

# EDITORIALS

## A Growing Importance

Growing importance of the southwest section of the county was emphasized again yesterday in the published reports of the County Regional Planning Commission and its quarterly estimates of population.

The 10 incorporated cities of the Torrance-Inglewood area were credited with a population of more than 312,000, and lends support to claims of area officials that the population is near the half million mark. To be added to the population of the incorporated cities is the population of Lawndale, Lennox, the Palos Verdes Peninsula, and other unincorporated areas in the southwest.

Also to be considered as part of the area is the Los Angeles Shoestring Strip adjacent to Torrance which has been credited with a population exceeding 13,000 by Los Angeles.

All of this population, made up largely of aircraft and industrial workers, engineers, electronics specialists, business, and professional people, makes up one of the Southland's most important working forces, and should be entitled to consideration at least equal to that of other areas.

A review of past events shows that the area has many times been passed over when the time came to "cut up the pie."

While the state and county has spent millions to improve attractions in the area which would encourage large numbers of Southland residents to visit the great southwest, very little has been done to accommodate the fearsome traffic problems which arise as a result.

No freeways have found their way into the southwest, major roadway expansion has been inadequate, and the area's 10 cities have been hard pressed to keep their own expanding road system acceptable.

Now that we have an All-America City in the southwest, let's join together to make it an All-America region.

## 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 libel 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.)

### Work at Home

Editor, Torrance Herald: Today, Torrance. Tomorrow, the world? Or, to put it another way, "Torrance uber alles"?

I noted with interest that Missionaries Benstead and Isen are in favor of "saving" the rest of the South Bay region with the "Torrance gospel." If it's that good, why waste on little cities like Redondo and Hermosa? What's the matter with Los Angeles? As one who has lived both in the sprawling giant, Los Angeles, and the smaller but growing city of Torrance, I am opposed to all this gliblytalk about "in strength there is power." There may be some grains of truth in all this, but there are a number of other disadvantages.

One of the chief of these is that the government gets too far away from the people. It's far enough away now in a city the size of Torrance. In Los Angeles, the citizen with a problem gets laryngitis

from explaining his troubles to several dozen clerks, none of whom can do anything but refer him to the next clerk on the seniority list. Government is just about as impersonal, and at times, unreasonable as it can be.

The Torrance missionaries who are aspiring for bigger things might better lift their sights a little more and aspire for better things — namely the improvement of what is here.

There are plenty of problems to be met now without asking for more.

T. WINGATE WETZEL.

### Likes Editorials

Editor, Torrance Herald: I like your editorials. The Torrance mayor need not take the glory for the growth of Torrance. We had the industries and space to draw people before he elected himself to or as mayor. —C.R. Torrance.

## That Run Down Feeling



## YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: Please don't discard this letter and write me off as a nut. I need some enlightenment and would appreciate your considered opinion.

I'm 26, fair build, and generally speaking, not a bad-looking guy. The problem is I'm getting baldier by the week. I've spent a fortune on stimulants, treatments, creams, pomades and every god-damn concoction imaginable. I'd be ashamed to admit the lengths to which I've gone attempting to restore my hair.

Now I'm considering a last resort which sounds promising, but my girl friend says it's absolutely wacky. I'm thinking about joining an experimental group. The theory is, since few women become bald, if we were to consume female hormones we would regain our hair.

It's being supervised by doctors so there's no danger of becoming ill. The hormones are from female monkeys. Do you think this experiment could produce something?—"8 BALL"

Dear "8 Ball": Only an increased interest in peanuts. Good luck. ☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ann Landers: Get out that wet noodle and give yourself 20 lashes. I read your answer to Starved Husband and it really got my dander up. Why do you work so hard protecting the male of the species? Why don't you ever give the women a break?

Stop putting things together and spelling "M-O-T-H-E-R" Ann. In many cases if you'd put the correct things together they'd spell "C-O-U-L-D H-U-S-B-A-N-D."

You can't have heat without fuel and some wives get tired of trying to supply everything. I know what I'm talking about because I'm one of those unfortunate women. After a while a wife gets to feeling it isn't worth the struggle so she just gives up. I did—long ago. Call me—THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

Dear Voice of Experience: The wet noodle stays on the shelf. Husbands aren't born cold. The emotional thermostat is set at an early age by whomever raised the guy.

If your husband is chilly it's a safe bet that early in life he fell into the hands of a cold woman instead of the arms of a warm and loving one.

