

EDITORIALS

It's Graduation Week

This week is a high point in the lives of hundreds of Torrance residents. It is graduation week.

And Torrance will witness its greatest graduation week as students from two high schools will step up to receive their diplomas, the climax of more than half their lifetime in the classroom.

For many of this week's graduates, the commencement exercises will mark the end of formal education — for others, it will be the beginning of a serious study program which will lead them to careers in medicine, law, science, and other fields. Some of those graduating this week will go on to achieve prominence in their fields — some may even reach national or international prominence. Others will assume their roles in the communities of the Southland, in the industries of Torrance, in Torrance business establishments, and in the homes of America.

To the classes of '36, the HERALD offers its best wishes and an invitation for the members of those classes to enter the business of living in the adult world with the vigor they have shown in their school activities. The world will soon be theirs.

A Priceless Gift

The Red Cross Bloodmobile will pay one of its regular visits to Torrance today to collect whole blood donated by generous residents of the area who are interested in setting up blood reserves for their possible future use, and to keep the supply of blood available to those who require it throughout the Southland.

The privilege of donating blood should not be ignored by those able to participate in this life-saving program. Volunteers spend long hours manning the donation centers, and collecting the priceless blood.

Your donation today may save the life of a neighbor, a friend, or a serviceman tomorrow. Or, it may save your life if you need blood in a hurry some day.

If you can give—give. Torrance Civic Auditorium today.



LAW IN ACTION

PLACE

You might not think so at first, but place plays a big part in the brand of justice you get. Our laws most carefully define the "venue" (vicinity) in which you can try a suit, a dispute over a contract or a piece of property, or a person accused of a crime.

On the whole, our law expresses a faith in local people to do justice in local cases. For it is in the vicinity of the place where a crime takes place, for instance, that we select our grand jurors, elect our judges and prosecutors, pick our trial jurors, hold the trial, hand down our verdict and give out judgment.

But once in a while, place works against a fair trial. For example, once so many property owners were so aroused against a railroad which sought to condemn their property for a right of way that a court decided that a fair trial could not be had in that county.

Or take a small county where everybody knew everybody else and everybody liked two brothers who were peace officers. When two fugitives came through the county and killed the brothers, the place was so aroused and inflamed that higher court decided that the killers (later con-

victed) could not get a fair trial in the local court, and ordered the trial in another county.

Besides the belief that a fair trial cannot be had, a court may grant a change of venue in California when someone brings an action in the wrong court, when the end of justice and the convenience of witnesses would be promoted, and when the local court lacks a judge qualified to act, for example,

through bias, prejudice, or interest in the case.

Since the chairman of the California Judicial Council (the chief justice) can assign a judge to a case from a court outside a county, the last cause for a change of venue may no longer be important.

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

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Fatal Fallacies

by Ted Key



"If we get out of this alive, Stupid..."

Putting Us In Our Place



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: Why don't you get lost? I was getting along just great until my girl started to read that dizzy column of yours. Now she's come up with a whole new set of regulations. I never knew a dame could think up so many rules.

Our romance used to be pretty cozy. There was a time when she used to think my ideas were ok. — but no more. She's got a smart-crack answer for everything now and carries your junky articles right in her purse. A few of the fellows where I work are having the same trouble. Cut it out, Landers — you're spoiling things! —KELLY

Dear Kelly: If I'm spoiling the kind of things I think I'm spoiling—it suits me just fine. And this goes for the boys "where you work, too."

Dear Ann: I'm a girl, 18, and have quite a figure. But I can't help it—it's all me. Whenever I walk down the street the boys whistle and hoot. My boy friend has blown his top over this and he told me last night he refuses to go steady with a girl who is whistle-bait.

I don't want to lose him, but I can't work this problem out alone. He said you'd know the answer. If you do, I'd sure like to have it. —MISS THIRTY-EIGHT

Gals who get whistles and cat-calls usually invite them by putting some sort of bait in the wolf-trap. How is your posture? Are you over-doing a good thing? Maybe you're washing your sweaters in water that's too warm and they are shrinking.

Regardless of your natural endowments, if you walk, look, and act like a lady, the viewing public will get The Message.

Dear Ann: I've been living common-law with a man for seven years. We have three kids who think we are married. All our friends and family think so, too.

