

EDITORIALS

On Morale Boosters

If a new hat can do wonders in the reshaping of the morale of milady, a new coat of paint should go a long way toward doing something about the morale of a city, we believe, and Torrance is about ready for a little well placed morale boosting.

Several downtown business establishments have been redecorated in recent weeks, a notable example being one of the city's automobile agency showrooms. A few cans of paint, a little trim, and a couple of new signs transformed a tired looking building into a modern showplace which brightened up a whole street in Torrance.

It isn't spring, and it isn't Easter, so the traditional paint and new hat season isn't officially with us. However, this is California, and California knows no seasons. At least one downtown Torrance building is being redecorated right now and a general cleaning up of the city's shopping area might be in order.

The advantages accruing to a business in clean, inviting surroundings can well offset the cost of a can of paint—and a few minutes with a broom and hose can do wonders in making a business attractive.

Let's give Torrance a new dress for Christmas, a clean one. It should be a good investment.

The Auto Show

The fine spirit of Torrance's automobile dealers in offering residents of the area a packaged look at the 1955 model cars is to be commended.

The steady flow of interested persons who visited the three-day showing in the Civic Auditorium last week-end despite distasteful weather attests to the fact that residents here are interested in seeing what Torrance businessmen have to offer. The response to this first automobile show should make the sponsors proud of their accomplishments and should assure consideration for making the event an annual affair.

Other phases of Torrance business life might do well to follow the example of the automobile dealers and make an active effort to demonstrate to residents of the greater south-west that shopping in Torrance is a convenient habit.

Such showings could do much to promote the "Shop in Torrance" motto of Torrance merchants by demonstrating that first-line products and top values can be offered as easily in Torrance as elsewhere.

The Golden Rule

Dec. 5-12 is known as International Golden Rule Week, its purpose being "to promote greater friendship and better understanding among the people of the world."

The precept of Jesus to do unto others what you would have others do unto you is a statement of the simple truth that happiness and success are founded upon a consideration of others. We usually find it easier to give vocal praise of the Golden Rule than to actually practice it. Implementation of this ancient doctrine could revolutionize the world.

One of the finest expressions of this philosophy is the Sonnet to the Statue of Liberty lettered within its pedestal. It reads in part:

Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
Send me your tired, your poor,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me—
I lift my Lamp beside the Golden Door."

These lines were written by Emma Lazarus. She was a Jew, the daughter of Russian immigrants. From New York Harbor, her immortal words send a message of hope to a tortured world. This is the Golden Rule. It is an antidote for the hysteria of hate that, if unchecked, may easily degrade us from the nobility of man to the savagery of the beast.



LAW IN ACTION

FOUR PARTS OF YOUR WILL

As a rule your will has at least four parts.

1. Opening

The opening gives your name and general place of residence. It says that what follows is your will. It may say (although it need not) that you are competent of sound mind — to make a will. You revoke older wills. Sometimes you state the names of your wife or husband, and of your children.

Have you ever changed your name or used another signature? Then say so. Your county of residence, too, may be declared, to identify you and to aid should a question arise as to your domicile. Here you may direct your executor to pay your just debts.

2. Dispositive Clauses

This part tells you what and how. As a rule, it begins with specific gifts like heirlooms, real estate, and the like. Here you may leave a home for someone's lifetime use, and then have it go to someone else. Are you leaving some mortgaged property? Then is the mortgage to be paid off first?

Then come the general bequests from the estate, as a rule, in cash. At last, you set out the "residuary" gifts—what's left over.

Here you may say whether

your estate or part of it goes in trust or in outright ownership.

From what part of the estate should the money for death taxes come? If you do not say the law will. Such things call for your thought.

Do you leave lump sums to people, or percentages? Estates often shrink in worth after a will is made. The lump sums, plus taxes and bills, may take so much that little is left over, say, for one's wife and children.

3. Administrative

Here you name your executor—an individual, a bank or trust company, and, in some cases, co-executors. Your executor is your personal representative. You may also name a substitute, if your first choice cannot serve. Here you say whether your individual executor serves without bond.

4. Signature and Witnessing The rest of your will—your signature and, if the will is not entirely written, dated and signed in your own handwriting, the witnessing—is the part necessary to prove your will in court. This part is vital in case of any disputes as to the validity of the will.

NOTE: The State Bar of California offers this column for your information so that you may know more about how to act under our laws.

This Time Of Year

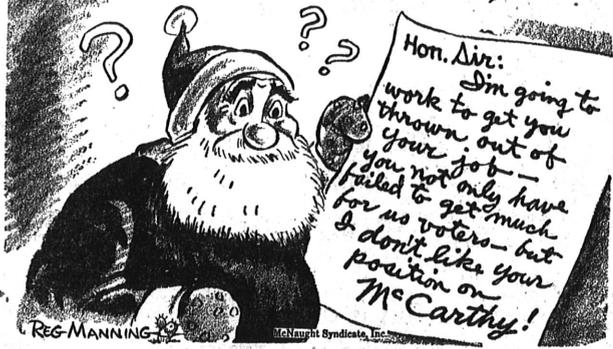
—IT'S EASY TO GET THE MAIL MIXED UP—

THE SENATOR GETS A LETTER INTENDED FOR SANTA CLAUS

THIS IS A LOT MORE MODEST THAN MOST OF THE REQUESTS I GET — AND IT SAYS 'PLEASE!'



