

EDITORIALS

The Chief Retires

Chief of Police Willard H. Haslam has stepped out of the ranks of city employe after 23 years of service this week and began his retirement.

Chief Haslam, an honest-to-goodness native of California, has served Torrance well during his nearly quarter of a century of employment. He has held all ranks in the Torrance Police Department, and has been the chief of the department during the past three years.

As the Chief takes up an unfamiliar life of leisure, may he enjoy it in good health.

Opinions of Others

We noted where international law experts were puzzled over trying to establish the nationality of a baby born in an Israeli airplane, of Austrian parents, while flying over Germany.

With the approach of the space satellite age, why not just start a new nationality for space travelers and let the tot be the charter member of the new race? — Carlsbad (N.M.) Current-Argus.

Forty-four years ago on Feb. 25, the federal government was given the power to levy an income tax on individuals. It was felt at the time that rates could never reach 10 per cent... In 1913, a single man with a \$5000 a year income paid \$20 tax; today, he pays \$944. Rates the first year were 1 to 6 per cent; they range today from 20 to 91 per cent. — Albany (Ore.) Greater Oregon.

Unions are private non-governmental organizations. So are churches, so are political parties. The membership activities of private organizations morally range in the recruitment realm of voluntarism, and such organizations, in our opinion, enjoy no ethical rights of arbitrary conscription. — Chico (Calif.) Enterprise-Record.

Start the week right—go to Church Sunday! — Mason-town (Pa.) Klondike Bulletin.

THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

Lessons From History

Most people are a little screwy on some subject or other. That is, they have hobbies to take their minds off the happenings of the everyday world.

Some people collect buttons, stamps, salt shakers, or butterflies. Others spend their time tearing their cars apart and putting them back together. Some spend time tramping through the woods in search of a deer and some eagerly search for the Crested Flycatcher. Others keep their noses in books, learning about baseball batting averages or the history of crocheting. Part of the populace enjoys reading "True Confessions."

Everybody has his hobby, and his reasons for enjoying it.

One of mine is reading history, a subject that most people dismiss as a tedious collection of names and dates. That's all in your point of view. I like history as an interesting collection of facts about people—how they're alike and how they've differed, depending on time and place.

I've come to the not-very-startling conclusion that people are pretty much the same, always have been, and presumably always will be. They all want pretty much the same things, but they use different ways to get them. Of course, they've got to use what is at hand. If the ancient Roman wanted to go for a ride, he took his chariot. The Hun rode his horse. Americans take their cars. The Eskimo hops on his dog sled. The Indian may clamber aboard his elephant. All serve the same purpose.

I don't know whether people today are any smarter than they ever were before, but civilization is more advanced than it ever was before—mechanically. The ancient Romans may have built some of the finest baths in the world, but they still didn't have an automatic dishwasher, washing machine, or garbage disposal. The fact that we've got these things doesn't prove we

are any smarter. It just proves that we've had more people's brains to pick over the years, and more men's inventions to work on and perfect. Every invention that has been made is based on the work that somebody else did, and that somebody else's work is based on what a third party did, and so on back into history. Many of our ideas are based on things that the Greek philosophers were talking about some 2500 years ago and even before.

The ancients did everything they could think of. We do too, but we've got lots more ideas to choose from.

The things our children's children's children think of may make our present standard of living look like life in the African jungle by comparison. And that is as it should be.

History doesn't predict the future; it merely points out what has been done in the past. To anybody who's interested, it points out a number of ideas and inventions that have been successful and a number that haven't.

It also offers some interesting and funny sidelights on life in days gone by. One of my favorites is this list of do's and don'ts from an etiquette book of the 1500's:

1. Don't pick your teeth with your knife.
2. Don't throw bones on the floor.
3. Don't blow your nose on the napkin.
4. Don't sup your soup too loudly.
5. Don't butter your bread with your thumb.
6. Don't wipe your mouth with the tablecloth.
7. Don't poke your fingers into eggs.
8. Don't spit over the table.
9. Don't smack your lips or gnaw your bones.

Who says that history doesn't prove anything? It proves that man has made some progress anyhow. He's got Emily Post.

Teamster Afoot In Traffic



FROM THE MAILBOX By Our Readers

Pays Tribute to Disabled Veterans

Editor, Torrance Herald, Because of its record of service to disabled veterans, their widows and dependents, we know the readers of your publication will be interested to learn that 1957 marks the 25th Anniversary of the granting to the Disabled American Veterans of a Congressional Charter. In 1932 a bill was passed granting to our organization the blessing and sanction of Congress and imposing a certain obligation which the DAV has never regarded lightly or failed to fulfill.

