

EDITORIALS

Leave 'em Alone

The Torrance Chamber of Commerce has come out flatly against the current rash of annexation attempts by the Torrance City Council, saying that "there is ill will being engendered against Torrance in the several areas affected, notably Lomita."

The conclusions of the Chamber of Commerce bear up those found by The HERALD—the only real interest in annexing areas to Torrance lies among those with political ambitions who would like to add chunks of Lomita, Rolling Hills, and where have you, as pieces of a monument to their "foresightedness."

It doesn't take too much talking in the areas being sought by ambitious politicians to determine that the city is being pictured as an aggressor in the matter, and that no popular sentiment supports the city's moves in the area. This is particularly true in Lomita where the people have four times failed to compile a petition for incorporation, and where there has been no great rush to get the area into Torrance. They just want to be left alone—which The HERALD believes is an inalienable right.

The HERALD agrees with the Chamber of Commerce: Until the people of Lomita or the other areas which the politicians are trying to toss up for grabs come up with a request to be annexed—let's leave them alone!

Happy Birthday!

Celebrating their 38th birthday this week is one of the nation's greatest defenders of Americanism, the American Legion.

The Legion was organized at a caucus in Paris, France, March 15 to 17, 1919. The following May, another meeting was held in St. Louis, and the first convention of the organization was held on Armistice Day, 1919, in Minneapolis, Minn.

The preamble of the Legion Constitution starts with the phrase:

"For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes:"

The four primary programs of The American Legion are Americanism, rehabilitation, national security, and child welfare.

Joining in on the observance is the Bert S. Crossland Post 170 of the American Legion, which has sponsored hundreds of boys in baseball teams, oratorical contests, Boy Scout troops, Boys' State programs, and other youth programs.

The American Legion has earned the respect of millions of Americans, and The HERALD joins those Americans in wishing the Legion "Happy Birthday."



LAW IN ACTION

COURT SYSTEM

California divides government powers "into three separate departments—the legislative, executive, and judicial."

The state legislature has much to do with the court system. Among other things, it fixes most judicial salaries, creates new courts of appeal, and sets the number of trial judges in each county.

The Governor names most of our judges when vacancies occur.

California courts: The Senate (as a court of impeachment to try officers accused by the Assembly), the Supreme Court, four district courts of appeal, a superior court in each county, and

either a municipal or a justice court in each judicial district.

Supervisors create our judicial districts; those of 40,000 or less have a justice court, and those with more, a municipal court.

California counties fall into four districts where courts of appeal meet in San Diego, San Bernardino, and Fresno (fourth district); Sacramento (third district); San Francisco (first district); and Los Angeles (second district).

A chief and six associate justices make up the California Supreme Court.

The justices of our appellate courts serve for terms of twelve years, and others serve for terms of six years.

As a rule courts either try cases or hear appeals.

Criminal trials deal either with felonies (state prison) or misdemeanors (jail or fine).

Civil trials deal either with "actions at law" (e.g., actions for money damages in an automobile accident) or actions in equity (e.g., to correct an error in a written contract).

Note: California lawyers offer this column for you to know about our laws.



"Maybe money can't make you happy—but it can make you more comfortable when you're not!"

Advertisement for Easter seals featuring a cartoon character and the text "GIVE EASTER SEALS".

That Washington Traffic



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: I'm a divorcee, 27, who needs help in a hurry. The fellow I've been going with is 33 and has never been married. He travels for a leather goods company and I see him on weekends.

I'd like to marry this man, Ann and I don't want to make a fool of myself. If I play TOO hard-to-get, maybe he'll find someone else. Please hurry your advice—Phyl.

Someone ought to start an organization called Temptation Anonymous for gals who totter on the brink of doing something foolish (like going on the road with a fellow). It would be wonderful to call up a friend who would sit with you until the temptation passed and your brains became unwarped.

In the absence of such a group, I'd like to say a few words which I hope you'll take on your bedroom wall so it can be seen when thou liest up and when thou liest down. "Don't be afraid to say no. This is one of the shortest but most valuable words in the English language. If he doesn't understand English, shake your head. No man wants to buy oats for a dead horse."

