

EDITORIALS

A Traffic Hint

In addition to the growing problem of parking in the downtown Torrance area, traffic on the streets is getting to be a serious problem at peak shopping hours.

The week end peak hits the downtown area about 4:30 p.m. each Friday when the automobiles of shoppers compete with those of homeward bound industrial plant workers for street space in the downtown area.

Police department officials say the availability of men does not permit adequate assignment of traffic control officers to the many downtown intersections at this time of day.

Traffic enforcement officers are needed on other streets to handle the heavy flow of workers' cars.

Last Friday, as an example, the patrol cars on duty ran behind on their own calls during that period, handling a total of 21 assignments between 2:30 p.m. and 6 p.m. On each of these calls, officers had to answer complaints of citizens in various parts of the city—including such complaints of boys throwing rocks through windows, neighbors flouting over property damage by children, and other such matters. They can't be ignored, police say.

One possible solution to the problem has been offered by an official of the city.

His answer: make Cravens Ave and Sartori one-way streets.

Under this plan, Cravens would be eastbound from Torrance Blvd. to five-points, and Sartori would be westbound only from Cabrillo Ave. to Torrance Blvd.

This would not reduce the parking area—already at a minimum—but would ease the flow of traffic through the city's downtown complex.

The HERALD recommends that the idea be explored by interested agencies. It may be a solution.

THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

All in the Name

What's in a name? The residents of Kornblum Ave., from 168th to 171st Sts., would like the name of their street changed. They don't care what it is changed to, as long as it's something else. They feel that the name lacks considerable in elegance.

Although nobody seemed to know exactly who Kornblum was, it probably was named after some old German, who would probably turn over in his grave if he heard his name so slandered. According to my dictionary, the name literally means "cornflower," but whether it refers to the pretty little blue flower known as the "bachelor's button" or the corn tassels, I wouldn't venture a guess.

Whatever it means, the residents don't like it. It is, however, better than Stinkweed St., or Dandilion Lane.

One possible difficulty in getting the name Kornblum Ave. changed is that it is a through street, running from Torrance up to Hawthorne and Lennox.

The residents are right in that a street name helps to give the first impression of a house; even before you see it. For instance, if you receive an address at 2222 Potts St., for instance, you don't expect to see an elegant mansion. By the same token, if the address is 2222 Via de Los Angeles, you don't expect a crummy little shack.

Let's set it. Names help to form first impressions. A person with the name Percival Plushbottom has two strikes against him to start with.

If the city fathers find it impossible to accommodate the residents by changing the name of the street, I have a suggestion which might make them a little happier.

Modern subdividers are not building their homes on streets any more. Most of them are on Drives, Roads, Lanes, and Terraces, designations which lead an aura of dignity.

I took a poll among a few acquaintances to see what they thought of street designations. The results showed this order of preference: Lane, Terrace, Drive, Road, Place, Avenue, Boulevard, Street. They thought it sounded better to live on Potts Lane or Potts Terrace than on just plain old Potts Street.

I asked them what visions these designations conjured up. This was the general feeling:

Street—Anybody can live on a street. It's so common.

Boulevard—These sound nice, but they also carry the connotation of hundreds of cars whizzing by, disturbing their peace.

Avenue—Almost the same as boulevard, but not quite so much so.

Place—Not bad, but most felt that it denoted a kind of afterthought to the rest of the area.

Road—Now we start getting exclusive. Trees grow along the sides of the road and it's strictly residential.

Drive—The same, only more so.

Terrace—This is living. It sounds secluded, quiet, and peaceful.

Lane—This is the ultimate, almost.

Of course, they felt that the foreign sounding names—Paseo de las Tortugas, Calle de Arboles, Avenida de Jose—and the like—sounded even more exclusive.

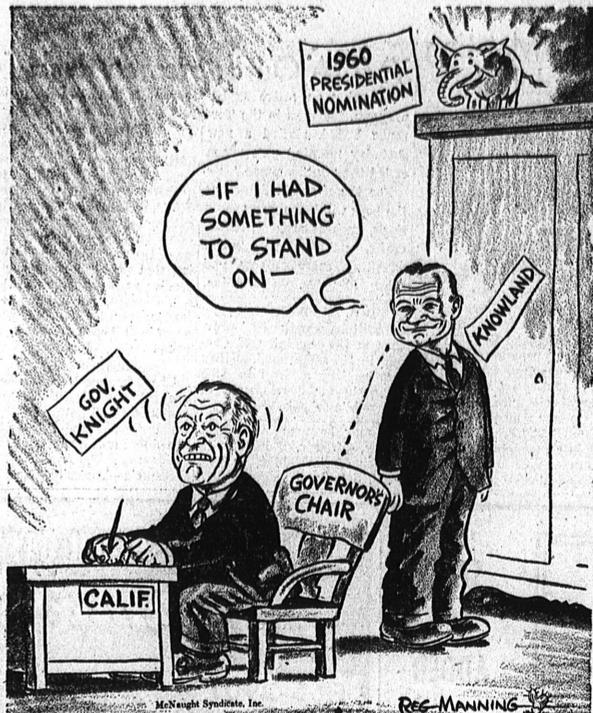
We all know that names sometimes are deceptive for streets as well as people. But that first impression is important.

