

EDITORIALS

Together as One

Torrance voters turned out in record numbers to put their stamp of approval on President Eisenhower's administration. In an historically strong Democratic party stronghold, the Eisenhower majority was considerably less than that given in the country generally; but, it was sufficient to help swell the landslide total.

There are those commentators and columnists by the hundreds who are trying to read into the results all sorts of conclusions. About the only one we can see is that the American people like Ike and the kind of administration his cabinet is giving in Washington. Furthermore, the two-party system is very much alive in this country.

From the local standpoint, Congressman Cecil R. King continues to show great capacity as a vote-getter. Again he ran well ahead of his own party, pretty much as he has done in the past.

Today, Americans are as one to face a troubled world together. All of us who heard President Eisenhower's humble acceptance of victory cannot help but be impressed with this great man's devotion to his country. We are certain the voters of the nation on Tuesday did not misplace their confidence and that we can all look forward to another four years with safe hands at the wheel in our journey together through some hazardous going.

City Loses a Friend

Torrance lost one of its best friends this week in the death of Builder Milton Kauffman, who has built more than 5000 homes here during the past five years.

The contribution of this outstanding California developer to the tremendous growth of the city can be best emphasized by the census count of last month which put the city's population at a figure exceeding 82,000.

At least 10,000 and probably 15,000 of that population lives in a Kauffman-built house.

Two of the city's largest developments, Southwest Park and Southwood Homes, are entirely Kauffman-built subdivisions, housing thousands of persons.

Mr. Kauffman has not limited his contribution to the city to homes—he recently donated \$10,000 worth of original oil paintings to the city to be hung in the new civic center, and he and his associate, Don Wilson, have been among the first to volunteer their resources in meeting city problems.

The face of Southern California has been permanently changed by Mr. Kauffman, ranging from Baldwin Park which he helped to develop 50 years ago with the late "Lucky" Baldwin, to Garden Grove, which is almost an entirely new city.

Torrance will miss the efforts of Mr. Kauffman, but so long as his large developments stand, they will be a monument to his strength.

Riverton (Wyoming) Ranger: "Increased reliance on the Federal government for services of every description has led to higher income taxes. These taxes have finally risen to a level where people are encouraged to cheat a little if the opportunity arises. The result, we fear, is a general weakening of the moral fiber of the great American people."

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHE

Despite the fears of many Democrats, the sun rose yesterday and today, and the world goes on, much as before.

So-called experts will debate the results for some time to come, but this point is clear—people are people and are going to act like people, despite what the experts or electronic brains think they are going to do.

People who were watching one TV channel got periodic reports from the electronic brain, UNIVAC, which kept pouring out predictions of what was to come. After a while, I came to the conclusion that UNIVAC didn't know any more about what was going to happen than anybody else.

At one point in the proceedings, the machine said that the vote was going to be larger than the 1952 vote, then it said the vote was going to be smaller, and finally changed back to the larger prediction. It kept changing its electronic mind, just like a woman.

Returns also confused the Senate predictions of man's great electronic thinker to "he point where it first predicted a Republican sweep, then a tie, and finally forecast a Democratic win. It came to the right conclusion in the end, but only after its human counterparts had predicted the same thing.

It all goes to show that machines may think faster than men, but the conclusions they reach about hu-

man behavior won't be much better than those of humans.

People showed just how unpredictable they are in the election by giving Ike one of the greatest landslides in history, and then apparently, at this writing, giving the Democrats a majority in Congress.

These are some of the things that human beings did that most political experts never thought they would see:

1. Louisiana voted for Eisenhower, the first Republican in 80 years to carry the state. Montgomery, Mobile, and Birmingham, Ala., voted for Ike, as did Memphis, Tenn. Florida, Virginia, Texas, and Tennessee voted for Ike again.
2. South Dakota elected a Democratic Senator, and Iowa and Kansas elected Democratic governors.
3. California elected an Indian to Congress.

