

EDITORIALS

You and the Schools

Torrance High School will graduate 263 seniors this year.

In September, some 2100 kindergarteners are expected to enter Torrance's elementary schools.

This, school administrators say, is one of the big reasons why the \$10,000,000 bond issue for additional schools was placed on the June 7 ballot.

Looking ahead, officials estimate the present enrollment in Torrance Schools will increase from the present 12,457 to about 30,000 by 1960.

At the present time, the Board of Education is selling the balance of the bonds which were voted in the last bond election to carry final payments on several school building projects, and is opening bids on the establishment of a temporary addition to the service unit.

If the bond election is successful, bonds would be sold as the bonding capacity of the district increases from assessed valuation and growth. The district would be able to obtain about \$500,000 a year out of this bond issue from the payoff schedule or the retirement schedule of the bonds.

The balance would be obtained from increases in assessed valuation. Sale of bonds cannot exceed a total of 10 per cent of the district's increase in assessed valuation each year.

Administrators estimate that between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000 would be available the first year if bonds were approved. Much of this would be allotted to South Torrance High School, which the Board has declared should begin almost immediately to have it ready by the time North Torrance High School reaches its capacity.

Other funds would be used to buy more sites and build new elementary schools. The two elementary schools now under construction and the two on the planning boards are being paid for out of funds voted in March, 1954.

Building must be accelerated, officials declared, because new people move into Torrance faster than buildings can be built to get children off double session.

The bond issue is needed, officials said, because the increase in assessed valuation does not keep up with the number of people moving into the city.

"If the pupil growth increases much faster than the increase in assessed valuation, it will be necessary for the district to turn to the State Aid Building Program, but we will avoid this as long as possible," said Darwin Parrish, vice president of the Board of Education.

A two-thirds majority is needed for passage of the bond issue. A look at the rapidly mushrooming population of Torrance should give everyone an idea of why this additional money is needed to house school children.

Don't let your vote be the one lacking for a two-thirds majority.

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 style 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 are those of the writer and not necessarily those of the Torrance Herald.)

Slogans for Trash

I noticed in the Torrance Herald of May 19th that the City of Torrance is to have 17 new trash cans marked "For Pedestrian Use." Now, to my way of thinking, this statement isn't much more stimulating than "For Refuse Only" or "Keep Your City Clean," and everyone has had ample time to observe that these statements are pretty well ignored.

I have a suggestion that may or may not be a good one. Personally, I like it.

Why not have a contest, giving money prizes for the best slogan thought up by our youth of Torrance—for use on the trash cans. Something provocative like "Litter is my favorite dish" or "Uh-Uh-Not on the sidewalk—in here." Or something prosaic like "This is your city—let's keep it clean." I personally favor the humorous side. These suggestions aren't exactly gems—and I know the kids could think up some real clever slogans, and in this way would be much more conscious of the problem and more anxious to cooperate.

I don't mean to pin the blame on the youth of our city for the state our business district is in. I've seen some elders setting some mighty bad examples. Also we'd need the cooperation of our merchants—no sweeping the stuff out of the stores into the streets. I know dustpans are still on the market at a very nominal price.

After some prize slogans have been selected, perhaps we could interest some of our local artists in school to paint the slogans on the trash cans. Maybe we could have a slogan-painting day in El Prado Park that would interest the whole community. We could watch our young artists at work—and at the same time plant the seed of cleanliness in our populace. It's a nice city, and a picturesque one—let's uncover it.

HELEN LORANGER
P.S.—I want to compliment the city on purchasing additional trash cans. It's a step in the right direction.

Apathy Scored

To whom it may concern . . . and I think it concerns all parents and students of Narbonne High School. I was privileged to go to the Theban play, "Ten Little In-

dians" directed by Leo Maranto who, in my opinion, did a very good job, aided, of course, by his cast which in turn did very good work.

The play, in my estimation, was a success. However, a gloom hung over the auditorium as I judged less than 100 persons were there, when that auditorium should have been jammed. Why?

To make professions, one has to be an amateur, and without help and the backing of family and friends, they lose confidence.

Mrs. FEARL CLOWARD

A Street Plan

Editor, TORRANCE HERALD: After reading your editorials of April 25 regarding courts and access to the freeway I thought you might be interested in another angle of assistance to the comprehensive plans for the Torrance of tomorrow.

Emerald St., Dominguez St., 20th St., East Road . . . what's in a name? The east-west road should run from Gordon McRae's new waterfront in Redondo to Main St. — and on. Check this on your map.

