

EDITORIALS

A Worthy Project

The action of more than a score of residents of Andree Ave. in asking the city for the removal of dead and dying trees along the parkways so they could be replaced with new ones reached a pleasant climax this week when city employees planted 28 new trees which had been purchased by residents along the street.

Andree Ave. is one of Torrance's oldest streets and the trees planted along about 40 years ago had reached the point of being useless as a means of beautifying the street, and in many cases were a hazard to property located in the area.

Residents of the street are to be commended for having the community pride needed to offer their cooperation with the city in replacing the trees. They outlined their problem, and then did something specific to solve it.

It might be well if other residents along some of the city's original streets were to step out the front door and give their street a long look. Andree Ave. residents found that they could get the new trees on their streets for less than \$2 a house.

It's an investment which should bring returns far exceeding the cost of the young trees.

Madame President

With Clara Boothe Luce, our lady ambassador to Italy, and Margaret Chase Smith, senator from Maine, wooing the newsreel cameras lately with more than usual ardor, some political commentators venture the opinion that these talented and estimable women are beginning a preliminary build-up with an eye to angling for the presidential or vice presidential nomination at the forthcoming Republican national convention.

The Democrats so far have not come out with a lady stalwart, but give them time. Maybe they, too, will start grooming a dark horse—or should we say mare!

What's wrong with having a woman for president? Do you know of anything more unfair than to discriminate against a capable American simply because of her sex? There is nothing in the Constitution that makes a woman ineligible for the highest office. We should know by now that, in the field of politics, a woman can be just as competent (and just as stupid) as a man. In foreign relations, a woman president might do a better job than a man. This much is sure: She would always manage to get in the last word. She might appoint an all-woman cabinet. The possibilities are staggering, but we are willing to keep our fingers crossed.

Election of a woman president would raise some fascinating problems. For example: If she has a husband, would he become the First Gentleman of the Land?

Maybe what the White House needs is a little more glamour, and a powder-room adjacent to the president's office!

THE MAIL BOX

(The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of libel and good taste. Letters should be kept brief and must be signed. The writer's name will be withheld if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of The Torrance Herald.)

(Editor's Note—Monday's Torrance HERALD featured the talk made by Paul Loranger following his installation to serve a second term as president of the Torrance Chamber of Commerce. In it Loranger told how retail sales per capita have shown a decrease in Torrance since 1949 and that they are now approximately 65 per cent less per person than five years ago. He lamented the fact that Torrance merchants are not getting their share of retail business in the area and lauded their current efforts to reorganize the merchants division of the Chamber of Commerce. Tuesday's mail brought the following pertinent comment by a Torrance housewife and shopper. Her spontaneous expressions typify, the HERALD believes, the thinking of too large a segment of the 25,000 homes that receive this newspaper weekly. Frankly, our advertising representatives have been pounding this truth home to Torrance retailers repeatedly. We are always grateful to receive this additional support from our readers. It shows us in a favorable light, and we trust local retailers will consider seriously the writer's statement that "advertisement is an investment rather than an expense."

Dear Sirs:

I have lived in Torrance one year and three months, and I get the Torrance HERALD twice a week as many other residents do.

My reason for this note is the article in this morning's paper (Monday, March 7) "Need for Retail Growth Revealed" about Paul Loranger.

I just want to say if the merchants in Torrance want more business from all us people in and around Torrance, why don't they do some advertising in our paper, the HERALD. That's what us housewives buy the paper for, but so very, very few ads run. So we shop where they do advertise. It's just as easy for most of us to go to other shopping centers as to go to Torrance shopping center.

If they ran ads and let the people of Torrance and the areas around know what good buys they had, they would get lots more business. When I have the time to go from store to store to look for things I need, I find Torrance merchants have very good buys, but what housewife has time to go in and out of store after store? We have a good paper. Why don't our merchants use it! Money spent on advertising will be an investment rather than an expense.

Just a housewife who wants to see Torrance grow and go to the top.

Yours truly,
MRS. CHARLES PFEFFER
16621 Faysmith Ave.
Torrance, Calif.

So I Broke It—

KOREA TRUCE TREATY

-SO WHAT ARE ANYBODY GONNA DO ABOUT IT?



REG-MANNING



The Freelancer Of All Things

By TOM RISCHE, Herald Staff Writer

By Robert B. Martin

Many more people are now wearing eyeglasses, optometrists report, because they are now straining their eyes to read the small print on the financial pages of their newspapers.

Entranced by the prospect of quick, easy riches, many are investing in stocks. This writer is personally acquainted with one young man who has parlayed some small savings into quite a comfortable living, without work, for himself.

There definitely is money to be made in the stock market now, if a person invests wisely. Stock investment clubs have sprung up, with groups of individuals joining to get gill-edge stock.

