

EDITORIALS

Now! Whoop it Up!

Torrance residents have every reason today to "blow the lid" off things with the announcement that their city has been selected an All-America city — a nation-wide honor.

The recognition by a prominent panel of jurors that Torrance has met and surmounted one of the greatest municipal problems—that of an explosive growth—with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of confusion is a source of pride for every resident now living in the city.

It was those residents and groups of residents who made the award possible.

Tribute to the many organizations and groups which have worked hard during the past decade to make Torrance a good city along with its growth into a big city will be paid by city, county, and state officials during the next few weeks.

And The HERALD takes a modest pride in the part it has played in the development of the city through the years under its former publisher, Grover C. Whyte, and since 1954 under its present publisher, King Williams.

Selection of The HERALD earlier this year as winner of a state-wide judging for general excellence has added to the national awareness of Torrance, and probably was considered in the final All-America judging.

The HERALD would like to say "thanks" to all of the school children, all homeowners' groups, service clubs, and other groups who have worked to win the award for Torrance.

And a special "thanks" should go to those who planned and worked to put Torrance in a position to share this national honor: To former Mayor J. Hugh Sherfey and his colleague, Councilman Albert Jackson, whose leadership here laid the groundwork for the growth which has taken place here; to former Councilman George C. Powell, now planning director for the city; former Mayor Bob Haggard; Councilman Harvey Spelman Jr., former Mayor Mervin M. Schwab and Councilman Ed Karlow; and to the present City Council, Albert Isen, Willys Blount, Victor Benstead, Nick Draie, and Bob Jahm.

The city's thanks should go also to an efficient city administration headed by City Manager George Stevens.

It's a great feeling to be part of an All-America city, and The HERALD is proud of the part it played in reporting the developments of the city through the years.

The honors announced today, however, belong to everyone, so go out and whoop it up. You've earned it.

Equity in Retailing

Unionism acts wisely and usually effectively when of its responsible elements take the initiative in cleaning up a situation that is basically unfair to competitors who employ union labor.

Strong condemnation of discount stores, allegedly owned or sponsored by unions, recently was voiced in an article appearing in the Southern California Teamster, official organ of the Joint Council of Teamsters, Local 42.

The Torrance store, specifically mentioned in the Teamsters' publication, has been a source of irritation to local retailers including automobile dealers who represent a very important source of revenue to the City of Torrance and to the general welfare of the community.

Justifiably, we think, they have at least a moral case against this method of retailing. So far as we know, there is nothing illegal about the operation of a discount house and we don't presume to know the extent to which any union directly is interested in the one in question in Torrance.

We do know, however, that this and every other city wants to see every retailer competing on a parity, at least as far as the ground rules are concerned.

THE MAIL BOX

The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of fact and good taste. Letters should be kept brief and must be signed. The writer's name will be withheld if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of the Torrance Herald.

A Winner Reports
Mr. King Williams,
The Torrance Herald:
I want to thank you very much for choosing my letter as one of the winners in the Santa Claus letter contest.

I bought myself new clothing for Christmas and a gun holster set with the \$15 certificate.

So, again I'm thanking you all very much.
ALEX BENDER JR.
16910 Ainsworth

Annexation Reply
Editor, The Torrance Herald:
I was thoroughly amused, and somewhat bewildered, at Torrance's present bid to annex portions of the Palos Verdes Hills and most of Lomita.

After the "cold war" 18 months ago when the city was asked by the Great Lakes Carbon Corp. to annex 9000 acres of uninhabited area and the plan met with such furor from the adjacent residents, it seems implausible that the Torrance city fathers would want to pour fuel onto a still-smoldering fire.

The city of Torrance cannot offer this area anything but "local" administration, and I cannot feel that this is more important than providing good every day municipal services, which we now have.

The county fire department has three fire stations within three miles of here and offers excellent service at a reasonable tax rate. Our insurance premiums reflect this.

