

EDITORIALS

Local Man Leads G. O. P.

The Torrance area is signally honored by the naming of Robert Finch as the new chairman of the Los Angeles County Republican Central Committee. Those who know Mr. Finch as a local businessman and area resident are confident that he will measure up to the stern qualifications of this high office.

Attorney Finch, who is comparatively young despite his many years of activity as a political leader, supplants V. John Krehbiel. Mr. Krehbiel has won an exalted place in the hearts of Republicans everywhere for the excellent manner in which he has guided the party's activities in this important county. Mr. Krehbiel is first of all a dedicated American and believes sincerely in the type of new Republicanism espoused by President Eisenhower. He has sacrificed many valuable years of his life in the service of the party and will be remembered as an outstanding organizer and leader.

The Republican party in California has some tough hurdles to negotiate during the next two years. It will take vigorous leadership in every county and precinct to maintain the threads of power. Mr. Finch has his work cut out for him but his many friends in the 17th District are sure he will succeed.

Get Well Dr. Hull

It is good news for Torrance that Supl. "Hank" Hull is recovering from his recent attack of illness. His value to this community, or for that matter to education anywhere, can not be measured in dollars and cents, but, if it could, it would run into some large figures.

Charting the course for the Torrance Unified School District through a period of growth and expansion almost unparalleled in Los Angeles county, has not been easy and Dr. Hull has given freely of his seemingly boundless energy.

Although he may not like it, this good man is going to have to slow up for a time and let his capable subordinates take over. In the meantime the community can be assured that Dr. Hull's organizational ability is paying off and "business as usual" is the order of the day at every department in the vast system.

THE HERALD joins thousands of others in wishing Dr. "Hank" a pleasant and speedy recovery.

If the postal department is so concerned about reducing the annual postal deficit, why don't they suggest that third class (junk) mail be eliminated and that all circulars and advertising matter now mailed at a cheaper rate be required to pay first-class postage rates? If this were done, we are sure the deficit would be materially reduced or our pile of "junk" mail would be considerably less. Either result would be highly desirable to most business people.

THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

Incurable Disease

I have an incurable disease and it's all the fault of my car radio. I am a tune hummer. I don't know whether any watchbird is watching me or not, but I sure get plenty of dirty looks from my co-workers and startled looks from passers-by.

It's a terrible disease and it almost drives me to distraction. I can imagine what it does to people around me, but I can't stop. Its worse than b.o. or halitosis, because I can't buy any handy preparation which will wipe it out. I could stop listening to my radio in the mornings, but I have a compulsion about that, too.

It's one of those diseases you have to learn to live with. My doctor can't do a thing about it.

In case you're wondering what a tune hummer is, it's a person who spends the day humming (sometimes breaking out into song) the same song over and over again.

In my more rational moments, I've tried to decide why I picked the songs I did for a particular day. For a week, I kept track and here are the results:

- Monday—"Scarlet Ribbons."
Tuesday—"You'll Wonder Where the Yellow Went."
Wednesday—"True Love."
Thursday—"Gavotte" from Cinderella.
Friday—"The Commercial Jingle for Old Spice shaving lotion."
Saturday—"Marianne."
Sunday—"True Love," again.

In looking over the list, I decided it's a pretty strange collection for my own personal Hit Parade, but I'm stuck with it. Compiling it, it contains two Harry Belafonte tunes, two commercials, the same Bing Crosby number twice, and a semi-classical number. It seems to make no sense at all.

As I drive to work, still in a sleepy haze, my mind unconsciously picks one of the songs I hear on the radio and that's what I hum, whistle, or sing all day. I have not particularly excelled in any of these three talents, but a poll of co-workers indicates that humming is my best talent.

The most irritating part of the compulsion is that it is just as likely to pick up a commercial or song I do not like as something I do like. By the time I spend the day "wondering where the yellow went," I am worn out. I've thought about seeing if I couldn't get paid for all this free advertisement, but I don't suppose it would be any use.

One thing I have noticed. On the days that my subconscious selects a currently popular tune, some of the people in the office will pick it up, too, until half the people are warbling, whistling, or humming "Marianne" or "True Love." I feel bad because the disease seems to be catching.

One thing about it, however. People generally think I'm either happy, crazy, or a combination of the two. But this disease goes right on whether I'm happy or not. I'm told that I sing better on days when I'm happy.

Maybe it's like the song (which I have hummed from time to time): "I whistle a happy tune and hold my head erect so no one will suspect I'm afraid. The results of this deception are very strange to tell, for when I fool the people I fool myself as well. The happiness in my soul convinces me that I'm not afraid."

But that doesn't account for the commercials, does it?

