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PHONE FAIRfax 8-4000

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1953

Eleven

My Vacation Inside Red Austria

Coming Events

- SEPTEMBER 11, 12, 13 Youth Band Carnival... 14 Sobada Dance... 15 Los Flestadores Dance... 16 Episcopal Church Picnic... 17 Democratic Breakfast... 18 Schools Open... 19 Roller Rink Opens... 20 Royal Neighbors Bazaar... 21 and Card Party... 22 WTA School of Informa... 23 El Camino vs. Alumna... 24 Torrance Day at the Fair... 25 Catholic Daughters... 26 Fashion Show... 27 Torrance High vs. San... 28 Bernardino... 29 WSCS Rummage Sale... 30 Gardens-Plaza Homeown... 31 Kids Day... 32 El Camino vs. Ventura... 33 Junior College... 34 First Fifth Fashion Show... OCTOBER 1 Torrance vs. Lynwood... 2 El Camino vs. Muir Tech... 3 Expectant Mothers Class... 4 Torrance vs. Santa... 5 Monica... 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31... NOVEMBER 1 Torrance vs. Inglewood... 2 Good Neighbor Breakfast... 3 Torrance vs. Loudner... 4 El Camino vs. East Los... 5 Angeles JC... 6 Torrance vs. St. An... 7 thony's... 8 El Camino vs. San Diego... 9 Junior College... 10 El Camino vs. Harbor... 11 Junior College...

WEATHER The Weather Bureau played it close to the vest and predicted variable cloudiness today with generally sunny afternoon and little change in temperature, with a high of around 73 and a low temperature of about 56 degrees.



TOTEM POLE... High man on this totem pole is Dr. Alden Smith, Kiwanis Kids' Day 'Tub Thumper' (publicity chairman) who is taking a poster on a downtown light pole calling attention to the big event Sept. 26. Hoping the 'doe' will soon get off his back is Jimmy Giacalone, Kids Day T. Man (Tickets and Tags). (Herald photo)

The Gripping Story of a Local Housewife's Visit to 'Spyland'



WORSE THAN SLAVERY... Mrs. Frances Friede, 1874 W. 218th St., says Communism is worse than slavery, after returning here from a three-month visit in Red Austria. In her hands as she tells her story is a small souvenir from the country, the only thing she was able to bring back with her. All her baggage, including pictures of her family and almost her entire wardrobe, is still somewhere between Vienna, where she visited her sister, and Le Havre, where she embarked on the Ile de France for New York. Mix-up occurred when she was stranded at Basel, France, during the recent transportation strike. In order to reach her ship on time she had to travel all the way across France from Basel to Paris in a taxicab. The trip took her 11 1/2 hours at an average speed of 70 to 80 miles an hour.

(Ed. Note: Mrs. Frances Friede, 1874 W. 218th St., property owner in Torrance since 1922, was like most Americans three months ago. She neither liked nor disliked Communism; she simply didn't know about it and was content to "live and let live." Now, after spending three months with her sister in Red Austria and tangling with the Communists for a visa to visit another sister in Czechoslovakia, her neutral attitude has boiled over into indignation. This is her story.)

BY FRANCES FRIEDE

As told to Agnes Bolter Me. I'm just a plain, simple housewife. What do I know about politics? I don't want to get mixed up in them. I go to Czechoslovakia just to see my sister—I haven't seen her for 42 years—and they won't let me in! Fancy that!

The whole three months I was visiting my sister in Vienna I tried to get a visa to Czechoslovakia. Finally they told me I could go across the border—but only if I was prepared to stay there.

They said if I put one foot in the country I would never get it out. They said they would hold me, just an American housewife, as a spy!

These Communists, they are as bad as Hitler. If I had my way, people in this country who say they are Communists would all get a free, six-month vacation in a Red country, and I'll bet they wouldn't be Communists one day after that!

Though they wouldn't let me into the country, I have learned from my sister what life is like under the Communists in Czechoslovakia. She writes me that in her country there are no potatoes. Fancy that! All that rich farming land in Czechoslovakia and no potatoes for the people. It is the fault of the Communists. Because of them, the people don't want to farm. When they do, the government takes most of the crop anyway to send back to Russia, and they have only the worst, and very little of that, left. What's the use?

My sister has several cows on her little farm, and she must give a certain quota of milk to the government. A few months ago, when many of the cows were dry, she couldn't meet her quota. The government took her suggestion away.

And for the people who work for the government, life is even worse. My niece and her husband both are doctors, but as for private practice—there is no such thing in Czechoslovakia! The government tells them in which hospital they must work, and even where to live. My niece and her husband have a

The people listen to the last newscast before they go to bed at night and turn on the radio again the first thing in the morning. Men on their way to work talk in low voices about the latest news; women in the market place who haven't heard ask about the last broadcast; even children at play will begin a sentence with "mother heard over the radio..."

Unlike the days under Hitler, the Austrians, under the Communists, can listen to anything they like. Even the "Voice of America" broadcasts aren't forbidden. But whenever the program has anything the Russians don't want the people to hear, the station is so jammed with static that you have to turn the radio off.