The papers recently report an Illinois schoolteacher who, by shrewd investment, left an estate valued at nearly \$1,000,000.

It seems this school marm, who never got over \$8600 a year as a pedagogue, had invested in a booming factory in 1910, and became wealthier as the factory grew. She bought up gill-edge stock selling at rock-bottom prices during the depression, and made a fortune as prices went up.

She was her lawyer declared "a financial wizard."

For most of us, who aren't financial wizards, this seems fabulous.

Many of an older generation can remember the fortunes that were being made in stocks—before 1929. They can also recall the fortunes that were lost in stocks—in 1929.

They recall how Hoover was promising "Two chickens in every garage," and "A chicken in every pot" in the chicken shop on the corner, but at the doctor's. If a person buys stock, he shouldn't get it from a door-to-door salesman, but should get the advice of an expert.

There are fortunes to be made in stocks. But those who buy should keep in mind the old saying: "Easy come, easy go."

much more solid foundation than they were before 1929.

On the other hand, some economists tell us that they aren't sure whether the stock market is sound or not. In fact, they aren't even sure whether stock averages are higher than 1929, because the method of figuring averages has changed.

If the experts can't agree, how can the poor laymen know?

The Braille system, perfected just one hundred years ago, is far more important to blind persons than all of the electric lights and neon signs in the world.

ACCORDING TO A. T. Hunt, Superintendent of Operations, Braille Institute of America, Inc., so well did Louis Braille do his work that today, the basic portion of his system remains almost unchanged.

Through the century, there have been other systems based on type printed in relief. These have led only to wasteful duplication in the printing of books and to much controversy among educators and workers for the blind.

Hunt said. He added that all have fallen into disuse except Moon type, which has been retained for the use of the blind who, because of age or other reasons, cannot learn to read Braille.

Born Jan. 4, 1809 in the village of Coupvray, near Paris, Louis Braille was the son of a harness maker. He was given his early schooling in the Roul Institution for the Young Blind of Paris.

BRaille WORKED with two systems of raised print, then in use at the institution. Because of the difficulty he and others experienced in using it, Braille, by the age of 16, had gone to work on a point system, based on 6 dots . . . similar to the domino.

The system went to unofficial use at the institution in 1829, Hunt said. However, it wasn't officially recognized and adopted until 1854 . . . two years after Braille's death.

Braille Institute of America, Inc., founded in 1919 and incorporated in 1929, is located at 741 N. Vernon Ave., Los Angeles. The organization, which is in itself a monument to Louis Braille, has been carrying on service for the blind during its 35 years of existence.

BECAUSE at the age of 3 Louis Braille lost sight of one eye . . . and soon after went into total blindness . . . people in all parts of the world today can "see" through their fingertips.

You who are reading this column may not realize the extent of Braille's contribution to mankind . . . because you can see . . . but lose the power of sight and you'd quickly understand the need for this marvelous system.

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IT IS POSSIBLE, by the way, for you to become a member in some category, including patron, supporting, contributing, associate, sustaining or life member. Dues for the patron member amount to only \$5 a year. Call them at Normandy 3-1111 if you'd like further information.

Your information will go to books for the blind, education, social welfare . . . and into Bibles, printed in Braille.

They gain so much inspiration through these Bibles . . . so much through Psalm 119: 180, "The entrance of thy words giveth light."

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

A-Bomb explosions in Nevada

Sure make an awesome sight,

But I wish those guys would watch it,

They're playing with dynamite.

Thanks for this week's poem goes to a lady we overheard Monday who said, "I don't know whether they realize it or not, but those guys in Nevada are playing around with dynamite." 'Twas a natural.

Keeping up with the modern developments in entertainment is getting increasingly difficult as we make our way into the second half of Twentieth-Century living. Take, for instance, home amusement devices. Now it wasn't too long ago when the family took turns with the headphones on the little one-tube radio that Uncle Ray put together in his garage. From there we progressed to radios with bullhorn speakers, finally got the speakers back inside the radio, added wave hands to pick up police calls, short-wave communications, and far-away places (with an overgrown aerial strung between the house and garage everybody went over to Uncle Phil's to watch the football game, which was a real treat even on his seventh set.

Television was a long time coming to our house—we held off the pressure got too great for the kiddies who were getting glimpses of Sheriff John on the neighbor's set. We broke down and bought a little second-hand set which would keep the kids happy.

This has been more than a year, now, but a new family-type A-bomb hit the other day.

The four-year-old broke it very delicately by asking: "What's hi-fi, daddy?"

For the benefit of my hi-fi salesman turned in on this low-fi wavelength, we stalled off the television salesman for about eight years.

