

EDITORIALS

Working for All

This is Chamber of Commerce Week, so proclaimed by Gov. Goodwin J. Knight and Mayor Albert Isen.

The week is set aside as an occasion for citizens of local communities to visit their Chamber of Commerce headquarters and to make a special effort to learn firsthand how these important organizations are working throughout the year in the public interest.

Too often the average citizen believes that a Chamber of Commerce is specifically an organization of businessmen united for the purpose of creating a favorable climate for themselves. To be sure, that was the original conception of the organization; but, over the years, services have been so expanded as to establish the Chamber as the heart center of all community life.

Proceeding on the premise that what is good for business and industry is good for the homeowner and the citizen at large, local Chambers have expanded their programs to the point where they are the clearinghouse for all north-while community activity.

Over the years the Torrance Chamber of Commerce has contributed importantly to the growth of the city. Today it is a dynamic organization of dedicated civic leaders united for the common welfare and committed to a program of making Torrance a fine place in which to live, work and play.

THE HERALD salutes our Chamber of Commerce and expresses the gratitude of the community to those whose dedicated service is pointing the way to the achievement of a balanced community.

Big Company—Big Heart

Again General Petroleum sets the pace in demonstrating a keen sense of responsibility to the community where its great refinery happens to be located. The gift of \$100,000 to the Little Company of Mary hospital virtually lays the cornerstone for the great new project so vitally needed in Torrance.

In its daily relations with its employees and with this community, General Petroleum is always in the vanguard of those industries who demonstrate a unique awareness of human needs. Torrance Memorial hospital often has been the recipient of G.P.'s largesse, most recently the gift of \$66,000 for the building expansion program now under way.

General Petroleum is also this city's largest individual taxpayer. This factor has not made the company reticent on needed bond issues and programs that have increased this burden. Noteworthy has been the company's support of the school system and the policy of permitting local officials to assume leadership within the community.

Torrance should be everlastingly grateful for the stroke of fate or initiative that brought General Petroleum to this city. Surely, here is an example of a very big company with a very big heart.



LAW IN ACTION

BAIL

Why does our law release a person accused of crime on bail?

Because our courts presume him innocent until they prove him guilty—at his trial.

Such a person can go free before his trial by putting up a sum set by the court, which he will give up should he fail to come to court.

Suppose he lacks the bail money. Then he may post a bond signed by two acceptable sureties, or he can put up his own real estate if his equity is worth twice the set amount.

In effect, by putting up bail the accused person promises under penalty of losing his money, not to run away but to appear for trial on time. A bondsman promises the court

that he will see that the accused appears, or the bondsman will give up the amount of the bail.

If the accused runs away to escape trial, his bondsman can sue after and arrest him to surrender him to the court.

In minor offenses, like traffic violations, most courts set



up a bail schedule (from \$1 to \$250) for various offenses, which the accused may deposit before going to court. In more serious offenses judges fix the bail in open court, when it arraigns the accused and informs him of his rights.

The constitution bans excessive bail since it would defeat the purpose of bail—not to punish a man until he has been proved guilty, and until then to give him the freedom he needs to prepare his case and work with his lawyer.

An accused person can take steps to have such bail reduced. The judge usually asks the district attorney to recommend the amount of bail. Should the attorney for the accused consider it excessive, he may ask that the sum be cut down. The judge makes the final decision as to what he considers reasonable and what at the same time will assure the accused's presence at the trial.

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

A Matter Of Defense



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: My girl friend and I have both been through the mill. Neither one of us is an angel and we understand each other perfectly. She was married and divorced twice. I've had one divorce and my second wife died three years ago.

We both like to drink but don't get me wrong. With us it's an art and nobody gets drunk. She can match me drink for drink without becoming sloppy. Do you think we could make a go of it together? I'm not madly in love but I sure appreciate a woman who enjoys the same things I do. My first wife nagged me about drinking until she almost drove me buggy. This gal is real regular and has never criticized me in the two years I've known her. I'll be watching to see what you say.

—No Hag Norman.

You two rounders aren't "companionable," you merely share a common falling. This is a poor basis for marriage.

Of course she can't criticize your drinking when she's doing the same thing. You mention nothing about the woman except her astonishing capacity for liquor. If this is her greatest achievement she'll make a poor companion for your old age.

You both need an uplifting influence to bring out the best in one another, not a boozing buddy with whom to flee reality. People who honestly enjoy each other's company find no need to develop the art of getting stiff together regularly.

Dear Ann: My son is 21 and in love with a girl 19. She's forever criticizing his table manners and telling him how to hold his silverware. Once when he accidentally spilled a cup of coffee on her old, worn-out suit she had a tantrum in a cafe!

The girl's mother is a snob and had a great deal to say about a dress I wore to my older son's wedding. She's been pushing this romance even though my boy is still in college, dependent on his father, has no job in sight and no money.

The girl has a well-paying position and is willing to keep working. I think this is the dullest romance I ever heard of. Will you please give these crazy kids some advice?

—MRS. K.M.

I haven't heard from "these crazy kids." If they want advice they know where they can find me.

But since you wrote, Mom, may I give you a few suggestions? Your son is of legal age and he doesn't need consent to marry. If the girl is willing to work while he finishes his education she's prepared to make sacrifices for their future. These kids sound "crazy" like foxes. Why don't you stop fighting this losing battle, Mother?

a perfectly wonderful guy. There are only two things wrong with him. He doesn't have a driver's license and he doesn't own a car.

We always have to depend on someone else to take us to the places we want to go. I'm pretty tired of this. When I mention it to him he only shrugs his shoulders. Can you give him a clue on how important it is for a fellow to own a car these days?