Hitler's Storm Troopers used to make surprise searches to see if the people were listening to the forbidden Moscow station; this happened in my own sister's home. Stalin's Comrades don't tell you not to listen, they fix it so you can't. What's the difference?

From the newspapers you can't get any news, only lies. I compared a paper printed in the American zone of Austria with a Russian paper, and you would be amazed at the complete reversal of facts. It is like Russia was a bad boy arguing with Uncle Sam; no matter what "uncle" says, he has to say something different to make himself look bigger and better.

"But I have to laugh when I see the Russian officers, who are quartered just around the corner from my sister's house. Though the Communists say there is no good in capitalism, every one of those officers drives a Ford!

My friends tell me there are at least 44,000 Russian troops in Austria. Mrs. Friede says she had to see the time the soldiers along with their own people, but during the last few months the Russians have been supplying their own troops. I guess it is because, with so

finance they have allowed themselves. For the most part they try very hard to please the Communists so they will stay out of trouble. They are afraid of violence from the Russian troops.

Everywhere there are soldiers. You never know what they are thinking. You never see their eyes.

I rode on streetcars with them and I stared right at them, trying to read in their eyes what kind of animals these Communists are. But they never look at me. They stare out the window.

It is the same on the streets. When the Russian soldiers meet an Austrian, they turn their heads away. So when the troops march through the city park singing their Russian songs, my people look the other way.

But though they look away from the soldiers, they cannot for one minute forget what they stand for—war. The last war has left at least half of Vienna in ruins, and it is the same everywhere in Austria.

My sister's house, by the channel Franz Joseph-Kar, and a few others, are the only ones left standing the whole length of the waterfront. There is hardly a

house in all the city that hasn't been damaged. If the roof isn't gone one or more walls are collapsed, and if the walls are still there, they are filled with gaping holes.

Factories too are shattered skeletons, the only sign of a tree growing out of a roof here and there.

A few of the factories have been rebuilt, but these are all controlled by the Russians. The beautiful ceramics and china Austria used to produce for export are no more; instead of war materials for the Communists, money and men aren't enough to rebuild a factory; the man or men who wish to do so must also have permission from the Russians—and this is rarely given.

Communism is a classless society, supposedly, with no discrimination. But in the Red factories it is almost necessary that workers join the party. They don't force you to do it, they only suggest it. But a worker who doesn't join is soon liable to find himself out of a job, with no chance of getting another.

So, if you want to make a living you join the party. Hitler killed hundreds of thousands of Jews. My own

much unrest in Germany, they can't afford to have the Austrians rise up in rebellion. Just before the Russians came into my sister's country, near the end of the last war, Hitler's troops took every bit of food and machinery that they could carry, and what they couldn't take with them they threw into the river. The people were starving.

But the Russian "liberators" were very "good" to them. They sent food—such food! Dried peas, that's all. For three years the people existed on these peas, soaking them in water first to rid them of worms, then drying them, mashing them into a paste, and trying them like fish patties. Fancy that!

Naturally the people never forgot such generosity. And naturally they wanted to do something to show their appreciation. On Stalin's last birthday, a few daring citizens made a wreath of dried peas and hung it on the huge statue of the Red leader which the Russians have placed in the center of Vienna.

The people don't laugh much, but this was one stunt they really got a kick out of. They are still talking about it. It is the only gesture of de-



FORCED LABOR... These are the grandchildren of Mrs. Friede's sister in Czechoslovakia. Their father, formerly employed in a government office, was too outspoken in his criticism of Red tactics; now he is forced to labor in a brick-yard.

she worked (she had been their housekeeper for 30 years, was discovered to be Jewish. The mother committed suicide, and the father and oldest son ended up, as far as my sister could learn, in a gas chamber in Germany.

The Communists don't single out the Jews, their object is every human being. And their minds are different from the Nazi minds. They are not bent on wholesale physical destruction. Their whole idea is not to kill a man but to capture his mind and soul for their own.

A dead man's soul is still his own, or God's, but the soul of a man living under the Communist doctrine—where is it? What chance has he got?

In the last election in Austria, the Communists got only five per cent of the seats in Parliament. Maybe that is why, even though they are so strong militarily, that the Reds are afraid to go too far in Austria, as they have in Czechoslovakia. My people still have a voice, and in a crisis can make the Russians listen.

This summer the Communists arranged a "camp" for hundreds of Austrian children. But the Austrian government stopped the train when it reached the Czechoslovakian border and refused to let the children go in. They knew that if the youngsters went into that country, they would be strangers when they returned. Children are impressionable, their minds are malleable, and seeds of Communism may grow well in such a ready, fertile soil.

Another reason the Russians may be afraid is that part of Austria is in American hands. There is always the possibility that if they go too far, the Americans may step in. For there is much liking for America among my people. They believe, and I believe too, after hearing the story of the dried, wormy peas, that if the Americans hadn't sent food when they did, they would not be alive today.

So what is to happen in poor Austria now? Will the Russians completely overrun the country? Or will war break out on Austrian soil again as it has twice in the past generation?

