

Your Right to Know  
Is the Key to All Your Liberties  
**EDITORIALS**

Four TORRANCE HERALD NOVEMBER 29, 1959

**Two More Victims**

Injury to two school children this week who were crossing Torrance Blvd. at Fern Ave under the supposed protection of a "one-eyed" traffic signal points up once more the danger presented to motorists and pedestrians using Torrance streets where the outmoded signals are in operation.

In very few places in Southern California does a motorist encounter any of the old-fashioned, horse-and-buggy signals such as those the city keeps adding to its busy thoroughfares. (One councilman says there are some in Redlands in San Bernardino County.)

Fortunately, neither of the young students was killed or critically injured.

With a majority of the city council off on a tax-paid trip to Denver this week, perhaps they can come back with a solution to the city's passe traffic control system.

**Oil Field Clean-Up**

Activity in the city's oil fields during recent weeks rivals that of the boom days, old timers in the city tell us.

This time, however, fields are not overrun with roustabouts and drilling crews, but have been invaded by cranes, bulldozers, and clean-up crews.

The results are pleasant to observe. Open oil sumps are disappearing, derricks are coming down, fences are going around the remaining operations. . . in general, one of the city's sorriest messes is being eliminated.

Not all of the well owners and operators, of course, have taken the city's new oil field ordinance seriously, but they can expect to explain it all to the judge shortly.

Deadline for eliminating the wooden derricks has been set for next Jan. 1.

The long overdue clean-up will add immeasurable value to a huge section of the city and those who are cooperating sincerely in the gigantic task deserve the public's commendation.

**Garden Checklist**

By California Association of Nurserymen

1. Double check long canes on clinging roses to make sure they are secured. Winter rains and winds might loosen them if you don't.
2. Add seasonal color to bare spots in the garden with pots of blooming chrysanthemums. Buy an extra pot or two for color indoors, too.
3. Dahlias may be lifted as tops dry off. Hose off mud or dirt, dry the tubers in the sun and store them in a cool, dry place. You can divide them next spring before replanting.
4. Plant a cover of annuals such as Alyssum, Violas as Pansies over your beds of spring bulbs. They bloom with the bulbs, then keep blooming to hide the bulb foliage as it ripens.
5. If you like putting in the potting shed during winter, set aside a container or two of dry soil when you get the chance.

VIRGIL By Lew Kleis



**STAR GAZER**  
By CLAY R. POLLAN  
Your Daily Activity Guide According to the Stars.  
To develop message for Sunday, read words corresponding to numbers of your Zodiac birth sign.

<b>ARIES</b> MAR. 21 - APR. 20 13-25-35-41 64-67-84-87	<b>TAURUS</b> APR. 21 - MAY 21 1-6-45-48 51-70-76	<b>GEMINI</b> MAY 22 - JUNE 21 13-30-43-49 65-77-81-90	<b>CANCER</b> JUNE 22 - JULY 23 17-18-27 44-71-82-89	<b>LEO</b> JULY 24 - AUG. 23 50-55-59-62 72-78-83-88	<b>VIRGO</b> AUG. 24 - S.E.P.T. 23 4-5-7-14 17-24-31	<b>LIBRA</b> S.E.P.T. 24 - OCT. 23 22-23-39-46 53-66-73	<b>SCORPIO</b> OCT. 24 - NOV. 23 20-26-30-36 54-69-75	<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> NOV. 24 - DEC. 23 3-15-29-34 57-68-74	<b>CAPRICORN</b> DEC. 24 - JAN. 23 2-8-12-16 40-60-79-80	<b>AQUARIUS</b> JAN. 24 - FEB. 19 42-47-56-58 61-63-85-86	<b>PISCES</b> FEB. 20 - MAR. 21 11-19-21-28 32-37-52
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**How Not To Win Friends**



**From the Mailbox**

By Our Readers

**Library Scored**

Editor, Torrance Herald

One of the most amusing articles I have ever read was the one published in your paper of Nov. 12th, which dealt with the libraries of Torrance.

After providing a brief historical background, the article goes on to say that there are approximately 14,000 active book-borrowers, with a total of 40,000 books spread out over four libraries. The concluding gem of the article states that "one outstanding fact is that the libraries in Torrance are abreast of the times and out in front with leading enterprises of the AL-AMERICAN City Torrance."

