

EDITORIALS

A Plan for Shoppers

Due for consideration by the city council at its July 14 meeting is a new proposal for residential and commercial zoning of 97 acres of land at the southeast corner of Sepulveda and Crenshaw Blvd., for many years lying idle and unproductive as manufacturing property.

Under the proposal offered by the Getty Oil Co., owners of the land, Don Wilson and R. A. Watt would develop the property with 317 single-family lots, 18 apartment lots, and more than three acres of commercial property.

Location of the land near the fast developing Del Amo Shopping Center appears to demand the development of the long idle property in part, at least, for residential purposes, providing customers for the center and sales tax revenue for the city.

History of other commercial centers reveals that in nearly each case the area surrounding the center has been built up in multiple dwelling developments, and the only drawback of the current proposal, in our opinion, is that too much of the land is set aside for single-family units and not enough for multiple dwelling.

Other drawbacks have been cited, among them that it will mean a loss of revenue to the city. This we cannot believe. The property owners stated recently that they had tried and could not develop the land with industry, therefore the city is deriving only raw land revenue from the area and has little prospect for improving on that.

Before the city council turns this proposal down, as it did one last year, we believe they should give more than passing consideration to the merits of the plan offered. The HERALD believes the city should provide the shoppers for its commercial centers when possible. It's like money in the bank.

Petitions Ignored

Pressures of the so-called expert in human behavior have set back for the time being the efforts of more than a million California citizens who petitioned the legislature to adopt tougher laws for dealing with the narcotic peddler.

With the combination of a legislature that is too weak to face up to the serious nature of California's dope traffic and the new laws being written by the judicial branch of the government which puts the convenience of the criminal above the welfare of the general public, it begins to look like dope peddlers in this state will have everything but a free license.

How legislators can ignore petitions from more than a million of their constituents—God-fearing men and women who are trying to make their state a better place in which to raise their children—is difficult to understand. But ignore them they did.

Perhaps the million-plus petition signers should ask some pointed questions about dope when the next election comes around.

LAW IN ACTION

Pedestrian Rights

Both drivers and walkers have a legal duty to be careful; but since drivers do the greater harm, they have the greater duty.

Pedestrians have a legal right to expect drivers to obey traffic rules. Thus one pedestrian crossing the street looked left, then right, but didn't see a car coming down the left side of the street to his right. It hit him. The court held the walker didn't have to share the blame; he could legally assume the driver would go down the street's right side.

In passing cars, drivers must watch out for pedestrians who may not see them, especially on crosswalks where walkers have the right of way. (As well as on sidewalks and highway shoulders.)

A walker's bad judgment or mistake may not excuse a motorist in an accident. The driver should allow a wide margin for such errors.

As a walker, though, you too have a legal duty to be careful, to consider how dark

the street is, the color of your clothes, your age, the speed and closeness of oncoming cars, and the like.

Still a pedestrian's lack of proper care does not give a driver a right to hit him; he still should try to avoid a mishap, no matter who is to blame.

When a walker disobeys traffic laws himself, his folly may help bring on his injuries and thus lose him his right to recover damages. For example, when you walk outside a cross walk, yield to car drivers; for if you are hit you may not be able to get damages for injuries.

Most of all the law holds a driver ought to give special care for small children. They do play around driveways and are impulsive. So warn them before you back into the street and make sure they are safe.

You have a legal duty to look for workers protected by signs, flares, or red flags on the highway. The law expects such workmen to spend their time at work and not in dodging cars.

The Most Feared Man



Philosopher of Peggy's Cove

'Here's to you as good as you are. Here's to me as bad as I am. As bad as I am. And as good as you are. I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.'

The man who penned that toast was known in the Maritime provinces of Canada as the Philosopher of Peggy's Cove. When we met him in a 140-year-old house in Nova Scotia nine summers ago, Larsy (we never knew his last name) must have been at least 80 years old. Somewhere between breakfast and lunchtime he would pour rum from a pitcher and if one or two of the eight paying guests at the Sea Gull would join him, Larsy would recite that toast.

living room walls.

Gallon-sized jars filled with intricate miniature schooners adorned the mantel over the fireplace where I sat and read "Pride and Prejudice" during two solid days of rain as the fire roared and Larsy chewed the end of a pipe and sat near the window looking out at the rain and the sea.

As we sat in the captain's chair around the circular dining-table eating warm oatmeal bread with each of our meals, we looked out of that large, many-paned window at the racks near the wharf where the fishermen dried

captured the sea in the cozy big house with its kitchen couch for visiting while she salted freshly-caught fish to be put in barrels for the following winter or ironed or kneaded the daily loaves of oatmeal bread.

