

# EDITORIALS

## Councilman Misrepresented

One of the Torrance City Councilmen has been the target for a series of smears and half-truths in the metropolitan press and over Southland television stations recently as a result of a quip made last week in the final moments of the Council's consideration of a proposed rabies law.

Councilman Drae, a member of the City Council since 1948, voted against the ordinance. In fact, he made the motion to disapprove it—but he did so only after giving a serious comment on the matter, comments indicating that he had arrived at his big decision honestly and without undue consideration of the emotional aspects of the case, but with reasoned logic based on study and research.

At the end of his discussion, he quipped, "Incidentally, I have three children and a dog. I've talked to my dog and he doesn't want to be shot." His last sentence has been quoted widely as his reason for opposing the ordinance.

We think the criticism is unjustified. We believe that Councilman Drae and all others made their decisions honestly and with a very serious consideration of the case. Unfortunately, for the good of what we believe is essential—universal vaccination against rabies with no political boundary lines—the issue in Torrance was emotionally, almost hysterically opportunist. At no time were the council members given the opportunity to use their best judgment without pressures inspired by elements whose real motives certainly are not above suspicion.

## Our Queen for a Year

Our congratulations today to the new "Miss Torrance," vivacious and talented Yolanda Goldsmith who is beginning her reign as the city's Queen for the next year.

Selecting the winner from the field of charming young Torrance beauties was a challenge to the panel of beauty experts, and their choice was made after careful consideration of all entrants.

We know Miss Torrance will not wear the crown lightly, but will be a credit to the city, and the sponsoring Torrance Area Youth Band, wherever she goes as our queen.

## Atomic Age-First Decade

The atomic age was first announced to the world in the blinding flash which devastated Hiroshima on Aug. 6, 1945, and killed or wounded 100,000 persons.

What the world didn't know then was that the stage had been set for this ghastly introduction of atomic power several weeks before on July 16, when the first atomic device was detonated at Alamogordo, New Mexico. Up until then, none of the scientists who worked on the bomb could be sure it would work. Many of them prayed wouldn't.

But that which began with devastation is now being turned more and more to the constructive uses of man. The atomic power plant is a reality, and the development of atomic energy for medical purposes is rapidly moving forward. The atomic submarine sails the seas, and the day is not distant when planes and ships and surface vehicles will move more swiftly, more economically with atomic power.

A whole new concept of modern living, with the prospect of the elimination of much of the drudgery involved in it, looms ahead. Also in prospect is the fulfillment of the Biblical promise that the "desert and the solitary place shall blossom as the rose."

The atom can be man's great friend if man learns how to live with his fellow beings in friendship.

## The Price of Citizenship

We doubt the wisdom of a new ruling that permits foreigners to become American citizens without learning the English language. Foreigners may now take their citizenship examination in their own language, a procedure which may seem convenient in some cases, but which hardly attests to a deepfelt attachment to their adopted country.

Our own conviction is that unless a foreigner is sufficiently interested in learning the language of the United States, he is not yet ready for the privilege of citizenship. Retention of their native language has in the past led to formation of "colonies" of foreign residents who live together in islands apart with little or no contact with the affairs of our nation. Encouragement of this tendency will not help the process of Americanization.

Adult education centers everywhere provide free classes in "English for Foreigners," and now our officials tell these people: "Do not bother to learn our language; we will make you citizens anyway."

To our mind the greatest honor that can come to a foreigner is to become an American citizen. The least that the foreigner can do is to take the relatively small trouble to study our language so that he can communicate with his fellow Americans.

When a foreigner can ask a judge to make him an American citizen by shaking his head and mumbling: "No Spik English," it will be a sorry day for the future of America.

## 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 taste 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.)

### Thanks Extended

Thank you again. We hope for an even greater year during 1955-56 and would greatly appreciate the continuation of the fine cooperation you have always shown us in the past. Thank you again. Torrance Junior Chamber of Commerce. By HARRY KLINGER, Secretary.

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## Mirrors Can't Solve This



## AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

Some 600 accredited correspondents covered the Big Four conference in Geneva, not to mention another 1,000 radio, television, movie and camera men. As I sit here in the press hall of the Maison Presse typing this dispatch to the United States, I am surrounded and argued with by some of the big guns of journalism gathered here.

Westbrook Pegler and Walter Trohan of the Chicago Tribune are casting pessimistic remarks at me, while Marguerite Higgins, Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Eric Sevareid to my right, are more hopeful of the results. All told, in the press room there are hundreds of newsmen from some 70 countries clicking their typewriters with news which will make front pages in all civilized countries of the globe.