Of course, Supervisor Hahn is all for 203rd St. which is going to be very expensive and will require considerable preliminary work, while Emerald St. is here and will cost very little comparatively to put through from the ocean to Main St. The old original maps of Torrance had it through from the P.E. shops to the beach—with a street car, no less! So there you are—east-west, ingress-egress greatly needed and jut the right distance between 190th St. and Carson. The shift workers driving Torrance Blvd. (with its school crossings) morning and afternoon would know whereof I write.

The Civic Center could be expanded to Emerald St. on the north to give more area for the new courts . . . state employment, motor vehicle . . . and the extra parking required.

When Dominguez St. is widened and opened, it will give the first worthy entrance to Torrance and permit the traffic to angle into the downtown streets. Industry can be kept north of the street and residential to the south, thus avoiding the school crossing nuisances.

Now is the time to get this street through before the Santa Fe puts some industry across its path.

TED FRENCH



AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

During the past week I have been exposed to the industrial areas of Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Ohio. I have talked with both sides on "guaranteed annual wages," including the worker himself. It is developing into one of the most serious controversies in labor-management relations and will be fought to the finish. The present demands of the CIO-UAW are probably the most revolutionary ever presented by a labor union. If successful they could change the whole economy of this nation.

The CIO proposal of a "guaranteed annual wage" does not answer the most basic issue it raises: Who will guarantee what customers are going to do, or what the profits are going to be? Who will guarantee the amount of the federal and state tax? Who will guarantee the investor that he will get some return on his investment which makes possible the jobs that the labor union thrives on? Not one labor leader I talked with from top to bottom in Detroit was able to answer the above questions. Their attitude is: "That's the management's worry."

There is a tendency to believe that the CIO-UAW demand for guaranteed annual wages is new, and confined to the automobile industry. Actually some of the strongest unions have joined CIO-UAW in their demands . . . like the International Union of Electrical Workers (CIO), of Radio Corporation of America and Philco. The Ceramic and Silica Sand workers of Libby-Owens Ford . . . the National Maritime union . . . the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees and seven railroad unions, all will demand some form of "guaranteed annual wages."

The idea of "guaranteed annual wages," first appeared back around 1890 or so, with the National Wall Paper company guaranteeing its employees 12 months work each year. Proctor & Gamble company established a GAW program back in 1923, which is still in effect. Also Seaboard Air Line railway, George Hormel & Co., William Wrigley company, Nunn-Bush Shoe company, etc. For the most part, all these plans worked pretty well, with certain modifications. The U.S. Department of Labor reports that 10 years ago some 350 companies established a form of GAW and that more than half were modified very little to this date.

The Most Serious Objection to CIO Plan
In certain businesses GAW could be made to work as it has been proven. Most of the plans now in operation have their limitations in so far as a company has a right to "adjust" its payments, depending on its bank account. In other words, there are safety valves to prevent bankruptcy. The present demands of the United Auto workers (CIO) to General Motors and Ford is something basically different than any of the GAW plans now in

operation. The difference is that while Walter Reuther claims the UAW does not seek pay for "no work," it is exactly what it spells to industry. Reuther told the press in Detroit that he is bargaining "for a stabilized year-around work spread out over normal 40 hour week." But (and this is the catch) he is also bargaining for an industry commitment to "pay a worker for not working." UAW says: "We want to make jobs steadier by making unemployment costly for employers." Perhaps the UAW does not realize that any unemployment is costly for the employer.

To pay a man for not working is a dangerous practice. It leads to abuse much like the state unemployment compensation. If the GAW plan goes through, a laid-off worker in Detroit can draw up to \$42 per week from the state, and the company will make up the difference depending on his wages. If he earns, let us say \$100 at Ford, and he draws \$42 unemployment from the State of Michigan, Ford will be required to pay him \$58 weekly to make up the difference. It is questionable that the worker is going to accept any kind of work offered by the state unemployment office, when he can stay home, or fish, and draw \$100 per week for not working at all.

The automobile workers in Detroit today average just under \$100 per week . . . \$2.25 an hour. To guarantee that kind of wages to several hundred thousand workers at Ford and General Motors, and other large corporations across the nation, is to assume risks never before encountered in our free enterprise system.

