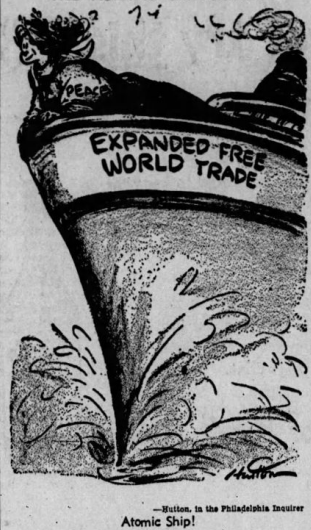


THE VISITING CARTOONIST



—Widened in the Philadelphia Inquirer Atomic Ship!

HAM ON RYON

BY ART RYON

An elephant was playing a game out on Ventura Blvd. the other morning. He was riding in an open stake truck. And he obviously was unshackled because he was standing sideways and moving around. The truck was rolling along in the right-hand lane next to the parking lane beside the curb. The elephant had boosted his trunk over the side. He kept it hanging down until the truck passed a parked car. Then he'd lift his trunk so it barely cleared the top of the car and then lower it again after the car was passed.

Looked like him, according to Howard Kennedy, who happened to be driving along behind the truck.

You know how they name farms — Shady Rest, Cozy Rest, and so on ...

Well, Joe Brandt, head of the Graduate Department of Journalism at UCLA, reports that the most appropriately named farm he ever saw was a spick-and-span layout in Southern Michigan called Seldom Rest.

The boys on the Police Beat will never believe this, but while covering a bank robbery this week we were with a phoog who took a picture of a detective standing beside the pretty teller who had been held up. That's routine enough. But here's the unbelievable smasher: The cop refused to give his name, said he didn't want it in the papers!

You have no idea how astounding this really is.

Speaking of the incredible, there's a little place down on Main St. that's still called the Puttee Shop.

Puttee? — We thought they were on their last legs years ago.

Driving up U.S. Highway 89 the other day, Chat Vonier passed a car with big lettering all over it advertising that it was equipped

with a "NEW GAS SAVING DEVICE."

Which would've impressed Chet no end — except that he was being pushed by another car.

Ah, but then, the Waiters & Bartenders Union of La Crescenta Valley had a tough time of it this week, too, according to Jack Davis.

Seems that they made elaborate plans for their annual dance last Monday. But they made two mistakes: (1) The tickets were printed in a nonunion shop, and (2) it turned out that some American Legion hall they'd hired for the occasion did not have union help.

Learning of this, some of the more ardent members threatened to picket their own dance if it was held in that hall.

Result: They all went down to Rudy's Flintridge Tavern and had a high old time.

Gordy Wallace proudly announced to Henry Watson that he'd just lost 10 pounds.

"Turn around," Harry commanded. "I think I've found it!"

As you may have read, the Variety Clubs of the World, international organization of entertainers, have opened their annual convention at the Ambassador.

And, as you may also know, individual Variety Clubs, instead of being known as posts or lodges, are called "Tents." And, in this vein, the clubs have set up a lot of gaudily striped, side-show type tents on the Ambassador lawn.

All of which prompted two nice old ladies walking past on Wilshire Blvd. yesterday to remark: "My, that hotel must be awfully crowded — putting up tents!"

The Indiana editor didn't think he could. Thompson was insistent. Finally they decided to bet on it. The loser would buy a barrel of flour and give it to a worthy poor person. John Soule sat down in his office and wrote an editorial for his paper.

A first restrictive measure passed by Congress in 1879 was vetoed by President Hayes as in violation of China's treaty rights.

Three years later, after a new treaty had been negotiated with China, a new Chinese Exclusion Act was passed, placing a 10-year ban on the Orientals. By this time, 375,000 Chinese had entered the United States and they constituted 75% of the agricultural labor force of California.

Subsequent acts, some of which were in clear violation of the treaty, continued the ban until recent years, when the Chinese were placed on the same equal basis as other immigrants.

The New York Tribune, the paper he edited, then republished the Soule editorial with the following comment: "This is a brilliant piece of journalism."

Available at All Leading Stores.

SEN. KNOWLAND WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT

BY HOLMES ALEXANDER

On the theory that actions speak louder than words, it's indisputable that Sen. Knowland is doing a lot more than Henry Ford to validate the famous saying: "I would rather be right than be President."

Knowland, unlike Clay the dapper compromiser, is a man who never bends a principle in deference to popularity, a man of ramrod rectitude in public and personal morals, as Clay was not.

