

EDITORIALS

Doing Something More

During the month of March, the American Red Cross will conduct its annual campaign for members and funds in Torrance and throughout the country. At the same time, in the African jungle, one of the great men of our time will begin his 42nd year in a project of selfless devotion to mankind. Between these two seemingly unrelated events, there is a connection—a strong one.

The man is Dr. Albert Schweitzer, physician, philosopher, writer, and Nobel-prize winner, who has devoted most of his 80 years to running a hospital for the inhabitants of a remote jungle community.

Dr. Schweitzer has developed a principle called *Reference for Life*, a subject on which he was interviewed recently.

It is not enough, he said, to do one's daily job, support one's family, abide by the laws. "That's all very well, but you must do something more."

"You must give some time to your fellow man. Even if it's a little thing, do something for those who have need of help, something for which you get no pay but the privilege of doing it."

So great was Dr. Schweitzer's belief in this principle that he left his native Alsace to live out his life in a jungle. That principle brings us back to Red Cross.

The Red Cross, in its essence, is merely the means by which we all can give some help to those of our fellowmen who need it, who must have it. Through the Red Cross, we can lighten the load of a tornado victim, help brighten the hours of a hospital patient, even save a life. In helping them, our lives become more meaningful.

The Red Cross has long realized that fact and on it has been built the enduring, world-wide organization which serves us in so many ways. We can serve it, in turn, by joining its March campaign for members and funds.

Spiritual Rearmament

Despite the most costly rearmament program in the history of the world, the rising tide of crisis and confusion continues to threaten to engulf America and the cause of freedom.

Yet, from their discouragement and disillusionment, the American people are beginning to remember something they have too long forgotten—that only from their moral strength, can they generate the power to preserve their precious way of life, and to keep alive the flames of freedom which, in the chaos of the world around us, symbolizes the one hope for liberty-loving peoples everywhere.

In recent years, we have heard more and more of our leaders—military, political and religious—call for the reawakening of the true American spirit of our people.

Today, there is a very definite sign that at last we are realizing that the material things are not sufficient to bring us happiness and maintain the American Way of Life. As a result, there is stirring in our land a decided recognition of the need for a greater rearmament program—a spiritual rearmament of all the American people, and a rededication to the principles upon which our great country was founded 178 years ago.

Let us remember these principles! Let us practice them in our everyday lives and encourage our neighbors to do the same. If we do, then we cannot help but restore the true leadership of America founded upon the enduring principles of the one religion we share in common—faith in the Supreme Being who guides the destinies of all.

With such faith—great enough and broad enough for all, irrespective of race, creed or color—there will be created that true American spirit of brotherhood which we, of all the peoples of the world, were divinely chosen to demonstrate.

—Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker

OUT OF THE PAST

30 YEARS AGO
February, 1925

A long-standing controversy between the owner of a Lomita dance hall and nearby neighbors ended when flames destroyed the place. Firemen said that gasoline had been poured on the floor in the hall... By a 6 to 1 margin, voters of this area OK'd the issuing of 2,000,000 in bonds for new sewers... The Bert S. Crossland Post of the American Legion urged that observance of Memorial Day and Armistice Day in all schools be made mandatory... Dedication services for the new First Christian Church were held here... Festivities were planned to celebrate the "wedding of Hollywood with the Harbor," through the opening of Western Ave... The Building Department proudly announced that 13 new houses were built in Torrance during February... The high school announced that a special radio speaker would be set in the auditorium for students to hear President Coolidge's inaugural address.

30 YEARS AGO
February, 1925

Post Office receipts for 1925 were up 50 per cent from the previous year... The City Council, with the slogan, "steel school buildings for a steel town," asked the Los Angeles School District to use steel for new educational facilities... An editorial by Lute Fraser

denounced Los Angeles School Board officials for their refusal to allow Torrance track teams to participate outside the immediate area, thus excluding the championship squad from the Long Beach Relays... The Civilian Conservation Corps announced plans for the development of Alondra Park... The first ball for the benefit of Torrance Memorial Hospital was termed a huge success... A former Redondo Beach principal was placed in a padded cell after being charged with misappropriation of \$400 of school money.

