

EDITORIALS

On Rabid Dogs

Rabid dogs have become a subject of considerable concern to Torrance citizens in the last few days, with the news that several rabid dogs had been found in north-west Torrance.

As a result of these rabid dogs, a number of local citizens are having to undergo the painful series of rabies shots. These people either have been bitten or come in contact with the rabid dogs. At latest report, several more dogs were under observation.

Torrance's city fathers have considered a compulsory dog vaccination program for rabies in the past, but have not acted because of the failure of the city of Los Angeles to act on one. Local officials felt that action on their part would be useless unless Torrance's neighbors fell into line, since the wanderings of the canine population acknowledges no city boundary.

They were borne out in this contention by the actions of several of the suspected dogs. One escaped from his north Torrance home and was picked up in Hawthorne three days later, while another traveled from north Torrance to Los Angeles, where he was picked up.

For a time, it looked as if Los Angeles was going to pass a compulsory vaccination law, but failed to do so after bitter protests from anti-vivisectionists and one determined woman in particular who claimed that there was no such thing as rabies. Others pointed out the pain that the shots would give to their dogs.

From here, it would seem logical that the same people should refuse to let their children have polio shots because it might hurt them, or let them go to the dentist because he might cause some pain.

The rabies shots certainly are painful, but according to statistics, the rabies vaccine has been successfully used on over 2,000,000 dogs, with no reported cases of rabies. Public health officials claim that immunization of 70 per cent of the dogs in any community protects it from a rabies outbreak. Such "backward areas" as Malaya and Israel have successfully used the dog vaccination program.

It is estimated that some 7000 of the nation's 22.5 million dogs die annually from rabies, while only about 20 of the country's 160 million people die. From that angle it would appear that the dogs have more to gain than the humans.

Rabies is a disease from which no human or animal has ever recovered. For both humans and animals it causes a highly painful and pitiful death. While the number of its victims is relatively small, this fact does not make its dangers any less real to those who have it, or any less potentially dangerous to the citizens of the community.

It looks like high time that some action was taken on rabies shots for dogs before anyone dies. As far as is known now, all who have been bitten by the local dogs have been found, but this gives no guarantee for the future. Whatever it takes, including cooperative action of Torrance, Los Angeles, and other neighboring cities to do so, we are in favor of it.



LAW IN ACTION

WHY PROBATE?

Uncle Charlie died and left a will naming you to get his twelve gauge shot gun. The court is probating the will, you are told, and the hearing takes place in two weeks.

Why must you go through the rigamarole of having a will "probated"? What does probate mean? Why can't you go out to Charlie's house now and get that old shotgun?

To "probate" means to prove a will before a proper law court, like taking a diamond to an expert before you buy it. Although he is dead, Charlie has a right to have a court carry out his wishes just as he wanted them.

Everyone who has a stake in Charlie's property gets word of the hearing. They can try to prove or disprove that the will is lawful. Probate proceedings protect their rights. What is more, they serve to carry out Charlie's true wishes.

The court gives power to someone—as executor or administrator—to "settle" the estate, pay off the debts and taxes and distribute the property the way Charlie wanted it.

Why do this? Well people often get into debt, and their debts should be paid before their property is given away. Charlie's grocery bill, for instance, should be paid before you get the shotgun.

So the law says that the right to control Charlie's property must first pass to an executor. He pays Charlie's debts out of his property. Then he divides the rest as the will says. He may have to sell the shotgun—to pay the grocer.

But should you get the shotgun, the law, through probate proceedings support your right to it. After the court gives it to you, no one else can claim it unless he can persuade a higher court to reverse the findings.

If no one questions the court's "decree of distribution" within 60 days, that court will back your claim to the shotgun against the world. Probate is evidence that the gun now belongs to you.

Without probate, the will and your rights under it, are worthless in the eyes of the law.

THINGS TO TALK ABOUT

BY FRANKLIN J. MEINE

Editor, American Peoples Encyclopedia



DRILLED AS A HARE NEW RECORDS... LAST YEAR, 53,930 oil wells were drilled in the U.S.A. for an all-time record.



THE BELGIAN AUTOMATIC RIFLE FN 30 HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY MEMBER NATIONS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANIZATION AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT FOR ITS WESTERN DEFENSE FORCES.

Indimidating the Kids



The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ
Herald Staff Writer

Give him a book to read, somebody once said, and he's dangerous. Give him two, and he's only half as dangerous.

This may have been what the local PTAs had in mind when six of them started their campaign for portable libraries for Riviera, Seaside, Carr, Madrona, Perry, and Walteria Schools, but what they did help to make their children a little less potentially dangerous.

The PTAs went to considerable effort and spent a good deal of time in collecting used books and in borrowing them from the County Library for distribution in the six schools. At least to start with, the book reading has increased considerably among children at those schools, and in some cases, demand exceeded supply.

Giving Junior the idea that a book in his hand can be interesting, is a good one, and helps him to get the habit of keeping his little hand wrapped around the corner of a book.

