

# EDITORIALS

## On Getting Ahead

Even before the days when the Horatio Alger books started getting around, the desire to get ahead was a well-respected quality. There never was anything wrong with the desire to move up from boiler room to executive suite . . . from pushbroom and dustpan to ulcers and eight aspirin a day.

But out on the asphalt strips, the desire to get ahead is a horse of a different hue. Someone once summed it up in a nutshell: "If all the cars in the world were put end to end, 98 per cent of the drivers would immediately pull out of line to pass the guy ahead."

You've seen this special kind of insanity time and again — especially in a long, tight traffic line. If a certain, wild-eyed type of character is gnashing his gears behind you, the gap beyond your front bumper is bait he can't resist. There's space ahead, and he's got to grab it! He roars around like a Ciferokee Strip homesteader and knives in ahead of you . . . and miles on down the road, he's probably still there smack in front of you, frothing and frustrated — and it would take an Olympic stopwatch to clock the time he saved by passing your car.

In life, it's fine to want to move up. But on the road, let's forget the desire to get ahead; let's make it our number one desire to get there. By leaving out the unholy rush, we're much more likely to travel a full lifetime, and we'll make it with much less wear, tear, and swear.

## Three Little Words

We like to remember the old story of the little girl in an orphanage who was hungry for something other than food.

Discipline at the orphanage was strict, but the girl was well treated and provided with the material necessities. Yet she was lonely, and her heart ached with emptiness.

Day after day she looked from her window at the road that led into the big world beyond. There were other little girls out there who lived in homes lighted by love, girls who belonged to somebody. A great yearning came over the orphanage girl, and at night she cried herself to sleep.

Each morning, except on Sundays, the postman stopped at the mailbox by the roadside, collected letters from the box and left others there. In this way the world spoke to the orphanage, and the orphanage spoke to the world.

One day the girl slipped away from her room and, thinking that no one saw her, placed a folded paper in the letterbox, so that the postman would bring her message to the world that waited at the end of the highway.

Now, this was strictly against the rules, and when the matron saw what happened, she hurried outside and took the letter . . . It consisted of three crudely printed words: "I Love You."

## Mutiny on our Bounty

Ever since the United States assumed the role of Lend Lease Lady Bountiful in 1940 we have been learning the embarrassing and expensive truth that you can't buy love and affection.

The total of our giveaways to so-called needy Nations and to prospective allies now stands at more than \$110 billion. For that amount of money we could declare a National dividend of \$2100 for every family of three. We could, that is, if self respecting Americans would stand for it, which they wouldn't.

What is the result of our heavy-handed, parvenu attempt to buy our way into world leadership and to purchase peace and prosperity for the "good" Nations? India, a substantial beneficiary, spearheads every Communist diplomatic attack on us. Frenchmen, whose borders our armies are protecting, dislike us. The British, ever willing to take the money, are anything but bosom pals. Have-not Nations such as Yugoslavia pass on our handouts to other have-notters, in return for fat concessions.

Yet budget after budget, Democratic or Republican, the giveaway continues. There is an anesthetic quality about the billion-dollar sign that numbs some legislators to the pain of 10-figure fiscal extractions, whereas they wince and struggle against a 10-cent month raise in utility wages or a two-bit hike in rail fare.

The Nations of the world can profit more from a strong and financially sound America than from our accepted, but hated bounty. It is about time the United States balances its budget instead of budgeting the balance of the world.

## Quick Results

I ALREADY HAVE THE RED AND NATIONALIST CHINESE AGREEING ON THE CEASE FIRE



## OF ALL THINGS

By Robert R. Martin

THEY BURIED Ira Hayes in Arlington last week!

Taps sounded . . . there was an honor guard . . . and plenty of TV coverage.

Gave the people of America something to think about.

Ira Hayes, one of the Marines who raised the flag on Iwo Jima, died on the Seaton reservation of exposure and alcoholism.

Just ten years ago, the Indian boy was a member of one of the greatest fighting units in the world, the U. S. Marine Corps.

PROUDLY HE SERVED . . . this Indian boy from a poverty-stricken reservation . . . because in his own power, he was a Marine. And the spirit de corps of our Marines can possibly be matched by only the Queen's own guards at Buckingham Palace.

While in uniform, Hayes was a hero. He became a part of a monument that was recently unveiled to commemorate the raising of the flag on Mt. Suribachi.

Why then did he take to drink?

PERHAPS IT first started when he was shuffled across our great land by truck and train and saw how . . . the white Americans were living. Perhaps drink gained its first foothold when he began wondering why he'd fought a war that was made by the white man . . . a white man who knew how to fill his own pockets with gold . . . a by-product of a warrior's blood.

Ira Hayes returned to his Arizona land to find that his people had been passed by wartime prosperity . . . they were still "Indians" and were treated as such . . . and he heard about the Indian GI's, killed in action, who were not entitled to burial in a white cemetery.

Oh . . . we're sending a few of our discarded rags to the Indians these days . . . the

government is doing a little more in the way of sending doctors and medicine to the Indians. But the entire U. S. Indian aid program doesn't amount to a drop in the bucket when we compare it with what we're doing for people miles and miles away from the United States.