Three Guesses



YOUR PROBLEMS by Ann Landers

Here Are the Facts, Ma'm

Dear Ann: I'm not going to make any excuses. Here are the facts. Please give me some advice.

I'm 26 and have had a way with women since I was 18. I quit school in the 10th grade to travel with a band. For a guy who never had lessons I was pretty good on the trombone. When I was 22 I got a job playing nights in a club and drove a limousine during the day for a widow.

After six months she hired someone else to drive and invited me to sit in the back seat with her. She encouraged me to quit the club and be her escort so I'd have plenty of time to practice the trombone to my heart's content. This has been going on for four years and I'm beginning to wonder where I'll end up.

I've considered quitting her and getting a job with a river boat band but she tells me I'm a crazy fool not to know a break when I see it. She wants me to go to Europe with her for a year and study serious music. I've been told if I had formal training I could really make a name for myself. Please give me some advice.—Blue Note.

You've already made a name for yourself but I don't think THE HERALD would print it.

Get out of the widow's car and get her out of your hair. No self-respecting man would go for such a free-loading arrangement. If you want to study serious music take a job at night so you can pay for the lessons yourself. You need this widow like Custer needed more Indians.

Dear Ann: What to do about these infernal, eternal collections in the office which are instigated by some self-elected "do-gooder"?

These collections come much too often and it's embarrassing to say no. I feel it's unfair to put people in a spot where they have to pitch in to buy a baby gift, a wedding present, flowers and what have you for individuals in whom they have no real interest. Please say something in your column on this subject, Ann. Millions of white-collar workers would appreciate it.—Tired of Being Held Up.

Ask around the office and learn how the majority of your co-workers feel about this. If, as you indicate, they are again it, get them to agree to call off all office collections.

If you fail to get a majority to back you, then have enough courage to say, "Sorry, you'll have to include me out. It's not the principle of the thing—it's the money."

Dear Ann: My husband and I are separated but we correspond frequently. I wrote him about my new interest in bowling and he wanted to know who took care of our children, ages 8 and 4, on the nights I went to bowl. I informed him I put them in bed and never left till they were fast asleep.

My girl friend lives in the next apartment and she has a key. She can always get in, in case of an emergency. The reply I got from my husband was pretty bitter. He thinks this is terrible and has asked me to stop it right away. Please let me know what you think.—Lois M.

Your husband is right. The girl friend with the key wouldn't be much protection against a flash fire or other freak accidents. Children 8 and 4 can get into extremely dangerous mischief and should never be left alone.

If you can't afford a sitter, put the kids in a bed at your girl friend's apartment and collect them when you come home.

Confidentially: Bilked: You can get the ring back under certain conditions. See a lawyer if you think she's giving you the business.

Puzzled Wife: I'm puzzled, too. Why would any self-respecting woman let a man hit her 10 times... unless she enjoyed it, that is.

GLAZED BITS by Barney Glazer

He's Out for a Minuet

Gene Sherman likes this sign on the locked door of a dance studio: "Back in 10 Minuets."

Teen-age bus conversation—"He's a natural—a natural born slob."

Ask the man with the large family and he'll admit that the bigger they are the harder they bowl.

Sign I've never seen (but would like to) on a match factory: "Come in and strike up a friendship."

A business executive asked his doctor for a particular type of sleeping pill. "Can't give you that one," explained the medic, "it's for labor."

Two male inmates of a mental institution were talking it over. Asked one: "What wears a skirt and uses lips to give us pleasure?" The other replied: "A Scotsman blowing a bagpipe."

Latest definition of marriage: The transfer of a charge account from the florist to the grocer.

Caskie Stinnett of Holiday reports a strange request for his magazine's fashion book, "What to Wear Where."

Then there was this young boy who always wanted to be

FROM THE MAILBOX by Our Readers

Readers Sound Off on Grades

Hurry Up, Move On

Editor, Torrance HERALD: About competition, life is loaded with it. Why shouldn't children in school start their toughening up process young? They'll be more able to take the knocks in life if they get a few their size young.

I'm not an A student, but according to my intelligence, tests am above average and get 100 per cent in common sense. My parents are both teachers. Now if they'd paid me money I might have put forth more effort. Even kids can understand material benefits. Charge them for cheating and put them on an honor system such as they have in the military academy. Some say that would make materialists of them. Maybe, but aren't their parents?

Kids should be taught honesty and we're all selfish to a degree so why not appeal to the best and worst in us to get the best results?

I believe in kids' but they are what they're made of. If they have stinkers for parents, 99 times out of 100 they will be stinkers unless they take a few 100 per cent grandparent.

I think "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic taught to the tune of a hickory stick is just as effective (if not abused) as it ever was. Why don't we make life simple, plain, and straight, and teach our children logically.

