

EDITORIALS

Some Harsh Words

Southern California's inadequate highway system got a professional kick in the pants this week when one of the State's most respected legislators, our own Assemblyman Vincent Thomas, blasted the methods by which the State Division of Highways operated.

When Assemblyman Thomas, normally a quiet but influential force in Sacramento, feels compelled to speak out as harshly as he did this week against State officials, he's going to be heard—from the Governor on down.

Assemblyman Thomas used strong words when he referred to the "high-handed operations" of the State Division of Highways.

But the words are not too strong in the minds of many Southland officials who have fought endlessly for development of a highway system in this area to handle the staggering numbers of automobiles which are on the streets daily.

Perhaps Thomas' words were as much for the benefit of Southland legislators as they were to State officials.

The Southland delegation has a strong bloc in Sacramento and could probably control State money bills—if they would stick together.

It would be a simple matter for the Los Angeles County delegation to swing the highway system into line whereby the huge tax-paying public here could get part of its money back in roadways. Just adopt the State's tactics of "Take it or leave it!"

A complete report of the Southland highway system now being prepared by Thomas should go a long way toward uniting the Los Angeles County legislators.

THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

Full Speed Ahead

What's so free about a freeway?

In the first place, the freeways aren't free because all motorists help to pay for them. In the second place, anybody who's tried to drive on the busy roadways during the day knows that they're pretty well jammed most of the time.

Freeways, in case anybody is interested, are so called because they are free of cross traffic (with some women drivers this is a debatable point) and hot dog stands and gas stations along the side.

Anyway, Torrance and the other cities in the South Bay are mad because they haven't got a freeway. Nearly every other section of the county has a freeway, say they, but this area has been left without a single foot of the gleaming concrete structures which are the delight of California's speedy drivers and the horror of the most conservative drivers from the Midwest.

The San Diego Freeway is supposed to shoot across north Torrance and the Harbor Freeway is scheduled to run just east of the city. To date, however, these speedways are nothing more than pen and pencil drawings on a map.

To the motorist who curses because he gets snarled up in long lanes of traffic at stop signs and lights, the fact that Torrance's share of the roadways is now nothing more than lead and ink scratches isn't very comforting. That's especially true since he is helping to pay for the real concrete and steel structures elsewhere.

It seems as if every time that a new, wide, fast street of the non-freeway variety is

built, it becomes cluttered with stop lights so slowly that traffic flow is slowed down to a walk. The rapid development of homes, businesses, and schools along Hawthorne Ave. is rapidly bringing its share of stop lights.

Freeways aren't cure-alls by any means. It's getting so that freeways to carry the overflow from the other freeways are needed. At rush hours, the freeways could well be called the slowways.

Statistics indicate that the Hollywood, Pasadena, and Santa Ana Freeways all are carrying far more vehicles than they were designed for. It only takes a little fender-bending in one lane to snarl traffic for several minutes and a really bad accident can tie up a freeway for hours, with a resulting backup of miles of traffic. The mess becomes even worse when the cars which are halted in the jam start running out of gas.

The number of out-of-state drivers who have had hysterics when they wandered onto the freeways by mistake isn't recorded, but it must be considerable. There's no better way to scare a non-Californian than to get him on a freeway and start weaving in and out of traffic. By the time you get done, he'll be sure that he was let loose on a driving course for lunatics.

Anyhow, with all these disadvantages, Torrance and other cities in the area feel cheated because they don't have a freeway. Damn the stop lights! Full speed ahead.

The Suspense Is Awful



YOUR PROBLEMS by Ann Landers

Her Husband Wants Privacy

Dear Ann Landers: My daughter told me something the other night that has turned me into a nervous wreck. I suspected she wasn't happy but I never was the type to pry. Now I know the reason.

She's 26 and has been married almost five years to a fellow 29. They seemed well-matched and everyone considered the marriage a good one. My daughter told me that he has insisted on separate rooms since the honeymoon. He keeps her locked out at night. She's tried to talk to him but he claims he has nothing against her personally—he just likes his privacy.

Ann could there be something wrong with my daughter that I fail to see because I'm her mother? She's a lovely, neat young woman, although she's no Marilyn Monroe. Please tell me what to suggest. I am heartbroken. —A.H.M.

The fact that your daughter is no Marilyn Monroe means nothing. Her husband would lock Marilyn out, too. He's sick.

A married man 29 years of age who insists on the kind of privacy you describe needs skilled professional help to iron out the kinks.

Your son-in-law is not fulfilling his moral obligation as a husband. His wife is entitled to both bed and board under the marriage contract. If he's not willing to seek help to cure this sick relationship, your daughter should see her clergyman about a religious annulment, then contact a lawyer to make it legal.

Dear Ann: I'm losing a lot of weight by sticking to a strict diet and taking pills prescribed by my doctor. The other evening my husband and I walked to the drug store for more pills and the man behind the counter said, "You're really getting streamlined. Let's see where it's coming off." I stood there stunned and my husband said "Open your coat and show him, Gert." So I did. Then the druggist put his hands around my waist and said, "Oh, sister, you're going to be a knock-out one of these days."