Dear Ann: I am 15-years-old and my father is a terrible problem. He's so bossy and set in his ways no one can reason with him.

Last night I was on the phone for exactly one hour and five minutes. My girl friend and I had lots to discuss and it was all very important. My father yelled for me to get off (very loud and rude) at 15-minute intervals. Finally he came over grabbed the phone out of my hand and said "Hang up!"

You can imagine how I felt, being humiliated this way. There were some urgent matters that we didn't even get to discuss and I was very upset.

Will you please say something about imolite fathers? Thank you.—Judy.

You Pooo-oo-ooo-or kid. Rushed off the phone by a rude father after only an hour and five minutes! And you didn't even get to some of the urgent matters? Well, maybe you can settle the Suez problem another night.

When there's one phone for the family's use it's pure selfishness to hang on for an hour plus. After several warnings (at 15 minute intervals yet) your dad had a right to

get tough. I suggest a family pow-wow at which time a limit be placed on social calls.

Dear Ann: Put away that wet noodle. You don't deserve those 20 lashes. You admitted that you goofed when you called a monkey wrench a carpenter's tool.

Well, you were right the first time, Ann, so don't back away from it. A monkey wrench is used by carpenters, and very often nothing else will do. That guy who signed himself "Wally" should get 40 lashes. Here's the proof.

U. S. Navy Tool Box for Carpenters #1 Stock #41-7-3526: One monkey wrench Stock #41-W-2343. Joe.

Dear Ann: I wrote you a 19 page letter and told you my life story. Your advice was very interesting but it didn't help me a bit.

When I described how my husband broke my arm and gave me 11 black eyes in five months you told me to pack

his clothes, leave them on the porch and see a lawyer about separate maintenance. You closed by saying "no woman should have to live with a man who beats her regularly like a gong. Tell him to send the support checks in the mail."

Well, I showed the letter to my sister and she said you are all wet. All a guy has to do is leave the state and you can't touch him. I think you are ignorant. — Dis-Satisfied Reader.

Will Rogers said we are ALL ignorant, but in different subjects. You happen to be ignorant on this one.

There's a new law called the Uniform Support Act which is enforced in 41 states. If you can't afford a lawyer, Legal Aid will tell you about it. This means that even though the guy leaves the state he still has to pay support.

(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

Harriet Wieder talked to God yesterday. She answered her telephone, asked: "Who is this calling?", paused momentarily, and then shrieked: "Oh, God!"

I know a man who is never lonesome. Anytime he feels like talking to someone, he steps into the bathtub. Immediately, either the phone or the doorbell rings and there you are—he has someone to talk to.

An elderly couple employed an older Hungarian refugee as their housekeeper. One day they came home and found this message: MZ MX KULDOP, ZO ZUM YKAM KULROP, NEMETA OWLETE TZGONABE, KULROP. What the young lady meant was this: Mrs. Mix called up. So soon you come, call her up. No matter how late it's gonna be, call her up.

It's my personal wonder why so many of our employees today don't make a claim for all those coffee breaks they missed while they were on vacation.

A careful driver is one who has either forgotten to take his wallet with his driver's license, who has forgotten to renew his license, who has to reline his brakes, or who is two hours early for an appointment.

When your alarm clock fails to awaken you, may I suggest you purchase a par-

rot and set it right alongside the clock. When the alarm rings in the morning, what the parrot will say should awaken anyone.

INCOME TAX STORY OF THE WEEK. It's the one passed on by Bob Vincent about business executives who used to take their secretaries on trips and pass them off as their wives. Nowadays, they're so plagued by income tax laws, they're taking their wives on trips and trying to pass them off as secretaries.

As quoted from Dean Jennings' story in the Saturday Evening Post recently, I enjoyed these famous lines by Victor Borge:

"My grandfather invented a burglar alarm but I'm sorry I can't show it to you. Somebody stole it."

"My grandfather also invented a cure for which there is no disease."

"Then, he crossed an Idaho potato with a sponge. The potato doesn't taste too good, but it holds a lot of gravy."

