

EDITORIALS

Communism Starts Here

How anyone can contribute, even with his own heedless thinking, to the spread of the communist doctrine, is almost inconceivable. Yet we have many thoughtless Americans who are doing the bidding of Moscow as effectively as though they were on the pay roll.

Any dictator needs concentration of power within a central agency before he can take over any country, usually its federal government. When the residents of the community give up any segment of self rule, under the easy-going process of federal aid, they lay the stepping stones to the eventual buildup of a monolithic bureaucracy.

Freedom from centralized control of our lives begins right here in Torrance and in every other community—large or small—throughout the nation. Whether it is a matter of, blithely accepting a handout for our schools, or for any other segment of our city government, it is a beginning to the end of local freedoms.

The community that does everything within its power to meet its own needs, before seeking federal aid for any project, helps nobly to stem the tide of dangerous thinking that would have Washington doing it all.

Super government, all-powerful government, socialism or communism, is the implacable enemy of human freedom. It reduces the individual right here in this community to the stature of a statistic. It makes a mockery of every concept of human dignity upon which this nation was founded.

Socialism is a way station while communism is the end of the line for a too strongly centralized government. So are all the other systems of government that attempt to do for the people what the people can and should do for themselves.

We here in this community have had vivid descriptions from the lips of welcome visitors in local homes who have fled from communism in Hungary. They will tell you that a nation gives up its freedoms piecemeal and awakens one day to find them all gone.

The Hungarian ordeal and all the other ugly fruits of communism we see should make Americans resolve to keep the freedom we have and to forever support and defend a system of government that is based on a high concept of the worth of the individual, and on the principle that the government is best that governs least.

A Serious Situation

From the first day of peaceful picketing, the strike at the National Supply Company has been a matter of serious concern to the entire community.

National Supply must be considered Torrance's oldest important industry and throughout the years has done much to help create the community as it exists today. Therefore it may be said truthfully, that whatever affects the welfare of National Supply Company and its employees directly affects every interest within the community.

All strikes are wasteful and are harmful to all concerned. But, irrespective of the effect upon others, no one suffers as much as the conscientious worker deprived of his pay check.

The successfully happy and prosperous community is the one that has all of its citizens gainfully employed. Any community like Torrance, that has one of its largest and best industries out on strike, had better be much more concerned than we seem to be.

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHKE

Did you ever wake up bright and cheerful one morning, only to have your day ruined by a chance remark by a well-meaning, but somewhat tactless friend?

I was talking to a lady friend of mine recently and noticed that she seemed rather down in the mouth.

"What's the matter? You look like somebody had just stolen your TV set," I noted.

"I just met a friend of mine that I hadn't seen in some time," she mumbled.

"Well, if you hadn't seen him in some time, weren't you glad to see him?" I queried.

"Yes, I sure was, but do you know what he said to me?" she faltered. "He said I sure had gained weight since he last saw me. I'm going on a diet right now, I don't want to be fat."

After assuring her that many fat girls are cute, I went on my merry way.

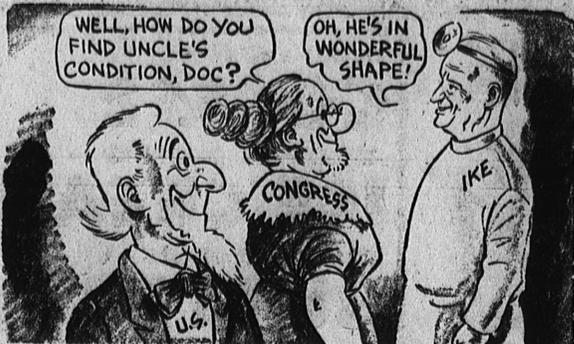
To a woman there's nothing worse than being told that she is putting on a pound. There are also some other choice remarks guaranteed to ruin a person's day. These include:

"I see you're getting a few gray hairs now. Age catches up with all of us, doesn't it?"

"Well, Joe, it looks like your hairline isn't up as far as it used to be. Losing the old wig, huh?"

"You know, Mable, I think that hat is just dragging. My

State Of The Union



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: I'm a nurse who probably needs a doctor (for my head). Right now I'll settle for some advice. I was engaged to a young medical student for three years. I didn't mind these sandwiches because I was sacrificing for "our future." When he completed internship he went into practice with the town's leading physician. Two months later he married the daughter.

Next I fell for a young attorney (also struggling). I nursed his ailing mother for five months without pay. I lived in their home and didn't have money for a pair of stockings. According to scale, I gave her \$2000 worth of care. When she died he repaid me by marrying his stenographer.

My present gentleman friend is a chemist. We've been going together seven months. At this point I've had plenty of experience with the non-marrying kind. How can I be sure I won't be victimized again?—Angel Face.

Experience is something we all think we've had plenty of until we get just a little more. At 28 a girl should be able to detect the scent of orange blossoms in the air if there are any around. If the chemist hasn't made his intentions known, suggest that his next project be a formula for marriage. If he isn't downright happy about the idea, give him the Big "O" (oxygen, of course).