Knowland is now nearing a curve in the roadway of his career. The White House very definitely wants him to continue as administration floor leader, if for no better reason than that he's a darned good one. But some of the Senator's well-wishers and admirers would like to see him resign his leadership of the Eisenhower coalition government and assert his full-time, full-hearted leadership of the Old Guard which, to borrow a Napoleonic phrase, dies but never retreats.

It is a choice which cannot be much longer postponed and which—as the untimely untitled to know—will not be made for any reason except the Knowland creed of "I'd rather be right than be popular." Knowland's worst enemies could say that much about him—although they are not often generous enough to do so. Other politicians hide our question as to complete sincerity; Knowland almost alone stands above any reservations an exemplary association. And although his foreign policy seems overpeppered with gunpowder, and his anti-Communism often makes Communist often makes Communist seem a mere peevish association, it's impossible to

find anybody in public life who's as good for what ails us as Knowland is.

The California Senator, right or wrong, is a timely reminder that minority opinion—the courage to be unpopular, if you will—is even more essential in America than the opinion of numerical superiority. Nothing worth while in the sciences or the ethics was ever decided by nose counting.

Political statesmanship, a combination of factual truth and inspirational morality, is achieved only by men who endure loneliness and unpopularity, until at long last their views are seen to have merit. And even when the public approval is indefinitely withheld, the man who is indifferent to popularity and impervious to the slurs of the mobmasters is setting an example in fortitude which has been historically useful to republics like ours.

It's said of Knowland that by bolting the White House foreign policy, he would take with him less than a dozen Republican Senators and would become no more than the outlaw chief of a splinter of a minority party. It's been pointed out that he would be deserting the first Republican President in 20 years and perhaps the last GOP President of this century. It's charged that the defection of the big California Senator would amount to surrendering Fort Eisenhower to the Democrats and to conceding a victory in 1936 for what are called Democrats or me-to-Republicans. But even if all these assumptions and allegations are true, they do not affect much more important fact. We need politicians in

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



American politics who can tell the difference between morality and majority, truth and optimism, courage and conformity.

The Senators who might follow Knowland, indeed splintered minority would certainly not be seeking anything for themselves. The surrender of Fort Eisenhower, with all its garisoned comforts and relative security, ought to prove to the country beyond all doubt that Knowland and his whoever marches with him are doing so for no rewards except those of conscience.

The country would have in California, with an example of fortitude which is far more in the public interest than any stick-to-it concept of party loyalty would be like Democrats or me-to-Republicans. All this is written without any confidential information to what Knowland intends to do. It is also written with considerable reservation about the Senator's

Far East strategy. Mr. Eisenhower's program of prosperity at home and peace abroad can't be faulted in its intent. And, so far, the President's performance has been well-nigh flawless. The idea of getting involved in a Chinese civil war is not half so attractive as getting out. Almost everything that's happened since 1940 has been an advertisement—in this book, anyone—for a policy of Bring the Boys Home.

But if we're to have a peace and prosperity administration under a President who pleases almost everybody, we certainly ought to have somebody to keep us from getting too complacent about it all. In this case, there's nothing in the honor of his conscience. They also serve who only stand and are absent from popular opinion.

WHO SAID WHAT AND NEVER GOT THE CREDIT

BY DAVID NOWINSON

If you're an average American, you believe Horace Greeley said, "Go west, young man." You're reasonably sure Mark Twain uttered an eminently reliable remark, "Everybody complains about the weather but nobody does anything about it." And you're positive when P. T. Barnum, who cracked, "There's a sucker born every minute."

These classic utterances all have one thing in common. They were not made by the illustrious men commonly given credit for them. So just to set the record straight, let's look into the facts and discover who were the unsung heroes who did bob up first with the much-quoted lines.

In 1851, John Soule, editor of the Terre Haute (Ind.) Express, was chatting about opportunities in the West with his friend Richard Thompson when the latter became Secretary of the Navy. Thompson urged Soule to travel westward so he could find more material for writing.

"John," he said, "if you tried, you could write an article which would be attributed to the great Horace Greeley."

The Indiana editor didn't think he could. Thompson was insistent. Finally they decided to bet on it.

But Samuel Clemens was a neighbor of Charles Dudley Warner, also an author and newspaperman. The two had collaborated on "The Gilded Age," published in 1873. In 1890, while writing an editorial for the Hartford Press and Courant, Warner coined the famous expression: "Everybody complains about the weather but nobody does anything about it."

Phineas T. Barnum, the great showman, is invariably credited with the line: "There's a sucker born every minute." The real author was his business rival, Adam Forepaugh. On being interviewed by a group of newspapermen during the late 50s, Forepaugh happened to use the phrase. A reporter asked if he could quote him. Fearing the public might resent his attitude, Forepaugh said flatly: "Just say it's one of Barnum's favorite slogans."