Already millions of words have been printed on this historic conference. Opinions differ. I covered all the official delegations, and made the rounds of the hotels to catch important people in informal moods. I made several trips to the Bristol hotel to see the Russians. I saw both Secretary Dulles and the President at the Emanuel American Episcopal church last Sunday morning, long enough to shake hands and feel their optimism. I was at the airport when the official protocol arrivals took place. John Law of U. S. News and World Report, who drove me up from Rome last week for the conference, smiled when Krushchov followed Bulganin from the Moscow plane instead of Marshall Zhukov as I had expected. His smile faded when Bulganin called for Zhukov to accompany him for the official ceremonies before the Swiss guards. It was quite a show. As Marshall Zhukov marched with Premier Bulganin it was unquestionable that the Russian army has eclipsed the Communist party.

Nikita Krushchov, who led the show at Belgrade, was definitely not in the limelight of prominence in Geneva, although playing a powerful party hand in the background.

The Swiss disinterested press called President Eisenhower the key to the conference. From the day he landed it was apparent that he was on top. His presence had an electrifying ring wherever he appeared. The crowds were always greater... the cheers louder and enthusiastic. Twice as many newsmen covered his every move. His statements made the daily headlines here. From start to finish the President carefully molded our allies Britain and France into a smooth-working team. After hosting Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden and French Premier Edgar Faure at his villa several times, he got around to a formal dinner for Premier Bulganin and the Soviet delegation. Ike was never greater in his role as peacemaker today, he voiced his crusading attitude of the conference in these words: "This is the first genuine beginning toward peace in 100 years." A beginning it is. The official pronouncement before a nod from the conference from the chiefs of state, while made in good conscience are for the most part window dressing. Russia came to this conference, smiled when Krushchov followed Bulganin from the Moscow plane instead of Marshall Zhukov as I had expected. His smile faded when Bulganin called for Zhukov to accompany him for the official ceremonies before the Swiss guards. It was quite a show. As Marshall Zhukov marched with Premier Bulganin it was unquestionable that the Russian army has eclipsed the Communist party.

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## IT'S A FACT by JERRY CAHILL

## The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

The "Scope Sheet," newsletter of the Harbor Area Scout organization, reported last week about the 6-year-old girl who submitted the following composition on "People" to her teacher:

"People are composed of boys and girls, also men and women. Boys are no good at all until they grow up and get married. Men who don't get married are a no good either. Boys are an awful bother. They want everything they see except soap. My ma is a woman and my pa is a man. A woman is a grown up girl with children. My pa is such a nice man that I think he must have been a girl when he was a boy."

No further comment from this corner.

SOME NOTES ON NIGHT LIFE: George Bradford, who lives on Beech Ave., relates a harrowing experience with strange sounds in the night which robbed him of an hour's sleep recently.

After settling down for the night, George heard a strange clicking noise from the direction of his service porch. His only thought was that the water heater—just two months old, was getting ready to blow. However, when he reached the service porch in his nightshirt and slippers, all was quiet. After repeating the routine a couple of times, Bradford took up a vigil just inside the kitchen door until the noise started up again. He switched on the light and found the cause of his worries: "Two ducklings his boy had won at the Community Fair were busy pecking at the side of the cardboard box which was their home. From that moment on, they have slept in the garage."

Hal Massie, who lives out on Iris, reports a similar experience—his night adventure involved a cat, though, not ducklings. A big old Tom was serenading the moon somewhere in the Massie backyard. He was keeping the whole Massie family awake.

Grabbing the broom on his way out, Massie took a look around in the backyard, but, like Bradford, couldn't see or hear anything. He repeated this routine a couple of times—while he was outside, all was still. The minute he hit the bed again, the cat resumed his serenade. Massie waited him out the last time. Sure enough, after a couple of minutes, the cat took off again on his weird song. He was sitting on the fence in the corner of the yard. Taking after him with the broom, Massie chased him down the top of the fence, fanning his tail about every three jumps. He was sitting on the fence in the corner of the yard. Taking after him with the broom, Massie chased him down the top of the fence, fanning his tail about every three jumps. He was sitting on the fence in the corner of the yard. Taking after him with the broom, Massie chased him down the top of the fence, fanning his tail about every three jumps.

## The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ, Herald Staff Writer

Geography played a dirty trick on Torrance, as far as unity and city-consciousness go. If you ask someone where he lives in Torrance, but it is more likely that he will say that he lives in Hollywood Riviera, Ellinwood, WALTERIA, North Torrance, Kettler Knolls, Seaside Heights, Seaside Ranchos, Allied Gardens, Torrance Gardens, Torrance Plaza, Crenshaw Gardens, Weston Hills, Pacific Hills, Southwest Park, or some other area.