There is a paradox to this guaranteed annual wage demand. If a corporation's business is stable the year around, there is no need for a guaranteed annual wage. It is where the sales volume fluctuates and production drops that GAW seems important. In the case of the auto industry, spring and fall are the best selling seasons. It is impossible to gauge the acceptance of new models, etc. Mr. Reuther's theory that if he can "force GM and Ford to pay an annual wage, he can force them also to stabilize their sales and production," is without foundation. Again some union leaders seem to forget that employees are most anxious to stabilize their sales and production, for it keeps their trained mechanics on the job and cuts costs to a minimum.

Perhaps some modified guaranteed employment plan can be worked out between management and labor. It will be a good thing for the nation. We have today nationwide unemployment insurance, which represents only a token payment to the unemployed. Even though the amount is small the abuses are enormous. One can only hazard a guess as to what might happen when a man is paid as much for not working as he is for working. The present UAW-CIO pro-

posals are designed to "maintain the same standard of living for the worker whether he is working or not" . . . thus reducing any incentive for him to look for another job.

☆☆☆

It would be wonderful to assure jobs and income the year around for all workers. If we could accomplish this we would be along the road of permanent prosperity. It would also mean great advances in our society. But the real dangers to the proposed plan of the CIO to Ford and General Motors is that the plan does not provide for steady work . . . but for pay for the worker when he is not working. We believe that both labor and management should work out plans to assure workers more steady jobs with growing incomes. But paying a man for not working could be a serious threat to our economy, for only a few companies can gamble on such unpredictable plans. If Ford and GM agree . . . which is not likely . . . a lot of other companies will have to follow suit or face serious strikes. If this happens it will curb the dynamism of American industry and discourage investments. For what person with money to invest is going to gamble with any industry which guarantees wages in advance of its sales and product acceptance? It perhaps can be done in some industries with modifications. With others it could be a serious threat to their very existence.

The stage is being set in Detroit for one of the economic and social dramas of our time. The outcome could well affect the future industrial history of the nation. The signs I see here point to a compromise between management and labor. Let's hope so.

☆☆☆

See where the police were told some thief stole a hibiscus shrub from the front of a recently landscaped home. I'm in the market for a talented crabgrass and lawn moth thief, if any are listening.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Rocky Stone, who comes by and straightens up my desk for me each evening after I've gone home, left a note on it one night this week. The note said:

"Reid: I'm a seven pound, nine ounce grandpa . . . I mean my son's wife gave birth to a husband . . . I mean . . . Aw shoot! Here, I'm a grandpa."

With it was a big fat cigar which said, "It's a girl."

Speaking of Rocky Stone . . . how's that for an apt nickname? It's a natural . . . just like Dusty Rhodes. All the Rhodes boys are nicknamed "Dusty." My brother-in-law is named Streetz, but no one calls him dusty, or bumpy. Although he has thought several times of getting a cabin in the mountains so he could call it "Streetz End."

His wife was sitting right beside him, so I'm not spilling the beans when I report that Optimist Hugh Way really lived it up for about a half hour in Las Vegas last week. While perched in a modernistic cocktail lounge along toward evening, Hugh decided he wanted a cigar and beckoned the thinly clad cigarette girl over. After picking out a nice looking cheroot, Way tossed a silver dollar to the lass, jammed the cigar in his mouth, and said, "Keep the change." The girl didn't even say "Thank you." All she said was, "There is no change. That cigar costs a dollar, sir." He nearly swallowed it.

☆☆☆

See where the police were told some thief stole a hibiscus shrub from the front of a recently landscaped home. I'm in the market for a talented crabgrass and lawn moth thief, if any are listening.

☆☆☆

A nine-year-old who contributed a small story to a kiddies' column of a Chicago paper has me stumped. Here's his story:

"Once upon a time there was a girl bunny—Janice Bunny. She was taking a walk in the park. She fell then. There was a big bear whose name was Joe Bear. She started to run. Joe Bear ran after her. I saw Joe Bear running after her. Then she ran past me. Then I popped out of a bush and I struck Joe Bear right in the nose."

"She hugged me and we were married and lived happily."

"Then four years later, Janice had three little bunnies whom we named James, Mike, and Joey, and one girl whose name was Susan. And we lived happily for ever since."

The part that puzzles me is the four years—even a nine-year-old should have heard about bunnies by now.

☆☆☆

☆☆☆

☆☆☆

Glazed Glances

By Barney Glazer

Sometimes, my ignorance simply appals me. My wife thinks I'm smart, but to many folks I am awfully stupid at times.

For example, I don't know very much about glasses, the seeing kind, so I should be excused on that point. But, I never am. It isn't my fault because it was only during the past six months that spectacles and I were formally introduced.