I was born and raised in a small town with a population of 11,500 in the state of Montana. The library there would put to shame anything I have seen in the way of libraries in Torrance. I later moved to a town approximately half that size and found a library, while not as large, yet was adequate to take care of the needs of high school students and some minor research for college students.

"While I have no exact figures, I would hazard the guess that it had in the neighborhood of 15,000 to 18,000 volumes with a complete selection of all the better periodicals and newspapers, this for a town of 6,000 back in the early 1930's."

Yet they claim to have slightly better than one book per capita whereas Torrance has a mere two-fifths. A check made of figures released by the American Library Association of cities of 500,000 or more for the year 1944-45, out of 17 cities listed, seven had slightly less than one book per capita. The lowest was New Orleans with one-half book per capita which is apparently quite standard. In three other cities, Boston, Cleveland and Cincinnati books per capita ran comfortably over two-to-one.

So where does that leave Torrance particularly as an ALL-AMERICAN City? This criticism is not leveled at the employees of our libraries who are doing an excellent job with what they have to work with. The responsibility lies squarely at the doors of the city fathers who apparently regard a good library as unessential. If small isolated communities can provide libraries of two to three books per capita, the city of Torrance should be able to provide it least one.

DANA B. HOUSTON

**Blindman's Bluff**

Editor, Torrance Herald  
How much longer can the citizens of the "All American City" put up with the near tragic type accidents that are continually being caused by our famous "Chinese Hanging Lantern" type of traffic signals.

It was with shame that I

heard of the courageous, quick actions of Crossing Guard Ruth Ballard in protecting two small children struck by a truck at Torrance Blvd. and Fern Ave. this week.

I have noted many persons driving autos with attached outside sun visors approaching intersections at the legal speed and then upon losing vision of the signal, they accelerate as they enter the intersection, hoping to beat any change of signal.

As a driver who keeps his seat adjusted high, I find that I lose vision of this type of signal 12 to 15 feet before drivers with their seats ad-

justed low or far back.

It appears that the only drivers who have a fair chance of survival in this adult game of blindman's bluff are the drivers of convertibles and the driver who has a small child lying on the floorboard calling out the "red light - green light" signals for him.

I have noted that the official reason given for the continued use of this type of traffic signal is monetary, but I wonder how it is that all our neighboring cities can overcome this obstacle.

FRANK H. FROHNHOEFER  
1116 Hickory Ave.

**Law in Action**

**Unlawful Detainer**

In an "unlawful detainer" action a landlord seeks to get back property he has rented out. It is well just to try to persuade a tenant to move out, but some won't go without a court order.

The landlord may try an unlawful detainer action to get back his place and collect his rent. For, as a rule, the law does not allow the landlord himself forcibly to put a tenant out.

Such a suit starts when the tenant has broken the terms of his contract, for example, when he fails to pay his rent or stays on after his lease runs out.

How does the landlord bring such an action? First he notifies the tenant to leave. If he does not, the landlord next files a complaint in court and serves the papers. The tenant then has three days to reply.

How does the tenant defend such a suit, for he may have been in the right?

By showing that he did not break the terms of the lease. He may claim, for example, the landlord renewed the lease or waived the rent.

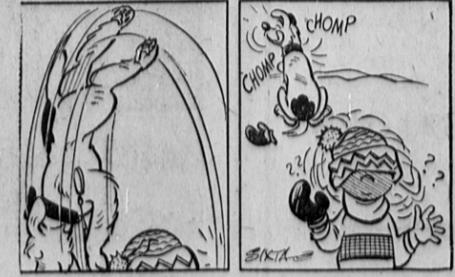
If the landlord wins he may get damages for his loss of possession perhaps even treble damages and rent for the period after the notice to leave, plus court costs.

Suppose the tenant stays on after he loses? The landlord may have the sheriff carry out the court order. The landlord must put up fees for movign the tenant out. The sheriff removes and stores property which he may hold to secure the landlords judgment.

Note: California lawyers offer this column so you may know about our laws.

**RIVETS**

By George Sixta



**Ann Landers in Russia**

**Visit to Russian Home Easier Than Predicted**

(This is the eleventh of a series of 12 articles by the author of America's most popular human relations column.)

MOSCOW—It's very late and I'm exhausted. But I must keep my eyes open long enough to get this story on paper tonight—while the details are fresh in my mind. I'm happy a companion shared the experience with me because this story needs a witness.