These were only a few of the surprising bits of human behavior as indicated in the election. These are the same human beings who gave the Gallup and Roper polls such a black eye in 1948.

The election just proves again one point—human behavior isn't a statistical thing, or if it is, the right combination hasn't been found yet.

If the answer to the oddities of human behavior ever is found, maybe that's the day that wars will cease. Let's hope.

To Adia!



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Because I've received so many letters referring to one which appeared in this column recently, I'm reprinting it along with some of the responses. It was signed "JAMMED UP"—and here it is:

Dear Ann: I'm a young woman, 23, and in a real jam. I know you can be sweet—also quite brassy, but either way, let's have the advice.

I'm in love with a married man. He loves me, too. The problem is he has a lazy wife who refuses to give him a divorce. He also has two small children.

He's tried everything to get free from this selfish woman but she refuses to see our side of it. Please tell me what to do. I'm wretched and unhappy.—JAMMED UP.

Dear Ann Landers: Just read your letter from "Jammed Up" and I am the "Lazy Wife" she referred to. Everything figures.

My husband called me "lazy" when I was sick in the hospital for weeks. He tried to take the children away from me by claiming I was nuts. That didn't work so he and his girl friend attempted to make my life miserable so I would just leave. That didn't work either.

"Jammed Up" doesn't know how jammed up she's going to be if she doesn't shake this guy. My religious principles are dear to me and divorce is out of the question. If she waits for me to cave-in, I can promise her it will be a long time.

Meanwhile this "Lazy Wife" is working hard to support the children because their father spends his money elsewhere. I'll see them both you know where before I let him go.—"LAZY WIFE"

Dear Mrs. Landers: That selfish little bum's letter signed "Jammed Up" was aimed at me. I'm the "Lazy Wife" she wrote about.

I wish I could tell "Jammed Up" to her face that she is only one of a string of dames Lover Boy has been "interested" in. The truth is, I've locked him out of the house for days at a time and he always cries and begs me to forgive him. If it weren't for the children I'd tie him in ribbons and present him to the first woman who walked by.

But this man doesn't want a divorce. He calls his latest amour a "tramp" and says he wouldn't be married to her for anything in the world. He's just having all the fun he can get. In the meantime, I'm stuck with the jerk because he's my husband and the father of my children. Just thought I'd set the record straight.—"LAZY WIFE"

Dear Mrs. Landers: When I read the letter in your column signed "Jammed Up" I couldn't go to sleep without answering. I'm certain I am the Lazy Wife."

My husband has always called me "Lazy" yet he has not held a steady job in the 10 years we've been married. If I didn't work we wouldn't have had any food or heat in the house.

I've been getting up at 5 a.m. to clean the house and do the laundry before taking the kids to my mother's so I can work eight hours a day in a factory.

My husband (if you can call him that) has taken money from my purse to entertain his girl friends. He's come home drunk and smeared with lipstick more times than I can count. I could write a book on what I've gone through with this man. But the kids adore him and he worships them. I'm putting my children's happiness be-

fore my own and don't feel like a martyr either. I'm just doing my job. One day I hope and pray the guy I'm married to will wake up.—"LAZY WIFE"

Dear Ann Landers: Just read the letter signed "Jammed Up" and my wife insists this letter was written by my former girl friend.

I haven't seen the young lady in three months and don't intend to. Will you kindly print "Jammed Up's" real initials and get me off the hook with the little woman.—INNOCENT HUSBAND.

Get yourself off the hook, Buster. I never divulge the identity of those who write to this column.

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

Nino Ravasini is suing the writers of the tune, "Love is a Many Splendored Thing" for plagiarism. Meanwhile, Costantino Ferris is suing Ravasini, claiming he plagiarized the song from one of Ferris's compositions.

The tune was written by Sammy Cahn and Julie Styne. They aren't suing anyone. There is a young lady named Martha Lou Harp who sings and now I'm searching for a young lady named Singer who plays the harp.