I guess the Indians have no public relations men to "beat their drums" for them. There are more than 2000 legalized crusades for charitable purposes in Los Angeles each year . . . but not one for an Indian child who needs a pair of decent shoes.

Not that charity's the answer . . . as an emergency measure, yes, but the Indian is too proud to put up with it for long.

Dropped in the middle of an arid land with few of the conveniences so commonplace to the white man, the Indian is forced to forage for himself or die. It has been this way since the white man invaded and conquered by force of numbers . . . the red man.

THE INDIAN BOYS who fought our own war, World War II . . . with us against an enemy across the sea have discovered the shallow depth of our gratitude.

A MEDAL HERE and there . . . a ceremony and they're based on the reservation, left to scrounge for roots and live in shacks.

Deep within him, Ira Hayes knew that his gallantry in action during the war meant little in peacetime . . . in peacetime he was an Indian boy again on the Seaton Reservation.

Drink helped . . . a little . . . to ease the disappointment that welled in his heart.

PERHAPS THE bitter winds that blow across the land of his people can best tell the story . . . of Sgt. Ira Hayes USMC, one more casualty of the Second World War.

## OUT OF THE PAST

30 YEARS AGO February, 1925

After a terrific battle, police and citizens subdued a San Pedro man who had set fire to his home in Lomita, shouting, "I want the insurance money!" He poured 16 gallons of gasoline and kerosene on the house, set fire to it, and ran down the street, where it took five men to subdue him. Taken to jail, he smashed the windows and furniture . . . The city was planning to hold a special bond election for new sewers . . . The Chamber of Commerce raised \$15,000 for promotion of the city's industrial program in 1925. More than 250 people joined the Chamber . . . Esther Maxwell, night supervisor of Long Beach Community Hospital, was chosen superintendent of Torrance Memorial Hospital . . . A local youth lost a finger in a dynamite cap explosion.

20 YEARS AGO February, 1935

A house to house canvass showed that the population of Torrance had grown by 401 since the 1930 census, to 7672. Of these, 2590 were employed, representing 34 per cent of the total. The average family, the survey found, had three-and-a-half persons . . . Plans were

being made to pave the east-end of Torrance Blvd. . . The city was given 20 years to pay off PWA bonds, instead of 13. PWA was working on the city water system . . . Shirley Temple, Bing Crosby, Kitty Carlisle, Eddie Cantor, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Paul Mann, Bette Davis, and May Robson were among the stars appearing in movies at local theaters.

10 YEARS AGO February, 1945

School officials and police were discussing ways of preventing a recurrence of the day-long gang fight between high school students of Mexican descent and other students. A minister was scheduled to talk to the students in an effort to clear up the trouble . . . An injunction was sought to prevent City Clerk A. H. Bartlett from serving as city purchasing agent. Torrance Mayor W. H. Tolson said he would fight to prevent Los Angeles from setting up a new dump in the southern section of the city . . . The city received 2.49 inches of rain in a downpour . . . During 1944, 338 drunks were arrested in the city, a considerable jump from the previous year.

## The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

A kiss and make up ending's good

Following a lover's break-up.

But you can bet she'll get the kiss.

While he gets all the make-up.

Bob Martin, who shares column space with us here twice a week, has hit the big-time. Issued last week from the garage behind his Glendale home was Vol. 1, No. 1 of the "Penny Press," a midget of the journalism world selling for one cent.

Another George would say . . . "You can't hardly get that kind any more." Martin's new publication measures 2 1/2 inches by 3 1/2 inches from margin to margin. His first issue contains 16 pages, which included three full-page advertisements. On page 5, McGurn, Hildreth & Sullivan (whoever they are) have a full-page advertisement advising readers thusly: "Before you louse it up . . . THINK."

Another full-page advertisement on page 10 tells of Honest Sam (The Mental Case) and his used car bargains. Pictured with the ad is a truck — of obvious vintage, probably a 1908 Federal.

Martin told us the birth of his new journalistic gem was not without its moments of pain. The material contained in the . . . whatheverallit was set in type by hand, and the printing was done on a little hand press in his garage.

Immediately after Martin published the . . . whatheverallit meant running off a few copies and showing them around to friends, a metropolitan reporter dashed off a few lines about it in his paper, a wheel one of the larger broadcasting companies jingled him on copies of the . . . whatheverallit the telephone, and requests for it . . . was pouring in from all sides.

The "Penny Press" according to its publisher, is an "acorn of journalism."

"This is probably the smallest, most insignificant newspaper in America today," Martin wrote in his page 2 article. Sells for a penny, takes two cents to mail it . . . three cents if the envelope is sealed.

"Therefore you might suspect that it is economically unsound to print it," he wrote. "It is."

The pages of the little publication are crammed with vital information—there are 59 calories in a 6-ounce glass of beer, the U.S. consumes 35,000,000 pounds of black pepper annually, by the end of the 18th century, Spanish and Portuguese explorers had brought the pineapple, indigenous to the New World, to India, Africa, China, and the East Indies.