Before I left America all the "right" sources told me—"You'll NEVER get into a Russian home. The people have orders not to get chummy with Americans. They'll be friendly and polite, but they'll never ask you in."

Tonight I was virtually pulled into a Russian home. And the people were strangers. It was one of the most heart-warming experiences of my life. This is how it happened:

DR. THOMAS Nicholas of Buffalo, Wyo., and I, over a bowl of borscht, were comparing notes on a recent tour of a medical clinic.

About 9 o'clock, Dr. Nicholas and I decided, on an impulse, to test the theory that Russians may appear to be friendly, but are leary of Americans.

"How do we do this?" he asked.

"By going to an apartment building, knocking on a door, and saying 'Z-dros-voiy-tyeh—Americanski nyet ponyeh-meyh horrashaw Paroosky—Then wait for a reaction.'"

WE AGREED that approach might get us in trouble with the police and that it could result in having several doors slammed in our faces. After all, if a couple of Russians appeared at YOUR front door one evening and announced, "Good evening. We are Russians and we don't speak good English" . . . what would YOU do?

The doctor is a personable man about 38, touring Russia with a Wyoming and Montana group. He has a wife and four children back in Buffalo as well as two medical partners who are running the clinic in his absence. Dr. Nicholas knew me long before I knew him. He reads Ann Landers in the Casper (Wyo.) Morning Star.

WE REALIZED it was an impulsive experiment, but it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to learn firsthand how the average Russian family would react to an unannounced visit from a pair of Americans.

The doctor had noticed a row of apartment houses about a block from the hotel. That was our objective. As we walked toward the building, the second floor was well lighted so we decided to try there. My heart pounded as we climbed to the second floor of the eight-story brick building.

We chose apartment No. 39. The doctor rapped on the door.

AN AGREEABLE-looking woman of about 35 appeared. She had a frizzled permanent wave, and displayed two shimmering stainless steel teeth as she smiled her greeting. It was almost as if she were expecting us.

I blurted out the phrase, "Z-dros-voiy-tyeh — Americanski nyet ponyeh-meyh horrashaw Paroosky!"—"Good evening. We are Americans who cannot speak good Russian."

At that moment a man we assumed to be her husband appeared. He was square-jawed, husky and had a wealth of black curly hair. He flung the door open wider, burst into smiles and shouted "Americanski — droog-yye-deetsyeh, pa-

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jaloosta." (Americans are friends. Come in, please.)

THE WOMAN extended her hand to the doctor. Her husband reached for mine. Together we four stood in the doorway—shaking hands in friendship. It was as if we were old friends who had come to visit. In the handshake I felt a heart. It was a warm, honest clasp that said "We like you. Welcome to our home."

Arm in arm we walked into the dining room, to meet the others. "Americanski," they shouted. "Get the vodka. Be our guests!"

We had interrupted their supper. Three men, four women, and a teen-age girl were seated around a square table. The housewife brought two additional plates, silverware, cloth napkins (although they were using paper ones) and two wine glasses. Her husband opened a bottle of vodka. The babushka (grandmother) left the table and returned with a newly opened can of sardines.

ONE OF THE younger women took the flowers from the window sill and placed them on the table. Both the doctor and I had just finished enormous bowls of borscht, but I was determined to accept their offering even if I had to put those sardines in my ear.

When I managed to finish the sardines, the Russian wife saw my empty plate and insisted I take a piece of salami. I pleaded with the doctor to help me. He came to my rescue. When the grandmother saw this she scolded "Nyet, nyet," and placed two larger pieces of salami on both his plate and mine.

I asked the men what kind of work they did. The husband was a courtroom recorder. The youngest of the group (his brother) was an accountant. The third man worked for the telephone company.

ONE WOMAN was a typist, another a kindergarten teacher and the housewife was an inspector in a dress factory. The 13-year-old girl was the daughter of the woman who had answered the door. She had come home early from summer camp because she missed her family.

I looked around the apartment. Although it was a new building there were cracks in the ceiling and plaster walls. It was neat and modestly furnished, Cornflower blue wallpaper was everywhere. There were no rugs on the wooden floor. Linoleum with a red floral pattern covered the dining room and living-room floors. The furniture was the overstuffed, shapeless, brocade velvet that one sees in the Russian hotel lobbies.

Two fancy floor lamps, complete with long fringe shades, lit the living room. There was a TV set in the corner.