—J.P.J.

He probably doesn't need a clue—just money.

If the guy is "perfectly wonderful", consider yourself lucky to travel by ox-cart, dog-sled, pogo-stick, shoe-leather—anything that gets you where you want to go. What counts is the fellow and not whether he has four wheels under him. Brain up, Girl.

Dear Ann: My boy friend

and I went to the movies the other night. He had his arm around the seat I was sitting in. We weren't necking or anything like that, but he did whisper in my ear a few times.

The next day my girl friend's mother called my Mom. She was sitting behind us and we didn't know it. The story was we necked during the whole show. Now I can't date this boy again. Is this fair? Please save me, Ann.

Your Mom should trust you and accept your word. But your boy friend shouldn't endanger your reputation by putting his arm around the chair when it could easily look as if it's around you. If I "saved you" remember ALL the advice.

(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.)

Dear Ann: My boy friend



RUBBLE IN BUDAPEST . . . This photograph, taken by a friend of Anton Mester, Hungarian refugee, shows part of the devastation in Budapest as a result of the revolution. In the foreground is a member of the hated secret police, thrown from a window by Freedom Fighters. He is surrounded by rubble and Communist books and on his chest someone has placed a statue of Stalin. Budapest was a shambles, the refugees reported.

Refugees Amazed at Food, Automobiles in America

After red tape and confusion which delayed them for some time, two Hungarian refugees from Red tyranny got to Torrance Sunday to join Jacob Seibert and his family at 717 W. 214th St.

The new arrivals are Mrs. Janka Zental Seibert's sister-in-law, and Anton Mester, his cousin. Mrs. Zental's husband, Erno, is still at Camp Kilmer, N.J., under medical observation, since he had tuberculosis several years ago. His wife said that he was completely cured, however.



The local family was notified that the Monlars would arrive shortly after Christmas. The Seiberts, who own several apartments, prepared one for the family and received many donations of clothing and other goods from friends. The Monlars failed to arrive and for several weeks the Seiberts could not find out what had happened to them. Finally, they discovered that, for some reason, the Monlars had been sent to one of his relatives in Bethlehem, Pa.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Zental and Mester arrived at Camp Kilmer and the Seiberts were notified that they would arrive in Torrance last Saturday. They met the train, but could not find their relatives. A day later, they were informed that Mrs. Zental and Mester had arrived, but that Zental had been detained.

The new arrivals were amazed at the abundance of everything in America, particularly the food, and number of cars. Mrs. Zental said that she was so overjoyed at being able to eat anything she wanted that she has gained 20 pounds since she left her native country.

Both reported that they had not seen oranges or bananas in Hungary for more than 20 years.

The average person in Hungary has no car, and most people are within walking distance of anywhere they want to go. In Budapest, there are streetcars and other means of public transportation.

Modern versions, this one about George Washington by Bob Vincent. A man listened to his sons confession that he and his young friend had pushed the family's country-style Chic Sale privy down a steep hill. Whereupon, the father promptly walloped the daylight out of his wayward son. "But, dad," protested the youngster, "George Washington's father didn't spank him when he told the truth about chopping down the family tree." To which the father replied: "That's true, but George Washington's father wasn't sitting in the cherry tree when it was chopped down."

NEW LAND, NEW CLOTHES . . . Looking over the clothes which American families donated for their use are two Hungarian refugees who joined Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Seibert this week. Mrs. Janka Zental and Mrs. Seibert look over some of the dresses, while Seibert helps Anton Mester to try on one of the coats. The refugees reported that a man had to work a month in Hungary to buy a new suit and half a month for a pair of shoes.

with his bride of only seven weeks, who he sent to her parents after the fighting started. Mester was warned not to try to get in touch with his wife nor should Seibert try to get in touch with any of his other brothers and sisters for fear that some harm might come to them.

It was the first time that Seibert, who came to Torrance five years ago, had ever met his sister-in-law or his cousin, and he has not seen his brother since he himself left Hungary in 1925.

A veteran of the 1919-20 battles against the Communists in Hungary, Seibert and Mester traded stories about the revolutions then and now.

Mester was a tailor and costume maker for the theatre in Hungary, while Mrs. Zental was an actress. She reported that the productions put on there include older Russian plays and many outright Communist propaganda productions. These included such things as the trials and tribulations of a factory worker who failed to do his job as the Communists thought it should be done.

Hungarians make only barely enough to get by on, the pair reported. They are forced to spend one month's pay for Hungarian war bonds, which are virtually worthless. A suit costs a month's pay and a pair of shoes requires half a month's pay. A pig is one of the most valuable articles in Hungary today, the pair reported, and many families in the country and smaller towns are forced to keep the pigs in the house to prevent their being stolen. Whenever a pig is slaughtered, the government has to receive eight pounds of lard.

Every person who is not a member of the Communist party is suspected, they reported, particularly if he has a position of responsibility. Although churches are open, people who attend are watched closely and discriminated against. Mester said he went to a nearby district to be married to keep local Red authorities from finding that he had been married by a priest.

Hungarian fighting began because the demands of the people forced a slight liberalization in the government, they said. Hungarian leaders executed in 1949 were dug up and re-buried with honors and the government admitted that it had been wrong to kill them. The press demanded more freedom and demonstrations by the people were fired upon by the government, starting the revolution, the refugees said.

Delighted to be in America, Mester plans to seek tailoring work, while Mrs. Zental is awaiting her husband's arrival. A theater manager in Hungary, Seibert said that he would have to do what type of work he could find here. For the present, at least, the refugees will stay with the Seiberts.

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