

John Peter Zenger

The trial of John Peter Zenger in 1735 on charges of printing seditious libel and his acquittal marks the birth of freedom of the press on the North American continent—a freedom the press has never lost and that is now embedded in our constitution.

John Peter Zenger was born in 1697 in Germany and came to America with his family at the age of 13. His father died en route. For eight years John was apprenticed to William Bradford, printer to the King in New York. In 1725 John formed a partnership with Bradford which lasted only a year and in 1733 started his own newspaper with the help of Justice Lewis Morris and other influential members of the Popular Party.

This newspaper, "The New York Weekly Journal," printed the truth and the facts as written by John's wife and many important men. The paper took a firm stand against the corrupt governor, William Cosby, and helped elect new aldermen from the Popular Party.

In 1734, only one year after commencing publication, John was arrested for printing seditious libel. His papers were publicly burned. He refused to tell names of men who wrote for the Journal. He was held in jail for 10 months before trial, unable to raise bail. His wife continued publishing the paper and thus became the first woman publisher.

At his trial, John was defended by aged but brilliant Andrew Hamilton of Philadelphia, who first propounded the theory that if published matter was true it could not be libelous. In 1735 John was acquitted and the following year published "A Brief Narrative of the Case and Trial of John Peter Zenger."

The trial set the course for a free press in the English colonies and proved that any newspaper has the right to print the truth about any government officer's official act. In 1737 John Peter Zenger was made public printer for the colony.

Freeway Needs

Members of the Inter-City Highways Committee this week prepared to take strong action to gain what they call a fair share of the millions of dollars being expended in Southern California for freeways.

Representing the cities of Torrance, Redondo Beach, Manhattan, Hermosa, El Segundo, and Palos Verdes Estates, the officials made plans to press their demands for help in solving the traffic situation in the area by sending representatives to Sacramento to the March meeting of the State Highway Commission, and by buttonholing Supervisors, Assemblymen, and other officials wherever found.

The committee has a good point. There is not a mile of freeway serving any of the communities although aircraft industries are concentrated in the area, steel mills, refineries, and chemical plants employing thousands and thousands put a heavy burden on the inadequate road system of the entire southwest County area.

Estimates of the State on completion of the San Diego freeway through here have been about five years from now. In the meantime, freeway construction in areas serving lighter traffic are being rushed, presumably because of the political pressure is on.

All resources to speed construction of the San Diego Freeway should be utilized.

Every city, organization, and group should let the California Legislature and the State Highway Commission know that work of freeways in this area is needed badly.

Without the freeways, this area will be an isolated island of hundreds of thousands of people.

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ

There's nothing funnier than some of the commercials on TV. They're even better than some of the comedies.

Take the sappy grins on the faces of some of the actors who plug cigarettes. They light up and disappear for a moment in a cloud of exhaled smoke. Then, as the haze clears, the face appears again, grinning from ear to ear as they study the little tag. Let me clue you in, however. They're not smiling about the cigaret. They're thinking about the money they get for grinning as they do.

The same goes for the people who drink coffee on TV. Nobody that I know ever wears expressions like the people who do plug certain brands of coffee. What person looks like a young swain whose proposal has just been accepted when he drinks a cup of coffee?

How about the kiddies and mosmies who rhapsodize over a bowl of breakfast food? That early in the morning, who can see what he's eating?

What I want to know is: What person can wax enthusiastic over Coughy Cigarettes, Keep-You-Awake Coffee, or a bowl of Munchie-Scrunchies?

I like the cartoons, where Mr. Magoo or odd little characters wander out and do tricks while they ballyhoo some product or other, but these grinning idiots who slobber over a tag or a cup of java oughta go.

I felt like cheering one night when the lovely who was plugging a certain type of icebox found herself unable to get the darn thing open after proclaiming how easily it responded to the touch.

Or the announcer who was seen spitting out a mouthful of beer that he had just consumed for the benefit of the TV audience. The cameraman goofed.

Or the cutie who was petting her lovely blond locks, saying, "And to look like this, all you need to do is buy uh-uh-uh!" Finally, after looking to her prompter, she managed to recall what product it was that made her so lovely. That was the last time I ever saw her on TV.

Then there was the baseball announcer who swigged a goodly portion of beer between each inning of the game. Tragically for him, the game went into extra innings—and wasn't settled until the 15th inning. By that time, the announcer was reeling.