If the city wanted to make the residents a little happy and still maintain the name, Kornblum, it might compromise. The designation of the street might be changed to Kornblum Lane or Kornblum Terrace.

If they really wanted to make it exclusive, they might revert to the German—Strasse von Kornblum.

How exclusive can you get?

I Might Reach It—



YOUR PROBLEMS by Ann Landers

What Else Could She Need?

Dear Ann: My wife and I have been married almost nine years and we have six lively little ones. We used to have a fairly normal home-life but now things are beginning to change.

We can't afford help in the house or sitters, so we don't get out very much. But this isn't my big complaint. It seems that every night when I come home from work, my wife is washing, ironing, or folding things. I maintain if a woman plans her work properly she should be finished by the time her husband comes home.

My wife doesn't have to do the laundry by hand, you understand. I bought her a washing machine for her birthday and all she has to do is toss things in. It's simple.

Saturday is my only day off and I like to bowl and play golf. She's been nagging me to stay home Saturdays and watch the kids so she can go shopping without them. Is this fair to me? Don't you think a husband who works hard all week is entitled to one day of complete freedom besides Sunday? Please state your views.—J.H.H.

So your wife has six little ones and her work should be "simple" because you bought her a washing machine on her birthday? Big deal. And now you're campaigning for one day of complete freedom besides Sunday. Well, I'd like to know what day of complete freedom does she have? A half dozen kids is a full house in any language. These little ones aren't washing and folding their own diapers, you know. If your wife is still at it when you're home at night, give her a hand—not criticism.

Golf and bowling aren't free. If you can afford these, you can surely find a few dollars to pay a sitter and give your wife an evening out a couple times a month. And, if the poor girl wants to shop a few hours on Saturday without six kids hanging to her hem, you should be glad to stay at home and give her that "one day of complete freedom" you seem to feel is so important. If you wanted sympathy, Buster, you came to the wrong party.

Dear Ann: I find myself in the 13th round without a referee, so I'm asking you to step into the ring. A few months ago I became engaged. My birthday was the same month. The gifts from his family were intended as both engagement and birthday presents. They gave me saucers, cups, towels and stuff like that. We disagreed about too many things so I broke the engagement.

The last time I ran into my ex he said "The family wants to know when you're going to return the engagement gifts." I was shocked, to say the least, and asked what gifts he was referring to. He said, "Phone my mother—she'll set you straight."

Everyone tells me that as long as the gifts were given to me for both my birthday as well as the engagement, I'm under no obligation to return them. I think the whole thing shows how cheap and petty they are. There went the bell, Ann. What's the decision?—Off Again Arleen.

I didn't wait for the bell, Arleen—I threw in the towel. And why don't you be a smart girl and throw in the rest of them, along with the saucers and cups and "stuff like that"?

Knowing how they feel you in the world would you want to keep any of the gifts? These people that you call "cheap" and "petty" are probably applying the same adjectives to you.

Dear Ann: I'm a mother of a 16-year-old girl. Many people must write to you just to get a load off their chests and this is what I must be doing, because there's nothing you can do to help me. The damage is done.

My daughter showed up at the dinner table last night with her head completely shaved. I thought I would have a heart attack right then and there. She said this was the new Yul Brynner haircut. Now tell me, please, what in the world was this child thinking of?—Mrs. J.O.

Probably Yul Brynner.

(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

Hard Work, No Pay

He was a union carpenter and he had a teen-age daughter. One day she asked him: "Dad, can you give me \$5 as an advance on my allowance?" "Nothing doing!" barked her father. "Why, do you know how many nails I have to drive every day just to make \$5?" "How many?" asked his daughter, and her father replied: "Three."

A minister of our acquaintance is forever approached by members of his congregation with complaints about other members. He invariably hands them a small notebook and requests:

"Write your complaint in this book and sign your name. We'll investigate your case and ask you to appear in person to testify against the offending member." The minister has owned this book for more than 20 years and during that time had handed it to probably thousands of complaining members. Yet there isn't a single line written in it.

A horse race gambler is a fellow whose horses are always right up there with the others—at the starting gate.