The Congressional Charter, which made the DAV the official voice of this nation's wartime disabled, is never granted lightly. It must be presented in the form of a bill to both houses of congress and passed into law. The organization requesting a charter must demonstrate there is a real need for its existence and real services are performed.

Small wonder, then, that the DAV is proud of this recognition and the obligation inherent in it. Since its beginnings in 1920 the DAV has served without charge millions of disabled veterans, their widows and dependents. During the past 11 years its

National Service Officers throughout the nation have obtained more than 220 million dollars in benefits for the war handicapped. This free service is maintained through contribution to the DAV Ident-Tag program, miniature individual license plates for keyrings, which also provides keyloss protection. More than 500,000 sets of lost keys have been returned by the DAV in the past five years.

The DAV is justly proud of its devotion to the single purpose of furthering the cause of our fellow-disabled. Our efforts have seen a fine national program of rehabilitation for the wartime disabled emerge from the chaotic conditions that existed at the end of World War One.

During this 25th Anniversary year we issue a special plea for the support of the same time we urge all eligible veterans to join with the DAV in improving the lot of the men who suffers injury or disablement in the wartime service of our country. CHARLES PORTNOY Commander South Bay Post 92 DAV

GLAZED BITS by Barney Glazer

Jewish Paper "Wears the Green"

That was a cutie when Robert Briscoe, Jewish mayor of Dublin, visited Los Angeles recently. The Valley Jewish News printed their weekly edition on green paper.

Who remembers the good old days when folks used to complain about the loud radio next door? Chief offender today is Hi-Fi with one neighbor calling another and protesting: "Your fi is too hi."

Bob Vincent tells about the school teacher who boarded a bus and started to study a map of the Middle East. Sitting next to her a puzzled man gazed intently at the map and then asked the lady: "Excuse me, but are you sure you're on the right bus?"

Interior decorator for the renovated Coconut Grove is a fellow named Henry End. The management will refer to the Grove's new look as the "End result."

Man I know who has unusually large feet bought a pair of those new stretch socks. Wore them for three days and then tried to return them because he didn't like the color. The proprietor said he was sorry but they could not accept returns on knitting bags.

My cousin lost 99 pounds last week. His girl friend left him.

Forced Marriage?

Editor, Torrance Herald: There seems to be abundant money to force incorporation on Lomita; but if it is necessary to bring in outside "experts," something is wrong with what is offered. The Lomita Civic League repelled the January initiative without outside help or money. I had modest contributions from about 500 Lomita homeowners. It hired no services except printing. Its people believed in their cause.

The talk of people being deprived of the voting privilege will seem dull now that every registered voter has more sample ballots and more voting places that he can attend to. The dire warning about a "Torrance raid" loses force now that Torrance has disavowed it.

Too many people know now that their signatures were clamped to a petition which called for election of five city councilmen with unlimited power to create and fill "city" jobs. A new invasion by outsiders may not go so well. Lomita people want to remain free from a political "invasion" that would be more irritating than a smog. MAY W. ROSS 25022 Pennsylvania Lomita.

YOUR PROBLEMS by Ann Landers

Her Hubby Relaxed Too Much

Dear Ann Landers: May I say a word to the woman who wrote to lash out at you for knocking liquor According to this articulate reader with the ready pen, some people need a drink to "relax."

Well, my husband was one of those kind, too. One night he relaxed so completely we thought he was dead and I called the morgue. This made the headlines. It isn't every day a man gets off the slab and walks out.

I can't tell you the humiliation and disgrace this incident caused our family. People are still making jokes about it. I'm sure this story will follow my husband to his grave and me to mine. Just keep hammering away on this subject, Ann. You're doing a great job.—Mrs. Back-to-Life.

Dear Ann: Three years ago I married a man I was very much in love with—and still am. In November he asked for a trial separation. I almost died from the shock because there had been no hint of unhappiness.

I decided to move in with my parents since the support money was too meager to maintain a decent place of

my own. He insisted there was no other woman and I believed him until I saw an attractive young girl driving his car around town.

I'd give anything in the world to have him back. I've begged and pleaded with him but he says we just can't be happy together. Now he wants a divorce and the thought of it makes me sick all over. What shall I do.—Helen R.

The first thing you can do is get off your knees. Nothing is so unattractive to man as a woman who reduces herself to nothing by begging him to "come back."

