

EDITORIALS

The Ability Counts

This week the Governor's Committee for Employment of the Handicapped meets in Los Angeles.

Committees such as this throughout the United States have been tremendously successful since Employ the Handicapped Week was recognized nationally ten years ago.

Employers exploring the handicapped-person source of labor have found it is ability that counts, not disability. Handicapped persons have lower accident rates, are rarely absent, have less turnover, and are quick to recognize opportunity.

The outstanding thing employers find in handicapped persons is their desire to please, and this shows in increased production.

Taxpayers' money is saved, too, for handicapped persons eagerly leave relief rolls and government support once they find gainful employment.

Most of all, to each individual handicapped person comes the feeling that he is a true asset to industry and his country.

Employers have hired over half a million disabled persons since Employ the Handicapped Week was recognized nationally. More than 60,000 are being rehabilitated annually.

Employing the handicapped is proving to be good business.



LAW IN ACTION

THE WRIT OF MANDAMUS

We elect public officials to do a certain job for us. But what can we do if they fail to do their lawful duty?

We can sometimes ask a court for a "writ of mandamus." This writ or written court order forces the public officer to do his lawful duty. Mandamus means "we command," and such a writ has the full backing of the force of the government, if needed.

Suppose you want to build a house, to use a simple case. So you submit your plans. They meet the terms of a city building code. But suppose the proper official won't give you a permit to build, and you can't get a permit elsewhere. What can you do?

Then you can ask a court for a writ of mandamus. If the building official has no right to refuse your lawful request, the court will order him to issue you a permit. This order is a writ of mandamus.

Mandamus can enforce only public duties. That is, the writ cannot make an official do a "discretionary" act — an act

which under the law he may or may not do as he pleases. The official must have refused to do a clear legal duty.

Mandamus is a special "remedy" for wrongs you may suffer at the hands of a public officer. As a rule, courts will not use this writ when another legal action will get results.

Courts can grant you a writ of mandamus only if you have a personal stake in having the duty done. You can ask the court for it when you have some right which the public officer's failure to act will impair. In turn, a public official also may ask for a writ of mandamus to get certain duties carried out if they are owed him because of his office.

The Superior and appellate courts can issue writs of mandamus. If the officer still won't do his duty, the court can fine him or otherwise see that he carries out his lawful duty.

NOTE: The State Bar of California offers this column for your information so that you may know more about how to act under our laws.



IT'S A FACT by JERRY CAHILL

ORIGINAL PICK-UP-BACK PLANE! A BRITISH BULLET WAS LAUNCHED FROM THE WING OF A CURTIS FLYING BOAT OVER ENGLAND, 1910, TO INTERCEPT A GERMAN ZEPPELIN!

FRANCISCO DE ORELLANA—Spain's lieutenant became the first to descend the Amazon by afloaty (1500-1540). PUSHING EASTWARD FROM QUITO, EQUADOR, DE ORELLANA STARTED DOWN-RIVER IN SEARCH OF FOOD—BUT THE CURRENT WAS SO STRONG HE COULDN'T GET BACK!

HOW DID THE TERM, 'WAMP' ORIGINATE?—Answer: Next Issue



Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

My Inglewood editorial pilot, Bob Vincent, reports that our Japanese business competitors are giving it the good old college try again. This time, they are said to be marking goods with a stamp, "Made as in England," but the word "as" may be detected easily with a 10-power glass. . . . Isadore Moidel, attorney and columnist's helper sends me the following item by Gilbert Love in his Pittsburgh Press Notebook column: Sign on the rear left side of a truck, "Over-taker," and another sign on the rear right side, "Under-taker" . . . This "Do It Yourself" fad is highly commendable but what is needed for us tired and unambitious souls is a "Do It By Yourself" trend. . . . I saw it on the Freeway today—two 1955 autos of the same make, model and two-tone color combination, and as one male driver passed the other, they eyed each other with the same "I Hate Thee" look.

When Henry Satenstein, of Beverly Hills, was only four years old, he accompanied his mother to a crowded street car. Coming home on a crowded street car, Henry was asked by a friendly passenger: "What do you have in that box?" whereupon the proud lad shouted: "Gotta dog! Had it sprayed!" . . . Trouble with many of our children today—they're looking for a job that pays \$100 per week twice a week. . . . For a man who likes his eggs sunny side up, I must admit to being married to a woman who has a latent and rare talent for always breaking one yolk. When last questioned carefully how she managed to acquire this consistency, Mrs. G. replied proudly: "It wasn't easy" . . . Borrowed blurb from Ed Osborne's New Castle, Ind. column: Slimerson Headley and Anastasia Smith, who ran away to get married, are walking home. . . . Have you noticed it, too, that the speaker who has only a few words to say insists on saying them over and over again? . . . Scoop Coates (that's his name!), the columnist (what else, with that name?), writes about the father of twins who makes this complaint: "Each one cries so loud, you can't hear the other's" . . . Real Estate Brokers! Don't let this happen to you! A door-to-door broom salesman saw a real estate office sign advertising an apartment house for sale. He walked in, he saw the brooms over his shoulder, but the broker waved him away gruffly and grumbled: "We don't need any brooms." The peddler walked into another real estate office in the next block and this time the broker received him politely. By the time the broom salesman walked out, he had purchased the same apartment house—for \$75,000 cash!