ROBERT S. THOMPSEN
Rolling Hills



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: My husband is a fireman. I don't worry about him when he goes out on fire calls. It's what goes on during those leisure hours that worries me.

It's become a common practice for cheap girls to hang around firehouses. A certain girl is at my husband's firehouse all hours of the night and day. Whenever I phone she's there. They always sound like they're having a great time.

I'm not the only wife who's fed up. I know one woman who made her husband transfer from three different firehouses. Another wife went to the fire commissioner's office to complain of this disgraceful situation.

Most firemen have daughters of their own. If they ever hung around a firehouse these same men would throw a fit. Please, Ann, what can a fireman's wife do to protect her home against these tramps?—Mrs. E.H.

There will always be tramps—and the supply is usually equal to the demand. They can be found not only around firehouses, but anywhere you care to look.

Is there a law against women visiting firehouses? If so, the law should be enforced. If there is no such law, and your fireman's wife thinks that such a law would help, why not organize and get one through?

In the final analysis, you can't legislate faithfulness and good judgment. Law or no law, it's up to the man to decide whether or not a cheap trollop can capture his interest. If you can't trust your husband at the firehouse, can you trust him in a burning building?

Dear Ann: My wife and I had an argument. She insists when the woman in the combination drives the car while her husband sits beside her it's a sure tip-off that she's in the driver's seat figuratively as well as literally. My wife says you'll back her up, Ann.

I say this is sheer poppycock. What's your verdict? Please know \$20 is riding on your answer. I'm betting you'll agree with me—Baldy.

Hate to desert a "sister" but I'm with you, Baldy. When a woman drives and her husband sits beside her it can mean:

- (a) She likes to drive,
- (b) He doesn't,
- (c) He's tired,
- (d) She isn't,
- (e) Doctor's orders.

Dear Ann Landers: I'm 14 years of age. My mother is 42. Everything I do I get yelled at. My life is fine until my baby brother came along. My troubles began that very day and it's getting worse all the time.

My father and I get along fine but Ma hollers at me from the minute I get up in the morning until I collapse at night. Sometimes I hear her yelling in my dreams.

Do you think if I left home she'd appreciate me? Or would this just mean my little brother would get 100 percent of the attention instead of 99 percent? Please help me.—S.B.

Your baby brother is getting the same treatment you got when you were his age. You don't need this kind of attention any longer and he does.

Ask your father to suggest that Ma get a physical check-up. She's at an age when life things (about 14 years old) could make her nervous. Doctors have some wonderful new drugs that could help her. Unpack and try to be helpful and maybe she won't yell so much.

CONFIDENTIALLY: Eternally Tired: You need more help than I can give in the column. Name and address, please.

Smart Cookie: You're TOO smart, Cookie. Don't look for miracles or you'll be prematurely broke.

Lady In Love: This isn't love. Simmer down and get to know the fellow. These tactics will scare him to death.

Unhappy Newlyweds: Live on what you make and don't accept handouts from "the folks." Gratitude is often a very heavy load.

(Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper. Copyright, 1956, Field Enterprises, Inc.) Distributed by Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

Extra lanes will be added soon to parts of our freeway system. This has its advantage. It will get you to the traffic jam up ahead much faster. . . . Housewife in my neighborhood recently went on a strict diet and lost 40 pounds. Faced with the necessity of buying a complete new wardrobe of clothes at a time when she could least afford it, the ingenious housewife abandoned her diet, regained the 40 pounds, and is now wearing her old clothes in complete happiness.

Today's newspaper headlines: "Married Men Live Longer Than Single Men." This is not true! It only SEEMS longer.

Sign on a private road leading to a huge mansion: "Psycho-path."

I can remember wiping lipstick off the back of my hands. That's the only place the girls would kiss me—the back of my hands.

Typical Hollywood story. They were married. He was 58 and she was 18. She called him "Daddy," and she meant it!

Betty Brown Eyes and I were discussing a multi-millionaire. She brushed him off casually with which I enjoyed her: "Be careful! You are talking about the man I wish I had his money!" . . . There was this plush, expensive and extravagantly built nightclub and the owner was winning and dining all his friends on opening night. Which reminded me that this fellow would be smart to count his friends at his opening.