The expression is attributed to the editor of the Tribune, the paper he edited, then republished the Soule editorial with the following comment: "This is a brilliant piece of journalism."

like him than it does me, anyway." No shrinking violet, Barnum thanked his competitor for the free advertising. Angry that he'd mentioned Barnum at all, Forepaugh told his wife: "I might have known that Phineas doesn't care what anybody says about him as long as they say something."

Voltaire may not be as widely quoted nowadays as in bygone years, but most people attribute to him that gem of tolerance: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

The actual writer of these words was not Voltaire but an author not nearly as famous — Evelyn Beatrice Hall. In 1906 under the pen name of S. G. Hallerette, she wrote and had published a book titled "Vol-

taire and His Friends." It was in this book that the quotation first appeared. It cannot be found in any of Voltaire's works. Miss Hall invented it as the attitude Voltaire had about Helvetius and his book "De l'esprit," which Voltaire disapproved of so vehemently as threatening government critics.

Chief disbaring officer of the AEP in France during World War I was Col. Charles E. Stanton, a nephew of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War in President Lincoln's Cabinet. Depicted by Gen. John J. Pershing to speak at the tomb of Lafayette in Picquet Cemetery, Paris, on July 4, 1917, he closed his talk with these eloquent words: "America has joined forces with the Allied powers in a crisis of the magnitude of which we have had no precedent. It is that with loving pride we drap the colors in stripes of respect to this citizen of our great republic. And here and now in the presence of the illustrious dead we pledge our hearts and our honors to carrying this war to a successful issue. Lafayette, we are here."

A historic lie. And in spite of the fact that Gen. Pershing wrote in his memoirs, published in 1931 that he wished it could have been his line but that it was actually spoken by Col. Stanton, the public pays little attention to disclaimers. Till the end of time it will be attributed to Pershing, not to Stanton.

Ever since Franklin Delano Roosevelt's radio address of April 7, 1932, most Americans credit him with authorship of the phrase, "the forgotten man." It is true that F.D.R. did refer to "the forgotten man at the bottom of the economic pyramid." But he didn't invent the words.

Among the 10 stories, favorites; often they will do this, if the truth be told, almost entirely by rote. Such a story corresponds somewhere with some facet of their own life experience.

THE NEIGHBORS

By George Clark



BOOKMAN'S NOTEBOOK

BY JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

During its first decade the Creative Writing Center at Stanford, under direction of Wallace Stegner and Richard Scowcroft, has demonstrated that (a) either the center teaches something very worthwhile about writing, or (b) the students who attend it are writers to begin with.

Probably this isn't really an either-or situation. Without doubt both things are largely true. Just published is the ninth annual collection of short stories written as class work in the center, STANFORD SHORT STORIES: 1935 (Stanford Univ. Press: \$3.50), edited by Profs. Stegner and Scowcroft.

This year's volume contains 10 stories by nine young writers one of which, Wesley Ford Davis, has two in the volume.

Because they were well advised, or because they knew enough anyway these writers have stuck to themes of which they knew something at firsthand. This you will find substantiated by the notes at the end, in which each writer discusses his or her own story, how it came to be written, some of the difficulties encountered, and so on.

Their comments, as the editors put it, reflect the "kind of solidarity that writers play, thumbing over many cards to find the ones that match to complete a suit."

Consciously or unconsciously, this is indeed what any writer does, discarding, shifting, looking further, until the bits and pieces come together.

At any rate, the writers' comments show why each chose the theme and how he or she wrestled with it, which will be of particular interest to any reader who is writing, or trying to write, well.

IN OTHER TIMES

FROM THE FILES OF THE TIMES

50 YEARS AGO May 6, 1905 Plans were made in Los Angeles for the organization of a State Dog Protective Association. Purpose of the organization was to prevent stealing of dogs and to apprehend dog poisons.

CHICAGO—A crisis was moving in the strike of teamsters' unions in this city. Riots were reported in various sections of the city and car dealers were hard hit by the strike.

33 YEARS AGO May 6, 1902 Former naval officers from Southern California organized an association for defense and social work.

The organization comprises all retired officers of the 12th Naval Command and is headed by Comdr. A. H. Woodruff, USN(R).

15 YEARS AGO May 6, 1920 Frank Wolf, Los Angeles High School student, won the third annual national contest for college high school pupils sponsored by the Native Sons of the Golden West.

The City Council voted to reduce the clerk's salary from \$600 to \$450 a month but rejected a move to cut the salaries of Board of Public Works members from \$500 to \$450 monthly.