

EDITORIALS

A Battle for Roads

Official representatives of South Coastal cities will appear before the California Highway Commission next Wednesday morning to press their demands for more freeway construction allocations for the area—an area of Los Angeles County which is threatened with almost complete traffic strangulation in the near future.

The representatives are armed with some frightening statistics about traffic and the ability of the area's roads and highways to carry that traffic.

Population figures prepared for the Commission will show that the area has recorded some fantastic growths during the past decade. Torrance has grown nearly 800 per cent; Westchester more than 2000 per cent; Manhattan Beach more than 100 per cent—and so it goes through all of the area covered in the survey.

During that same decade, there have been some street and highway improvements—but no major additions and no freeway construction.

Specifically, the delegation to Sacramento will ask that the San Diego Freeway, which will pass through north Torrance, be accelerated from Venice Blvd. to the Harbor Freeway interchange near 190th St. and Figueroa. They also will ask that the Harbor Freeway be completed southward from Los Angeles to Pacific Coast Hwy.

Emphasis will be placed on the thousands of aircraft, steel, and petroleum workers in the area roughly between Culver City and Long Beach who compete daily for road space which is getting more inadequate each week.

The Commissioners will be told about the new shopping centers being constructed and scheduled for the Torrance area, and about the huge harbor developments planned at Playa Del Ray and Redondo Beach. They will be reminded that much of the traffic to the great ports of San Pedro and Long Beach must pass through the area, and that some of the West's finest beaches are located in the area. Also that some of the West's most popular tourist attractions—such as Wayfarers' Chapel and Marineland—can be reached only by going through an area nearly devoid of an adequate road system.

Should the committee be most successful in Sacramento next Wednesday, don't expect to see construction crews here very soon—the committee is asking for funds in the 1958-59 highway budget. Present plans would place the area's freeways at least five years away, and could very likely be stretched to 10 years.

The work of this committee has been endorsed by the Torrance City Council and Chamber of Commerce, by other cities in the area, and by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors.

It is not too late for other organizations to add their strength to the campaign—just let your Assemblyman and Senator in Sacramento know you want the roadways.

If enough people make enough noise, someone will listen.

THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

His Friend Is Ailing

I've got a friend who goes nearly everywhere with me. Sometimes his rank ingratitude makes me want to dump him, but I found that I just can't get along without him.

That's the way of all friends, I guess. You get pretty irritated with them sometimes, but you've got to have them.

This particular friend and I were riding down the street the other day when suddenly he started emitting funny noises. Usually, he's just as normal as anything, but he sounded as if he were going to come apart at the seams.

I rushed him to the nearest hospital, where a white-coated doctor (with dirty sleeves) listened to the peculiar noises my friend was making and after applying his instruments to his chest turned to me and said gravely, "Sounds as if your friend has got internal trouble."

"Is it serious, doc?" I inquired anxiously.

"Well, I don't know," he declared, adjusting his glasses. "We'll just have to operate to see. I may be just minor trouble, but it sounds to me as if it has deep internal injuries."

With tears in my eyes, I

digested this sad news and inquired, "Gee, Doc, I hate to mention money at a time like this, but how much will the operation cost? I'll have to pay for it, because my friend doesn't have any money."

"I can't tell you until we operate," the doctor said, wiping his hands. "It will depend on how serious the injuries are. It will be somewhere between \$20 and \$200."

My grief-stricken sobs nearly choked me. I thought of all the food I had poured down my friend's throat and of the times I had lovingly washed his body. I considered the oils I bought to ease the pains when his joints ached.

In fact, keeping my friend in good health had cost me nearly as much as it did to keep myself. He had been an expensive friend, but he had been worth it.

It seemed almost rank ingratitude for my friend to get sick at a time like this. How could he do this to me? Keeping him up was getting to be almost more than I could afford, but I couldn't do without him.

After all, who wants to take the bus when he can drive his car? If a car isn't one of a Southern Californian's best friends, who is?

Anyway, the last chapter to this sad story hasn't yet been written. Although the auto doctor diagnosed my car's ailment as acute clankitis of the transmission, I haven't received the bill yet.

A car may be one of my best friends, but when it barks, it usually means a bite out of my pocketbook.



"In journalism as in other things, Monday's masterpiece wraps Tuesday's fah."

Don't All Jump At Once



YOUR PROBLEMS' by Ann Landers

Counselor Needs a Counselor

Dear Mrs. Landers: I follow your column regularly. Often I've lifted an eyebrow at certain letters and wondered if they were made up by you or someone with a lusty imagination.

Now when I try to put my own problem into words I realize how unbelievable it may sound to the casual reader.

My husband and I haven't gotten along well in years. He's not mean or abusive, just bored with me and lets me know it. I tried to have a family but failed. I've always felt he held this against me.

In an effort to improve the relationship I visited a marriage counselor. He was the kindest man I'd ever known. I went back for seven interviews and realized that I'd met the most understanding person in all the world.