10 YEARS AGO
February, 1945

Expansion of Torrance Memorial Hospital to a 108-bed capacity was a requested under terms of a new federal aid act... In New York, officials of the IC 4-A mile run announced that the event would hereafter be known as the "Louis Zamperini Invitational Mile," after the famous Torrance runner... Dock Aircraft announced that it would build a new assembly building here... Torrance High School's enrollment was 1218 students... The Rotary Club was making plans for a drive to raise funds for a recreation area for the Pueblo area... The Torrance Moose Lodge told of plans to build a \$250,000 hall for its activities.

30 YEARS AGO
February, 1925

A regional python, 25 ft. 2 1/2 inches long, one of the largest of its kind in the United States, recently arrived at the Miami Oceanarium... Officials average about 10 feet, although some are said to have reached 30 feet.

Vair Difficult To Keep Cooks



The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHKE
Herald Staff Writer

It looks as if a poor gypsy can't even make an honest buck, anymore.

Although the Board of Supervisors is mulling over a suggestion that fortune telling, palmistry, and the like should be legal, the sheriff and other more earthly officials are saying the M.M.E. Gypsy is a threat to the public welfare.

Half the colorful characters "mysterious women with bright eyes, and flowing robes—would-be gone from circuses, carnivals, and pikes. . . .
Gone would be the windows which read "Mme. Vivureshka—Palm Reading, Handwriting Analysis, Tea-Leaf Reading, Head Bump Analysis, and Crystal Ball Study."
Gone would be the testimonials which proclaim:
"Dear Mme. Vivureshka,
"Before I come to you have my palm read, my head bumps studied, and before you consulted your cards, crystal ball, and tea leaves for me, I was lost and friendless, I thought I ending it all.
"Then I met you and you told me that I would soon meet the man of my dreams and become fabulously rich. My spiritus zoomed to the heavens.
"I am still looking for my man and I am still sweeping floors at the Fleebit Pet Shoppe, but you sure have helped me. My spiritus zoomed to the heavens.
"Forever grateful to you,
"EMMIE TWICKTACK."

If the sheriff had his way, the frightened and bewildered would have to use their own heads instead of getting help from mysterious sources. . . . Fortune tellers, soothsayers, and spiritualists have advised the confused as far back as historians can find material. According to the movie, Attila

"I see a man in your life, who will mean more and more to you. He is blonde, has blue eyes, and is of medium height. His initials are . . . they are . . .
"At this point she faltered, falling deeper into her trance. After a series of gyrations, she continued.
"His initials seem to be . . . yes, they are F. T. or T. F.," she cried. "Two dollars, please."

It didn't take a trance to describe me, nor did it take a trance to tell that I was wearing a belt buckle with my initials on it.
Incidentally, that was my last date with the young lady.
Now the sheriff wants to deprive me and thousands of others of this good advice.
So if you want to learn your future before business is closed, run, not walk, to the shop of your favorite gypsy.

My own personal experience in learning the occult came a several years ago when a young lady I was wooing, but not winning, spied a gypsy fortune teller, and sought her aid.

Going into a trance, Mme. Lamelle-Kalassa cried, "Ah, there was a significant pause.
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Of All Things

By Robert B. Martin

The day of the he-man is over . . . or nearly over.

Equal rights has progressed far enough to keep the man at home with baby while his wife is out somewhere making speeches and running for political office . . . or doing something else. Like driving a taxi or working as a riveter. . . . I understand that 304 women are now serving in State legislatures. There are 186 Republicans, 116 Democrats and two who just can't seem to make up their minds.

Maybe I should amend one remark I made.

It started further back than equal rights.

I wouldn't doubt that it started when a farmer's horse got sick and he hitched his wife to a plow. It got her thinking.