Did you know that, Oscar Hammerstein II didn't see the Mississippi River until 20 years after he had written: "Oh! Man River"? When he finally did, his wife, Dorothy, made him stoop over and put his hands in the muddy waters.

Have you been noticing how our youngsters spend much of their time by listening to music in record shop booths? Annoyed by this "freeloading" which brings very few record sales, one store owner has announced he will charge a certain listening fee unless a platter is purchased. See how the world keeps changing!

If you folks want to avoid heavy Sunday traffic, take our tip as follows: stay away from 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. which is the time when some autoists get started early to avoid the rush; avoid 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. when the roads are jammed; stay away from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. when everyone starts for home; and avoid 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. the following morning when thousands travel in order to keep out of the earlier traffic. In other words, stay home!

My phone just rang. I answered, and a voice said: "Sorry, I have the wrong branch." First time a bird ever called me!... Dick Whittinghill is sponsored on

TV by a French vanishing cream company. He calls his sponsors "The Pore People of Paris."

Leo Guild relates about the Army private who changed his name from Fred to Freddie. One day his sergeant howled: "God was satisfied with one 'd.' Why can't you be satisfied?"... The Photo Finishers of America have voted Yma Sumac "Miss Darkroom of 1956," which must mean, I assume, that Yma is the gal they'd most like to be with in the darkroom.

Al Terrence observes that when a man shifts from high gear into low he is merely switching from a romantic period to a rheumatic one... George Shearing remarks: "I had a very good reason for voting Republican—the President's office fits Eisenhower to a tee."

Gene Sherman tells about a scientist who perfected a weather machine after 20 years of applied labor. One day, the scientist turned on the machine and proudly announced: "It will rain tomorrow." "How can you tell?" gasped another scientist, and the electronics expert replied: "I washed my car today."

Gene also relates the tale about the Texan who asked a waiter: "What is the biggest tip you ever received?" The waiter replied: "Twenty dollars." "Well, here's \$50," said the Texan, "and by the way—who gave you the \$20?" "You did," replied the waiter.

THE OLD TIMER



"Some men have more money than brains—but not for long!"

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

"We've created a monster," officials of Oscar Maples Ford will tell you these days.

As thousands of Southern California residents can testify, you can pick up your phone any time of the day or night, dial FAIRfax 8-5000, and get a recorded message 60 seconds long which is panicking the younger set.

The whole business started last June during the local Ford dealer's three months' fishing derby. At that time, the special number, with two answering devices, was installed and 24-hour, up-to-the-minute fishing information was available to those calling.

Well... the fishing season died down a little, and the advent of the new models brought a new message about the new cars.

Everybody was taking turns on the deal—Vel Mellich, president of the firm; Lolita Packard, office manager; Dwight Eubank, sales manager.

It was beginning to get a little tiresome, however, Dwight reports. One day, while recording a new message, he slipped in a bit about Jose and Cisco at the end just for laughs.

Everybody liked it around the office, so Dwight got busy, wrote a script, and recorded a full minute of the stuff in the Jose-Cisco accent.

Calls began booming into the two recording machines as the word of the new message spread.

And an ultimatum was delivered earlier this week by the telephone company: "Put in more equipment, or take it out!"

It seems that the thousands of calls going into that number daily began jamming up the equipment at the local office.

So, telephone crews were on the scene Tuesday installing two more machines. Instead of taking calls at a rate of 100 to 125 an hour, they can now handle nearly 350 calls an hour, Eubank reports.

A new set of switches on the four machines also solves a problem faced by the staff. They can now turn the machines off long enough to record a new message. Up to now, they have had to try to catch a slack period and record between calls. In recent weeks, there has been no slack period.

After recording his latest bit on the T-Bird, Eubank, who turns out to be the voice of Jose, rushed home and dialed the number to see how it sounded.

He couldn't get in, it was so busy.