"When I was a little boy and played Liebestraum on the piano, my father used to hit me on the head with a newspaper to keep time. I hate Liebestraum."

"I can play two numbers—one is Clair de Lune and the other one isn't, English translation of Clair de Lune: clear the saloon."

Drive carelessly and the insurance premiums you increase may be your own.

AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

Your first impression of Gamal Abdel Nasser is his youth. He is probably the youngest elected leader of any country we cover around the world. When we first met him in 1953, he was only 35... and today, at 39, he appears more youthful than ever, probably because of the contrast of his increased importance and notoriety during the past several years. Since he was elected president, he refuses to wear his colonel's uniform, but prefers simple gray suits. Sitting behind a small ordinary desk, he looks more like an athletic coach than president of the Republic of Egypt. His black wavy hair is turning gray, giving him a rather handsome, conservative appearance. He carries his 190 lbs. like an all-American fullback. He is most cordial and gracious in his manner, but gives the impression of a deep-rooted inferiority complex. "I am a military man, not used to interviews on non-military subjects," he said to me one day.

Our impression in Egypt is that Nasser is worshipped by the young Egyptians, who shower him with flowers and cheers whenever he appears in public. His popularity is immense with the masses. This does not mean that his power is complete, for he does not control the support of businessmen, intellectuals, conservatives and elder statesmen. For example, the Wafd party and the senior members of the powerful Moslem Brotherhood openly oppose him. The right-wing conservatives are against him. Their impression of Nasser is characterized in this statement from their spokesman: "A young, impulsive, ignorant, military upstart with such emotional instability as to imagine himself the future leader of the Arab-Moslem world."

In our opinion Nasser is not the strong man with Egypt some observers make him out to be. With the exception of Syria and Jordan, the Arab-Moslem world does not approve his policies, with only one important exception: their unanimous hatred for the State of Israel. His tie-up with Russia is generally abhorred by the religious masses of Islam.

Nasser lives a very simple life in a modest five-room house inside Cairo's Abbasiya military compound. He appears devoted to his wife Tahia and five children. He attends very few receptions and refuses the comforts and entertainment of Cairo's luxurious hotels and night clubs. "I have never been inside any of them before I became president," he said, "and see no reason why I should go into them now."

He speaks Oxfordian English with remarkable clarity and construction. He appears proud of his Egyptian ancestry and is obsessed with Egypt's "rightful destiny as the leader of the Arab world," which he keeps repeating during his conversations with foreign correspondents.

During my last visit with him he talked a great deal of Egypt's poverty. "Our 18,000,000 peasants and farmers," he said, "are in deplorable circumstances, the results of thousands of years of exploitation by tyrannical foreigners and by equally tyrannical Egyptian despots, like Foaruk," he said, "only hobby is chess. 'Every soldier,' he said, "should learn to play chess, because it helps one to plan successful military campaigns." Jug-

ing from his defeats at the hands of a small country like Israel, his chess needs considerable improvement.

Nasser reiterates the success of his revolution against King Farouk because it was based "on principles, not fixed programs." He fumbles and sidetracks specific questions about the future of Egypt and replies in idealistic generalities, a safe and diplomatic ground for a dictator to tread. He is both impulsive and flighty, but gives the impression of fanatical zeal and obsession in raising both the prestige and power of Egypt in the Middle East. Nasser expresses his respect toward the United States by repeated references to our "unique growth as a nation in a few hundred years," which he attributes to our imagination, new ideas and public indifference to the status quo.

He is frank to admit his own limitations as an administrator because "I have been a military man all my life and believe that military power is the best guarantee for survival in these unpredictable times." Nasser referred to his revolution as an "explosion of our people without regard to the consequences. It was an act of desperation for our very survival." Nasser admits that "even now events shape our policies."

"A new nation cannot enjoy the luxury of either formulating plans for the present or for the future. Our enemies are too well entrenched to allow us such freedom of action." He emphasized Egypt's position to that of an army surrounded by the enemy. "We send out our patrols," Nasser said, "and feel the weak spots of the enemy for the opening that will allow us to escape his grip."