A performance of this kind will only arouse a mixture of pity, disgust and guilt. Men flee from this unholy trio, so hang on to your dignity.

Your husband can't force you to give him a divorce. Sit tight and try to develop an interest in outside activities. Stay out of his hair and out of his sight. Perhaps in time he'll realize that you were what he wanted all along. Until then there's nothing to do but wait.

Dear Ann: I'm 17 and my girl friend and I would like

you to settle an argument. We both go steady with a couple of very nice boys. She says there's nothing wrong with a boy and a girl walking down the street with arms around one another if they are in love. She also thinks an occasional kiss in public is o.k., too, as long as they don't overdo it.

I asked my mother her opinion and she said in her day such things were never done by "nice girls". She asked me to write to you on the chance that times have changed. Have they?—Molly.

"Times" have changed, but good taste is still the same. A young man who can't keep his paws off his girl friend in public shows little respect for her reputation. The gal who permits this kind of display puts herself in a most unflattering light.

Genuine affection need not be paraded. Young people who have respect and fondness for one another can wait until they are alone to express it. Kissing and hanging on one another in public does not prove you're in love—it's just bad manners.

THE SQUIRREL CAGE By Reid Bundy

Revise the Dictionary

The city of San Diego has just added two very usable words to our vocabulary: strewwalls and scatterpillars. They are to be used as synonyms for litterbugs.

Personally, I like them and suggest that other cities follow the Border City's lead and use them.

The Lena (Ill.) Star asks if we've heard about the careless hunter who climbed through a fence with his gun cocked? "He is survived by his widow, three children, and a pheasant," the Star reports.

The men aboard the USS Curtiss were told about the

Hopi Indian and the draft board in the February issue of the Curtis Courier which has just hit the office.

While questioning the Indian, the draft board member asked:

"Do you speak any foreign language?"

"Yes," the Hopi replied. "English."

Which points up the fact again that everything depends on a point of view. Like the robin that went screaming into his home base like a runaway jet.

"Hey, everybody," he announced. "I've just put a deposit down on a 1957 Buick."

LAW IN ACTION

Safeguards of Liberty

Some safeguards of your liberty:

Before a court can convict you of a serious crime you must be properly accused of the crime, and the district attorney must prove the "elements" of the crime.

As for accusation, a grand jury must "indict" you; or a municipal or justice court must hold you to answer in a superior court after the judge has heard evidence on an "information" filed against you.

In any case, the prosecutor must first prove that someone has committed a crime, the corpus delicti or body of the crime. (Just because your car vanished does not mean somebody stole it; the police could have lawfully hauled it off, for instance.)

Afterwards the prosecutor must show the justice or municipal court or the grand jury a strong likelihood that you did the crime.

If he does, you get a trial in the superior court. The district attorney must then prove beyond a reasonable doubt all of the "elements" of the crime. Otherwise the accused gets off.

In California courts, for instance, he must prove (1) that the accused took the property away; (2) that it was someone else's property, and (3) that the accused intended permanently to deprive the owner of his property.

The defense has only to cast reasonable doubt that any one of the elements is present. For example, could not somebody else have taken the car? Didn't the accused have a claim to it? Did the accused really intend to do wrong, or did he, for example, mistakenly drive the car away?

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

Find your in-laws a place immediately—and make sure it's large enough to accommodate their son and his child. It's nice to help out in an emergency but don't let relatives turn your home into a squirrel cage.

(Ann Landers will be happy to help you with your problems. Send them to the care of the HERALD and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

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CANCER'S SEVEN DANGER SIGNALS

- 1 Unusual bleeding or discharge
- 2 A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere
- 3 A sore that does not heal
- 4 Persistent change in bowel or bladder habits
- 5 Persistent hoarseness or cough
- 6 Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing
- 7 Change in a wart or mole

None of these symptoms necessarily means that you have cancer but any one of them should send you to your doctor! Cancer is usually curable when detected and treated early.

Remember the DANGER SIGNALS! Will this pen write when immersed in a martini?

It never fails. Pick up a restaurant menu in Kansas City and it will read: "Juicy New York Cut Steaks." Visit New York and your menu will boast: "Kansas City Corn Fed Steaks."

REASON: A Name Placed in a Small Retail Guide at the End of Members of the National Association of Real Estate Brokers.

Shining brightly through the darkest shadows is the deep and abiding faith in life eternal. The beauty of this promise should be expressed in every funeral.

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