P.S. What's your mother-in-law like? ☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ann Landers: I'm engaged to marry a fine man whose wife died and left him with two children. I'd like to know if I should live in the same house where he lived with his first wife, sleep in the same bed, use the same dishes, furniture and so on. Also, should the children call me Mother? If not, what

should they call me? We've never discussed these things and I'm truly in the dark. Please supply the answers to these rather important questions.—J. W.

What have you two been talking about anyway? These "rather important" questions are vital to your future happiness and should have been discussed long ago.

Whether or not you "live in the same house and so on" should depend on your feelings. If you'd be uncomfortable every effort should be made to start your married life in a new place assuming it's financially possible.

If money is tight, your willingness to fit into the setting that exists would be a real demonstration of maturity.

The children should be taught to call you Mother if they're pre-school age. If they're older, but want to call you Mother it would be

a nice compliment. However, avoid strain. Your first name would do just as well and don't make an issue of it.

Dear Ann: My wife read the letter in your column about the woman who dreamed her husband was unfaithful and wanted to haul him down to the police station for a lie-detector test. She said, "Aren't some women crazy?"

Yes, she's the same woman who accused me for years of having a sweetheart because I kept a razor at the factory and shaved sometimes before coming home. Some women ARE crazy, aren't they, Ann? —I. W. J.

Yeah . . . and some men, too. If all it took to keep her happy was to shave at home . . . why didn't you?

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

## GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

You're really getting old when opportunity knocks and you call the police to complain about the noise.

Two radio men went to the Los Angeles International Airport to make recordings of control tower operations. An old sidewalk superintendent with nothing else to do stood by watching curiously. For 30 minutes, the radio, struggled and perspired while they hauled 360 pounds of equipment up nine flights of narrow stairs to the tower. Their job completed, they plumped down, wheezing and gasping, to recuperate. The aged S. S. approached and said: "Say, didn't you fellows use the freight elevator on the outside of the building?"

Whatever happened to Dagwood and Dagmar?

A television actor played in a scene with a band of real Cheyenne Indians. He was asked later: "How did you like working with real Indians?" and he replied: "It was awful. Those Indians acted just like wild kids."

When a customer asked a pharmacist for some advice, he was handed a box of pills with the instruction: "Swallow these." Next day the customer returned and complained: "It was tough swallowing those pills, especially the box, but they didn't do a thing for me." The druggist inquired: "Do you mean you swallowed all the pills at one time, including the box?" "Sure did," replied the customer. "Mister," rasped the druggist, "just wait until the lid comes off that box!"

After a pilot brought his plane in by the narrowest of squeaks, he was asked how he felt up there with death staring him in the face. He replied: "Oh, it wasn't too bad. I just slid aside a little and let God take over."

It was their seventh child. Her husband reached the hospital late. Anxiously, he rushed up to the waiting room but arrived just as his wife was being wheeled out of the delivery room. "It's our eighth child, John," she announced proudly, "but I'm worried terribly." "What's wrong?" gasped her terrified husband as he looked around desperately for a doctor. "I'm worried," replied his wife, "because I left our car parked in a loading zone."

He had been out all night. When he arrived home he gave no excuse. Unable to stand the suspense any longer, his wife shrieked: "What's your reason for coming home at 5 in the morning?" He replied calmly: "Breakfast."

He was a veteran cowboy and he wasn't feeling well. Said the doctor: "Friend, I think you can clear up your chest condition if you could arrange to sleep out of doors for a while." "I've been sleeping under an old covered wagon for years," drawled the cowhand, "so maybe I'd just better knock some of them spokes out of the wheels."

Middle age? That's when you don't give a good gosh darn what time you come home at night, just so long as you're in bed by 9 o'clock. Can you remember when the do-it-yourself fad used to be called whittling?

## The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Ever wonder how the telephone company handles all of those nickles and dimes it collects from the thousands of pay phones scattered around the area.

The Southern California Forum, published by the Merchants and Manufacturers Assn., took the trouble to look it up for us and they found out that the "small change" of the telephone collection boxes turns out to be tons of small change.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. figures the pay phones account for about 6 per cent of its total revenue, and that they pick up six to eight tons of coins each day. Counting is done by weight, however, not a nickle at a time.

Allowing an ounce or two for fair wear and tear, the company figures 44 pounds of nickles is worth \$200, 54.6 pounds of dimes is \$1000, and 54.9 pounds of quarters is worth \$1000.

The coin boxes are dumped into coin counting and assorting machines, and the count is entered on a slip for the particular telephone. Total coins are then weighed, and taken to the bank from which point they start their way all over into the phone box.

Slugs? Officials say it amounts to less than 20 cents per month per phone. And no wooden nickles.

Quick now! How many of you can hum the tune your neighborhood Good Humor truck plays on its daily rounds past your house? Must have heard it a thousand times.