Did you hear about the driver of a big tow-tank gas truck who drove into a service station and said to the attendant: "Fill 'er up!"

Whatever happened to yellow fog lights for automobiles? They never did any good. . . . On the way to Palm Springs, we came to a fork in the road which split two ways while an overhead freeway sign read: "Banning—60-70-99." A 7-year-old boy in our car took a quick look at the sign and yelled at his father who was driving: "Hurry up, dad! Make up your mind!"

In our town, a new hotel opened this week. It features a lobby with its own floors, a private banquet room for army privates, and a ballroom with murals by Harlan Tipper, London's best known chimney sweep. Last night, we honored our club president with the works, and the toasting fluids flowed freely. After nine drinks, our president was feeling so gay we had to introduce him to his wife.

Then along came the fellow who had broken his glasses, so he made an appointment with the optometrist, got to town a couple of hours early, so stopped off at a nearby tavern. When he got his glasses a week later, he found he couldn't see a thing through them until he returned to the tavern and captured that spirit he was in when his eyes were examined.

Had to do it all over again.

Overheard: There's a fellow who's going places. . . his wife's out of town.

Our friend Barney Glazer reported in about this time saying he had been reading a national magazine and for the life of him couldn't figure out what the editor had rejected.

It was also Barney who reported that Las Vegas is the only place he knew where a man could make a small fortune over night—out of a big one.

Anyway, that's the way it went all year. We presume that human nature won't change, and we'll have some foible to pass along as 1957 moves along.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

About this time of the year, editors begin compiling lists of the year's outstanding news events, historical trends, and top features which marked their year of work.

Not to be outdone by the rest of them, I have gone to considerable effort to compile what I think were the year's best stories as told in Torrance.

If you disagree, don't call me—I'll call you.

First, there was Charley Gotts who came along and defined a classic as something everyone wanted to say he'd read—but which nobody wanted to read.

Then there was Don Hitchcock's story about the carnival troupe which visited Canada last summer with a new set of rules: Indians of the area who had previously been admitted to the carnival grounds free, were to be charged the regular admission fee. The night before the carnival was to open the Indian population gathered on the street in front of the entrance and went into a real, honest-to-goodness rain dance. It rained for five days and nights.

The new rule: Indians admitted free.

About that time Atty. Dudley Gray of Gardena, a Torrance subdivider, and a colleague, Atty. Daniel Bloomgarden, received speeding tickets. Each represented the other in court, with Bloomgarden getting his dismissed and Gray paying.

"I can only conclude that my colleague had the better lawyer," Gray said as he dug up the \$10 fine.

And Barbara Jean, who works in an all-night cafe, reported her husband tried to call her at 4:30 one morning to see if she wanted him to come pick her up.

"Hello, is it foggy there?" her mate inquired when someone answered the phone.

"This is a helluva time to call about the fog," some irate phone subscriber growled as he slammed down the phone.

Wrong number.

Don Perkins passed along the drink of the year—half Pepsi and half Energine. It not only hits the spot, it removes it!

Bob Thompson discovered that old soldiers don't fade away. He'd just tried to put on his World War II uniform.

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AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

The holiday season each year is a great event for this reporter. It is the only few days of the year that I can truly call my own. Some 500 lectures a year here and abroad . . . prevent me from taking normal liberties with time. It's a hard but a very stimulating and rewarding schedule.

Tonight after hours I'm sort of catching up with myself and reflecting upon the inward things that most of us neglect during a busy year. Some of the things we believe . . . we feel and we try to live by. Our faith in the goodness of man . . . our gratitude for freedom and free choice. Our faith in our institutions. Our faith in our "righteousness." Our faith in God, by whatever name, by whatever spiritual belief. Our faith in the spirit of giving . . . in money, service, in human compassion. Our faith in our homes, our families, our children and the children of the neighbor across the street. America is different in so many ways from much of the world. Human life is priceless in this country . . . it is not so in all the world I cover. As I stop and reflect on these and other things, I am deeply grateful for my country and more grateful to those who sacrificed so much to make it and keep it great.