"Egypt will not copy any of the existing 'isms'... Communism, Socialism, Fascism, Capitalism... or use such names or terms... but will study and digest all proven advantages of existing ideologies and test those which will fit our purpose, our religion and our historic culture." On Egypt's defeat at the hands of Israel, Nasser said: "We were betrayed from within and from without... can't make up my mind which blow cost us the war." He denies any aspirations to become either an Egyptian or Middle East dictator. "I am a very sentimental man," Nasser confided, "and too idealistic to become a dictator. My temperament is just not suited for a dictator's job." Nasser expressed his inherent impatience with, "I am always in a hurry to get things done, for I realize that the less time it takes me to do something, the more time I will have to get more things done for Egypt."

In his most recent speech at a strip "liberation ceremonies," President Nasser boasted to thousands of Palestinian Arab refugees and students that "we will help you reconquer all of Palestine from the Jews." This of course a typical despot's boast to stir up the fanatics among them to further violence and strictly for local consumption. For Nasser knows that Egypt and the entire coalition of Arab-Moslem states cannot "reconquer" Palestine so long as the United States and the Free World honors its commitments. President Eisenhower and Congress in recent weeks gave the strongest indication that Israel is here to stay and that we will defend its rights against any aggressor.

THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

Trapped By a One-Eyed Ogre

They've set up an Alcoholic Anonymous. Now, I think they ought to set up a Television Watchers' Anonymous.

Television, I'm convinced, is one of the world's greatest time wasters. There are a few top-notch programs, but most of the rest are designed to keep the weak-minded curious so they will take in all the commercials.

I don't drink too much, but I do watch TV too much. I'd be delighted to join a TWAA Club if one were formed. The back fell out of one of our kitchen stools a couple of months ago, and I'm getting kinda tired of sitting on just the stool part of it. TV is responsible for this sad state of affairs.

My wife and I led a happy and orderly existence before we won (yes, won) a super deluxe TV set about six months ago, but since then, things haven't gotten done as they should.

We started out our TV watching in a moderate way when we first got it, but, like alcoholics, we have increased the dosage little by little, until it's getting to a disgusting point.

It's much easier to just sit in a chair and peer at whatever happens to come on the TV screen than it is to get up and put the back on the kitchen chair.

Hence, I find myself gazing at a cowboy movie on TV out of a vague curiosity to know how the rooster-shoot-em saga will end (as if I did

not know before I turned the set on).

Somehow, the Indians always come out on the short end, and the hero gets the pure, lovely heroine, while the big, bad villain who sells firewater and guns to the Indians is always killed.

Some of the stuff that flickers across the TV screens is pretty good, but most of it belongs in the category of screen fillers. It's just there because the people wouldn't sit still to watch a half-hour of commercials.

Many times I watch a program, thinking it is bound to get better because it couldn't be as bad as it appears. It doesn't, usually.

Another trouble with TV is that it ruins conversations. After you meet somebody on the street and discuss the TV programs you watched the night before, there is a pause in the conversation, because neither one has done any-

thing else but watch TV to learn anything else.

It's getting so that if you pass a darkened house, you don't know whether the people aren't home or whether they are just watching TV. The only good thing about this is that it confuses burglars.

At any rate, it looks as if TV is here to stay. They can give alcohol cures, cigar cures, and even dog cures, but I've never heard anything about a TV cure.

Weeds grow in gardens, dishes stay in the sink, chairs remain backless, and beds remain unmade, but TV flickers on.

TORRANCE HERALD
1619 Gramercy Ave.
PA 8-4000
Established Jan. 1, 1914

Published Semi-Weekly at Torrance, California, Thursday and Sunday. Entered as second class matter January 30, 1914, at Post Office, Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1879.

KING WILLIAMS, Publisher
GLENN PFEIL, General Manager
REID L. BUNDY, Managing Editor

Adjudicated a legal Newspaper by Superior Court, Los Angeles County. Adjudicated Decree No. 215479, March 29, 1937.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By carrier, 42¢ a month. Mail subscriptions, \$4.00 a year. Circulation office, PA 8-0004.

My Neighbors



"Can't afford the Business Man's Lunch. Couldn't you fix me up with a 'Taxpayer's Salad'?"