

Local Airman Rescues Viet Nam Orphans



VIET NAM BOUND . . . Mrs. Mark Arrietta, of 2663 Lofty View Drive, and Mrs. James Morris, Hillside PTA president, load packages full of useful items for dispatch to M/Sgt. Mark Arrietta and the orphanage in Phan Rang. Twenty-eight such bundles have been shipped over so far, thanks to the efforts of several community organizations and Mrs. Arrietta's own initiative.

Torrance Sergeant Becomes a 'Santa' For Viet Orphans

By TIM O'DONNELL
Press-Herald Staff Writer

When a soldier is sent to Viet Nam nowadays, there is much sadness in his family over his departure. This was certainly the case at the Mark Arrieta home, 2663 Loftyview Drive.

However, the sadness of seeing the career Air Force sergeant leave his recruiting post and go to serve his country in the marshy jungles of Viet Nam is somewhat salved with the knowledge of what he is accomplishing. He has become a real, live, Santa Claus.

Air Force Sergeant Mark B. Arrieta arrived in Phan Rang at the beginning of January to establish a base there. In his letters home, he told his wife, Betty, of the misery, the loneliness and the seriousness of his mission.

IN ONE letter, he told a story that triggered a chain-reaction of activity on the other side of the globe.

Arrieta described an orphanage for abandoned Vietnamese children:

" . . . you should see it, Betty, only one nun, well over 60 years of age, to care for some 30 of these most unfortunate children. They range in age from 10 months to four or five years, all living in a 10-by-10 room, in homemade cribs; some of them were in filthy boxes. They are very undernourished, and appear to have some kind of disease; there are spots all over them, and they have swollen tummies and eyes. What a pitiful sight it was — I wept silently."

THE AIRMEN and foot-soldiers in Arrieta's squadron saw it as a pitiful sight, too, and decided to do something. Every man volunteered to help build the sister a new building for "her" children.

"We hustled lumber, aluminum — anything we could get from the engineers but we finally got the new building up. Anything and everything was done to get the kids out of that miserable shack."

Arrieta sent a plea to his wife to get a little help from people here at home. "I will send pictures and I'm sure you will be as heart-broken as I was," promised Arrieta.

He was not mistaken; upon hearing about the plight of the children, groups jumped

in to do whatever they could. There have been 28 packages of goods sent at this time, goods bought as a result of coffees held by the Hillcrest PTA, efforts by the Girl Scouts, and personal contributions from friends and neighbors in the area.

"THE REACTION was wonderful," Mrs. Arrieta told the Press-Herald. "It seems like everybody wants to help once they hear the story. I just hope the help doesn't stop; my husband tells me of so much more that has to be done."

Screen star Robert Mitchum was touched by the orphanage on his tour of Viet Nam, and developed a close friendship with Arrieta during his stay in Phan Rang. Upon returning to the United States, the first phone call Mitchum made was to Mrs. Arrieta.

"It was late, about 11:30 p.m., when the phone rang and I heard a voice identify itself as belonging to Robert Mitchum. He told me that he was impressed with my husband and said Mark was a 'real Santa Claus' to the kids. I found that Mr. Mitchum, like everyone else who came in contact with the situation, had lost his heart to the kids and the orphanage."

THE SERVICEMEN had taught the children the story of Santa Claus being the bearer of gifts in the United States, and they immediately identified the jolly man with Sgt. Arrieta.

If the shoe fits — and it certainly appears to — Mark Arrieta will wear it perfectly, but he can't wear it alone. He and his men need more supplies than are available in Viet Nam, and the people at home are the only ones who can supply it to them.



"SANTA" IN ACTION . . . M/Sgt. Mark B. Arrietta of the Munitions Squadron passes out the goods received from the states to delighted youngsters. He and his men constructed a suitable building for the kids and are constantly trying to improve the orphans' lot.



FASCINATED STUDENTS . . . The children watch, enraptured, as Arrieta demonstrates the fine art of crayon manipulation. These children are all thieves; they have been known to steal airmen's hearts right out of their fatigues. But, so far, there have been no robbery reports filed with the Pentagon.

Your Second Front Page

Press-Herald

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Ann Landers Says

He Needs Help, And Fast, Lady



Dear Ann Landers: I am heartsick and frightened and I need your help before I go off the deep end. I awakened at about 2 a.m. for some mysterious reason and discovered that my husband was not in the bed beside me. I thought I heard him speaking to someone in the kitchen and could not imagine with whom he could be visiting at that hour. (I had checked our two young children who were asleep in the next room.)

As I approached the kitchen I heard him using indecipherably filthy language and suddenly it dawned on me that he was talking on the telephone. I stood virtually paralyzed for fully five minutes as I listened to him telephone two of our friends (women). In a disguised voice, he said some of the most disgusting things I have ever heard in all my life.

My husband does not know that I heard him and I don't know if I should tell him. I have never heard him use such language in the 15 years we have been married. I am scared to death that our friends may have recognized his voice and I can't face them. Please, please tell me what to do. — ILLINOIS WOMAN IN A PANIC

Dear Woman: Tell your husband — at once — that you heard the telephone conversations and that he should get professional help without a minute's delay.