I BELIEVE THIS HOLIDAY SEASON . . . That life is a big hurdle of little things. I believe that neither poverty nor riches ever listen to reason.

I believe to be loved is more important than to love. I believe that gifts of the heart are infinitely more important than gifts of the store. I believe the best definition of character is to say "no" to yourself.

I believe some people heap together the mistakes of their lives and then create a monster and call him . . . fate.

I believe there is little difference between one man and another, but that little difference is infinitely important.

I believe there are folks who traveled all over the world and all they tell you is how much it cost them.

I believe we should not sell ourselves short, because others do it constantly.

I believe a house without children are like banks without money.

I believe if we want our children to be brought up right, we should get eight hours sleep each night.

I believe a man may be the brains of the house, but a woman is the soul of the team.

I believe faults are constantly present when love is absent.

I believe perfection is not essential to either friendship, happiness or love.

I believe death delivers his first warning with the first gray hair.

I believe to be popular we must remember it's always the other person who has the unusual grandson.

I believe when you speak from your heart, your lips don't have to move.

I believe happiness is the merger of head, heart and hands.

I believe people still sing "God-Bless America" and still leave it all to God.

I believe you can never send a man to the junk pile on the testimony of a calendar.

I believe no nation is as uniform as its military uniforms make it appear.

I believe God does not ask about our ability or inability . . . but our availability.

I believe we see things not as they are, but as we are.

I believe if a person has the right to complain when there is little or nothing to complain about, he's living in America.

I hate war because I could not find the four freedoms among the corpses of our dead.

I believe children's so-called "comic-books" today are like weeds growing among the flowers of literature and choking the rich foliage of beauty and imagination.

I believe it's easier to tussle with the wrath of nature than the wrath of human nature.

I believe if you wish to appear agreeable to your friends, you must consent to be taught many things you already know.

I believe this is a good time of the year to recall that the Prodigal Son did not begin to think until his money ran out.

I believe economy is the greatest source of revenue.

I believe we need more men who continue to love the people between political campaigns.

I believe when you count your blessings regularly, you discover that you have a lot more than you figured.

I believe happiness has a way of sneaking through a door which we didn't know we left open.

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ

Christmas, they say, is for kids.

That's me. Just a big kid. All year long when my wife asked me what I wanted for Christmas, I kept telling her I wanted an electric train. I didn't think she'd take me seriously, but on Christmas, I found out differently. She did. I am now the proud owner of an electric train.

Maybe it's undignified to say this, but I haven't enjoyed anything so much since I got a bicycle for my 10th Christmas. In a way, it seems as if there ought to be some excuse for a supposedly grown-up individual to have an electric train. My father was more cagey about it. He waited until I was 3 before he got me one.

Anyway, I, my brother-in-law, and the little boy next door who wanted a train but got a bicycle instead had a delightful Christmas day making the engine and four cars zoom around the 10 feet or so track.

There's something fascinating about watching an electric train wind its way through the mazes of track. Men get beyond the toy truck and fire engine stage, but few of them ever get past the electric train stage. There's a whole club of men here in Torrance who do nothing but build small trains and the scenery which goes with them.

It's hard to say just what's so fascinating about the tiny engines, minute replicas of real cars, and small stations, houses, loaders, switches, and other railroad equipment.

Maybe it's the escapism in all of us that makes us imagine we are speeding on our way to somewhere, as we watch the imitation smoke pour from little engines which are really just traveling in circles. Maybe we'd really like to hop aboard a real train and travel wherever it took us.

Maybe it's the creative urge which allows us to make a little world just the way we want it, all constructed around the tiny train.

Maybe it's the feeling of power we would get if we were behind the controls of a real locomotive. Maybe the little engines are as close as we would ever get to the real thing.

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