There are too many people who think that just because they have read one book they have read the truth. Too many get the idea that if somebody wrote a book, he must know what he is talking about, which just isn't so. Plenty of crackpots and ignoramuses have written books. To get a book published requires only a printing press or the means to hire one.

Plenty of people have read only Karl Marx's "Communist Manifesto" or heard it discussed. They may never have heard the other side of the story—the democratic story. If they had a book available on the other side, or bothered to read one, they might have gotten a different slant.

Torrance's youngsters, or 99 per cent of them anyway, aren't about to read Marx now, but some day some of them might. If they got in the habit of reading, they might be tempted to read some serious stuff when they get older.

This isn't to say that Torrance's kids should be brainy, brainless bookworms. Baseball, football, basketball, tag, and all the other kid games are fun, and are a part of growing up.

But at the same time, plenty of us know the brainy, brainless athlete who, when they often been said that "All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy," which also is true.

Here's hoping for more brainy, brainy, athletic bookworms.

Glazed Glances

By Barney Glazer

A young high school graduate made a speech at a local Businessmen's meeting and sprinkled his remarks with an obvious profusion of self-praise. Following the meeting, a smiling elderly gentleman approached the young strutting lad and asked: "Young man, did anyone tell you how wonderful you are?" Assuming a modest pose, the lad stuck his chest out and replied: "Why, no." "Well, then," inquired the wise old man, "Where did you ever get the idea?" "Whatever happened to the good old nightclub days, when one ladies' rest room had a male statue in the nude with the exception of a fig leaf? Those who were 'in the know' would sit back in the club and wait patiently. When a newcomer would visit the rest room and be curious enough to lift the fig leaf, he would suddenly start flashing and noisy sirens would start roaring to announce the happy event.

Whatever happened to the lost art of dandelion picking? When I was a youngster in Boston, I used to watch many of our heavy Italian population travel from vacant lot to vacant lot, get down on their knees, and pick dandelion leaves.

It took quite a few years as a growing boy to muster up sufficient courage and ask one of the harvesting Italians what they were doing. Thus did I learn that dandelion greens are good for eating.

Robert O. Vincent, who edits and blue pencils my copy in the Inglewood Daily News, used an item in his own column recently and suggested that if dandelions are raising Cain with your lawn, don't cuss them, but eat them. Dandelion greens, served in a fresh salad, Bob pointed out, will add variety to any meal and are healthful and economical. But there is one word of caution, he adds.

Eat them in the spring before they change into a bitter tasting leaf.

As you may or may not know, or as you may or may not care, I am a grandfather. The young lady who conferred upon me this special honor is Debbie Jean Gragg and she is now four months old.

With this new honorary title, I am also the recipient of numerous compliments, such as: "You! A grandfather! But you're so young!" This remark never fails to inflate my chest and ego, and as a result, I now refuse to grow old gracefully. If I had anything to say about it, I'd refuse to grow old.

Usually, a compliment about my youthful appearance is handed me in darkened theaters, in restaurants with an extra soft glow, or in dimly lit arenas and lobbies. I now find myself avoiding traffic signal lights and extra large neon signs like the plague.

I've been known, on occasion, to walk down a dark alley and go three blocks out of my way just to avoid making physical contact with a double socket.

Once, I spoke to Groucho Marx in a half-dark theater, while he had his glasses off, and just when there was a cinder in one eye. We were speaking of the Charleston craze and I made just one simple little reference to "the good old days."

Which prompted Groucho to look up sharply and inquire pointedly: "At your age what do you know about the good old days, or any good old days, for all that?"

"How old do you think I am, Mr. Marx?" I countered, purposely twisting the conversation to get myself off the well known defensive hook.

"32," he replied. "Thank you, sir," and I smiled. "Not quite right, but it will do until a lower figure shows up."

Groucho turned to his young wife, "Honey, how old do you think this fellow is?" I quickly wheeled into the grayest shadows of the theater.

Mrs. Marx, unhampered by the lack of glasses or a stabling cinder, searched my face curiously. In her eyes, I discovered a "correct answer" look and somehow I felt that the jig was up.

Just then, the curtain went up and the house lights went down. Oh, happy, happy darkness!

Hastily, I beat my retreat. Which is the thing to do when you're ahead.

Here's a young housewife who has learned the valuable lesson that we can all catch more flies with honey. When her husband arose one morning and started to shave, he found a fancy card titled: "A Formal Invitation." It was from his arful young wife and it read very simply: "You are cordially invited to wax the floor in the living room before you leave the house. Coffee and refreshments will be served later." Now, how could a fellow resist that kind of an approach? He couldn't!

Early this week, a male petty officer was suddenly recruited to handle the unexpected drilling and inspection of a contingent of WAVES. Later, he was heard moaning to a buddy: "It was always such up front, but darned if I could line up the rears!"

SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC.

Dividend No. 177



The corporate name of Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Incorporated, has been changed to SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC.

The Board of Directors on April 26, 1955, declared a quarterly dividend of 50¢ per share on the outstanding capital stock of this Company, payable June 10, 1955, to stockholders of record at the close of business May 6, 1955.