No family should be without a copy of the "Penny Press." We don't know where you can buy them, however. It was a limited edition.

There are some facts of interest, however, that Martin didn't get into his first issue of the "Penny Press." Probably space limitations had something to do with it, and we hope we are not using stuff he was saving for Vol. 2. Anyway, did you know that the average American receives about 80 pounds of mail per year . . . or that water is our biggest and cheapest commodity. Its average use equals some 1500 tons a year for each of us—and at a cost of less than five cents a ton. Or that at the time of the Revolution, the richest man in the American Colonies was George Washington. Valuable information.

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The turning point in any political speech is where the orator turns from criticizing and begins promising. Which brings to mind the comment of some that the 1952 presidential campaign between Ike and Adlai is getting off to an early start. We disagree. We believe that the 1952 campaign has just lasted for a heck of a long time.

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Do you transplanted easterners still remember how to figure ahead and forecast the number of snows in a winter? As I recall, the date of the first snow was on the 10th of the month, then 10 snows can be expected. There's a catch to it, however. To measure up as a first snow, it must be deep enough so you can follow a duck's tracks through it. . . .

## It's Your Country

By JOHN BECK

Premature Cheering "THIS TIME": A number of nationally recognized newsmen and commentators who should know better have been going out on a limb recently with positive statements about what the United States is going to do in the Formosa area. "This time," they assure the public "it will be different. This time the U. S. means business."

Apparently overcome with joyful surprise at the President's request to Congress for the authority to use armed force if necessary, they have read into the presidential message and the responding congressional resolution new promises of specific and positive action which I am unable to find in either text. The matter of fact, Mr. Eisenhower himself said specifically that we are not establishing a new policy.

In his message to Congress on Jan. 5, the President declared the desirability of keeping Formosa and the Pescadores in friendly hands, a concept that is not exactly new. With something less than originality, he described and deplored the danger of allowing the stronghold of the Republic of China to fall into Communist hands. He recounted the Chinese Communists' proclaimed intention of conquering Formosa and their attacks upon Quemoy and the Tachen Islands as a prelude to such conquest.

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UN FIRST: Having recognized the serious danger posed by the situation to the security of the United States and to the peace of the world, Mr. Eisenhower made his first recommendation: namely, that the United Nations take appropriate action, and that we would welcome assumption of such jurisdiction by the UN. With the past record of the UN as a guide, it is difficult to see how that recommendation could bring a surge of hope to the hearts of the embattled Chinese nationalists or a feeling of security to worried Americans.

Pending action of the UN (and to realize how long such action may need only to remember Panmunjon), Mr. Eisenhower asked Congress to authorize the use of U. S. armed forces "if necessary" to assure the security of Formosa and the Pescadores, and to establish the authority of the President to use his own judgment as to such necessity.

This the Congress promptly did, passing a resolution authorizing the President to employ U. S. armed forces as he deems necessary to protect Formosa and the Pescadores and to take such other measures as he judges are required or appropriate in assuring their defense.

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REAL MEANING: To what does it all boil down? Simply this: The President asked Congress for permission to use his own judgment with respect to the defense of Formosa, and the Congress said yes. I do not presume to know what the President's judgment will be, but in view of his avowed dedication to the United Nations we can expect it to conform to the pronouncements of that body.

Nowhere in the presidential message is there a definite promise to fight the Communists if they continue their aggression, nor is there any assurance that if we do fight it will not be a repetition of Korea. Instead, we must be ready, be alert, be prepared . . . "if necessary." Necessity, like so many things nowadays, is subject to interpretation. What might seem "necessary" to Chiang Kai-shek, fighting for the life of his republic after having been once betrayed by the United States might not seem "necessary" to the

UN, with its communist and socialist members.

The same uncertainty applies to the carefully ambiguous declaration at the conclusion of the Eisenhower message — in all that we do we shall remain faithful to our obligations as a member of the United Nations to be ready to settle our international disputes by peaceful means in such a manner that international peace and security, and justice, are not endangered. What wider latitude for interpretation could the UN ask?

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BACK TO UN: The big question now, which makes the presidential message and the congressional resolution seem somewhat academic, is what will the UN interpret as conducive to international peace, security, and justice? The Peking regime, backed by Russia, has announced that they will consider no "compromise" short of complete rout of the Chinese Nationalists and the Americans from the Formosa area.

Our own government has participated in the invitation to the United Nations Security Council to Chou En-lai to take part in a UN cease-fire conference to be held on American soil! Moreover, Sir Anthony Eden has assured the Chinese Communist gangsters that they "must not think that because they have been in conflict with the United Nations about Korea the intention is to ask them to give up what they regard as their rights."

Obviously, they regard "as their rights" Formosa, the Pescadores, and all the free China islands. They have said so plainly and repeatedly. Therefore, if the fawning UN is successful in enticing Chou En-lai or some of his henchmen to our shores, the ardent support of Eden, Molotov, Nehru & Company can be expected to result in more appeasement, more territorial concessions, and a seat for Red China in the UN. So what's all the shouting about?

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