

EDITORIALS

Filling a Need

Anyone who has gone through the frightening experience of finding a hospital bed in the middle of the night for a stricken member of his family can testify to the need in the Torrance area for additional hospital facilities.

Torrance physicians can relate instances by the hour in which they have called throughout the Southland seeking room for a patient who should be hospitalized—often times calling in vain.

Now the Sisters of the Little Company of Mary have launched a drive to raise funds to assist them in constructing a modern, 125-bed general hospital near Torrance Blvd. and Hawthorne Ave. Industry has led the way with major contributions, and doctors of the area have pledged a large sum. State and Federal funds will be used, and the Catholic Sisters sponsoring the new hospital will contribute a huge sum.

More is needed. Modern hospitals are expensive to build, and assistance in defraying the building costs must be borne by every citizen who someday may have use for its facilities.

The hospital will be operated on a nonsectarian basis, and the campaign executives from the Torrance area include Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.

The big individual campaign will get under way here this week with hundreds of volunteers going out to call on their neighbors and friends.

Your contribution should be as large as you feel you can make it—the money you are able to pledge to this cause will be your investment in the future of your community and your family's protection. It is an investment which can be returned threefold in the years to come.

When your friend or neighbor calls on you, give generously.

Earn More, Get Less

It now appears that this may be the year that the American worker will receive more wages, produce more, and yet actually find less on the shelves for him to buy to improve his real standard of living.

Sounds impossible, but it isn't.

One dollar in every four spent today in this country is a government dollar. Spending by the Federal Government in relation to private spending is the largest in peacetime history.

Biggest Government spending will be for defense, foreign aid, pensions, interest, and subsidies.

These things generate wage payments and other money payments, but they do not add consumer goods to the market for people to buy. Because of inflation by this government spending, it is actually possible that the American worker's real standard of living will drop.

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ

"Fabulous Las Vegas," the advertisements said. It was that fabled city is a never-never land for most people—a place where they don't dare go too often.

It's a place where people who had figured out sure-fire systems of gambling go to find out how wrong they are. Many more fortunes are lost than made there.

Anyway, we decided to spend a week end in that neon-lit oasis in the desert. Unlike many of the gambling bugs, we returned a little richer—not much, but a little.

It's a place where you can see anything you're looking for. Sweet little old ladies, who reminded me of somebody's grandmother, were in dead earnest as they plunked nickels or dimes or quarters into hungry slot machines.

I happened to be standing nearby when a stream of nickels gushed out into the lap of one old lady, despite the fact that the gally-painted figures didn't indicate that she should have won anything.

She stared incredulously at the lemons and cherries on the machine.

"Did I win?" she asked me. "I don't think so," I replied. "But as long as you got the money, I won't tell anybody if you don't."

"I've dropped \$40 in these things," one man, who looked like a laborer, mumbled as he walked away from a machine.

One nearly hysterical woman screamed, "I just put 30 cents in this machine and won \$250!"

I watched as a natty little man in a mustache played roulette, always placing a couple of dollars on the num-

ber, two. He shook his head sadly, as his hefty pile of chips slowly shrank to nothing. Two rolls of the wheel later, the number came up, but he wasn't there.

A middle-aged man in a dark blue suit slowly ground a cigar to pieces between his teeth as his blackjack losses mounted. Grimly, he took two \$100 bills from his billfold and threw them on the table and drew his cards. His expression changed abruptly as the dealer handed him a pile of chips for his victory.

The tides of luck ebb back and forth. A pretty young thing told me, "My husband and I were so happy until we moved to Las Vegas and he got the gambling bug. Now we haven't even got the money for the groceries. I think I'll have to leave him."

It's a fever which is all too catching for many people, who figure that the next roll of the dice or the next spin of the wheel will bring them riches. Usually it doesn't.

Life itself is one grand gamble, in which a wrong guess may cost us our money or even our lives. Everything we do is a calculated risk, ranging from a decision to cross the street against the light to an investment in real estate.

For me, life has enough gambles without adding to the hazard by tossing the decision to the turn of the wheel or the roll of a seven on the dice.

In craps or roulette, you've got to bet against the odds to win. Life isn't that big a gamble, when you toss your own assets in the bargain. You may not come out much ahead, but chances are you'll be ahead.

Dear Ann: My husband is a frustrated opera singer. True, his voice is beautiful, though untrained, but he'd rather sing than eat. Frankly, I think if he'd do less singing we'd eat better.

He works only four days a

It's Still Not Clear



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: Our 16-year-old daughter is a junior in high school. She fell madly in love with a sailor, 19. They begged and pleaded for permission to get married. We were afraid they'd run off and elope so we gave our consent. They promised faithfully the girl would stay in school and graduate.