Getting the message ready is about like putting on a radio production. Eubank writes a script, times it, goes over it a few times to get it into the 60-second time limit, and finally puts it on tape.

Jose doesn't get all the calls, however. Right here at The HERALD, with a number like FA 8-4000, the calls come through every hour throughout the day and night.

But Jose isn't here—the best we can do is give you a cool deal on a want ad.

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TANIA AND MICHAEL CARDENAS
... The Meaning of Freedom

Freedom Has Meaning For Torrance Family

Freedom is not just a word to the Vishnevsky family but a long-sought dream that has finally come true. Tania (Vishnevsky) Cardenas, 631 Sartori Ave., who works in the receiving department at the Torrance location of the Douglas Aircraft, was the first to experience it when she married her American husband Michael and came to live in this country.

A family of White Russians, her father had been a captain in the Czarist cavalry. He was imprisoned by the Communists and scheduled to execution. He escaped, however, and fled to China in 1920.

Tania was born in Peking where her father had a business as a furrier. During the Japanese occupation, they suffered countless injustices and indignities.

The Communists almost caught up with them again in 1948. "If it hadn't been for the United States Navy," Tania says, "we would never have been able to escape. We were evacuated to the Philippines and placed in a refugee camp for over a year. Our entire family was allowed only 100 pounds of baggage. My father was completely ruined financially but he never lost hope."

"The family was offered a chance to go to the Dominican Republic. They knew nothing of the country, but it was close to their cherished goal—the United States."

Tania was first to find employment there, and eventually the whole family went to work for the United Fruit Co.

It was in Santo Domingo that she met Michael. They were married Aug. 16, 1952, and then came to the United States in December. After a year in Texas, they moved to Southern California where Michael found employment in the engineering department at El Segundo. Tania later went to work at Torrance. They now have two little boys.

Recently Tania's father and mother were permitted to enter this country. Two brothers in Santo Domingo must wait for another quota.

A dramatic story of their life is being written by Eyre M. Bunn, of the engineering department at El Segundo. The book is entitled "Child of Flight."

Tania says of their desperate search for freedom, "Americans have no idea what it means to be a family without a country. Americans don't realize how fortunate they are. Many millions of people in the world are lucky to have one meal a day."

Last March, Tania became a citizen. She says, "It was the proudest day of my life!"



LAW IN ACTION

SCIENTER AND YOUR POOCH

As befits man's best friend, your dog has legal rights to protection and something like a legal duty to behave.

Some of your dog's troubles may come from his lack of legal learning. So you may wish him to know more about the law.

Years ago to protect livestock, our lawmakers allowed a person to kill a dog caught worrying or killing domestic animals.

But that crabby old Mr. Snarf down the road can't just up and shoot Rover down. He must catch him flagrante delicto—in the act of doing or threatening harm to people or stock.

Snarf, however, can use "only reasonable force" to get rid of the trespassing dog. He can't take a life-man or dog's—merely for trespassing. Snarf should try first to chase the dog away instead of shooting him.

If he does shoot him and you sue for damages, you have merely to prove that Snarf shot your dog. It's up to Snarf to justify the shooting.

On the other hand, Rover with a long pedigree, may be caught killing a scrawny, two-bit chicken, but Snarf's right to kill the dog still holds and does not rest on the relative values of dog and chicken.

purposes, you become liable for the harm if you do.

In bygone days owners, under the one-bite theory, did not have to pay damages if their dog bit someone—if the owners did not know beforehand that the dog was dangerous. This was the doctrine of "scienter" (knowingly to let harm be done).

In 1931 California made the owner liable whether he had known the dog was savage or not.

Let your dog bite someone lawfully on your property or



in public—like a mailman or delivery boy, or a guest—and you may well have to pay damages.

Though the old rule of "scienter" no longer holds between man and dog, it does hold between dog and dog. The one next door, for example, you are liable for your dog's bite only if you knew he was savage or likely to do harm to the neighbor's dog.

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