From some conversations, one might think that these are all separate towns, but they aren't. They are all part of Torrance. Nevertheless, many people in these areas think first of themselves as Hollywood Riviera, Ellinwoodites, North Torranceans, Walterians, or as residents of their special section. They don't think of themselves primarily as residents of Torrance.

Geographically, the city is divided into four sections—north, central, south and southwest Torrance.

North Torrance is separated from the rest of the city by a sprawling manufacturing establishments, while south Torrance is cut off by the Torrance oil fields. The southwestern part of the city is cut off by hills which make it more accessible to Redondo Beach and Palos Verdes.

Tracts, with attractive names sprang up and are springing up in all parts of the city. The fact that these areas were developed simultaneously tended to give the resident a common interest. The problems which faced Hollywood Riviera residents were not the same as those which confronted living in North Torrance or Kettler Knolls. Business developments in a town which has quintupled its size since the war have not kept pace with the population growth. Several large shopping centers are in various stages of planning, but as it stands now, many people from outlying areas go to other cities to shop.

## Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

It took a large group of scientists many weeks of applied study to find the answer they were seeking. According to Bob Vincent, two workers on a construction job were pushing their wheelbarrows in the conventional manner, but their fellow worker was pulling his. Reasoning that they had stumbled on a discovery that might possibly revolutionize the entire construction industry, the scientists made exhaustive studies of the situation and after enlisting the aid of the government and countless department heads, someone suggested it might be a more direct means to ask the worker himself why he pulled, instead of pushed his wheelbarrow. Sure enough, it was a more direct means and the worker replied: "Why certainly I can tell you why I pull me barrow instead of pushing it, that's why!"

My hat is off to Attorney Ed Stogman who advised his secretary never to answer a question with a question. So, unlike most other legal secretaries, she never asks: "Who's calling, please?" when you ask: "Is Mr. Stogman in?"... I have lost all respect for ice cream vendors who make so much noise with their jingles they can't hear me when I pleadingly beg them to stop for a sale... Joe Harrington, of the Boston Post, tells the story how a government official quizzed a talkative girl on board a train. He was trying to read a book, but the girl insisted on blocking his concentration with a lot of talk. "Do you like to read?" asked the disgruntled official? "Oh, yes," I love it," replied the girl. Tearing out the first chapters of the book, the official handed them to the girl and said: "I've finished these. Now, you start on them."

We know a woman who can tell you exactly how many hundreds of times she chewed her food at dinnertime. If you ask her how she does it, she'll reply: "What else do you think I do when my husband is talking?"... I'm told it actually happened during the telecast of a coast-to-coast important boxing bout. One of the fighters leaned over the middle rope and shouted the announcer: "Hey, pal, slow down, will yah? I can't keep up with how I'm doing!"... A business executive was in the process of interviewing a girl to be his secretary. Not wanting her to get any idea of asking for a fabulous salary, the executive related how bad his business had been recently, how he had just paid enormous taxes, and how his wife was spending money faster than he could earn it. Suddenly she stood up, the girl said: "Before you go any further, I want you to know that I just don't have any money to lend you!"

Growing a garden is just like getting married. You get a lot of things you expect and a lot of things you don't expect... A TV commentator was trying to smooth matters with a friend whom he had attacked editorially in a recent program. "Harry," said the commentator, "you know that I have to discuss important men and dig up whatever information I think will interest my viewers on television." His friend looked at him wide-eyed and exclaimed: "Why, Mandalay, old friend, are you still on television?"... The income tax collector visited a local church and explained to the priest: "I'd like to see your church because I've heard so much about it." After an extensive tour, the income tax agent announced: "I'm disappointed in your building, Father. From the sums of money listed by your parishioners in their returns as gifts to your church, I surely thought that at least your aisles would be paved with gold."

During a Kentucky revival meeting, the parson announced: "Rise and testify what the Lord has done for you." Various members rose and testified. Then, the preacher approached an elderly man in the rear who was so crippled

whose area is most nearly filled, have generally passed by considerably smaller margins than in other parts of town. What will happen as requirements of more areas are met is a question. Many of the problems which face the leaders of a growing city are the same as those which face the parents of growing child. Old problems will be settled, and new ones will arise as Torrance grows from its present 65,000 population to an estimated 100,000 by 1960 and even greater figures after that. The city is just busting out all over.

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