W. D. RICHMAN, Secretary

AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

This column is being written from Brownsville, Tex., on the Rio Grande. Here, as elsewhere on my tour of the U.S., and soon some 35 countries around the world between now and October 1, I will interview many people of many personalities and tongues in and out of government, whose views are newsworthy to our readers. Because we reporters deal with humans it might be of interest to our readers just how one reporter regards "human nature" in his interviews. After all, important people are still people... they have toothaches, stomachs, runny noses, and have wives and children who pretty much dominate their waking hours. Which is to say that "human nature" is dominant and the reporter has to recognize it.

Reporters, like all people, have certain basic working fundamentals. These are of utmost importance in interviewing. But because we deal with humans in different countries, different languages, cultures, customs, traditions, we develop certain international yardsticks to guide us. Through trial and error we sharpen the tools of our trade. We must guess right or the chance is lost to get the right answers from prominent personalities in the few minutes allotted to us. Here on the Texas-Mexico border we may deal with a federal officer in charge of immigration. In Washington it may well be the president of the United States... in New Delhi, Nehru... in Seoul, Syngman Rhee. Each a different personality... but each falls into a pattern of "human nature" which, if recognized by the reporter, makes for a more successful interview.

To this reporter "human nature" is as different as day and night, even between people living in the same state and country. It depends on environment, education, etc. People are actually taught to be "human" by their parents and by social environment. So "human nature" under one environment may well be drastically different from another. We are all human in our physical characteristics. From then on we change our "natures" depending on our training... like the use of knife and fork, or no knife and fork at all.

The same is true of our mental capacities and emotions. "Human nature" so far as emotions are concerned, is also different in people. Shock... fear... pain... anger... may exist in some people... but they appear under quite different circumstances among different people. Public nudity, for example, would shock most people in the U.S., but only the tourists in Bali. To a Korean veteran, pain and tragedy at home may not be as depressing. The people of Tibet, for instance, think it is selfish for a man to have one wife all to himself. We think it is immoral for a man to have more than one wife. A reporter must be informed and aware of the culture, ethnology, traditions, customs... as well as language differences... of the people he is interviewing and not commit the unforgivable error of thinking that "human nature" is the same the world over, or even between states or aboriginal convictions. "Human nature" is a tricky thing and to treat it on general terms can prove disastrous in an important interview with a foreigner.

In my interviews with foreign diplomats, I never assume that the color of the skin has anything to do with ability. I have never seen any proof that under the same conditions a white person excels a Negro... or a Catholic excels a Protestant or Jew, or vice versa. I have never seen any proof that gentiles or Jews are smarter in anything, just because they are gentiles or Jews. But I have seen ample proof that certain persons of every color, race and creed are born with talents far superior to others of their race. I have seen families raise a genius and an imbecile right in the same house. I have seen genius come from the remote wastes of Africa, without the benefit of schooling. The capacity to learn is much more important than the facility to study. That's why I often get the impression that we are spending too much money for school plants and not enough for school teachers.

Important world personalities come from the pattern of their societies. The same society which taught them right and wrong also taught other millions the same. They all may have a "conscience"... but the degree of right or wrong is not the same. This is to say that certain diplomats have different ideas of ours on what constitutes "right or wrong"... aggression or defense... freedom or slavery. When you interview an important person, you have to understand his way of life, his interpretations, his training and traditions. This is one reason that I am opposed to bringing to trial American citizens in foreign countries under the laws and customs of those countries. They are so different from ours. It is equally wrong for the U.S. to appoint ambassadors as a political plum, without the proper training and education in the customs and culture of the country they will be assigned to.

It is part of our training in the U.S. to resort to "conscience" when we are tempted to do something wrong. We are trained to respect our parents... the "home." Yet we reporters must deal with dictators and Communists who teach the children... and urge them to expose their parents to the authorities. Communist conscience dictates that it is perfectly proper and desirable to kill, torture, cheat, lie for Communism and still maintain your self respect. A reporter's questions to a Molotov or Gromyko must be tempered with the full understanding of the "conscience" involved.

There are fads of "human nature" in diplomacy, as there are in the women's fashions of the various countries. A diplomat was first a school boy living in London, Paris, Moscow or Peking. He responded with shame, shock, pleasure or tears, depending on his environment, not just his "nature." The Russian school boy was present when his teacher made a speech in the school auditorium and watched the teacher applaud his own speech along with the students. When the Russian school boy becomes a diplomat and speaks before the UN, and applauds his own speech, he cannot be judged by our own standards of modesty.

From the cradle to the grave "human nature" is being conditioned under a thousand rules and customs, in each nation of the world. Even at death our "natures" are as different as our environment. In China, I have never seen black used at a funeral... only white. In a Polish funeral, I saw people wail loudly before the corpse. In Africa they smile and act happy before the deceased. In Indonesia it is improper to show any grief after the funeral. Customs in some places demand that friends and relatives of the deceased spend the night before the funeral drinking intoxicants. The prominent personality, the politician, the statesman, the diplomat, are all the personification of their environment. It is a lesson that must be mastered by all who seek truth and fact in interviewing people. To judge a man on the basis that "human nature" is the same the world over is to miss the boat completely.

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