Somehow in remembering that vacation, the outdoor plumbing doesn't seem very important. Mostly I remember the people that came in out of the rain—the two drenched school teachers from Brooklyn—in soaked dresses that dripped on the braided rug, who had spent the summer at Prince Ed-



THE PHILOSOPHER'S HOUSE

ward Island; the balding, un-talkative artist who had been spending his time between meals in the loft over the stable painting, and always, Larsey, the Philosopher of Peggy's Cove, pipe in mouth, glass of rum in hand, winding the grandfather's clock, or, with a twinkle in his old blue eyes, raising his glass to me, saying, "And as bad as I am, and as good as you are, I'm as good as you are as bad as I am."

But one rainy night the large blonde woman who owned the house (and had decided to take in guests that summer for the first time, while her husband was touring the province for the British government organizing drama groups in all the tiny hamlets) was in the kitchen ironing when I opened the door and her blonde hair hung to her waist wet. She said she had been down the coast somewhere swimming.

I asked her that night about Larsy, and she told me that when she had decided to try her hand at the tourist business she thought he would be an attraction, although he wasn't listed in the government places-to-stay book.

When we picked our up at the information center at Halifax, it had listed the attractions at the Sea Gull as "overlooking the sea, large library, good food, \$3 per person daily."

It had meant 12 miles over an unpaved country road—a trip which had taken a full hour beneath the Nova Scotia moon. But it had been worth every minute of the bumpy ride. The minute we arrived I had fallen in love with the atmosphere.

Somehow our hostess had

A Report from St. Andrew's

While on their way to London this week, where they were to be the guests of the Borax Co., Judge and Mrs. John Shidler (she's Rosemary DeCamp of movie and TV fame) took time out to send us a postal card depicting the famous "road" hole of St. Andrews golf course in Scotland. It's supposed to be a lulu.

Judge Shidler is on vacation from his bench at the South Bay Municipal Court, and Mrs. Shidler is between filmings on the popular Bob Cummings show, where she portrays the charming "Aunt Margaret" weekly. She also does the commercial films for the Borax Co. in the Death Valley series.

The popular Torrance pair are having fun, they report, but will enjoy returning soon to the "invigorating breezes of Hollywood Riviera."

Received considerable reaction to the formula passed on here last week which showed that dear old dad didn't work nearly as much as he had folks at home convinced—but it's an old trick. I had a grizzled old sergeant sit down with me once and prove—despite a couple of "hash marks" to the contrary—that I had never spent a day in the Army. And me with enough points to win a professional basketball game when it came time for rotation back to the States.

How do you suppose it would feel now to find yourself in a high Louisiana office with a record of helping get the governor committed to that mental hospital? I'll bet there will be some new faces in the lineup Monday morning.

And the next boxer who hears Ingemar Johansson has

a terrific right will certainly listen, you can bet.

Some personal gripes: Why is it that half of the intersections in the city of Torrance have extremely sharp dips in them, costing Torrance motorists thousands of dollars a year in damaged autos, even though approached at far less than legal or prudent speeds? Isn't there any other way to get water across the street except through a pig-trough type ditch?

Why is it that pedestrians will stand on the curb and wait for a stream of cars coming from a traffic signal two blocks away before stepping into the street. Especially the very old and the youngsters?

Why is it that a police car can set at an intersection for 30 minutes on end and see no

violations, and the minute he drives away everything is bedlam? Even when he's back from the corner far enough that oncoming cars can't see him.

Case in point: The intersection of Hickory and Torrance Blvd. While watering the lawn near there the other evening, I noticed a police car sitting back on Hickory. Everybody stopped gently... no one ran the stop sign... traffic flowed without a hitch. In the 15 minutes I checked after the officers gave up and went somewhere else, seven cars ran the stop sign—three went bound and four east bound. One of them came close to getting another car in the process.

Why is it that paydays are always about three days too far apart?

From the Mailbox

By Our Readers

Editor, Torrance Herald
Fleming Junior High School would like to thank you for the fine coverage given us during the past year.

Your cooperation has helped us to keep our membership well informed, and it is greatly appreciated.
MRS. JOSEPH B. BUTLER, President

Editor, Torrance Herald
As the school year ends, the Torrance Unified School District would like to say thank you for the wide coverage that the Torrance Herald has given the schools during

the past year. You have helped to let the people know what is happening in the schools and to give recognition to deserving students and staff members.