The seed that was planted in the woman's mind was a sight more powerful than the corn that sprouted in the furrow. It huffed for "how about some coffee?"

I may be naively over-enthusiastic, but I think this thing will catch on. I already know scores of persons who use such language daily, and as its simplicity becomes apparent, there are bound to be more persons using it all the time. Mvurd. Which means, naturally, mark my word.

I see Bud Whatchamacallit from Lomita has been in again. Bud, you'll remember, left us a note the other day

A bloodless revolution, I hope. That may be too much to hope for. Some wives have a fearful right.

The start must be gradual, men . . . a furtive hint that your beer allowance should be more than 17 cents a week. Use psychology to get her to help with the dishes again. Tell her that it's good for the waistline.

Your greatest point will be gained when you convince her that an evening with the boys will help your frame of mind. Save your beer allowance for a month or two and bring it home in one lump sum the first night she lets you out. Tell her you won it. Maybe you don't think her eyes will sparkle when she sees all that money . . . a good dollar or so!

Of course each man has his own specific problem.

The campaign will be long and the battle will be bitter. But we must take heart. Well . . . there's plowing to be done, and ol' Dobbin's not feeling quite up to snuff. Ooh . . . that harness sure raises the blisters.

Men's clothing shops and male atty experts are hereby authorized to declare "Open Season on Maria" by substituting news on the latest styles for men. This, we promise, will be published in a later column.

The SQUIRREL CAGE It's Your Country

By JOHN BECK

Everything I say goes, Around my house, brother. It goes right in one shell-pink car. And right on out the other.

Children have an uncanny way of picking up the main syllables of a phrase, running them together, and coming up with a new language which, although not entirely understandable at first, has considerable merit. It deserves more consideration.

For instance: when the young ones want a drink of water, they are apt to say, "Dinkwa." Or, if they merely want their share of a certain (age), they might say, "Wana-ee" or some such thing.

Simple, certainly, but then we must remember that they are still children with limited experiences and vocabularies.

Now if such a contraction of phrases into simple, understandable words were practiced daily by grown-ups, which a lot of yakkity-yak which goes on every day could be dropped.

There are endless uses for such contracted dialogues. When dad takes his car down to get a grease job, all he would have to tell the station attendant is "gimme a grab." Or if he wants gas and oil, just ask for goll.

Suppose dad takes mom down to the cafe for dinner some evening (we're still supposing) and they decided they'd like to start out with French onion soup and a green salad.

How simple it would be if they could just order Fronton soup and salad. Or perhaps they only want a ham sandwich—that would be just a hamwich—very simple, indeed.

Down at the office, such a simplified language is already in use, but a lot of improvement could be made. Even now, when the boss strides in past Miss Jones at the switchboard on his arrival in the morning he's apt to say something like "Goomjones" instead of the old-fashioned "good morning, Miss Jones."

His first move is to ask, "smallere?" Any veteran of the office knows immediately that he wants to know if the mail is here. This short, simple language is a time saver, I'll tell you.

Under such a system, the foreshortened language would be spread to all phases of daily living. Everyday items of attire could take on meaningful names such as blox for black oxfords, blirt for blue shirt, gric for green tie, hoffee for "how about some coffee?"

I may be naively over-enthusiastic, but I think this thing will catch on. I already know scores of persons who use such language daily, and as its simplicity becomes apparent, there are bound to be more persons using it all the time. Mvurd. Which means, naturally, mark my word.

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The Hands in Our Pockets WASTED BILLIONS: American taxpayers who have not yet been brainwashed and propagandized to an inert pulp may wonder what our federal spenders do with all the money they extract from our pockets and paychecks. If the subject weighs heavily on your mind during this unhappy season of income tax returns, take a look at a new book, "Billions, Blunders and Baloney" by Eugene W. Castle (Devyn-Adair Co., New York). It won't make you any happier, but it will give you some fast and factual answers.