If war does come, I don't think the people will be able to take it. They have seen too much devastation, and will take their own lives before they will go through the horrors of battle again. There will be wholesale suicide in Austria.

Meanwhile, life, or a poor imitation of it, goes on. The people go through the motions of living. They get up, eat, go to work, speak of that hope—living, because all the time they are afraid.

And yet they are living, too, because they still hope. But, like always when you have a desire very close to your heart, they never speak of that hope—living, because all the time they are afraid.

I'm only a housewife. I don't know much about politics. But I know this, that Communism is worse than slavery. I want no part of it here, or anywhere else in the world. And the people who, after living here, can say that Communism is a good thing—they should be ashamed of themselves.

TEAC to See 'THS Story'

"The Torrance High School Story," depicted in colored slides, will highlight the program next Monday, Sept. 14, when the TEAC holds its regular luncheon meeting at 12 noon in the local YWCA.

"Selecting Your High School Program," also to be shown through the medium of colored slides, will complete the program, while appointment of a nominating committee will feature the business agenda.

Reservations, due today, may be made by calling the secretary of Superintendent J. H. Hull at FAIRfax 8-0540.

Driving Rights Taken from Six

The Department of Motor Vehicles suspended or revoked the drivers licenses of six local residents during the period Aug. 24-28.

Leading licenses were Leopold Alvarez, 2063 W. 203rd St., suspended because of bad driving record; Eryl Lytle, 1569 W. 204th St., revoked on a third drunk driving offense; and Nestor Padilla, 5407 W. 187th St., Ilean Sloan, 1482 1/2 W. 220th St., Tom Sutton, 1453 W. 215th St., and William Williamson, 21900 S. Figueroa, all suspended following an accident for failure to meet requirements of the financial-responsibility law.

Convicted of a violation but with no suspension recommended by the court were Lawrence Smith, 3028 Winlock Dr., and Leonard Wise, 1628 W. 203rd St.

Kiwanis Club Totals Up Rides, Plans National Kids' Day Fete

More than 1000 Torrance kids were "taken for a ride" during the summer months, according to figures compiled this week by the Torrance Kiwanis Club.

The rides were not gangland style but the Kiwanis Club, cooperating with City Recreation Department, provided 4338 free rides for the kids of Torrance through their "Learn to Swim" program at Alondra Park during July and August.

City buses were chartered by the service club as one of its activities to provide material help for Torrance kids. It was the third year such a service has been offered.

Climax to the activities will be provided on Saturday, Sept. 26, when the club observes National Kids Day. It will be celebrated in Torrance along with hundreds of other communities throughout the United States, Canada, Alaska and Hawaii.

Kids' Day Plans "Plans for the fifth annual National Kids' Day celebration here are almost complete," Kiwanis President Charles H. Ragdale said this week.

"In keeping with the purpose of the day, which is to attract more attention to the problems of underprivileged youth and to raise funds to meet these needs, our entire program is designed to provide material help for children of the community," Ragdale said.

He stressed that it was not a commercial venture, but a fund raising event to benefit local boys and girls. All funds raised will be spent in the community.

The funds are spent here for such activities as Scout troops, Dental Health, Little League baseball, the summer swim program, and others, Ragdale said.

Announcement of the annual celebration will be made when plans are completed, he said.

Sale of Land For Houses Told

Sale of 2 1/4 acres of land to Montgomery Fisher for \$82,000 was announced here yesterday by Realtor Don Kelley, who acted as sales broker for the transaction.

Purchase of 16 acres of land from the Rome Cable Corp on Normandie Ave. between Carson St. and East Road was put into escrow along with an adjoining 8 1/2 acres belonging to the Medearis Oil Co.

Fisher plans to construct 161 houses on the property, Kelley said.

Requiem Mass, Rosary Slated

A Rosary will be recited at 8 o'clock tonight at Stone & Myers Chapel and a Requiem Mass will be celebrated tomorrow morning at 9 a.m. in Nativity Church for Felipe Olivarez, 44, a resident of 2215 W. 203rd St., who died Sept. 8 in a hospital in Ukiah, Calif.

Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery will follow the funeral Mass.

Olivarez, a native of Mexico, is survived by a brother, Ysmael, of the same address; and a sister, Delfina Olivarez, of Mexico.

OXFORDS FOR THE BRIDE

Pictured are Mrs. Friede, bride, and her husband, both doctors in Czechoslovakia, shortly after their marriage. Note the dark oxfords, the only shoes available in the Red-dominated, poverty-stricken country, which the bride is wearing.

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But the Russian "liberators" were very "good" to them. They sent food—such food! Dried peas, that's all. For three years the people existed on these peas, soaking them in water first to rid them of worms, then drying them, mashing them into a paste, and trying them like fish patties. Fancy that!

Naturally the people never forgot such generosity. And naturally they wanted to do something to show their appreciation. On Stalin's last birthday, a few daring citizens made a wreath of dried peas and hung it on the huge statue of the Red leader which the Russians have placed in the center of Vienna.

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