We've fallen in love, but it's a hopeless mess because he's married, too. Our love is too deep-rooted to pretend it never happened. I'm a nervous wreck, Ann. Please tell me what to do.—F.M.M.

expecting a baby I pretend to be happy but I'm actually very jealous. We have no children.

I fake compliments when friends buy a new home or get a nice car. I try to act excited for them but I keep wishing it was happening to me instead. When someone in the office gets an honor I pretend to be pleased but this is not the way I feel inside at all.

There are times when I become so guilt-ridden that I get very unhappy with myself. Is there anything I can do about this?—Mrs. J.D.

Everyone is his own favorite person—deep down inside. When something good happens it's only natural to want it to happen to you. So don't feel guilty.

There's a vast difference however between wishing you had something and be-

grudging others their good fortune. You can help yourself by rewarding those "compliments" so they'll square with the way you really feel. The guilt comes from feeling one way and talking another.

Instead of saying "I'm so happy for you", tired phrase which fools almost nobody why not say "Aren't you the lucky one! I wish it had happened to me, but as long as it didn't, I'm glad you got the break."

Confidentially: OLD-FASHIONED: I agree such behavior is cheap when guests are present. This isn't "love," it's a performance.

(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.

LAW IN ACTION

Courts and Trials

THE TRIAL

All of a court's time does not go to trial work. When a lawsuit first comes up, the court clerk, on "law in motion" days, calls the case. The lawyers may "move" to put it over, to claim it is not legally sufficient, to report that it has been settled, or to agree on a trial date.

Juries may try most civil actions. So the first step in many trials is to examine, select, or reject jurors. Afterwards, the trial takes the following course:

1. The plaintiff's lawyer opens with a statement of the issues and what he plans to prove. He then produces his evidence.

Sometimes, after the plaintiff's evidence, the defendant moves for a "nonsuit" (claiming that the plaintiff has

Bradford to Fill Post on C of C Board

Industrialist George A. Bradford has been named to the Board of Directors of the Torrance Chamber of Commerce, according to President A. E. (Tommy) Thompson.

Bradford is owner of the George A. Bradford Co. of 1915 Abalone Ave., a firm he has owned for five years. He has been a Torrance resident for over 36 years and is affiliated with the American Society of Tooling Engineers, ASME AND API, Masonic Lodge, and Al Malaikah Shrine.

Bradford and his wife, Mary Ann, have three children, one daughter attending Whittier College. He will fill the unexpired term of Henry W. Creger who has retired from American-Standard Co. and is now on an extended vacation.

failed to make out a sufficient case).

2. The defendant's lawyer, after stating his side, presents his evidence. Or a motion for a directed verdict, usually by the defendant, is sometimes made at the end of his evidence. The judge then does not weigh the evidence, but decides whether the plaintiff, granting his evidence is true, has a legally sufficient case.

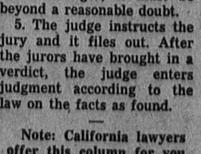
3. Each party in turn may now present "rebuttal" evidence.

4. Each side then sums up. As a rule the burden of proof is on the plaintiff and he must satisfy the jury by a "preponderance" of the evidence. In criminal cases the evidence of guilt must be much stronger; it must be beyond a reasonable doubt.

5. The judge instructs the jury and it files out. After the jurors have brought in a verdict, the judge enters judgment according to the law on the facts as found.

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

My Neighbors



"Just a minute while I look in my husband's checkbook!"

AFTER HOURS by John Morley

A Russian Anniversary

It was 40 years ago this month that a spark of freedom burst from the Russian masses in the darkened streets of old Petrograd. As one walks through Leningrad today there are still scars in some of the back streets and alleyways of the greatest mass revolt of this century against the "golden age" of the Russian czars. This was not the Communist revolution. It was the original revolution of March 12, 1917, truly representative of the people of Russia against the despotic rule of Czar Nicholas II.

The Communists, or Bolsheviks, had nothing to do with this original revolt. This was a genuine uprising of the Russian people from the middle class to the peasants, later referred to by the Bolsheviks as the "bourgeois capitalist revolution."

The people succeeded in overthrowing Czar Nicholas II in this revolt, but by November, 1917, the Bolshevik counter-revolution took place and destroyed this heroic opportunity for freedom of the Russian people to this day. Had the original revolution succeeded, it might have produced a Russia free from authoritarian rule, free from suspicions of the West based on democratic principles and justice under law. Instead, the counter-revolution of Communism installed a new kind of totalitarianism by force with all its impositions on human dignity under the title of the "new Soviet man."

Since their success in overthrowing the original peoples' government in November, 1917, the Communists established in the "new Soviet man" almost an image of the ancient Russian. Like his ancestors, the Russian today is impervious to misery around him, hard working, strong and tenacious. He is deeply religious, but need not always have a church in which to worship. He is patriotic toward his country, but not necessarily toward a government. His is a patriotism of almost mystic worship for the Russian soil, his home, rather than for any system of government.