Mr. Castle, a long-experienced newspaper and propaganda expert, has visited 28 countries and traveled 75,000 miles to find out why the United States is becoming the most hated nation on earth while our Washington wasters force us to dig up billions of dollars for useless, even harmful, propaganda programs and lavish global give-aways.

First to be dealt with is the United States Information Agency (USIA), the 10,171-man propaganda force whose aim is to "mold men's minds."

This "ludicrous extravaganza" has picked up pockets of more than \$400 million since 1948 and has an additional appropriation of more than \$77 million to spend during the current fiscal year.

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on walls and fences all the way from Paris to Tokyo, also by the increasing numbers in Europe and Asia who are listening to the more realistic and much less expensive propaganda put out by the Communists. And for this we are taxed \$77 millions a year!

WORLD-ON-OUR-BACKS: Mr. Castle proves beyond doubt that the expensive, lulling United States Information Agency is a wanton waste of taxpayers' money, indeed that it makes enemies for us rather than friends. But the cost of USIA can, for the present, be "beat," he computes in millions. The real big deal, for which we are forced to kick in billions, is the Foreign Operations Administration (FOA).

FOA is the global give-away commonly called "foreign aid." Its director, selected by President Eisenhower, is that master spender, Harold E. Stassen, who this year has \$5,245,575,705 of American taxpayers' money to hand out all over the world. High on Mr. Stassen's list of favorites is India, who plunges a knife into our back at every turn.

"For instance," writes Castle, "in neutralist India, United States assistance to the tune of \$85,000,000 for development, plus \$19,500,000 for technical cooperation, is to be a part of India's Five Year Plan (included in our 1955 budget), with title vested in India's government." Thus does Mr. Stassen use our money to build railroads and harness rivers in India!

FEDERAL HIJACKERS: Mr. Castle cites many other instances of how our federal bureaucrats are forcing us to hand over astronomical sums to foreign countries while needed improvements in the United States must wait, and while our national debt stands at about \$278 billions and our budget shows a deficit of about \$5 billions.

But debts and deficits do not bother the free-wheeling free-lance Mr. Stassen. Castle quotes him as having said his aim was to bring about "peace and good living conditions for all the world's people," and of adding, "We cannot, nor must we ever turn our aid to needy free nations just for the sake of cutting our own budget." Perpetual American deficits, even into bankruptcy!

For a sobering picture of how thoroughly and permanently our foreign policy is being run by the hands of the outcasts under the administration of Mr. Eisenhower and his world-minded appointees, everyone should read "Billions, Blunders and Baloney" Castle also reveals how the Congress is infected with the give-away madness and how reluctant and uncooperative members are brought to heel by White House blandishments and pressures.

There are those, Gov. J. Bracken Lee of Utah for one, who do say "I'm forcing the Eisenhower madness and over their money to foreign countries is a violation of our Constitution. The effect of this form of confiscation, this refined method of hijacking, is exactly the same as forcing people's hands over their real estate, a lot of their household furnishings, or any other possessions. We just don't see the gun—not yet, anyway.

on the number of stop signs he found on Narbonne and Arlington while going into the HERALD office. Thinking he would duck a few of them, he came up Eshelman last Friday afternoon.

Here's the result: "Man, I'm telling you that this Eshelman route to Torrance from Lomita is no bed-of-roses," he said in a note left for me.

"First I hit a stop sign at Eshelman and 228th St. Out in the oil fields," he penned. "Then I hit one at 237th, 238th, 239th, Middlebrook, Sepulveda (by now the street is Carbrillo) at Plaza Del Amo at 220th, at Carson St., and at Gramery (on Cravens). That's 10 stop signs in about 18 blocks, and beats your stop sign-infested route home from work—so there."

Okay, "Bud," we know when we're beaten.

Crossword Puzzle

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Look for Answers on Page 11

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36. Pencil
37. Precise
38. Unchecked
39. Divisible
40. Toward
41. Mail
42. Corp
43. New
44. New
45. New
46. New
47. New
48. New