In Illinois (and many other states) there is a law against obscene telephone calls. If your husband is caught, arrested, and found guilty he could be sent to jail for six months.

Dear Ann: Twelve years ago I caught my wife with another man. I divorced her. I could have taken the three children but I thought they would be better off with their mother. They moved to another city and I supported them for two years — until my wife remarried. I made no effort to see them because I felt it would be best not to confuse the kids or ask them to divide their loyalties between two fathers.

Two weeks ago I got lonely, hopped on a plane and popped in on my ex and the kids. I got a cold reception. I'm sure my ex-wife has turned my children against me. How can I win their love? — SAD DAD

Dear Sad: You drop out of sight for 12 years and then expect the kids to throw themselves into your arms?

Sorry, Dad, the love boat left 12 years ago and you weren't aboard. Don't blame your ex-wife. You did this to yourself.

Dear Ann Landers: I am an 11-year-old girl who needs help. Please print this letter to my mother so she can read it in the paper. Thank you.

Dear Mom: No matter what I do or say or how I might act at times, I love you. I am thankful that you are at my side. You are the best mother in the whole wide world. Without you I wouldn't even be born. Heaven knows where

I would be. Maybe no place. It is you who teaches me right from wrong and believe me, I sure do appreciate it. You are the greatest mom who ever lived. I love you. — THANKFUL DAUGHTER

Dear Thankful: What in world did you DO, anyway? Here is your letter and I sure wish you'd let me in on the whole story. It must be a dorb.

Confidential to WORRIED MOM OF R.N.C.: Don't blame your daughter's boy-friend. She did not reject you for him. This girl has been out of control and unreachable for many years. You need outside help and I urge you to get it.

If excessive drinking is wrecking your health or destroying someone you love, send for Ann Landers' booklet, "Help For The Alcoholic," enclosing with your request 20 cents in coin and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope. Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of his newspaper enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. C 1966, Publishers Newspaper Syndicate

COUNT MARCO

Voila! One and One Are Zero

Interviewers in two separate surveys obviously didn't put their heads together. They should have. The general manager of a poultry group said after a survey by his association, "Forty-two per cent of Americans ate no breakfast this morning at home."

Another survey, this by a national advertising agency, claims, "Forty per cent of the Nation's work force are working wives." Voila! Put one and one together and you get zero.

The American wife is too busy every morning pulling the rollers out of her hair, fighting her husband and children for the bathroom and dashing off to work to ever think about breakfast, let alone prepare it.

Consequently, as Survey No. 1 indicates, "the kids have a soft drink and candy bar at school, Dad takes coffee and a roll at or near the office and Mom diets or nibbles."

Other statistics involving the breakfast table come to

light that would have shocked your grandmothers, in fact the entire neighborhood. Seventy-two per cent of the families interviewed did not eat together, and in a third of the families, someone slept through breakfast.

Leave it to a woman writer to exclaim, upon reading the figures in Survey No. 2: "The story of the working wife in our land takes on ever new and fascinating dimensions."

If starving the family and shirking other responsibilities as a wife and mother are considered "fascinating dimensions," she must, indeed, have a unique prescription for rosy glasses through which she observes the facts of life and statistical material.

She also wrote: "Many wives work outside the home because they want to escape working inside the home." That isn't so "fascinating," either. What it does indicate is that 40 per cent of the wives aren't equipped, either mentally or with enough maturity, to be wives.

One of her reasons given

why wives work is "they don't want to be dependent upon their husbands for every penny they can spend."

The increases in the divorce rate and juvenile delinquency are indicative enough that spending his money isn't the only responsibility you wish to relieve yourself of.

You may be "dependent upon him for every penny you can spend," but during your nibbling break at work today, think of how much more dependent your family is upon you.

By having the family together for breakfast you provide them with much-needed energy for the busy day ahead. More important, he sees all his responsibilities before he goes to work, thus making his hard job easier to take. After all, what is that extra income but the root of all evil?

Do away with evil in your home. Give two weeks' notice right now. You can't serve two masters. So make up your mind. Which will it be, your beast or your boss?

BILL MURIN
To Boys State

Bill Murin Picked for Boys' State

Bill Murin will represent Bishop Montgomery High School at Boys' State, held at the State Fair Grounds, June 20-28. He was chosen from among three Montgomery candidates recommended by the faculty on the basis of their answers on a questionnaire on leadership sent to them by the American Legion.

The Boys' State program, sponsored by the American Legion Auxiliary, is intended to develop an interest in the organization, function, and problems of American government. Delegates attend lectures on city, county and state government and hold their own elections, following the procedure required by California State Laws.

Murin is active in many school affairs. He has been a member of the Letterman's Club, CSF, the Spanish Honor Society, on the JV and Varsity baseball teams, and on the C football team. Besides sports, he is interested in Latin and English. After going to college, he plans to become either a language teacher or PE teacher.

His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murin, 21717 Evelyn Ave., Torrance.