"Shay, folks, you oughta see this game. It's terrific, simply sensational!"

Kids, animals, and odd little cartoon characters are still the best gimmicks to catch the TV-watcher's eye.

I have my own little system in buying, however. I buy the products whose advertisements annoy me and boycotts the ones whose ads make me head for the other room. Maybe that doesn't hurt the manufacturer much, but it makes me feel better. Rah for Mr. Magoo.



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: I'm depending on you to come to the rescue before our happy home falls apart. Don't let me down.

I'm 47 but look younger. My wife is 45 (but looks older). I've met a bunch of fellows in their early 30's, some bachelors, some newly married. We've been double-dating and having great fun together. My wife complains because she can't keep up with them. The only dances she knows are the slow ones and she says the late ones are knocking her out.

The girls seem to go for me, and naturally I love it. I haven't had so much attention in years. My cousin's little girl who is 24 is very affectionate and my wife is actually jealous of this kid. She says we're not to double date with her any more. Can you get over it, Ann? Please give me some advice FAST!

—FUN-LOVER. —O.K. Dad, here's the advice and I'm typing as FAST as I can. I can get over it, all right . . . and you'd better, too. This affectionate "little girl" of 24 is no kid; she's a grown up woman. If your wife feels the climate is getting too warm for comfort, respect her wishes.

Whooping it up with a gang 15-years younger than yourself may be flattering to the ego but it's hard on the nerves. Maybe YOU don't feel it, but the ol' pump knows you're pushing 50. Take it easy—you may not have as much fun but you'll be around to have it longer.

Dear Ann: I'm 18 and in serious trouble. The man who is responsible is a successful stock-broker. He was lovely to me until I told him the news. Now he won't accept my telephone calls and pretends to be out of town.

My girl friend says I can make him marry me but I don't want to be tied to a man who's trying to ditch me. All I'm interested in is getting medical expenses and support for my fatherless child.

How can I do this, Ann? —DECEIVED. —There's no such thing as a "fatherless child." Every child has a father, even though sometimes the father isn't married to the mother. If you can't afford a lawyer, contact Legal Aid and they will help you.

Dear Ann: Please don't throw this letter in the waste basket. This is no joking matter and I need help as bad as any of the alcoholic husbands or cheated-on wives.

I'm a boy 14 years old and my mother insists on waving my hair every night. If I won't sleep in a hairnet she refuses to give me lunch money. My father died when I was little and I have no sisters or brothers to stick up for me. Please, Ann Landers, can you help? —JOHN-NIE C. If your mother realized

what she was doing to you, she'd cut it out. Tell her at once that you want a crew cut and make it plain you mean business.

A r has no right to inflict waves and a hairnet on a 14-year-old boy. If she refuses to give you lunch money, get a job after school or carry papers. Earn your own lunch money and be sure to save some for haircuts—real short ones.

Dear Ann: There's nothing flashy about my problem but I hope you'll help me with some advice. Frankly, I don't know who else to ask.

How can we stop a ham radio operator who cuts in on our TV programs night and day? We know who this character is and have tried to talk to him nicely, but it does no good. Several of us

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

This gallery has a diamond ring for sale. The price is one million dollars, but don't let that worry you. The price includes the tax.

I have my first fan letter for 1957 at hand. It reads: "Dear Mr. Glazer: I have never met you in person but every time I read your column my feet swell."

He was drunk and he asked the bartender where the men's room was. "Go out that door and turn to the right," directed the bartender. A few minutes later, there was a resounding crash. The bartender rushed out into the hallway and gasped. The inebriated customer had walked into an open elevator shaft! Looking down, the bartender observed the man lying flat on his back two stories down. "Are you alright?" yelled the bartender. "Yeah, I'm okeh," replied the man, "but for goodness sake, don't flush it!"

When we're young, we have the ability to enjoy things without the opportunity. When we're old, we have the opportunity without the ability to enjoy them.

Take any man who admits he finally sees eye to eye with his frau. What he really means: his vision has been corrected.

Who says a nickel won't go a long way? I've carried one for 3000 miles and I can't find anything it will buy.

Two women were talking cat talk. One lady: "He wants to marry me and make me happy." Second lady: "Which did you decide to do?"

have attempted to reason with him but now that he knows he's annoying us it's worse than ever. Is there anything we can do? —ANN-NOYED TV FANS.