If your offspring brings home a poor report card, do not scold him. Just face the fact that it's due either to heredity or environment.

I saw an old English picture on TV last night. It seems that an English nobleman was staging a safari when the natives revolted. They burned down his tent and hurled 11 spears into him. The Englishman crawled through the jungle 36 miles to the closest English camp. Dragging himself to the closest hut, he knocked on the door. A fellow Englishman opened it, looked down at the visitor and remarked: "Why, Thorndyke, old man, so good of you to drop in! We're stuck for a fourth at bridge."

A motorcycle officer stopped a car on the freeway. Two inebriated gentlemen climbed out of the back seat and each said to the other simultaneously: "I thought YOU were driving!" (No, of course, things like this don't really happen. It only seems like it when you're driving on the freeway.)

Young mother leading her youngster by the hand to the Tiny Tot's Rush Room: "Son, is this trip necessary?"

This could happen to you, too! Man I know complained that he's had the same boss for five years but not once has his boss smiled. I advised my friend to quit his job, which he did. The boss is now smiling.

Mister, would you like to pay your wife the supreme compliment? One man did it this way. He ran a classified ad in his local newspaper reading: "To whom it may concern. I am proud and happy to be responsible for all debts and obligations of my wonderful wife and to be the provider for this heaven-sent woman who has filled our 30 years of married life with love and devotion."

A large percentage of accidents occur in the kitchen and I should know. I've been eating them for many years.

A tactful husband is the man who has a definite difference of opinion with his wife. He just doesn't mention it.

I have one serious complaint about our freeways. The engineers should have set aside a lane just for accidents.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

A Look at India Today

I have talked privately with Prime Minister Nehru many times in New Delhi in the past few years—and plan to see him again this summer on my regular assignment around-the-world. I know members of his family, some of his close friends and associates well enough to gather a third dimension about this most controversial man. I have talked with businessmen, educators, students in India about him. He represents many different things to so many people inside India... and a conglomeration of things outside India. For without doubt Nehru is, the most liked, as well as disliked, world personality I know.

Jawaharlal Nehru is an impressive man. He has mental stature—half scholarly, half political. When you talk to him, he listens quietly and digests every word you say. He gestures his hand from across the desk in a gesture just before he speaks, but it's often at least a minute before the words come out. That minute of silence is like hanging from your fingers over a cliff. But it indicates a depth and dimension not common among political leaders, whose answers are usually on the tip of the tongue.

Nehru expresses a compulsion to give advice on anything—and does—from birth control to the Baghdad pact. At almost 67 he is looked upon by India's 305 million Hindus, 36 million Moslems and 7 million Sikhs more as a spiritual (darshan) adviser than political leader, which he abhors. He is literally the opium of the Indian masses—and they are his. Nehru not only has no religion, but he openly attacks India's most cherished belief, Hinduism, as a "terrible thing that enslaves the person."

Nehru has disagreed more than agreed with Gandhi, the man most responsible for influencing his political life. Nehru was practicing law at his native Allahabad when he met Gandhi—and the "revolution"—and later spent 14 years in a British prison with him. His wife Kamala (who died in 1938 after repeated imprisonments) joined him in the movement for independence.

The rising tide of nationalism brought Nehru to Gandhi and the "revolutionary" (but no-violence) politics of the Indian National Congress party. No two leaders on the same road to independence could be more diverse than the scholarly dynamic Nehru and the slow-moving frail little Mahatma Gandhi. Dedicated through experience in industrial England, Nehru could scarcely agree with the distrust of machine civilization which Gandhi symbolized by advocating the "everlasting use of the divine spinning-wheel."

However, in prison with Gandhi he discovered the "pains" of his beloved India. In prison the shrewd and methodical "Gandhiji" trained his protege to lead the fight which he probably knew would not succeed with passive resistance alone.

When you listen to Nehru discuss the "pains of India," to which he refers repeatedly, he drives home the appalling job on his hands to bring relief to his unfortunate people. Eighty-five per cent of our people are illiterate, he informs you, "with a per capita income of less than \$60 a year. Some 70 million are without a job of any kind, drifting from hunger to starvation around the clock."

Since his wife died 21 years ago, when he was only 46, Nehru appears a very lonely man. He lives with his charming daughter, Indira, and her two sons in a sumptuous 20-room residence once occupied by the commander of Britain's Indian army. Nehru starts the day at 6 a.m. with 15 minutes of yoga exercises and winds up by standing on his head. "It clears my mind and increases my sense of humor," he said to me one day.

Nehru is a very outspoken man... with public denunciations in parliament against drinking, cocktail parties, frivolity... and even astrology, which the masses believe in.