—WHILE SANTA GETS THE SENATOR'S LETTER?



AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

Special Note: Beginning with this column, and through the holiday season, it is the custom of "After Hours" to recap a whole year's observations into short "sentence-philosophies," as our newspapers call them. Some of these have appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, Readers Digest, and more recently (October, 1954, Page 155) in the Ladies Home Journal... in my book "I Believe"...

I believe the convictions at Nuremberg were a function of victory... not a function of law. There is no such thing as legal or illegal war.

I believe Communist dictators seek a place in the sun by casting all others into darkness.

I believe the danger of the atom bomb is political... not scientific.

I believe if we don't abolish war, we will abolish mankind.

I believe each generation increases control over the forces of nature... while not increasing the control over the forces of its own nature.

I believe generals should be taught more about diplomacy and diplomats more about the horrors of war.

I believe it's a fallacy to assume that poor economic nations start wars. It's the richest nations who started all great wars in history.

I believe wars will end when the conduct of nations in relation to other nations is regulated by law, instead of by diplomacy.

I believe if the United Nations could be made to work, the world could get along without it.

I believe peace lies not in the wisdom of great leaders, but in the wisdom of great laws.

I believe Americanism will always remain a question of principle... never a question of White or Black... never Catholic, Protestant or Jew.

I believe most everyone is in favor of capitalism until he runs out of capital.

I believe no man can be a Communist until he has something to lose.

I believe most people sing "God Bless America" and then leave it all to God.

I believe any system of government which offers the same rewards to the man who loafs, as to the man who works hard, is going to kill the greatest incentive that made America great.

I believe superstition is stupid. A black cat crossing your path is bad luck if you're a mouse... not a man.

I believe prize TV and radio shows are aired on the obvious premise that philanthropy is a good substitute for art.

I believe the average man sued for breach of promise is always flattered by the price at which his affections are valued.

I believe the height of human gratitude is the way a TV studio audience applauds a punk.

I believe to try and prevent war by power-politics is like trying to extinguish a fire with a flame thrower.

I believe since wars begin in the minds of men, it's in the minds of men that peace must first be constructed.

I believe most nations have no permanent friends or permanent enemies... just permanent interests.

I believe a modest girl never pursues a man... neither does a mousetrap ever pursue a mouse.

I believe too many parents take the children to the circus, but send them to church.

I believe it's the money we don't have that's the root of much evil.

I believe paying the football coach \$18,000 a year and the teacher \$4,000 is the disgrace of our time.

I believe one good thing about the spenders in the old days is that they took it out of their pockets, instead of the U. S. Treasury.

I believe if the FBI were to make an investigation, it might reveal that half of the \$24 paid to the Indians for Manhattan went for graft.

I believe it's the people who corrupt their government... not the government the people.

I believe God and Democracy can never be separated.

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The SQUIRREL OF ALL THINGS

By Robert B. Martin

By REID BUNDY

The suggestion of the former Kansas rural mail carrier that "junk" mail—circulars addressed merely "Resholder" or Postal Patron" be sent on to Postmaster General Summerfield in Washington, D. C., set us to thinking here the other day.

Why don't we organize a drive to have editors send some of the "junk" mail they receive each day back to Mr. Summerfield, too. Or, at least, send it back to its source.

We have in mind the particular type of mail which hits newspaper offices all over the country each morning—mail designed to do just one thing: Get somebody's name or the name of some product in the newspaper.

As a particular reference, you might take a look at this sample story (the names have been changed to protect the innocent):

"James G. Muldoon, president of the Whistling Dixie Carpetbag Co. of Newpike, Delaware, today (Tuesday, Dec. 7) announced the appointment of Mark C. Gustav as general manager of the firm's Home Handle Division, it was revealed here by George S. Connido, West Coast regional manager, who lives at 1831 West Main St., Torrance, California. Gustav's new headquarters will be in Sawtooth Crossing, Mississippi, the local company official said."

See what we mean? The story fits the prime requirement of most community newspapers in that it has that "local angle." But the angle has been stretched about as far as it will go.

Here are hundreds of such letters coming into us each week—most of them which wind up in the trash basket. Wonder what would happen if we started bundling them up as this Kansas rebel has suggested and started sending them on their merry way?

Better still, maybe we should return them with a rejection slip like the magazines do. It's a thought.

Court Clerk Ernest W. Stout of South Bay Municipal Court maintains that the staid and dignified air of a courtroom is only one facet of the judicial business—that there are sides to the daily routine of court procedure which are downright hilarious.

