

# EDITORIALS

## Practicing Brotherhood

Those fine citizens who actively support the work and principles of the American Field Service, and like organizations, practice Brotherhood Week throughout the year. For others there is the annual reminder that this is the time for us all to take inventory of our thinking and come up with a resolution to give more thought to our fellow men in the year to come.

In the Torrance area there are many men and women who have found real enlightenment and satisfaction through intimate contact with the young men and women brought here from other countries to live in American homes. Likewise, many of our young people are enjoying life in other countries where they are learning that people everywhere are much the same, with the same hopes, same mannerisms, and the same ambitions.

It is a basic truism that one really never knows an individual until he lives with him or shares his hopes and fears through intimate daily contact. Prejudices soon erect iron curtains that are a barrier to friendship and understanding and there is no hope for a meeting of minds where prejudice (prejudice) exists.

Brotherhood Week has done much to bring races, colors, and creeds together. It is regrettable that in this free land such a reminder is necessary for Americans who are all brothers under the skin. But, as Barney Baruch has observed:

"The time will come, and soon I hope, when Brotherhood Week will be a reminder, not of the presence of discrimination in our midst, but of its eradication. Until that time, we must, each of us, work to break down the barriers, fight bigotry wherever we find it, and cleanse our hearts of blind animosity against our fellows."

## What Have You Done?

Any resident of Torrance, irrespective of whether his place of business or employment may be an hour away from his home, should be vitally concerned with what goes on in this community. For anyone to think otherwise is folly of a kind that may one day be costly.

Every action of the city council or the school board has a direct bearing on the manner or cost of living in Torrance, more specifically if you happen to own your home but even when you pay rent.

No individual can say wisely that he doesn't care what happens in his home town. That implies he doesn't care about the quality of his police and fire protection, the condition of the streets he drives on, or the kind of schools he must send his children to.

This all adds up to the inevitable conclusion that every resident has to be very much concerned with what goes on in the community, even though his interest may be limited to a selfish one. Working with his fellow citizens he can make the community better. He can ask selfishly what Torrance has done for him, and, like most of us, he can inquire of himself—"What have I done for Torrance?"

## The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ

George Washington, whose birthday we celebrate tomorrow, is supposed to have said, "I cannot tell a lie," when asked if he had chopped down a cherry tree.

That was real George of George, but it's doubtful if the father of his country always told the truth. Most of us would probably be in plenty of hot water if we never lied. That's why untruths generally fall into two classifications—little white lies, which are OK socially, and big fat prevarications, which aren't.

You meet Mrs. Plushbottom waddling down the street.

"What do you think of this dress," she gurgles. "The salesgirl told me it made me look so slim."

If you told her the truth, it would end a beautiful friendship, so you gallantly reply, "It certainly does." Instead of "There isn't anything but a good stiff diet that could make you any slimmer, sister."

That's a little white lie, of which hundreds are told every day. You feign interest in the photos of Joe Snark's ugly grandchildren, pretend to enjoy the gory details of Mrs. Fussby's latest operation, or inquire politely about the newest buttons in Mrs. Crackpot's collection.

These lies don't hurt anybody and smooth over what would otherwise be a touchy situation. There is another kind of innocent lie, which is innocent, but which can get on your nerves.

Everybody recognizes the blowhard who won the Battle

of the Bulge (in the war, not the stomach) practically single-handed and the proud parents whose children are smarter than Albert Einstein. Then there's the guy who falls on his face after two beers but tries to tell you that he can drink anybody under the table.

Some people just have to stretch the truth to make themselves feel good.

The really dangerous kind of liars can hurt you. There's the lady who embroiders the gossip she hears about the neighbors until the truth couldn't be recognized.

There's the guy who feels called upon to advise you on how to fix your car as if he knew all about it, when he really doesn't know a carburetor from a sparkplug.

There's the salesman who sells nothing but top-notch used cars driven by old ladies who go to the grocery store on Saturdays. (Some of these jewels won't get from the car to the grocery store without throwing a rod.)

Even the most honest person in the world is going to lie sometimes, just to be kind.

Just try getting through one day without telling a few lies. Very few people who ask for advice really want honest opinions. They want to be told what they want to be told.