One day last week, I was discussing with a prominent local optometrist the scientific art of separating a man's eyeballs from the outside world by means of two reduced panes of glass. In the heat of discussion, I inadvertently mentioned that "the sides" of my frames don't fit properly.

Well! I didn't exactly set off an H-bomb, and I didn't tear up my mother's picture, and neither did I bite my dog, but you would have thought I was sudden death from the look of pain that came over the optometrist's face.

Agghh, his mouth fell wide open, his double chin mushroomed, his eyebrows intertwined like morning glory vines, and he used his wrinkled handkerchief to blot little beads of perspiration which kept dotting his troubled brow.

I realized that I had won the blue plate special and somehow I had created a Frankenstein monster such as a goldfish that suddenly finds itself standing outside a fishbowl and peering through the glass at a cat safely submerged and happily purring bubbles inside.

"Didn't you know?" ventured the optometrist tremulously, his lower lip quivering noticeably and his face as bleak as the plains of Kansas.

"Know what?"

"What you just said."

"Whadd I say?"

"I can't repeat it."

"Well then, give me a little persistence." I pleaded as one might throw a bone to a dog.

He hesitated. It was easy to see that he was weighing his conscience against the issue at stake, and I realized it was hopeless me against the big wide world.

"You called them 'sides,' he spluttered.

"I dangled on them. My adulated stupidity, my frightful phantom had struck again. This time, the field of medicine was the unwitting victim.

In elementary school, the kids used to call me "Pig Iron." Someone had figured out that pig iron just doesn't have the qualities of steel. In high school, my chums felt compelled to shorten my identification. Naturally, they couldn't call me "Pig," so they used the only other alternative. They called me "Iron."

Which is how I came to demand of myself that day as I stood accused before the optometrist: "What hath thou wrought, Iron?"

Clearing my throat and mustering up my cowering courage, I drew a deep breath and blurted out: "Sir, would you mind telling me if I have said something wrong and, if so, how can I possibly make amends for maligning your chosen profession?"

Thoroughly unnerved but grinning, the optometrist whispered hoarsely: "You called them 'sides'!"

"I know, I know." I admitted like someone in the last stages of dry-rot, "but what should I have said?"

He pulled himself together like a man who has just walked into a charging bull. Quickly, forcefully with grim determination, he snorted:

"They are not 'sides'; they are 'temples,' it was like a bugle sounding reveille in the still morning air and it made

me feel like a hitchhiker thumbing a ride on the road to tragedy.

I should have felt sick. But I didn't.

"Sir," I announced with a show of unconcern, "something funny has just come over me and I think I'm going to laugh loud enough to split my SIDES!"

He screamed twice. Once as he bolted straight up into the air, and once when he fled headlong into the setting sun.

When will I ever learn? Poor, stupid me.

ESTABLISHED JAN. 1, 1914

Torrance Herald

Published Semi-Weekly at Torrance, California, Thursday and Monday. Entered as second class matter Jan. 30, 1916, at Post Office, Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1879.



1619 Gramercy Ave. FA 8-4000

KING WILLIAMS, Publisher

GLENN W. PFEIL, General Mgr.

REID L. BUNDY, Managing Editor

Adjudicated a legal Newspaper by Superior Court, Los Angeles County. Adjudicated Decree No. 218470, March 25, 1927.

MEMBER CALIFORNIA

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS

ASSOCIATION

MEMBER NATIONAL

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates:

By Carrier, 30c. a Month.

Mail Subscriptions \$3.60 per year. Circulation office Fairfax 8-4004.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

ASSOCIATION

AFFILIATE MEMBER

NEED CASH?

MONEY IN A HURRY! LOANS \$20 TO \$1500

Single or married persons may borrow. No endorsement needed. Many repayment plans. One-day service.

MONEY FOR MANY PURPOSES!

To Consolidate Bills

Car or Home Repairs

For Any Good Reason

NO CO-SIGNERS

LOANS ON SALARY

"Money When You Need It!"

MODEL FINANCE (OF CALIFORNIA)

Veteran Operated

Open Friday Evening

1620 Gravens Ave., Torrance

PHONES: Fairfax 8-7781 Nevada 6-3030

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

NOW AVAILABLE IN SIZES TO MEET YOUR INDIVIDUAL NEEDS

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

California Bank

Torrance Office, 1329 Sartori Ave., Arthur O. Otsa, Vice-President