To clinch his argument, he sent along a collection of letters, excerpts from letters, and notes received by various courts throughout the State recently which have been gathered by "The Minute Book," official magazine of the municipal Court Clerks Assoc. of California. Here are a couple of the better ones:

Your Honor: The shock of your decision brot on sudden heart attack. So my only alternative is the enclosed check—dr's orders.

Your resp.

Dear NASTY Court: I want you to know that I will never again come to..... to do my shopping. When I got back to my car the officer was writing the ticket and I TOLD him. Now I'M TELLING you. Hereafter my business goes some place else.

Dear Court: I can't appear in court because of naval obligations. I can't pay the fine because of financial obligations. Please write and advise.

Saw a dog killed the other day... a cocker spaniel. The crazy little thing paddled merrily into the middle of heavy traffic, sniffing away at an errant trail that carried it under the wheels of a car.

Guess the pooch never really knew what happened... just rolled over and over, stopped and lay still.

But the incident brings to mind the dire need for aid this animal would have lacked had it been gravely hurt... and lived. What could we do, strong, all-knowing people have done for it? Could we have called the police? No... we tried that once in Los Angeles and the police said they were not permitted to touch an injured animal.

A veterinarian? Well, a veterinarian usually asks that someone pay in advance the bill for an emergency call.

Perhaps the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals supplied the only answer when he announced that it is expanding its pet ambulance service. People in all communities are asked to contribute a dime each. Dimes, at present, are going to the SPCA at 5026 W. Jefferson Blvd., Los Angeles 16, Calif.

Just a year ago Dec. 10, our own little cocker spaniel, Penny, blundered her way into traffic and was killed. We're not quite sure how she got away from our fenced-in yard, so we don't know if a pet ambulance could even have saved her life or alleviated her suffering. But we do know that at least he kinds should at least be given the kind touch of human hands in times of misery and dying.

You who might never have owned a pet that loved you, and gave you its all, are missing out on one of the great wonders of life.

Some time ago we covered the story of a dog poisoning. It concerned a Great Dane named Tygrys, owned by a Mr. and Mrs. Marion Kowalewska.

All the emergency aid in the world could not have saved Tygrys. The poisoner was quite thorough. But in most cases a pet ambulance could be of great service.

For the one or two in an entire city who might ever have poisoned an animal, here is the story of Tygrys.

You should have been in our shoes when we covered that story... when we sat down to a typewriter that just couldn't seem to form words on paper.

Tygrys was a Great Dane, a big happy rounneck that played with the kids on his block... he laughed with them and, most of the time, he figured he was really one of them, except that he had four legs. He could out-jump and out-eat the average cow pony... yet would just as soon tip-toe over to a litter of kittens and, in great fascination, watch them at play.

Tygrys was a vital mass of rippling bronze, 160 pounds of four-legged dynamite... yet he would run home to tell the folks about the little bird that had fallen from its nest. And he would cry like a big baby until they did something to help the creature.

Someone... goodness knows who and why... fed Tygrys a piece of meat that contained

a mixture of crushed glass and strychnine.

Tygrys was a big dog. It took him nearly three days to die. Mr. and Mrs. Marion Kowalewska were awakened on a Friday night when he ran into their bedroom and pawed at them. The husband, Marion, with a few admittedly impatient remarks, got up to let the dog out. But that wasn't it... Tygrys wanted water.

There he really little use in covered this need when he was awakened twice again during the night.

The Kowalewskas became worried and took their giant pet to a veterinarian in the morning. The dog was treated... admitted to a pet hospital... but he grew worse.

After doing what he could to ease the pain, the doctor told the Kowalewskas there was little hope. They were advised to take their pet home to familiar surroundings, where he could end his final hour on this earth in whatever peace that feeble man can muster.

Marion Kowalewska is not a large, muscular man. He's an artist, and he purchased a home away from most people so that he could pursue his chosen career in quiet.

But he carried the huge Tygrys from the pet hospital to his car. And when he arrived at his home he carried Tygrys bodily into the living room and placed him on the couch.

All that Sunday night the animal thrashed in his terrible pain. Whenever Kowalewska straightened up as if to leave, Tygrys would shudder... as if he could not bear the terror of his passing alone.

Marion Kowalewska stayed with Tygrys. Julia Kowalewska poured cups of tea for her husband... cups that remained untouched during the vigil.

What does one think of as an agonized pet tries to cradle its head in your arms?

Kowalewska thought grimly of the despicable snake in human form that had poisoned his dog. He wondered if there could possibly be a newspaperman who would convey his story to other people. He also thought of a writer named O. O. McIntyre, a newspaperman whose own dog died in his arms.

What had McIntyre written in his column the following day? It was something like this:

"Take care, stranger. The man plays a fool who would dare Give his heart to a little dog To rag... and tear."

At least it was something like that. We don't remember the exact wording.

Tygrys' head became heavy in the arms of Marion Kowalewska just as the first hint of grey dawn began seeping in through the living room windows.

Kowalewska could hear people starting their cars in the distance. They were getting ready to go to work.

The world was awakening. There were things to be done. He gently lifted the dog's head from his lap. The long night was over. Tygrys was gone.

1955 CHRISTMAS CLUB

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