Honesty is the best policy most of the time. But even George Washington probably didn't tell his wife's age—at the risk of being beheaded with a frying pan.

## First Harbinger of Spring



## YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: Your letter to the young girl faced with the problem of approaching motherhood without a husband, was of great interest to me. I was also an unwed mother.

I came from a large family and had a wide circle of friends. The town I lived in was small and there was no Aunt I could "visit." I debated hard and long trying to decide if it would be best to keep my baby or put it out for adoption. As the time grew near I realized I could never part with my child so I decided to face the music and make the best of the situation.

My strongest weapon was truth. I told everyone I had foolishly become involved with a married man. Many people gasped at my openness but other admired my spirit. It wasn't easy.

My daughter is now four years old and she is a treasure. Five months ago I married a wonderful, old-fashioned man with very high standards. He knew the whole story before he started to take me out but never once did he mention it.

Courage and truth paid off for me, Ann. I thought this girl might like to know how someone else handled the toughest situation a woman can face.—The Happy One.

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Dear Ann Landers: I was an unwed mother, so, naturally, your letter to the young girl in the same spot, caught my eye. I hope this poor kid will be smart enough to put her own desires second and the baby's welfare first. I didn't—and to my dying day I'll regret it.

Several childless couples who could have given my baby a wonderful home offered to take her, but I thought she'd be better off with me (I kept telling myself). I realize now it was only selfishness that made me hang on. I wanted her to ease my loneliness and misery.

My daughter is now 13 years old. She's an unhappy and moody child. I've had to work hard to support us and there's never been an extra dime for the little things a young girl ought to have.

She knows she was born out of wedlock because her cousins have told her so. She is resentful toward me and self-conscious among children her own age. I have the feeling someone might have married me if I hadn't flaunted this illegitimate child in the face of society.

So you see, I ruined my own life and didn't give my daughter a decent break, either. Print this letter, Mrs. Landers, if you think my experience may be of some value to someone else.—Fool.

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Dear Ann Landers: I am 14-years-old and have a terrible problem. I am in love with the football coach at our

high school.

Please don't jump to conclusions. He is NOT married. I don't know exactly how old he is but I think he's about 28. Although I am large for my age and act very mature I am afraid he still thinks of me as a child.

My father is exactly 12 years older than my mother and they are happily married. The coach has no idea that I feel this way about him because I get all tied up in knots when I am around him. What advice do you have for a girl who is a little shy?—Babe.

You're "a little shy all right"—about six years. My advice is to concentrate on the student body and forget about the faculty. If you make a pest of yourself now you may spoil it for later. The difference between 14 and 26 is 100.

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Dear Ann: My husband and I have an embarrassing situa-

## GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

Once upon a time a man complained to Confucius that he hated people because they insulted him, they weren't good friends, they didn't trust him, they stood in his way to success, and they refused to obey his instructions. This was the great sage's reply: "Avoid insult with courtesy, win friends with magnanimity, invite trust with sincerity, attain success with earnestness, and establish leadership with kindness."

Did you ever stop to evaluate the pictures on your wall? Actually, pictures are holes in your walls through which you can look out and see the world—its beauties and its wonders. They can be ships sailing, mountains blanketed by snow, awe-inspiring cathedrals, or even a simple cottage surrounded by nature's gifts.

According to good old Ben Franklin we folks should guard our time more than anything else we possess because lost time is something we'll never find again.

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He was remorseful: "I'm sorry I said so many nasty things to you yesterday." His business competitor replied: "Oh, forget it. But tell me, what made you regret saying all those unkind things?" Replied the first man: "Well, I had 24 hours to think it over and I thought of some worse things I should have said."

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A stupid man, methinks, is one who is loaded with hid-

den talents, excepting he hides them so well he can't find them when it comes time to use them.

Recently we had our patio cemented. The children wrote some unbecoming words in the wet cement. Shall we skip the whole matter or bring this to the attention of the parents?—THE KAYS.

Tell the parents you like their children in the abstract, but not in the concrete. If they don't offer to fill in the "damage" do it yourself and keep your eye on it until it hardens.

