

EDITORIALS

Rules of the Road

The rising number of traffic accidents involving children on bicycles this year will reach 25,000 injuries and 800 deaths and, like most statistics of this kind, results from careless riding and driving habits.

While virtually all drivers know the rules governing operation of an automobile—or at least carry a license that says they do—there is little to guarantee that the youngsters pedaling ahead of you know the laws of the road.

With this in mind, we feel some attention should be given to a strengthened training program for bicycle riders, particularly at the elementary school level.

It is a significant commentary on the wealth of our generation that nearly every child has a bicycle. It is a sad commentary, however, when we realize how little is done to teach him how to use it.

In communities the size of those in the south suburbs, a bicycle training program, followed by issuance of riders licenses, would seem a logical and fairly simple step toward saving lives, as well as a fine promotion for the cities and villages or their service organizations.

With school about to start, no better time could be found to initiate a program than early this fall.

Our Rich Uncle

We have long known that Uncle Sam was the biggest land owner in California. But it wasn't until recently that an inventory made of Federal property revealed that his holdings amount to 46 million acres. That's 46.4 percent of the state's total area.

Uncle owns more than 60,000 buildings in California—many of them small, but also included in that number are huge office structures. Nearly \$3½ billion has been spent by the National Government to obtain land in the Golden State for military installations and other purposes. It is conservatively estimated that it could now be sold for twice that much. California has the most Federal building space of any state—more than \$1½ billion worth, including military buildings. It has \$430 million worth of Federal housing—also the most for any state.

Federal land holdings in California, much of which have always been held by Washington, include 20 million acres of national forests, 17½ million acres of grazing lands, 4 million acres of parks and monuments, 1.3 million acres for reclamation and irrigation, 750,000 for airfields, 2.6 million for military posts and 65,000 for flood control and navigation.

The Administration has promised greater speed in turning over "surplus" lands to the states or individual citizens. There must be plenty here that can be turned over.

A policy of dishonesty can arise only from secondary reasoning. It marks a person as one who believes he is not strong and intelligent enough to succeed honestly.—Good Business.

IT'S A FACT

by JERRY CAHILL

PRIVATE EINAR BOGREN—Camp Collins, Calif. Plans Long-Distance Wreckers with Friends BACK HOME IN CHICAGO! HE HAS 4 GAMES GOING BY MAIL

SQUIRREL PATRIOTISM! A SQUIRREL AT LAKE VIEW CEMETERY, Penn. Ken, N.Y. LINED ITS NEST WITH 40 FLAGS STOLEN FROM GRAVES!

THE \$300,000,000 COMPASTURE! THE GREAT CRIPPLE CREEK GOLD FIELD—Color, A HIGH PLATEAU 6 MILES SQUARE, FOR YEARS WAS BELIEVED TO BE A MORTALNESS GOW PASTURE—EVEN AFTER GOLD WAS FOUND THERE IN 1850! ROBERT WOMACK, A CONSPIRACY SOLD THE FIRST HIGHER MINE (TEL. 350-3477) FOR \$500—AND THE ONE SHAFIT HAS SINCE PRODUCED TEN THOUSAND TIMES THAT AMOUNT!

NEW ISSUE—STRANGE FATE OF THE U.S. KEARNEY'S COMMANDER

Poor Catch



AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

ATHENS (Special to the HERALD)—As I wind up my coverage of Europe and head for the Middle East, I want to share with my readers throughout the world some strange but interesting news, experiences, customs, methods and habits of the people of some of the countries I covered thus far on this trip around the world.

STOCKHOLM—Malmen hotel here has an automatic "Vackning" (alarm) on the wall over your bed, which you can set to ring any time you wish, like an alarm clock. It is actually a control on a speaker which carries the sound of an alarm. An operator at a desk downstairs merely rings an alarm every 15 minutes, but only those rooms which have set a time can hear it.

There are as many private motor boats in Sweden as automobiles. Under socialized medicine in Sweden, a hospital room is only \$1 a day. Except for accidents and real emergencies, the waiting period is about seven months. Swedish law limits the number of drinks to three in public bars.

LONDON—Revolving doors in England turn opposite to ours. Boy gangs in Britain call themselves "Teddy Boys" after old Prince Edward—whose dress of that period they adopted.

British are avid newspaper readers. The London Daily Express sells 1,400,000 papers daily; the London Mirror, 1,000,000 daily; the Daily Mail, 830,000; Daily Telegraph, 530,000; News Chronicle, 470,000; Daily Herald, 330,000; Daily Sketch, 200,000; London Times, 120,000 copies daily. New York and London are neck-and-neck in population—but Londoners read three times more papers. Dinner parties in England usually start at 10 p.m., with dinner guests still coming at 11 p.m.

AMSTERDAM—In this city there are 870,000 inhabitants and 400,000 bicycles. All but one building in Amsterdam is built on piles. There are 50 miles of canals

and 430 bridges . . . 25 per cent more than in Venice. Street cars that pass the post office carry mail boxes in the back to speed up delivery.

Air mail in Europe costs the same as surface. BERLIN . . . Gasoline in Germany is 65 cents a gallon, while a gallon of coffee costs \$5.20. Shell's advertising in German gas stations is: "Aha—Shell Mit ICA." What happened to "ICI"?

German hotels feature towel-warmers in bath rooms . . . emergency buttons over bath tubs . . . magnifying mirrors for close shaving . . . hair dryers for the women.

COPENHAGEN . . . At the Hotel Angletorre the lights go on as you open the door to your room.

Food stores in Denmark have automatic-fruit, sandwich and cake vendors outside, for use after closing hours.