Dear Ann: We wouldn't need columns like yours if people would use their heads instead of their impulses. You often recommend "professional help" which in plain English means psychiatry. This is a lot of hokey. That guy Freud was the one who troubled a psychiatrist.

The trouble with most people is their lives are centered around sex. Sex is at the bottom of everything. The world will never be any better until the people in it raise their sights.—The Philosopher.

Dear Philosopher: Why knock Freud when HIS basic theory and yours are the same? He was the first to advance the notion that "sex is at the bottom of everything."

The REAL trouble with "most people" is they are too willing to tell you the trouble with "most people." Each of us should remember that improvement is charity... and charity begins at home.

Dear Ann: My husband is a good person and is fine in every way. The only thing wrong with him is he never remembers me on my birthday, our anniversary, Valentine's Day and the other little occasions which a woman looks forward to.

Frankly, I don't mind for myself because deep down I know he loves me dearly, but I'm ashamed when family and friends ask what did I get? I got tired of saying "nothing" and began to lie a little. This, of course, backfired as people have asked to see some of the imaginary gifts.

Don't you think it's unfair for my husband to put me in this position because of his thoughtlessness? —Mrs. J.B.

You put YOURSELF in this position so don't blame him. If you honestly felt "deep down" that your husband loved you dearly you couldn't care less what family or friends think.

The Salvation Army is just one of the organizations with a great big heart who will help you. Every city has a welfare agency who can direct you to other agencies. Put this girl in a home for unwed mothers and let her decide if she wants to keep the child. Don't invite her back under your roof... you've had enough.

(Ann Landers will be happy to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of THE HERALD and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.) (© 1957, Field Enterprises, Inc.)

Dear Ann: My younger sister came to live with us two years ago. She and my husband have become entirely too chummy. I've seen him make advances toward her when he didn't realize I was looking. First I thought it was my imagination. Now I'm sure.

Several things indicate that she's expecting. I'm a nervous wreck over this. I want to send her away but she's a minor and I'm legally responsible for her. My own three children need a father so divorce is out. Please help me. I'm sick.—H.B.M.

broken leg so he goes back to his car, gets a gun and shoots him. Then he says to me: "How do you feel? Any broken legs?"

"So what do you think I said? At this moment I never felt better in all my life!"

How time flies! Here it is Jan. 10 and only yesterday it was Jan. 9.

Definition of a hi fi set: something to drown out your wife's voice.

The new roadside warning sign read: "Drive with care." Three days later, someone with experience and wisdom had crossed out the word "care" and substituted "prayer."

The housewife who yelled at her husband: "When are you going to take the children to the zoo?" Her husband shouted back: "I'm not taking them. If the zoo wants them, let the authorities come and get them..."

Art Ryon relates of the drunk who walked into the City Jail and announced: "M'pal's in here and I juss wanna bail him out," with which Art adds: "Guess where HE spent the night."

Reid Bundy relays the yarn about the Indians who were always admitted free to the visiting carnival until this year. Informed they would have to pay the usual admission fee, the Indians gathered in front of the carnival and started a rain dance whereupon it rained for five days and nights. They're being admitted free again.

"I was riding my horse and wagon," said the teamster, "when this man's auto threw us into the ditch. The wagon was on top of me and the horse was on top of the wagon."

"This man comes over and sees that my horse has a

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

A thought for the day offered up by Don Perkins of the Los Angeles Chapter of the National Safety Council: "Want to give your car a lasting finish? Try beating a train to a crossing."

Along the same line, we rather like the sign painted on the back of the Westchester Music Co. Volkswagen truck which makes frequent trips into this area: "Please Drive Carefully...we're out of harps."

Bob Tolson, member of the Tolson Associates realty firm here, set to wondering the other day just what might have been going through the minds of the various postal employes involved in the web of circumstances which brought a letter to his office although it was addressed to a gentleman with a totally dissimilar name at Box 246, Trabuca Canyon.

He hadn't figured out any answer the last we checked.

Charley Gots, distinguished editor of the Tor-Lion, bulletin of the Torrance Lions Club, passed this one along in his first issue of the year—which we think was nice timing.

According to Charley, it was the morning after and the man of the house sitting his head gingerly.

"Well, if you hadn't drunk so much last night, you would not feel so bad now," his wife commented tartly.

"I'm drinking had nothing to do with it," he replied. "I went to bed feeling wonderful and woke up feeling awful—it was the sleep that did it."

Discussions following the repeat win of the Palos Verdes couple on the "Do You Trust Your Wife" show Tuesday night brought out the fact that very few people know whose picture appears on United States Currency.

Just to set the record straight, it goes like this: \$1—George Washington \$2—Thomas Jefferson \$5—Abraham Lincoln \$10—Alexander Hamilton \$50—Ulysses S. Grant \$100—Benjamin Franklin \$500—William McKinley \$1000—Grover Cleveland \$5000—James Madison \$10,000—Salmon P. Chase \$100,000—Woodrow Wilson

Now I don't want to hear any remarks about this column not having an educational value.

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