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CONFIDENTIALLY: THE OLD TURK: Ask your clergyman to get your marriage back on the track. It's been derailed far too long.

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(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. (C) 1956, Field Enterprises, Inc.

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Ben Shields is so disgusted with clogged freeways at peak traffic hours, he refers to the freeways as "fast moving parking lots."

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A reader writes: "Dear Mr. Glazer: I am a Republican but my cousin is a Democrat. My father is a drunkard and my mother deserted me when I was an infant. My sisters are B-girls and my brothers are in prison for life. My aunt is a check forger but still at large and my uncle peddles dope. I intend to be married soon and my problem is this: Shall I tell my girl friend that my cousin is a Democrat?"

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I haven't managed it yet, but I'm still trying. I want to be what my friends think I am and avoid being what my enemies say I am.

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I make my share of mistakes in this world but I learned two ways how to make people's faces emerge from the heaviness of black clouds and suddenly light up with the brilliance of happiness. First, no matter how homely or tired a friend may look, I'll simply say, "Man, but you're looking swell," or "Young lady, how pretty you look today!" Then, if a friend has been ill, this approach works wonders: "Gee, you look fine. How do you stay young so long?"

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The Palos Verdes Kiwanis Club should have 100 per cent attendance at its meeting if Program Chairman Matt Brunning gets the word around. He has arranged for Alberto Varga, creator of the Varga girl, to speak and give demonstrations of his talents. "As an added attraction, the winner of the door prize will receive one live model," the meeting announcement states.

★ ★ ★

We have a hint today for the lady of the house. Since Pacific Telephone first introduced a new conception of decor—the colored telephone—thousands of you ladies have taken the opportunity to enhance the attractiveness of your homes at a very small cost.

Many have found that one of the eight warm colors offered can add "just the right touch" to any room in the home.

On display at our local business office are telephones in red, yellow, blue, brown, grey, green, ivory and beige. They are available for immediate installation.

We cordially invite you to visit our office, inspect the telephones, and discuss your color schemes with one of our representatives... PACIFIC TELEPHONE.

## High School Show 'Big Hit'

By MILT SVENSK

The 10th annual Torrance High Variety show presented last Friday and Saturday nights was a fast paced show with a wide variety of singers, dancers, and novelty acts. It had the appreciative audience injecting spontaneous applause during the acts and resounding applause at the finish of each act.

Students and faculty responsible for the sets of the three acts deserve a hand for the handiwork done to put you in scenes of New York, New Orleans, and Hollywood. Those other important people backstage did a wonderful job also in certain pulling on cue, and starting the tape for most of the accompanying music for the singers and dancers, and other acts on time. The Torrance High Musicians provided a lot of good live music.

Particularly in the beginning of the second act, several members of the band were onstage with down to earth Dixieland music of New Orleans, such as "When the Saints Come Marching In," and Bernie's Tune, which brought from the full house audiences thundering applause. These same fellows also filled in as a modern jazz group and featured Gary Tiernan, Gary Rippstein, Jim Nichols, Norman Maloy, Bill Colby, Dan Buckley, and Dave Banuelis.

Black lighting was used in several of the dances, which was very effective. The number, "Hernandoe's Hideaway," was very well done, using the black lighting and flashlights. At this point I would like to mention that Elsa Barlow and Karen Brunel were responsible for the choreography, and did a terrific job with their dances.

The show included talented pianist Margaret Shidler playing "Malaguena." Later on Diana Cook sang a Lillian Roth medley, alongside the piano in the orchestra pit—

and very good, too.

I suppose by far the most hilarious part of the whole show was "The Last Days of Mr. Oglethorpe," where the entire scene was composed of members of the faculty in a schoolroom. Mr. Bereskin as the teacher, with Mr. Brown, Mrs. Lowe, Mr. Ahee, Miss Chisholm, Mr. Lifton, Mr. Bannehr, Mr. Moore, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Leps, Mrs. Alk, and Mr. Markham. Narrator was Mr. Hershey.

A bit of drama was injected in "Give Me Your Tired and Your Poor," with monologue done by Ollie Lessin, with an entire chorus, and Joyce Cannon as the statue.