I invariably fall fast asleep while watching television, too? But when I turn off the set and climb into bed, I can't fall asleep immediately. You, too, too? So, I climb out of bed, walk back into the den, turn on the TV set, and promptly fall asleep. Trouble is I have to wake up to turn off the set, so I tried an automatic turn-off. That didn't work either because it inevitably turned off the set right in the middle of a suspenseful play before I had a chance to fall asleep. I have only one alternative, I'll just have to trade in my TV set for a bottle of sleeping pills. . . . For many months, Sy Lewis, the life insurance expert, has been collecting premiums from a clothing manufacturer in the cut-make-and-trim district of downtown Los Angeles. And, for many months, Sy has observed how slow business has been. Each time he has stepped through the manufacturer's door, Sy has found him playing a game of pinocchio with his cronies. One day last week, when Lewis made his usual call, his eyes almost popped when he found a strange scene of hustle and bustle. Everybody was running around like mad, machines were roaring with a frenzy, scissors were shearing with a vengeance and huge stacks of roll goods and finished clothing kept shuffling back and forth endlessly. Stopping the manufacturer momentarily, Sy shouted: "How come you're so busy, Al?" Whereupon, Al slipped away hurriedly but yelled back over his shoulder: "Whassamatter? Didn't you ever hear of Davy Crockett?"

There is no better time than Father's Day for dad to give offspring some good advice such as: "Son, to get on top, you've got to get off your bottom." Or, "Daughter, dear, don't let anyone's children without an anesthetic. He grows when he feels good and laughs when he's scared. He's never quite the hero his daughter thinks and never quite the man his son believes him to be. He works hard to smooth the rough places in the road for those in his family who will follow him. He scolds his son when a report card is below excellent but deep down in his heart he knows it's the teacher's fault. A father grows old much faster than people. While mothers can cry when it shows, fathers must beam on the outside and die a little inside. A father is what gives a daughter away to another man who isn't nearly good enough, so she can have grandchildren who are smarter than anybody's."

Remember the good old days when you could terminate a conversation with a simple goodbye? Now, we say: "Ok, he's good, I'll see you."—Did you hear about the resident of San Fernando Valley who accidentally walked into a furnace and walked out unharmed 10 minutes later, saying: "Boy, two more days of this hot weather and I'm moving back to Los Angeles!"—He was very sensitive about his near-sightedness. One day he purposely placed a small button on his front lawn. That night, while sitting on the front porch with his high school pals, he suddenly shouted: "Look at that button!" His friends looked and looked but admitted seeing nothing. "I'll show you," he said. He ran off the porch and tripped over a St. Bernard dog. . . . Say hello to this wise mother. She refuses to visit her recently married daughter in Canada until the young folks have their first child, explaining: "A grandmother is always

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

EVERY DAD HAS HIS DAY Every Dad has his day. It comes around each year, and the family gets together to honor Father Dear.

They get him something costly (That he wouldn't buy himself) And proudly offer it to him From its hiding place on the shelf.

He thanks them most profusely (As thoughtful fathers will), And barely shows what well He gets to pay the bill!

Mrs. D. Boone Kirks See by the latest trappers schedules that the Davy Crockett craze has turned out to be a good thing for Louisiana and Arkansas' coon hunters. Pelts which a year ago were selling for 50 cents are now going for \$3.50. Turns out to be bigger thing than the racoon coat business ever was.

Don't know what the membership is, but we heard of a new club the other night. Ev Ross, installing new officers for the Torrance Junior Chamber Commerce, disclosed that Jayce Knucklert was a member of the BBBBOSC, an organization devoted to the practice of having Beer in Bed Before Breakfast on Sunday (Club). Ugh.

Preparations for such earth-shaking events as ground-breakings can sometimes get a little involved—and the man in charge leads a charmed life if he can get through without slighting someone in the process. However, without mentioning names, let me tell you about the king of the wild boob-boos which we heard about just the other day. A ground-breaking for a long-awaited project came around—newsmen were there with cameras, movie photos were there for the newsreel coverage, and every cotton-picking official of any importance in the County was there with his most photogenic smile affixed. Everybody was there, in fact, except the guy who had the original idea, who had worked on it for a number of years, who had served several consecutive terms as president of an organization devoted to the resources to making the project possible, and who had suggested the ground-breaking ceremony as a means of publicizing the project.

Somebody forgot to tell him about it.

a more welcome guest than a mother-in-law."

Father Day annual awards: A father is a person who is forced to enter childbirth without an anesthetic. He grows when he feels good and laughs when he's scared. He's never quite the hero his daughter thinks and never quite the man his son believes him to be. He works hard to smooth the rough places in the road for those in his family who will follow him. He scolds his son when a report card is below excellent but deep down in his heart he knows it's the teacher's fault. A father grows old much faster than people. While mothers can cry when it shows, fathers must beam on the outside and die a little inside. A father is what gives a daughter away to another man who isn't nearly good enough, so she can have grandchildren who are smarter than anybody's."



The AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

It's a bustling, booming busy Britain I have been covering for the last ten days from the highlands of Scotland to London and the sea. Sir Anthony Eden's victorious statement to the press at Ashton-under-Lyne that "we have every reason to be proud of our success, for Britain today is selling more, earning more, buying more, saving more, exporting more and eating more than at any time in the history of the country" . . . is confirmed by everything I saw and heard from Britain's leading officials, industrialists and the man of the street. The picture of prosperity is everywhere.

When the Conservatives of Winston Churchill's party took over from the Laborites in 1951, Britain was practically bankrupt. Today Britain has bounced back beyond the expectations of even the Tory optimists. Taxes have been cut again from a high of 41 per cent of the national income to the present 32.5 per cent, but not as low as Canada's 30 per cent or the U.S. 26 per cent. Also after years of rationing, meat is back in abundance on the store shelves at lower prices than even in the U.S.

On my trip from Scotland I saw the automobile industry in the Midlands soaring to new production records. Since I was here in 1953, the cotton mills in Lancashire are paying five times the wages for girl operators they were paying before the war. British overall production today is 55 per cent higher than it was in 1950. . . . Aircraft production is 15 times greater. . . . Gasoline output 900 per cent greater. . . . and Britain has exported twice as many cars to the U.S. as we exported to Britain.

From Glasgow to London, prosperity's telltale clue, the TV antennas, are all over the rooftops in the country side as well as the cities. There is a bounce and a national feeling of optimism everywhere you go. There is no fear of atomic bombs or the Russians. "Didn't we beat the Russians in soccer twice?" one British officer confidently remarked to me. There is an air of uncharacteristic British exuberance everywhere, remarkable indeed to a reporter who remembers the scarcities, rationing and gloom that he encountered everywhere on a dozen trips here after World War II.

Socialism is on the way down in Britain. The idea of government ownership is better is dying out. Even the Socialists are softening nationalization of industry, which they hailed as the only hope some 10 years ago. At that time, in 1945, the Socialists rushed to nationalize coal, transport, utilities, steel, though steel has been returned to private ownership. The Socialist experiment has failed since all the government operated industries are in the red, while steel under private ownership is showing a profit, even while paying substantial taxes to the government treasury.

After some 8 years of coal nationalization, the production of coal is running far behind. It fell more than a million tons again since 1954. There are more strikes now than during private ownership. The workers I talked with are disgruntled. The huge bureaucracy in London is not conducive to promotions in the field.

The same picture is true of the government-owned railroads. They are going deeper and deeper in the red under nationalization. . . . some \$15,000,000 in the past eight years. Under government ownership the fares are being increased constantly and the service and equipment is the worst in history. In contrast to the steel industry, which has shown remarkable increases under private ownership, all the government operated companies are in the red and going deeper. The British who know, report that socialism has written a record of failure that will not soon be forgotten by the British people.

The British Conservative government decided recently to give tax relief right down the line to both individuals and corporations. On the individual side the greatest relief has gone to the low income groups. Some 2,000,000 Britshers in the bottom low income scale will pay no more taxes. This was done by increasing the personal exemptions. A similar plan is now being discussed in the U.S. The British tax on a married couple with two dependents, for instance, on a net salary of \$3,000 per year is \$300. . . . in the U.S. it's \$120. On a \$5,000 net income it's \$961 in Britain. . . . \$20 in the U.S. On a \$10,000 net income it's \$600 in Britain and \$1500 in the U.S. On a \$100,000 net income it's \$82,500 in Britain

. . . and \$52,000 in the U.S. While taxes have been cut in Britain, they are still substantially higher than the U.S. . . . U.S. corporations are taxed at 30 per cent on the first \$25,000 of profits and 52 per cent of the remainder. British corporations are now taxed on the basis of how much of the earnings are distributed to stockholders. If all the profits are distributed the new tax is about 40 per cent. If none are distributed the new tax is a straight 45 per cent. However, . . . and this is an important point. . . . the British stockholder in figuring his individual tax, is allowed a credit of about 43 per cent, which is assumed was paid by the corporation. The question of "double taxation" in the case of the U.S. stockholder has been under discussion for some time and remedy is expected in the near future in America.

The new British tax structure allows investment allowances to corporations in addition to regular depreciation. It allows British workers a credit earned income of \$1260. Special grants are made to families with children, thus reducing the tax burden. Part of life insurance premiums are deductible.

A comparison of the national budget outlook in Britain shows the British will be about \$1 billion in the red for the year ending March, 1956. . . . while we in the U.S. will run to about \$700 million in the red. U.S. taxes increased from 24.5 per cent in 1946 to 26 per cent in 1955. . . . while in Britain they dropped from 41 per cent in 1946 to 32.5 per cent in 1955.

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