested enough or have enough courage to really stop this. They are more interested in looking for a hero on a white horse who of course does not exist, and after 30 years of being double crossed, I'm surprised they haven't become more

adult and reasonable about hero seeking.

There are two alternatives for an individual in California and especially Los Angeles County. He can either reduce his standard of living and ownership of property to that of a pack rat, or to pick up and leave. Inasmuch as we aren't pack rats, we are leaving. We know where we're going, but we don't know what we will do for a living; one thing is certain, there is no future for us in California.

As for the Conservatives, I'm through trying to help them or get them to help themselves. They can stay with County Aid to Needy Children (which is outright financial relief), they can keep unemployment insurance which has turned into a racket, they can maintain public education, which on present day terms is an outright fraud, and they can live with their public utilities and all the other Socialistic schemes for all I care, because we will be on the outside watch all this fall about their heads somewhere in the next 20 years, but we will not be supporting it financially.

D. C. NORTON
2402 W. 237th St.