I was very embarrassed and gave my husband a piece of my mind when we got out of the store. He claims a druggist is like a doctor and it was all right for him to do this.

I said he was wrong and I hope you'll agree so I can put the column in his plate when we sit down to dinner. —BURNED UP

Put the column in his plate—I'm with you Gert. It was nice of the druggist to compliment and encourage you but he should keep his hands

on his own side of the counter.

Your husband's pride in your progress is easy to understand but he shouldn't have invited the druggist to be his guest.

Forget the incident after you've made it plain that your waistline (or wherever it is that the weight is coming off) is personal property. The "new you" caused your husband to be carried away temporarily. For shame!

Dear Ann: I'm a girl 14 and no better or worse than most girls my age. I went to a basketball game on the school bus last night. It was a 32-mile trip and we had lots of fun.

A real nice kid in my room asked me to sit with him. He put his arm around the seat and that was all. My 10-year-old brother told my dad I was necking like blazes in the bus and I caught heck. Now I can't go to any more games this season and I really feel out of it. Please say something in my defense. —LEE

GLAZED BITS by Barney Glazer

New Driving Slogan

Attention to all you folks who have purchased a high-speed automobile for the first time. You have a dangerous weapon in your hands, and as for the accelerator—under your foot. Please make this your everyday slogan: "Pedestrians should be seen, not hurt."

Sign on a vegetable garden: "Garden of Eatin'."

Just to prove how to keep on your toes, a salesman takes a pony and helper with him when he calls on his trade. He sends the child of the house out for a ride with his helper while he remains at home with the mother and pitches his product unhampered. Pretty sneaky, I'd say.

Sign on a neighborhood street: "Please drive carefully. We have lots of children but none to spare."

Sign outside a church: "If you have troubles, come in and tell us about them. If you have none, come in and tell us how you do it."

Sign on a wedding chapel: "Are you fit to be tied?"

Little Larry was playing in his friend's house when suddenly Larry punched his host on the nose. Scooting out of the house, Larry ran straight to his own house, burst into

I've never heard of a busload of kids taking off on a 32-mile trip without a chaperone aboard. Usually it's a teacher.

It's too bad when a 14 year old has to present evidence to combat the Gestapo report of a 10-year-old brother, but maybe a note, vouching for your behavior, would help.

Young men should be reminded to keep their arms off the backs of seats when they are sitting with young ladies. It could give a wrong impression. Get it?

CONFIDENTIALLY: PHOEBE: The selection of bridesmaids is up to the bride. The ushers are selected by the groom. If Mom insists on a cousin or two, try to see her point of view.

J.E.B. and L.M.P.: Your clergyman knows the answer to this one. Ask him.

(Ann Landers will be happy to help you with your problems. Send them in her care of the HERALD and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.) (C) 1957, Field Enterprises, Inc.

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

The Ben-Gurion I Know

When you first meet Israel's controversial prime minister, David Ben-Gurion, he gives you the impression of an ancient prophet from the pages of Holy Land history. When he raises his dynamic voice in argument, you realize once again how appearances are deceiving. For while Ben-Gurion at 70 may look like a Near East age, his white thinning hair disheveled and unkempt, he packs a pile-driver force that crumbles his opponents in and out of Israel's Knesset (parliament). If Ben-Gurion and Nasser should ever sit down to compromise the wide gap between them, Ben-Gurion will outsmart and out-argue his younger adversary regardless of the righteousness of his position. For David Ben-Gurion is fanatically obsessed with the right of Israel to exist as a nation and the greater right to be respected as such, especially by the likes of Nasser in the Near East.

David Ben-Gurion is an extreme idealist and a visionary. He is a devout Socialist who practices his belief. He is even critical of wealthy U.S. Jews who have poured their wealth in behalf of his country. He bluntly informs his listener, "I don't care what anybody thinks of Israel, or our right to be here. We will rise or fall by what we do here, not what the world thinks," he said to me one day in Tel Aviv. "I want the world to think kindly of us, but we are too busy repairing our house to worry about our neighbors."

Prime Minister Ben-Gurion is just as intolerant with his friends as with his enemies. It's in the personality of the man to want his ideas put in force, regardless. That Israel has survived these past ten turbulent years is due to a great extent to the uncompromising personality of this dedicated man. For the survival and growth of Israel is Ben-Gurion's only mission in life. He has never given an inch and probably never will, if he thinks it will retard the security of Israel.

When he ordered the recent withdrawal of Israeli troops from Gaza and the Gulf of Aqaba, many observers concluded that the "old man was slipping." But far from slipping, "B-G" negotiated masterly with the United States and extracted important moral commitments from President Eisenhower that will prove of much more lasting benefit to Israel than the wasteland he agreed to give up.