If a member of one of Torrance's churches gets a couple of sidelong glances next Sunday, he can blame it on the experience his wife had at home this week. A Torrance lady, who would just as soon not be named, was talking to two Torrance police officers in her home about a neighborhood situation the other morning when two representatives of the church made a visitation call. Meeting them at the door, our housewife explained that she had visitors and asked if they could return.

Everything seemed to be going all right until the lady's young son came to the door, flung it wide open, and said: "We got two policemen here and they're going to arrest mommy."

Mother patiently explained that everything was all right, but she wasn't sure her visitors were convinced.

Democracy is many things to many people . . . it is also the same thing to millions of people. Democracy is a personal heart-beat that gives life and meaning to a personal state of mind.

Democracy is not just free elections . . . or the right to vote. It is not just the President, the Congress, or the Supreme Court. It is not just political parties . . . Republican, Democrat, Independent.

It is not just the authority of the Constitution, the law, or the cop on the beat. It is not just the right to worship . . . to choose . . . or to leave town without a permit.

Democracy is a thousand little things of the mind and heart and hand, which add up to one common denominator that no one yet has been able to completely define with a million words. Democracy is as broad as the sea and the heavens above. Yet, it's as personal as a toothache!

Democracy is Freedom and Equality

It's the "first come, first served" in the ticket line without regard to riches or rags.

It's the "don't" in "don't shove."

It's the right to talk back to the President of the United States, or the president of U. S. Steel.

It's the cry of "robber" at the umpire, or the referee.

It's the nasty letter to the editor, or the mayor of the town.

It's the score at the beginning of the ninth, with still a chance to break up the game.

It's the privacy in the voting booth, or the front room.

It's the mustard on the hot-dog and ham on ryebread.

It's the feeling of security at midnight or at high noon.

It's the footsteps of the milkman at 5 a.m., not the Secret Police.

It's the name-calling in politics.

It's the trial by jury . . . the right of appeal.

It's the principle that a man's innocent until proven guilty.

It's the right to grow by your own bootstraps, from a plain-cabin to a cabin-plane.

It's the unlimited flavors of ice cream . . . the 15 red-colors of lipstick . . . the 57 varieties of food . . . and a gas station in most every business block.

Democracy is An Ideal

It's an ideal which no dictator has ever successfully disproved.

It's a song the words of which have never grown stale.

It's the cream in the coffee, or the lemon in the tea, or no cream and lemon at all.

It's the haberdasher becoming president and some other haberdasher calling him a "bum."

It's the giving away of billions to friend or foe, for a peaceful world.

It's a Moleotov or Gromyko walking freely in Washington or New York.

It's 35,000 U. S. dead in Korea, who died for a principle 7000 miles away from home.

It's the "U" in United States, like the "U" in Uncle Sam.

It's the common-man who drives to work in an uncommon car.

It's the choice of lunch-hour at noon or at 3 p.m.

... it's the church of your choice and the God of your faith.

... it's "Merry Christmas" and "Rosh Hashana."

... it's the eternal truth that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time.

... it's the unopened letter delivered by the mailman.

... it's the private telephone and the private bath.

... it's the abundance of orange juice and milk for the baby.

... it's the choice of white bread with butter, or wheat bread with jam.

... it's the water, free of disease and contamination.

... it's the helping hand when you fall down the street.

... it's the "Pledge of Allegiance . . . under God, indivisible."

... it's the public school in the hands of the public, not the politician.

... it's the risk we take in a 20 cent hamburger stand, or a \$2,000,000 plant making ball point pens.

... it's the thrill of uncharted roads, the challenge of doing it "first."

... it's the "Ike" or "Adlai" stickers on the neighbor's car.

... it's the Jew and the Christian in a 60 year, million dollar partnership, making and selling shoes.

Democracy is Faith

... it's the faith in our currency without the benefit of gold.

... it's the "dig" in dignity.

... it's the "brother" in the brotherhood of man.

... it's the negro or the white driving the same model Cadillac to work.

... it's the Oriental who's elected president of the senior class at Columbia and USC.

... it's the cross on the steeple and the cross in the heart.

... it's the Star of Bethlehem, not the star of the Kremlin.

... it's the aristocrat from Mount Vernon and the poor, humble man from Hodgenville, both elected to the Presidency of the United States.

Democracy is a paper nation! If you don't think it is, just read the Hoover Report recently given the President of the United States.

Paper work, touches the lives of all of us in more numerous ways than we realize. When we are born, a piece of paper is used to record our birth and when we die, another piece reports our death.

In between those two dates, our names are written on enough pieces of paper to fill an average garage. Multiply this by 160 million other Americans, and add to newspapers, magazines, menus, tax reports, insurance policies, sales slips, letters, and you have a paper nation.

Object of the Hoover Report is to reduce paper work in government. Right now, government officials are offering the unimportant paper work of the Civil War to anyone who can cart it away and keep it together.

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