In August we gave them a nice wedding and a few weeks later our daughter went back to school. Last month the girl was transferred out of this area. Now the girl tells us she has no interest in school and wants to join her husband. We reminded her of the promise to finish school but she says we forced her into it and doesn't intend to keep her word.

My husband and I are heartsick. Is there anything we can do?—MRS. PBX.

You can take turns kicking yourself for giving this child permission to marry. She's legally wed now and you've given your blessings to the whole unfortunate affair. It's too late to reverse yourselves.

You have no right to keep your daughter from her husband if she wants to join him. So pack her loafers and hobble her and let her go.

Dear Ann: How can I save my 52-year-old brother from making a fool of himself?

Orville (not his real name) has never married and he's like a second father to our children. We love to have him around because he's a truly wonderful person. The problem is this: He's partially bald. When he came into the house yesterday and removed his hat we almost fell over his head. He proudly displayed a beautiful head of wavy brown hair!

The toupe looks amazingly genuine, but it's just not our Orville. I'm afraid he'll be the laughing stock of his friends if he wears this false hair-piece.

He says he feels like a new man and doesn't give a darn what people say. Is he reverting to his second childhood or what, Mrs. Landers? Please say something. There are no words left in me.—A SISTER.

It's Orville's head and if he wants to put a "rug" on it why should anyone complain? It's how he feels that counts and from your description he feels pretty chipper.

If Orville is armed with a sense of humor and is prepared to take a Grade A razzing, there's nothing to fear. (P.S. Let's hope his face isn't too old for his hair and that he selected something with a little grey in it!)

A modern overture, for those musically inclined, is one which includes the sounds of a vacuum cleaner, a baby's cry, three repeating rifles, a jet's roar, and an old TV movie.

During a recent man-on-the-street television interview, teen-aged boys and girls were asked if 18-year-olds should be allowed to vote and, believe it or not, the majority said: "No!"

Which calls to mind an old trick that has much to say in its favor: You can put a short group of words down which will not find a spot in history, but which, if I'm not wrong, do contain a bit of truth. If you know how to go about it, you can say an awful lot without using an "E". Look at it again if you doubt it.

These aren't glue clubs—they're glue clubs, and you're stuck with 'em. But there's no sense in beating yourself eight to the bar. If you want to keep your marriage in tune, buy some earplugs and go with him.

By ANN LANDERS

week because he belongs to three choral groups and has frequent rehearsals. If I quit my job we'd really go under.

I like to work and am not complaining about this. The real trouble is we never have any social life because he's performing or practicing every night. I used to go along with him but if I hear the Road to Tipperary once more I'll take it. Any advice for a glue club widow?

—RHAPSODY IN BLUE.

WONDERING: Contact the Better Business Bureau. This could be a racket.

(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) 1957, Field Enterprises, Inc.

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

Quite indicative of our younger generation is the following dialogue at the Town Hall Theater in Pasadena, in the stager, "One Stone Rolling," when Ron McNeil is thusly accused: "He doesn't know what he's saying, he's so young." To which McNeil replies: "I do know what I'm saying and I hate being young!"

When asked on her TV show why she never eats spaghetti, Ann Southern replied: "I love spaghetti, but it stays with me too long in all the old familiar places."

A violinist was recently accused of playing a sick violin. He must have been playing a Stradivarius.

Whatever happened to the physical education department of chinning one's self? I'm willing to wager that many of our kids, unacquainted with this lost art, can't even chin themselves once.

Guess who receives the most requests to appear as the honored guest on Ralph Edwards' TV show, "This Is Your Life"? Ralph Edwards!

Right now, I'm willing to venture that if we wanted to give the country back to the Indians they wouldn't take it. Whatever happened to the ouija board?

Once - a - Texan - always - a-Texan-department: A man in Dallas has invented a special perfume for Texans. He mixed Chanel Number Five with DDT which not only attracts women but keeps the flies off as well.

During a recent man-on-the-street television interview, teen-aged boys and girls were asked if 18-year-olds should be allowed to vote and, believe it or not, the majority said: "No!"

Police report on a prisoner: "This man shows great promise for the heavyweight title. He has beaten many strong contenders, including his wife, his baby, and his dog."

Since people had little property interests in their last names, English and American law gave them little or no protection. Trade names of course, are another matter.

But in France and Germany the law gives one a property interest in his name; you may get a court to keep somebody from adopting your name by showing it would harm you. But not as a rule in America or England.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

A recent issue of the Cal Poly Staff Bulletin carried an item that a lot of local club officers might be able to use in committee meetings with some results.

"Xvnx though my typewriter is an old modxl, it works quitx wxll xccept for onx of thx kcxys. I wishxd many timxs that it workxd prfxctly. It is trux that thxrx arx forty onx kcxys that function wxll enough, but just onx kcy not working makxs thx diffxrxnxcx.