The Russian we meet today is very passive about Communism, politics or state authority. He accepts orders and rules and lives by them, so long as they are not too harsh. Soon after the Communists took over 40 years ago, he witnessed a slow but definite curtailment of the promised freedoms. Today the Russian citizen fares worse in many instances than the cruel life under the czars.

The Soviet government today, as I will cover it again in a few months in Moscow, is more "state-capitalist" than Communist or Marxian Socialist. The Russian economy is among the most lopsided in the world, based on industrial and military emphasis at the expense of food and civilian needs. The present Russian people's discontent, as well as

that of the peoples behind the rest of the Iron Curtain, is not so much with their dissatisfaction of the system of government as such, but with their unbearable impositions from a totalitarian regime.

The Russian people actually never revolted against a system of government. They revolted through hate of specific monarchs and dictators, from Ivan the Terrible to Khrushchev and Bulganin in degrees, strictly on the basis of actual acts of tyranny. The Russian people have gone through centuries of unending tragedy and are not afraid to die to change their lot. The Communists understand this and when the protests increased in recent years, they relaxed their oppressive edicts. From such recent relaxations came new uprisings, resulting in new oppressive measures. Sooner or later these shifts result in revolutions by the people the moment a powerful leader appears on the scene.

The first great tragedy of the Russian people came seven centuries ago, when the Asiatic hordes swept and plundered Russia all the way to Kiev and the European borders. Because of this the center of Russian culture and government shifted to Moscow and Petrograd (Leningrad), from Kiev and the south. Traveling through various parts of Russia today the reporter actually is exposed to numerous different cultures and ways of life.

One sees as many different customs inside Russia as he would see inside such separated countries as Finland, India and Japan. Leon Trotsky, the actual architect of the Bolshevik betrayal, once said, "The Russian people are poor with the accumulated poverty of a thousand years, plus big and small wars, intrigues, despots, hero saints and legendary devils, suspicion, fears, murders, starvation and barbarism."

Some 1000 years ago a Utopian idea from the voices of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels came from Germany. The hopeless millions in Russia were rallied to the cry of "freedom." They were promised permanent freedom from oppression in a nation which knew nothing else. They fell for it, much like a sick man will fall for any quick remedy.

Communism today is like the old Russian autocracy turned upside down. Dostoyevsky's gloomy character in "The Possessed" found that "the Russian people, after striving for unlimited liberty, finally arrived at unlimited . . . despotism."

GLAZED BITS by Barney Glazer

A Birthday Hint

Remember the man who always wanted his son to share in his business? Today there is no room for the son because an uncle is sharing the business instead—Uncle Sam.

Daddy came home from a hard day's work at the garage and asked his three-year-old daughter for a kiss, "No!" shrieked the child.

"Come on now," begged her father, "just one little kiss." Glaring at her parent, the little girl stamped her foot and howled: "No! Now where's the money?"

It's always a wonder to me why husbands don't install extra-size sinks in their new homes when they know darned well their wives are always going on extra-long vacations.

A reader writes: "My son will have a birthday next week and I'd especially like to please him. What do you think a 16-year-old boy would like the most?" Answer: An 18-year-old girl.

At the Emmy Nominations Awards, so capably handled by Pat McDermott, Danny Thomas told the pre-show audience: "In our Lebanese tongue, there is no better way to curse an enemy. We have an expression which, when translated, means: 'A street car should only grow in your stomach and the conductor should be ringing the bell!'"

I'm starting a new "Let Someone Else Do It" campaign for people who don't like to do things for themselves.

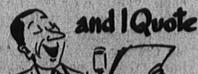
How to make your wife cut her vacation short—send her the local newspaper's gossip column with one item cut out.

He was stopped for speeding. The motorcycle officer walked over casually, to look out his citation pad, and said: "Where's the fire?" the frantic man replied: "In the place my wife's going to give me if I don't get home by 12."

Out in Encino, a hill slipped, endangering two expensive homes. The order came from the city's engineering department: "Unsafe, unless the hillside is removed at once." Now, the two owners are working frantically to get the hill out of there.

Bob also relays the one about the patient who complained to his doctor that he kept seeing all kinds of spots in front of his eyes. "I see green spots, blue spots, red spots, and even purple spots," he moaned. "Have you ever seen an oculist?" asked his family doctor. "No," replied the patient, "only spots."

There's a good reason why wives find it difficult to get their husbands to attend church . . . husbands aren't interested in what the other men are wearing.



"The average wife wears nylons in zero weather, but still requires 90 per cent of the blanket."—Lou Apuzzo.

"Nothing deteriorates a car as fast as a neighbor's gossiping with a new one."—Changing Times.

"Television has opened many doors—especially on refrigerators."—Luke Neely.

"The most disillusioned girls are those who married because they were tired of working."—Steve Lawrence.

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