We find this to be a very valuable service to us and wish to express our sincere appreciation for the service you render this community by publishing the news about the schools.

We have enjoyed our contacts with you and your staff—Ronnie Saunders, Edna Cloyd, and Bob Wilton—during the past year and will look forward to working with you in the future.
J. H. HULL, Superintendent

In Years Gone By

Headlines in the HERALD of June 28, 1934, 25 years ago today, were almost the same as those which appeared on the top story in Thursday's paper this week. Tightly speaking, "only the names were changed." The big news both times was an unconsented sale of a water company. Whereas the parties involved this week were the Dominguez Water Co. and the Narbonne Water Co. No. 3, the proposed water sale a quarter of a century ago was centered between the City of Torrance and the Torrance Water, Light, and Power Co.

Word of the failure of the sale to materialize in each instance was made public at a Tuesday evening meeting of the Torrance City Council.

Major difference, however, was that it was the would-be buyer that turned thumbs down on this week's proposed water sale, a quarter of a century ago the seller was the one who rejected the proposed offer. Reason given by the

Torrance Water, Light, and Power Co. 25 years ago for refusing to sell to the city of Torrance was the proposed purchase price. The figure turned down was \$110,000.

In other news that week Torrance residents were acclaiming the proposed establishment of a new major industry, expected to employ 200 men following purchase by the Hughes Mitchell Process Inc. of Wyoming of an 18-acre tract on the west side of South Normandie to be used as a treatment plant for leading ores and production of lead and zinc products.

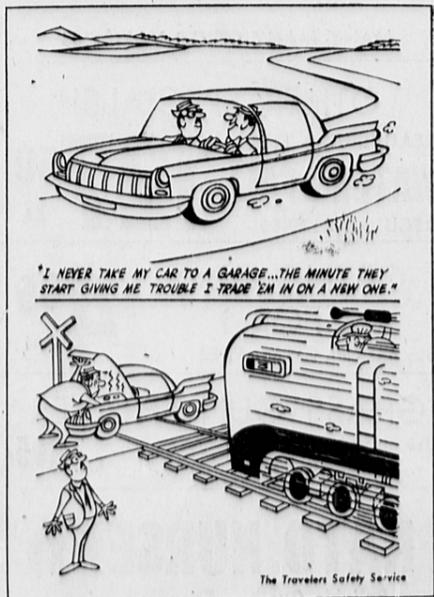
One-time HERALD editor Harold Kingsley resigned his \$350-a-month job as publicity director for the county charities department that week to become publicity director for the gubernatorial campaign of John R. Quinn in Southern California.

On the surface it would seem that things weren't very different here 25 years ago—water company sales falling through, new industry coming to town, a man changing a

job. But the reader of the yellowed issue of the HERALD of June 28, 1934 is made aware of the times upon glancing at the prices in the advertising columns. Ford and Chevrolet was battling it out with price reductions on new cars which brought the least expensive automobile down to \$505 on a Ford Coupe stripped (\$545 with all the extras) and \$465 for a Chevy sports roadster without extras.

Supermarkets were selling butter and bacon at 25 cents per pound; crackers at 12 cents for a one-pound box; and extra-large eggs at 24½ cents a dozen. Sugar was going for 44 cents for 10 pounds and hens for 18½ cents a pound. A 16-ounce bottle of gingerale cost a dime, and those who preferred to drink coffee were paying 31 cents a pound for it. Biggest reminder that despite the contemporary overtones of the news headlines, the year was 1934, is found in the price of roast beef. Twenty-five years ago you could buy the family's Sunday roast for all of 7 cents a pound at the local A&P!

The Luckless Legion by Irwin Caplan



95% of the vehicles involved in accidents in 1958 were in apparently good condition.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words.

STAR GAZER horoscope section by Clay R. Pollan, listing zodiac signs and their characteristics.

Pensioners Eligible for Railroad Pay

Veteran pensioners were advised today by Sara R. Bridges, veterans service officer, of 1622 Gramercy Ave., that new signed federal legislation provides that since June 1, railroad retirement benefits shall not be counted as income for Veterans Administration pension purposes.

Veterans who have waived all or part of their railroad retirement annuity in order to qualify for non-service-connected pension are reminded to revoke that waiver immediately. To be eligible for these VA pensions, a veteran must be unemployable due to physical handicaps or the infirmities of old age, and have reportable income of less than \$1400 if single or \$2700 if he has dependents. (Veterans who have disabilities from service receive compensation, not pension.)