German cars are imported in Denmark duty free . . . U. S. cars are taxed 130 per cent. Who was the enemy in World War II, anyway?

In Denmark's better hotels no baths are allowed between 11 p.m. and 6 a.m. so as not to disturb adjoining guests by the running water.

"CIT" buses which cover Europe are equipped with toilets and bars.

OSLO . . . all of Norway's chiefs of police must be lawyers . . . also all judges. To trim the greens at Oslo's Country Club golf course, I saw 1,000 sheep turned loose each week.

At dangerous multiple road crossings in Norway, large mirrors are placed to assist drivers with a better view of angular traffic.

In Norway dinner is at 4:30 p.m. . . . with a light snack at 9 p.m.

Norway imports all feed for its livestock.

Oslo's office workers are organized in a powerful union. Office hours: 8 a.m. to 3 p.m.

TRIESTE, YUGOSLAVIA . . . I saw a \$150 Royal type-

writer advertised in a Trieste window at \$1,200.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

We like the definition of a Hollywood rancher published last week in the Kiwanis Club bulletin—it's a guy who owns a \$5000 station wagon and a flower pot.

And, the new Foghorn, Naval Supply Depot publication, defines patience as the ability to idle your motor when you feel like stripping your gears.

Homer D. King, Hemet News publisher, gleaned this nifty from the Journal of the American Medical Assn. We like it. A sailor in World War II always suffered from hiccoughs when under emotional strain. When he went through boot training without an attack, he felt that he had finally conquered his affliction. Then one day, deep in the South Pacific, his carrier was attacked by Japanese planes. Without warning, the hiccoughs returned. He tried for a few minutes to stifle them, but it didn't work. Finally, he turned to his friend and said: "Hey, I got hiccoughs. Do something to frighten me."

Reminds me of the doctor who told the guy that he could cure his hiccoughs by standing on his head. "But doc," the guy said, "The only time I get the hiccoughs is when I can't even stand on my feet."

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHIE, Herald Staff Writer

When vacation time rolls around, Westerners head East and Easterners head West, proving the old saying about the grass always being greener on the other side.

Anybody who is interested probably could find cars from all 48 states and a few foreign countries browsing down Southern California highways these days. It behooves us all to behave like people from the other parts of the nation think Californians are supposed to behave.

Californians, used to their own harum-scarum type of driving, sometimes find the harum-scarum brand of driving in other parts of the country rather hard to take. You can usually tell an out-of-state driver, even without looking at his license plates. Generally, they fall in two categories:

1. One type is confused and scared to death by all the whizzing traffic, freeways, three and four-way stop signs, and crosswalks for pedestrians. This type is apt to poke along a busy highway, stopping at unexpected places and making sudden left or right hand turns in the wrong places. They are dangerous.

2. Equally dangerous is the second type—who drive along as if their car engines had suddenly been unchained. They are likely to cut in and out of the wrong lanes, and like their slower cousins, make sudden turns in the wrong places. They drive as fast as Californians without really knowing how.

Both types are prone to sudden stops to gawk at some landmark or movie star's home, thus threatening anyone who may happen to be driving behind them.

The driver, or his companion in the front seat may be driving along peering at a map of the city, directions given them by friends, or a movie star map.

Some visitors are so frightened by the traffic here that they persuade some friend to

Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

Watch out for the English language, mister! Call a woman a kitten, but not a cat. Call her a mouse, but not a rat. She's a chicken, just remember that, and not a hen. She may be a duck, but not a goose. And above all, men, she's a vision—not a sight! . . . Art Ryon is fryin' with the sale sign on a furniture store reading: "Going Out of Business." All very well, comments Art, except that the sign had been on the window for a full year and someone had scribbled underneath it: "Promises! Promises!" . . . a disgruntled woman reader writes: "Please say this for me in your column—When a man turns 40, brother, he turns!" . . . The safest way to keep peace is to go about it exactly opposite from the way we took after the last war . . . By the bye, I've never been able to understand why civilized nations are always at war but the savages are always at peace.

Poem: Women thing about their sins, until they seem like double; but men just forgive themselves, and save the Lord the trouble . . . You've heard about the serviceman who couldn't find a place of privacy to neck with his girlfriend, so he took her to the railroad station and kissed her "goodbye" each time a train left. The latest on this story being that a red cap watched just such a wolf performing with sheekins eclat and suggested: "Boss, why don't you go over to the subway? Those trains leave every minute!" . . . Women use two methods to get their man. They either exhibit a generous nature or they exhibit how generous nature has been to them . . . Teen-ager complaint: "Give that guy enough rope and he'll skip with your girl!"

What I like About Our Modern Youth: Any young man can look at a girl and tell exactly what kind of a past she is going to have . . . Warning to all local merchants. A spider was seen reading this newspaper carefully last week. We understand he's making a list of stores which are not advertising with us. That way the spider can spin his web across the doors of those stores without ever being disturbed! . . . St. Peter and St. Thomas were playing golf. Stepping up to the tee, St. Peter scored a hole in one. Immediately, St. Thomas also scored a hole in one. Whereupon, quoth St. Peter: "Alright, alright, let's cut out the miracle and play golf!" . . . It happened at last! A little girl ran after an ambulance, screaming: "My mamma needs you! Stop! Please stop!"

Quickly, the ambulance backed up to her house and mamma leaned out the window and said: "What kind of pie do you have today?"

A local factory worker was asked to sign a form but admitted he couldn't write. "Then make an 'X,'" ordered the foreman. "I can't do that," argued the worker. "That's my daddy's signature!" . . . A young lady applied for a housekeeping job but made it clear that she wouldn't do any washing, ironing, or scrubbing. "The poor, troubled employer shrugged her

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