FROM THE MAILBOX By Our Readers

Lady Is Proud of Schools

Viva the Schools

Editor, Torrance Herald:

As a parent, I would like to express my opinion of Torrance's system of grading. I most heartily approve of the parent-teacher conference. Many helpful ideas are brought out here that never would have been exchanged with a report card and an impersonal check that tells absolutely nothing, but probably takes no effort on the teacher's part either.

Torrance report cards at term end are very special and require much study by the teacher of each of his or her students. Again as a parent, I appreciate the time and effort put forth by the teacher to let me know where and how my child has improved and what we parents can do to help make the adjustment to the next grade easier.

Six years ago, I read a magazine article telling of the best schools in the United States. Torrance was among them and I must con-

"Astrology," he blurted out one day, "is worse than nonsense. It's degrading."

Nehru's popularity in India is more surprising when you analyze the great gulf which separates him from India's masses: his wealthy heritage, his education in England, his training, his lack of interest or support in India's way of life. "You are a bunch of ignorants with cow-dung minds, living in a cow-dung world all of your own making," he admonished a mass gathering in Bombay. The cheers that followed his speech were those of hero-worship and nothing else, for most of his listeners do not understand a word he says.

There are immense problems of diversity and disunity in India. There are 15 distinct languages, some 200 dialects and fanatical superstitions deep rooted in the masses to the point of hopelessness. The religious hatred between Hindus, Moslems and Sikhs boils constantly. India's 50 million untouchables are still there in spite of Nehru's proclamations in New Delhi. This caste discrimination in India is worse than the most fanatical Negro prejudice in Southern U.S.A. The 25 million colored Tamils accuse the more fair-skinned northerners of persecution because of their color.

Nehru saved India from Communism when he incorporated some 550 princely states which Britain allow to fester in medieval autonomy. India's first free election in the late '40s was the world's largest and it staved off Communist party efforts to win control of the provincial government. Another year of feudalism and India probably would have gone the way of China.

India's population grows at the rate of five million a year. Birth control is frustrated by illiteracy. Nehru is losing ground by his inability to cope with the problem of local language loyalty. Some 33 million Indians, who speak Teluga, want autonomy around a new state of Andhra. Other language groups riot constantly with the support of Communists, as was the case in the Bombay incidents. "Disunity," Nehru said to me one day, "is by far our greatest enemy."

Nehru's friendliness toward Russia and China is probably based on his old Fabian Socialist training in England and the exaltation of his student days when the 1917 Russian revolution introduced "the great Socialist era of our time," as he refers to it. To an equal degree Nehru's policy toward the U.S. is probably affected because of our support of Britain while he was in prison... and our sale of arms to Pakistan, "bringing war to India's door." Nehru's often repeated "impartiality" is not borne out by the facts. When Communists visit New Delhi, the Nehru posters read "Russia-China and India are brothers." Western officials are greeted with "silence."

History cannot at this juncture accurately balance its ledger on Jawaharlal Nehru. India is more united today without a serious Communist threat, as was the case 10 years ago. Nehru's inconsistencies are no more or less than those of more popular leaders. History may choose to judge Nehru by what he did for India—not for the world. He will rate high for lessening his people's misery, poverty and disease. He will be praised for improving education and for increasing India's stature in world affairs so soon after liberation from England. We may condemn him for his attitude on Kashmir... for his Communist praises and his disservice to the millions under Red oppression in Europe and Asia... but like Turkey's Ataturk, and China's Sun Yat-sen, Nehru has been called upon to play a role in a country of astonishing frustrations, plus an Asia writhing with colonial emancipation lying dormant for centuries. Nehru is unquestionably today the dominant figure among some 13 Asia nations with 650 million people, which won their independence during and since World War II. This alone has earned him an important entry in the ledger of modern history.

and we hope to make our quota before the end of the fiscal year, June 30.

W. B. ROSS, Director

Public Information Dept.

CHARLOTTE MILLER

Editor, Torrance Herald:

Now that the annual Red Cross fund campaign is over, we would like to express our thanks for your notable help during the drive in giving prominence to Red Cross releases and pictures in the HERALD.

As you know, our needs this year bordered on the desperate with expenditures for disaster relief the highest in Red Cross history and mounting constantly. It was only through the cooperation of people like you, in a position to influence the public, that we could hope to maintain an ability to remain "on the job when it counts."

While this campaign moved more slowly than has been the case in some other years, returns are still coming in

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DOWN AND TO GO		
	OPEN BURNING DUMPS	JULY 1, 1948
	OPEN FIRES	JUNE 30, 1955
	INDUSTRIAL COMMERCIAL INCINERATORS	JULY 1, 1957
	RESIDENTIAL INCINERATORS	OCTOBER 1, 1957