Another out of the ordinary act was Torrance High's answer to Elvis Presley in Don Witty. This young man outdid in personality and presentation anything that the Pelvis can do. He was the only student that was called back for an impromptu encore.

Complete in costume of the 20s were Gail Davis, Barbara Barra, Helen Sands, Sharon Allison, George Sanford and Marti Fowler with a cute song and dance number "All I Do is Dream of You." The costumes were very colorful.

Doing an original number was that small girl with a big beautiful voice, Dianne Powers. "My Love Is a Dreamer."

Eddie Shaw was his usual professional self in playing a director in Hollywood.

The show also presented a couple of mystery entertainers in a singer and a tap dancer. The audiences put their guesses in a ballot box, and the mystery guests were to be announced later.

An unexpected appearance was made by Terry Akers and the "Terriers".

There were well over 100 students involved in putting on this show, and they all should be complimented for making so much entertainment possible in just two evening performances. More shows like this one could produce extra performances.

Faculty director was Von Hershey, and was written by Jim Weyant, directed by Gail Davis and Eddie Shaw, and produced by Ollie Lessin.

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## My Neighbors



"Don't worry, Mr. Goshkin. Old bureaucrats never die—they just tax away!"

## The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

It's our considered opinion that the person behind the publicity for the Girl Scout cookie sale campaign here this year has a bit of genius.

Taking the cue, possibly, from the successful TV advertising which makes use of silly little creatures and bits of logic, the Girl Scout headquarters has issued a list of suggestions for selling cookies. Among them we found these which tickled our fancy: "Do you want to lose weight? Here's all you do. Buy several packages of Girl Scout cookies from the Girl Scout who comes to your door—and then don't eat them. This will strengthen your character, too—because Girl Scout cookies are darned good."

Pretty clever, eh? Another one that I liked goes like this:

"Are you thinking of buying a yacht? A dozen of mink coats? A few oil wells? Well, here's how to save money. Buy Girl Scout cookies instead—they don't cost so much."

That's publicity with an impact. There should be more of it done by the thousands of organizations who flood California editors with publicity—if for no other reason than to give the editor a smile before he files the material in the round file.

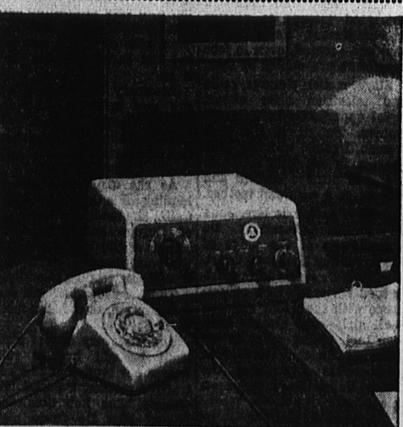
★ ★ ★

Speaking of Girl Scout cookies, you still have a couple of days to get yourself a few boxes of these delightful treats—the campaign ends Saturday. Living in a neighborhood which is loaded with Girl Scouts, I can give a personal testimonial to the quality of their wares.

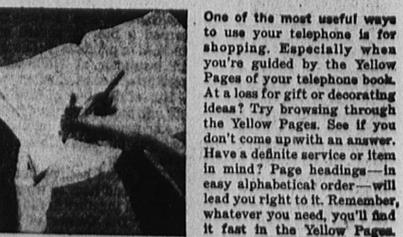
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## WHAT'S DOING

R. S. Pyle, your Telephone Manager in Torrance



If a machine answers, don't be surprised—and don't hang up. What you hear is an Automatic Answering Set. It could happen when you call a business man at lunch time. Or a doctor after office hours. These remarkable machines give callers a recorded greeting, take a recorded message. They're being used more and more in offices these days. And in homes, too. By guarding against "lost" calls, they make your telephone service more useful than ever... worth more to you.



One of the most useful ways to use your telephone is for shopping. Especially when you're guided by the Yellow Pages of your telephone book. At a loss for gift or decorating ideas? Try browsing through the Yellow Pages. See if you don't come up with an answer. Have a definite service or item in mind? Page headings—in easy alphabetical order—will lead you right to it. Remember, whatever you need, you'll find it fast in the Yellow Pages.

## COLOR HINT

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