Full impact of the All-America award to Torrance came to a younger member of a Walteria family suddenly this week when students in her class at school were given buttons proclaiming Torrance as an All-America City.

She could hardly wait to get home, the girl's father reported yesterday. The youngster broke into the house exclaiming:

"Hey, mommie! You know those letters we wrote last fall to make Torrance an All-America city? Well, we won."

Yesterday was not much different than a lot of Rose Parades in one aspect at least—it was cold out. Loveless riding in one float, entered by a woman's service group, was prepared for it, however. They wore long handed snuggles under their frilly white dresses. Or, so we were told later.

Credit for top entry in yesterday's parade will have to go to the Torrance YMCA. More than half a dozen huge truckloads of boys—must have been 400 of them, were entered. No other group or club came up with an entry like that.

### and I Quote



"Our town didn't have much get up and go—and if you did get up, there was no place to go!"—Herb Shriner.

"The Minute Men of today are those who can make it to the refrigerator and back with a sandwich while the commercial is on."—George Hart.

### Realtor Upset As Bold Thief Steals Flags

Loss of more than half a dozen custom made, red and white real estate flags from his office at 2468 Torrance Blvd. has Realtor Joe Burton hopping this week.

"These things cost me \$6 or \$7 apiece, and in the last 10 days, I've lost seven of them," he told the HERALD yesterday. They've been disappearing in broad daylight, he said.

## The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHIE

How's your memory for names? Not so hot? That's my trouble sometimes.

In my business, I meet lots of people, many of whom remember me better than I remember them. As a result, when they greet me like a long-lost brother on the street, I am sometimes nonplussed to remember who they are and where and how I met them. I try to judge by their expression whether I should be happy to see them or start running.

It's always better to be able to call somebody by name, as every good politician knows. Nevertheless, too few of us are blessed with memories which allow us to do that.

I happened to hear a talk by a memory expert the other day—one Orville H. Porter by name. Speaking at the local Lions Club, he demonstrated his prowess by naming each of the members of the club and his business after meeting them only at the luncheon.

It's mostly a matter of concentration on the name and association of something with it, he told the group. When meeting somebody, be sure you get the name right, repeat it, and gaze searchingly into the person's face, said he. Then, find out what he does and try to make some easy-to-remember association, sense or nonsense with the name.

Most of the time this theory, if practiced correctly works fine, but sometimes the associations can get you all mixed up.

For instance, if you met a fat woman named Force, you might picture her spraddled on a horse, remembering this rhyme, "Mrs. Force, who rides a horse." But, beware lest you call her Mrs. Horse—a not unlikely possibility.

Or, a friend of mine knew a lady named Mrs. Sielbinder. He could never remember this unlikely moniker, so he associated it with "Mrs. Sielbinder, the spellbinder."

Then, when he met her on the street, all he could think of was Mrs. Spellbinder. As every politician knows, the ability to remember names has won lots of votes. However, remembering the wrong name is often worse than not remembering any name at all, especially if it's an easy one.

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## LAW IN ACTION



**Curbed Giant**  
The world's mightiest law makers—the United States Congressmen and Senators—sit down each year to make laws.

But mighty though Congress is, the constitution won't give it certain powers:

1. Neither Congress nor anybody else can suspend the writ of habeas corpus (unless the public safety demands it during rebellion or invasion). All officers or others must obey a court and bring in anyone in their custody to see whether he is held lawfully.

2. Congress cannot pass "bills of attainder," special acts to punish anyone. Congress cannot by-pass the courts.

3. Congress cannot pass an ex post facto law—a law which makes an act a crime which was not one when done, or which punishes the offender more than called for when done.

4. Congress cannot tax exports from any state nor by regulation favor one state's ports over another's, nor make one state's vessels clear or pay duties to another state in order to enter.

Besides these denials from within, the constitution curbs Congress and the executive and judiciary in the amendments, especially the first ten.

Among other things, Congress cannot make a law, respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting its free exercise, or abridging the freedom of speech, of the press or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

The constitution also curbs the courts (for example, they cannot deny a person a fair

hearing duly represented by counsel). It curbs the executive (he cannot, for example, take private property for public use without just compensation).

The constitution, which divides the work of the three branches of government, winds up by telling where the rest of the power rests—just in case anybody gets any fancy ideas of dictatorship. There are things no state can do, for instance, "make or enforce any law which shall 'ridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the 'ited States.'"

If there are any powers not given to the United States government or reserved to the states, they belong to the people. The constitution does not seem to limit the people.

Note: California lawyers offer this column for you to know about our laws.

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