"Somxtimxs it sxmxs to mx that our organizations arx somxwhat lixx my typwxrtxr—not all thx mxmbrs arx working. You may say to yoursxl, 'wxll, I am only onx mxmbr. I won't mxkx or brmx thx club.' But, it doxs makx a diffxrxnxcx bcaxsx an organization to bx xfxctive nxxdx thx actixv participation of xvxy mxmbr. So, thx nxxxt timx you think you arx only onx pxrson and that your xfforts arx not nxxdxd, mxmbr my typwxrtxr and say to yoursxl, 'I am a kcy in the mxmbrshpx and I am nxxdxd xvxy much.'"

Which calls to mind an old trick that has much to say in its favor: You can put a short group of words down which will not find a spot in history, but which, if I'm not wrong, do contain a bit of truth. If you know how to go about it, you can say an awful lot without using an "E". Look at it again if you doubt it.

My Neighbors



"No, George. You may NOT stay home and sit with the baby-sitter!"



LAW IN ACTION

HANDLES

Not until the 15th Century did Europeans put much stock in last names. Most had none. If need be, they used their given names, and now and then their fathers' given names (like John John's son) or their home towns' or neighborhoods' (like Thomas of Aquinas).

But mostly they went by their given or baptismal names. Some churches today still call their members by their first name (Sister Joan and Brother Albert) like royalty (e.g. Queen Elizabeth).

In certain European countries you can register a child's name if it is one of an approved list. High nobility goes by its last name (de Medicis, Marlborough), but knights take their given names (Sir Winston).

Since people had little property interests in their last names, English and American law gave them little or no protection. Trade names of course, are another matter.

But in France and Germany the law gives one a property interest in his name; you may get a court to keep somebody from adopting your name by showing it would harm you. But not as a rule in America or England.

For instance, on the ground that by his writing he had earned a property right in his name, Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) once sued a man for printing a work called "Sketches by Mark Twain." But the court ruled

that Mark Twain had no sole right to use either his own or his pen name, except on his own books.

As a rule you can change your name at will even without going to court.

But a court action to change your name puts the public officially on notice that you have a new one, and it saves you endless trouble in collecting debts, identifying yourself, getting credit, inheriting property, selling your home, getting insurance, Social Security benefits, etc.

Behind the Scenes

By REYNOLDS KNIGHT

Amid all the talk of inflation, one important barometer of business sentiment has been resolutely pointing in the opposite direction. This is the index (actually several are compiled, but they all, necessarily, reach the same conclusion) of primary commodity prices.

By mid-February this index had quietly retraced the rising curve it had followed between last July and December. The fall from December was about 8 per cent. Thus buyers of these important raw materials of industry seem to be saying that the Middle Eastern crisis will be peacefully resolved, and that there will be no new rush to stock up on inventories soon.

Most of us, of course, have nothing to do with trading on the large scale that primary commodity movements involve. In the same way, on the great questions of inflation and deflation, there's nothing much we can do but try to survive from day to day.

This doesn't mean, however, that we can't benefit from this indication that big companies are keeping fairly calm despite the headlines. It should keep all of us from being stampeded into action we might take under pressure of the shouts of "inflation!"

Voices for Industry—Growing acceptance of dinnerware of melamine has reached the point where molders of this quality plastic have joined to cope with the problem of the increasing market for their wares.

John O'Connell, board chairman of the Society of the Plastics Industry, acted as spokesman for the new "Melamine Council" at its first meeting, pending selection by the manufacturers of council officials from among themselves.

One of the first acts of the council, officials said, will be to form an advisory group of leaders in the arts and professions, who can lend their experience and guidance to the new trade group and the homemaker. Objectives of the council are to promote wider demand for melamine dinnerware; to increase the prestige of the industry and its products by the use of writings, papers, books, pamphlets, speeches and other media, and to further consumer education regarding the product.

Short Summer—With the exception of a little scrambling for fill-ins of Easter merchandise, New York's Seventh Ave. already is buying itself these days with summer garments. Right at the moment it appears the summer will be brief this year—on Seventh Ave., that is.

Cotton cloth in the better grades is in quick demand, as the market expresses it. That is, if you have some good 40-inch broadcloth right now, it will bring a slight premium. For later delivery, interest isn't too keen.

Yarns, which have a longer lead time, naturally, than cloth, show strength, which is a good long-term sign. The kind of rayon and acetate yarns that upholsterers and drapery makers use is firm in price, and cotton knitwear yarns are in demand although there is a fairly large inventory of knitwear from last fall's poor selling season.

Bits o' Business—Total sales of retail stores in January were \$14.9 billion, says the Department of Commerce. . . . Steel production last week was estimated at 2,469,000 tons of ingots and castings. . . . Employment in January was 62,890,000, almost exactly at the year-earlier mark, the Department of Labor reported.

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"When you keep in step with yourself, you don't have to worry about the rest of the parade."