Ben-Gurion talks as though he ruled the entire Near East and that divine power has commissioned him to rule it. He is a dreamer, fighter, realist, philosopher, all in one. He is more of a radical than an extremist. He is almost devoid of humor. He appears to be listening to what you say, but his answers often ignore the question under discussion. "A well-trained diplomat can juggle facts to prove anything he wants to prove; therefore, I don't trust anyone's facts but my own," Ben-Gurion announced in one of his rare press conferences.

On another occasion he said, "Things can be staged to appear like facts, and since I can't always be around to check their origin, I prefer to think of certain facts presented to me with a skeptical eye." When presented with proof that thousands of Jewish immigrants entered Israel in violation of the British White Paper (agreement on refugees), Ben-Gurion retorted: "Such statistics are for bookkeepers. We shall provide a sanctuary for our people without regard to White Paper trivialities."

Israeli masses react with a reverent respect for David Ben-Gurion for what he has accomplished for Israel. His judgment, often in opposition with powerful groups, has proved more right than wrong. The people admire him for his ability to decide in a crisis, such as in 1948 when he proclaimed the State of Israel against the advice of President Truman and General Marshall, who warned him of a possible Arab attack. "Let them come," Ben-Gurion said, "we will lick them." He not only licked them, but on the day of his courageous proclamation establishing the State of Israel, the United States was first to give it recognition, indeed a remarkable double-barreled victory for the shrewd Ben-Gurion.

David Ben-Gurion came up the hard way from his native Czarist Poland in 1907 and worked as a plow-boy in an immigrant settlement near the Sea of Galilee. From childhood he was obsessed with what he calls "the universal truth." "I prefer philosophy to anything else," he said, "because it deals with basic human truths." He is more at home with Plato and Spinoza, the teachings of ancient religions, than the art of statesmanship. He is openly critical of the middle classes in Israel. "Too many of them lying in the sun at the beaches and not enough of them working with the sun."

His plow-boy training is still apparent when he walks into parliament in short sleeves and open shirt collar. When his friends joke about his informality, he informs them that "what's good enough for his home and neighbors is good enough for his associates." He lives more like a working farmer than a prime minister. He prefers to eat in the kitchen at home with his wife, son and daughter-in-law than any place else. He insists that his wife darn his socks and mend his shorts. Those who have grown with him say that "B-G" hasn't changed at all.

Ben-Gurion's dominant Socialists maintain their hostility against those fostering rabbinical sway in Israel. "Since less than 20 per cent of our people are Orthodox," he said, "religion should not exert absolute power." So long as Ben-Gurion lives it is not likely that Hebrew orthodoxy will ever wield absolute power in Israel.

FROM THE MAILBOX By Our Readers

Away With 'Iron Curtains!'

Editor, Torrance Herald: Please consider this letter as a protest against retaining the barricades between Hollywood Riviera, Torrance, and Palos Verdes. This is a direct red blot of Un-Americanism which vitiates the honor bestowed upon the city of Torrance recently as one of the great cities of America by LOOK Magazine. It is a stigma against the majority of citizens who have reason to take pride in this city.

These barriers are favored by a small group in Hollywood Riviera who are expressing themselves only, and which is based on "spoiling the charm of Riviera." In the event of a major disaster one wonders how charming this neighborhood would be where there is over three miles on "NO Way Out." Colonel Shaeffer recently issued a nationwide statement urging that first aid be taught in schools in regards to nuclear warfare, and emphasized the fact that Russia already has this program well under way. It is not entirely impossible that these same barriers would have a direct bearing upon these school children but in a more vital manner than the PTA allows itself to think.

There is a large adult population in Riviera who should have some consideration—some way through—especially in the event of dire emergencies which have already happened and will continue to happen because of these

iron posts. These emergencies also include children—there is no way to foretell; and I am sure that open-minded parents who really love their children would think along these lines.

The recent Malibu fires should serve as a warning example. If Malibu streets had been barricaded, there would have been an even greater disaster to life and property. If people can remember back that far, Palos Verdes also had its fire disaster. Again who can foretell this. All emergency state, city and county vehicles are greatly impeded by this situation.

Torrance has been cited as a factor against the barrier removal. However, these self-same people who are so vehemently in favor of retaining the posts are also motorists. One auto or 10 autos—to uphold their contention, why not bar all autos from the Riviera? If other communities were of the same viewpoint to bar traffic from their areas, this would be a very sad shape of affairs for these United States of America, and these self-same people might have some respect for the freedom of others then.

It is most amazing to read where the PTA, nationally known and recognized as an organization for the betterment of young Americans, and dedicated to promoting the ideals of a free country is, nevertheless, on record as approving such a thing as barricades.

I would like to suggest that Via Colusa in Riviera be made a one-way street which would eliminate cars from going downhill by the school area, and thus offer the logical type of protection this situation requires.

The recent San Francisco earthquake should also serve as an example of potential disaster. There should be SOME WAY THROUGH.

(Name Withheld by Request)

Hollywood Riviera.

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'SEE RUFF? ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GROW UP A LITTLE BIT!'