I ASKED IF I could be excused for a moment. I wanted to see the "jenska cawntax" (ladies' room) and also see how many other rooms were in the unit. The small "jensky cawntax" had a bathtub, toilet, and a wash basin. Several pairs of men's socks hung over the

towel rack. The towels hung on hooks. It was evident several persons were using this bathroom.

There was only one other room—the kitchen. It was large, with an ice box (not refrigerator), stove, food cabinet and an oilcloth-covered table, around which were eight chairs.

When I returned to the dining room they asked if I had pictures of my family (the doctor had shown his). I showed them a picture of my "mooj" (husband) and "adeen dautch" (one daughter). They asked if my daughter was in the movies. I told them she is a student.

THEY WANTED to know what my husband did for a living. I told them he was president of a factory that makes pens.

"Oh . . . big money," they said. "No, just big responsibility," I told them. "His father owned the factory?"

"No. He started sweeping the floors in a store when he was 16 years old."

"How did he get to be a boss?"

"Under capitalism anybody who has 'tah-ont' and is willing to work hard, can be a boss. There is no limits in America."

"HE HAS PEOPLE working under him?" they asked. "Several hundred."

"They are happy?"

"They ought to be. They have good wages, profit-sharing, insurance and vacations with pay."

"Those people who work for your husband—do they have cars?"

"Most of the employees drive to work. The lot behind the plant is filled."

THEY ASKED what the doctor did for a living. When I told them he was a doctor of medicine, they wanted to know if he was a heart specialist, and they seemed disappointed when he said "nyet."

We visited for about 45 minutes, then decided it was time to say good night. As we stood to say farewell, our friends filled their glasses with the special vodka they had opened for the Americans who couldn't speak very good Russian.

A husband over the room as the hush fell, with tears in his eyes, solemnly said "Meer-i-droojbah"—(peace and friendship), and in broken English: "I would like to drink this toast to your great country. Take the message home to America that the Russians are your friends."

EVERYONE RAISED his glass, including me, who has said nyet to spirits all of my life. Each glass was drained, including mine—no small task for a teetotaler.

A doctor from Wyoming and a woman from Chicago had dropped in on a family of Russians—and they received us with open arms. We walked out into the night.

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**CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

- ACROSS**
- 1-Thus
  - 4-Watched secretly
  - 9-Beverage
  - 12-Puss
  - 13-Quadruped
  - 14-Metal
  - 15-Court game
  - 17-Wooden shoes
  - 19-Walking sticks
  - 21-Man's nickname
  - 22-Dinner course
  - 24-Pose for portrait
  - 26-Trial
  - 29-Heals
  - 31-Scold
  - 33-Bishopric
  - 34-Connjuction
  - 35-Explosive
  - 37-Aeriform fluid
  - 38-A state (abbr.)
  - 40-Whurs, in law
  - 42-Speech
  - 44-Curtains
  - 46-Loose, hanging piece
  - 48-Cat
  - 50-Bird of sand
  - 51-Animal's foot
  - 53-Peptide
  - 55-Member of corps
  - 58-Non-lead less distinct
  - 61-Anger
  - 62-Bevy
  - 63-Drinker
  - 64-Post-hair
  - 65-Phobon
  - 66-Slvy
  - 67-Fronted

**DOWN**

- 3-Posed for portrait
- 7-Whitfield fish
- 8-Agroa
- 10-Part of leg
- 11-Attitudes
- 16-Fretts; not 7-Worm
- 18-Lifeless
- 20-Makes amends
- 23-Illuminated
- 25-Abstract being
- 26-Backs of mammals
- 27-Flying
- 28-Transgression
- 29-Neckpiece
- 30-European blackbird
- 32-Label
- 36-Number
- 38-Plague
- 39-The sun
- 41-Mild note
- 43-Explosive
- 45-Wager
- 46-Biblical city
- 47-Total
- 49-Grumbling
- 50-Soft food
- 52-Damascus
- 54-Went slowly
- 55-Blaacw
- 57-King Arthur's lance
- 59-Guido's high note
- 60-Lair
- 62-3-1418

**CONES CLIMB**  
PARENT AERIES  
REP WIRE ECHO  
UR PUDES EAR  
SEAL TIGHT LA  
BROOK RIFLES  
TOOT DUEL  
RESTORE BROAD  
AL STORE SAGA  
PUP STAVE TAR  
IDES LEGG TE  
DETER RANGED  
DIDER TIONS

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