Whenever I mention marriage he says, "What for?" Everything is just right the way it is. — then he drops it. He treats me better than most of my married friends get treated by their legal husbands. But I'm becoming very discouraged. I'm 28 and not getting any younger. What shall I do? —ALMA

You're not getting any younger? Do you know any-one who is? Your only chance, Alma, is a new approach. He's gotten so used to the "let's get married" routine it's just like a radio that plays all day long—nobody listens.

Tell him he's invited to a wedding next week... his own. If he declines the invitation tell him to find other living quarters. For your own future welfare as well as that of your children, you can't go on this way.

Dear Ann: I'm planning on a wedding in September. I asked my sister-in-law to be my matron of honor. She accepted.

Now I find she's expecting a baby in November. She knew this when I extended the invitation—I didn't. My mother thinks if she doesn't have enough sense to step out of the ceremony I should tell her in plain English. I hate to hurt her feelings because she's a dear friend as well as my brother's wife. Please help me, Ann. I'm in trouble. —KATE

The girl is married, isn't she? Well—what's the disgrace? She accepted the honor as a compliment and not in the capacity of a model in a style show. If your selection of your sister-in-law was not based on

sentiment but merely because she'd look pretty in the ceremony, you might just as well tell her to stay in the back row and hire a professional model in her place.

CONFIDENTIALLY: Mrs. M. C.: He's acting like a child and under the circumstances should be doubly ashamed. Stick, however — when the pressure is off he'll grow up.

DISTRAUGHT: D A U G H T E R - I N - L A W: The kids need models more than they need critics. Tell your relatives this for me, please.

MAID-IN-THE-HOUSE: Give them two-week's notice. The madame's wage-scale is too backward — and madame's husband is too forward.

SEXTETTE: Cut it out, girls, you're breaking my heart.

(Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of The Torrance HERALD. Copyright 1936, Field Enterprises, Inc.)

MAILBOX

(The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. To editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of libel and good taste. Letters should be kept brief and must be written if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of The Torrance Herald.)

A Tremendous Help

This (June 3 to June 10) is Community Chest's "Thank You" week. In my book every week could be "thank you" week for you and The Torrance HERALD.

You and your staff have really gone all out to follow the Chest's objective of publicizing its sustained all-year-around community service through its 168 Red Feather clinics, hospitals, youth and welfare agencies, all directly serving Torrance and its residents.

Your cooperation in releasing news of these Red Feather services on a year-around basis and your tremendous help in promoting the Chest's community fund-raising efforts during the annual campaign, believe me, is really appreciated.

Joining with me in this expression of appreciation are over 3000 campaign volunteers in the Harbor Area, the agencies, staff and the nearly 75,000 people in our area who last year received the services which Chest funds—with your helpful support—made possible.

Again from all us a heartfelt "thank you." GEORGE BRADREER, Chairman Harbor Welfare Board.

Out of the Past

From the Files of The Torrance HERALD

10 Years Ago This Week June 1946

Torrance Community Players presented a three-act farce, "The Calamity Kids," starring Joyce Diskerson, George Larson, Ruth Jones, and Betty Farr. Mayor J. Hugh Sherkey asked the Torrance Aviation Commission to support the city's efforts in securing title to the 480-acre Army airport.

20 Years Ago This Week June 1936

Jean Tolson, Millicent Lincoln and Dorothy Jensen were among the 172 students graduating from Compton Junior College. Jean Hoakling took second place in the girls' open top sailboat regatta at Echo Park in Los Angeles. Columbia Steel Co. was awarded a contract to supply half of the seamless steel pipe to be used in the construction of a 304-mile pipeline between Bakersfield and Martinez by the Shell Oil Co.

30 Years Ago This Week June 1926

Kathlyn Whenton was awarded the Ephesian ring as the outstanding senior of the graduating class at the Torrance High School Junior-senior banquet. City Clerk A. H. Barlett announced that building permits for the month of May in Torrance reached \$45,843. John Barrymore stopped at the Beacon drug store for a coca-cola.

AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

"We negroes don't covet white women any more than white men covet negro women... and furthermore we think negro women have more love, and sex appeal than white women." This was a consensus of opinion among a negro lawyer, a negro barber, a negro bell hop and a negro waiter I took to lunch in Houston as part of my recent fact-finding tour of the deep South for the negro's side of the Supreme Court ruling against segregation.

white woman and has contempt for one who marries a white. The Southern negro prefers a white doctor, but a colored nurse. Colored teenagers prefer their own social life and feel out of place in a mixed group. Colored young people told me that negro actresses were more glamorous than Marilyn Monroe and that Joe Louis was much more handsome than Cary Grant.

The Southern negro prefers to shop in a colored store if he could find the assortment of goods and merchandise. He prefers negro movie stars, but prefers white pictures for their story and quality. The negro college man believes negroes are better athletes... more virile men... more courageous... better fighters than whites in war. They don't consider the negro as honest as the white in his dealings. The trust the judgment of white teachers

more than negroes. They prefer whites govern them until negroes earn the right by education and sacrifice. Negroes prefer to ride in negro taxis because the white drivers are reckless. The Southern negro approves Northern drives for his emancipation, but believes Northern negroes are doing it for selfish reasons. The Southern negro believes that at present he is mentally inferior to the white, more because of lack of desire than lack of opportunity.

The Southern negro believes President Eisenhower is the greatest President since Lincoln. The Southern negro prefers Stevenson to Kefauver. He is opposed to Northern unions, but would approve exclusive Southern unions. The negro prefers to sit next to another negro rather than white on a bus or train. The Southern negro wants to earn his emancipation by cleaning up his own stable first.

Barney's Blarney

By BARNEY GLAZER

A friend of mine has the habit of using the word "enhance" at every opportunity. He is always "enhancing" his house, "enhancing" his car, "enhancing" his lawn, etc. One day he purchased a new suit but he didn't like the way his trousers hung so he told his tailor: "Enhance them." The puzzled tailor looked at him briefly, did as he was told, and later told a clerk: "That's the very first time any customer ever asked me to put enhance in his pants."

This is marriage. You buy a house on what you save on rent. You buy a car on what you save on busfare. You buy a freezer on what you save on small food purchases. Then you become so broke you have to sell the house and rent an apartment, you have to give up your car and start taking the bus again, and you have no money to stock up the freezer so you go back to buying a little food at a time.

My cousin Shimmie received a request to go to Yale University. The request came from Harvard.

Vandyke, my barber, says his wife spends so much time with her parakeet the two have become inseparable. "Any day now," grins Vandyke, "I expect to come home and find my wife in the cage and the parakeet be a dining over the stove."

Sign in a motion picture lobby: "Why stay at home? Our pictures are much older than anything you can expect to see on television."

My Auntie Draykop believes in mailing her Christmas presents early. It isn't that she's considerate of the postoffice but Auntie believes in giving her friends plenty of time to add her to their list.

Caskie Stinnett overheard this conversation between two men. Said one man: "I was talking with my wife last night, you know how it is when the picture tube suddenly goes out, and..."

Bruce Catton, the Pulitzer prize-winning author of "A Stillness at Appomattox," smiles when he repeats this: "I never got through college, but last year three schools gave me honorary degrees and this year I am going to pick up three more."

Fragment of dialogue from Peter DeVries' novel, "The Tunnel of Love": A woman asks a man why he was an atheist and the man replies: "God only knows."

Whenever he takes his girl friend to an expensive restaurant, my good friend Ralfour always asks: "Are you gaining weight, my dear? Well,

now, what would you like to order?"

My vote for the silliest of all wedding presents for newlyweds: An electric blanket.

"Boston Barney," said my wife to me today, "you need two women in your life. A secretary to take everything down and a wife to pick everything up."

Siggle, the green stamps collector, is always upbraiding his wife for driving from the back seat, but Mrs. Siggle replies: "I'll drive from the back seat just as long as you continue to cook from the dining room table."

Sign on a teen-ager's door: "Don't enter without knocking. P.S. Don't enter. P.S. 2, Don't even knock."

A woman is a creature who is always staying away from home shopping for things to make her home more comfortable to live in.

Dynamo Denny told his boss today: "I've been working here 25 years without an increase but I don't expect you to raise my \$50 per week salary. Just pay me the \$50 twice a week."

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