Write to the Federal Communications Commission. It may be listed in your local phone book. If there is no local office, send it to Washington, D. C., and give the offender's name and address. If he's operating without a license, he's in trouble. If he has a license, he could lose it for this kind of abuse.

CONFIDENTIALLY: "DONE FOR." If you stick around for any more of this abuse you'll earn your signature. Anyone who tolerates such punishment must enjoy it.

(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 for return.) (C) 1957, Field Enterprises, Inc.

Hillbilly and his wife sat on the porch rocking. Hillbilly: "Landy, you're a-wearin' yourself out. Whyn't you rockin' with the grain?"

She stood there in her strapless, low-cut evening gown. "Wish I didn't have to go to the party," she said to her husband. "I'm awfully tired." Her husband suggested: "So don't go. Just put something on and go to bed."

People who live in glass houses shouldn't peek in at other people who live in glass houses.

There was this picture of a beautiful blonde hanging in the postoffice with the notice: "Wanted. \$1000 Reward." Underneath, an observing citizen had scribbled in large letters: "I'll offer \$1500."

Sid Hoenig tells this boxing story. The punch drunk fighter was describing his last bout: "I hit him with a left, then a right, and another left, and another right, and the poor slob almost fell off his stool."

Jack Dempsey tells about the husband who beat up his wife daily for three years. When the bruised and battered woman finally complained to the police, the husband shouted: "Don't listen to her. She's punch drunk."

In my home, I have an automatic cooker, dishwasher, laundrymat, floor waxer and vacuum—my wife.

If the winter is dreary, cold and lonesome, why not use the special Glazer System for Making Winters Pass Quickly? Just sign a promissory note due in the spring.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Jack and Mary Webb, popular Riviera couple, were brought up short the other evening while viewing that classic horror film, "King Kong," on television. Their young son, after watching about half of the movie on the family TV set, piped up: "How come they put out such good pictures in your day, mother?"

Referring to 1935 as "your day" nearly ruined their evening, Jack claimed.

Fire Marshall Bob Lucas could well be a candidate for the realist of the month with the following ditty he has posted on his office wall:

As I sat musing, Alone and melancholy And without a friend, There came a voice Out of the gloom saying, "Cheer up, things could be worse." So I cheered up, And sure enough, Things got worse.

Know what day of the week it was when you were born? I'll bet a toofer a nickle stogie that 9 out of 10 people don't. I didn't until this week when I finally got curious enough to look it up—'twas Friday. If you'd like to know, just get your hands on a world almanac, look up the ready reference calendar, spend a few minutes trying to figure out how it works, and there you are.

If you are an old-timer, for example, and were born on Feb. 23, 1894, that was Friday, too. Or, if you're still in the Jeans set, say, and were born July 9, 1942, that was Thursday.

Insurance can be more than a safety factor with some people, according to one special agent we were talking to the other day.

He cited a story heard in hundreds of variations whenever insurance men get to talking. A fire insurance company was perplexed by a case on its records and dispatched this letter to the policyholder:

"Your fire insurance policy No. A-163-A-89309 became effective with our company at 12 midnight, Aug. 11, 1956. Your place was destroyed by a fire which started at 4:30 a.m. that day. Please explain the delay."

And, according to this agent, it has happened about that way.



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AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

As our nation's course is being charted for the new year, it appears an appropriate time to sharpen our ethnological definitions so we can better define our course and limitations over the world's conference tables in months ahead. For entirely too many Americans misinterpret or misunderstand our Constitution and the fundamental reasons and principles which guided our forefathers to word and adapt it as they did in 1787. One confusion results from the interpretation of whether America is a "Democracy" or a "Republic." The confusion is increased by references in the United Nations of "Russian democracy" by Communists spokesmen. Does this mean that there are different kinds of "democracy," or are the Communists perpetrating another deception to confuse and divide us? It's a little of both.

"Democracy" originated in ancient Greece and the word is derived from the Greek, "demos" (people) and "krates" (authority). The seeds of "democracy," as applied to our modern world, were sown in England back in 1215 when King John signed the Magna Carta. King John signed it against his will because rulers and dictators have always been reluctant to give up their power to the people. In this case the English people fought their rulers for over 400 years before the Magna Carta was made to stick. This occurred when Sir Edward Coke, speaker of the House of Commons in the 1600's, declared that "all royal proclamations were contrary to law and therefore not binding." That's how England became the cradle of modern democracy later on it was English reluctance to allow "democracy" to function in the American colonies that resulted in the Revolutionary war and the setting up of the original 13 colonies in America in 1781.

We hear the word "democracy" used just as frequently behind the Iron Curtain as we hear it at home. As a matter of fact, when the word, "democracy," it accepted in its original pure form, it comes closer to interpreting a Communist-way-of-life than it does our own. And here lies the first confusion about "democracy" among many Americans. When we hear Communists refer to "democracy," they apply an ancient accepted interpretation, which actually meant, "rule by the masses of the people." So the Communist translation of "democracy" is "rule by the masses," with the supreme power of government supposedly retained by the masses, or the majority of the people, and exercised directly. But this has not been true in any Communist country thus far. The truth is that under so-called "Communist-democracy" the power is in the hands of ruthless dictators and not the people, as it is supposed to be.

When we use the word "democracy," we mean a form of "American-democracy" which, while still a government of the majority of the people, exercises its power only through a system of representation, or "representative-democracy." The Communist "people-democracy" does not recognize the rights of more equal than others. Actually, in accordance with our minorities. Our "representative-democracy" is supposed to mean equality . . . but in practice what you see in Russia is that some people are understanding of any kind of "democracy" it just doesn't exist under Communism. If we use the words "representative-democracy," we come pretty close to understanding our meaning and interpretation of the American-way-of-life.

However, when you apply the word "representative" before "democracy," you actually have a republican form of government, or a "republic." And that's exactly what America is . . . a republic. After the Constitution was adopted in 1787 and George Washington was elected our

first president, we established the basis for our republic, through legislative, executive and judicial branches of government. But our troubles had just begun, for while the form of government was "republicanism," the purpose was "democracy" . . . and since democracy meant freedom of speech, the people launched constant attacks against their government. So by 1798 Congress adopted the "Sedition Act," imposing heavy penalties upon those who wrote or published, "scandalous or malicious" statements against the President or the Congress. This was short-lived, for 1800 the people voted Washington and Adams out of office in favor of Thomas Jefferson running under a new party called, "Democratic-Republican Party."

Jefferson never used the word, "democracy," and only occasionally the word, "republic," as there were considerable suspicions in both of these terms. "Democracy" was considered too radical . . . and "republic" was too close to the French revolution . . . The words "democratism" and "republicanism" frightened the American people then, almost as Communism frightens them today. It probably is the basis for our aversion to some words ending with "ism," even today.

James Madison set the pattern for our American republic in the "Federalist Papers" when he said: "A pure democracy can admit no cure for the mischiefs of faction. A common passion of interest will be felt by a majority, and there is nothing to check the inducements to sacrifice the weaker party. Hence, it is, that democracies have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property; and have, in general, been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths."

Our forefathers foresaw the dangers in a "pure-democracy," so they established our republic. A republic is a form of government which states that the laws would be made and administered by representatives who, directly or indirectly, are chosen by the people to protect the interests, not only of those who chose them, but the interests of those who did not choose them as well. In other words, the interest of ALL the people. The word "republic" means rule FOR ALL the people. But, it sets a limit to political power.

Under a democracy there is no such limit to political power. Under a republic there is a recognition by the government of the existence of certain private affairs over which the government has no, or little power. It also recognizes a sphere of personal or private life over which the government has absolutely no power at all.

The wisdom of our forefathers in setting up our republic in the Constitution was infinite, although many attempts have been made, even as recent as the 1940's, to define us as "a pure democratic form of government." We are a "democratic form of government" so long as we function under a republic, instead of under a democracy. In the structure of our republic our forefathers again foresaw the possibility of human frailty and established the division of power in our three branches of government. They knew that the President would be a human being, who might not, or could not, separate himself from his obligations to his political party and his greater obligations to ALL the people. So under our republic they established in the Constitution a method of checks and balances for the presidency through a Congress and a kind of referee through the Supreme Court. In other words, a government by law . . . not a government of the majority or the minority, but a government by LAW . . . FOR ALL THE PEOPLE. This our great Constitution serves as an impersonal restraint upon the fallible human beings who are to govern us and upon the equally fallible human beings who are to be governed.