You make men by expecting a great deal of them, by a pat on the back, and a buck in the pocket. You don't make men by lining them up in a bread line and giving them all the same.

I think the finer things in life—sweetness, generosity, kindness—can be learned. Yet not too sweet, not too generous, not too kind. Out of the fire comes steel. By burning we learn.

About happiness—no one is completely happy. What is good for us doesn't always taste good. Consider medicine. We don't want to practice to play the piano when children, but when a dults we're sorry we didn't. Work isn't cake and ice cream but without work there isn't any.

Anyhow, maybe I'm a little dumb, but I'd sure be a lot dumber if someone hadn't said "Move on 'n hurry up."

MOTHER OF FOUR

Competition?

Editor, Torrance HERALD: Unquestionably, the ability to compete successfully at something is necessary to our children, both in childhood and maturity.

A real interest in learning, for the sake of learning's own satisfaction, is, as far as I consider, just as necessary. If it is true, and I believe it is, that the home example is the strongest influence on a child, then unquestionably most children are receiving better examples of competition.

Even were this not so, I would believe that the prime function of the schools should be teaching and learning.

I am delighted that every decade appears to show more consciousness on the part of the schools of other and quite related facets of the child—emotional stability, a vocational interests, philosophy, etc. But learning to be literate, to use the tools of education and life is a time-taking, patience-needing enterprise and must be given first consideration.

Competition is said to increase the incentive to learn. Many children are proud of their "A's" and "B's" just as many children are ashamed of their "F's". If these chil-

John Morley's "After Hours" column, usually published in this space on Sunday, was delayed this week because of the new mail schedules here. It will be published in the HERALD Thursday.

dren were proud or ashamed of their learning or not learning, then we could say that competition affected the desire to learn.

Thus, competition only increases competition. Grades are a tool of the school for informing parents. I can see why many parents, who do not wish to go to parent-teacher conferences, would like to have the children graded. When my children reach school age, I will undoubtedly want to know about their progress and would feel a report card not nearly informative enough.

To boil it down, I don't feel grades can do any good, except in areas where the children are already getting the most help. Grades can harm by diverting the child's attention away from the learning itself.

PATRICIA ANNE SMITH

Lady Confused

Editor, Torrance HERALD: I am confused by this reporting system they use here. It isn't the one I'm used to.

When I saw on my child's grade card that she wasn't working "up to her ability," I went in to one of these conferences with the teacher. He told us that she was in the fifth grade but ought to be able to do seventh grade work, so what's wrong with that? If she was so good, why didn't they advance her? If the teacher had said that she was doing "A" or "F" work, I could understand that.

Maybe it's a good thing, but I'm not sure. PUZZLED

Walking Dictionaries

Editor, Torrance HERALD: I don't see how anybody could want to give grades to children. You're branding them for life and maybe they shouldn't be branded. It's a serious responsibility to say to a child, "You're stupid," and maybe he isn't at all, but just developing late.

My children are not the smartest in their class, but they get by. It just burns me up to see some little smart aleck like that little boy on the TV quiz program. He may be pretty smart in science, but what's he like when you pry him away from his test tube?

I want my child to grow up to be a normal, fairly intelligent human being, not a walking dictionary. That's what I think.

LAW IN ACTION

You Are The Judge

TWELVE MEN

As a juror, you will do a service in its way as important as that of a judge. For a time you will become a part of our system of justice to decide a lawsuit without fear or favor, basing your verdict only on what you hear in court and what the judge tells you about the law of the case.

Why call people from their affairs to help try lawsuits? Why not let the judges hear and decide all cases? To this question the United States Supreme Court said: "Twelve men of the average of the community, comprising men of little education, men of learning and men whose learning consists only in what they have themselves seen and heard; the farmer, the mechanic, the laborer; these sit together, consult, apply their separate experience of the affairs of life to the facts proven and draw a conclusion. This average judgment thus given, it is the great effort of the law to obtain. It is assumed that 12 men know more of the common affairs of life than does one man, that they can draw wiser and safer conclusions from admitted facts thus occurring, than can a single judge."

Give up your prejudices and forget how your verdict may affect yourself. Do not let any thing else influence you—a person's possible po-

gent human being, not a walking dictionary. That's what I think.

MRS. F.K.

Back to Work?

When my son, who is now an eighth grader, learned that he was going to have to start getting grades again in high school, he said to me, "Pop, I guess, I'm going to have to go to work again."

We came from a school system in the East where children get grades and I think it's a good thing. My kids are smart, but lazy. If it's true that teachers are to blame if kids aren't pushed to do their best, then my two kids sure have a lousy teacher. They understand grades, but they don't understand this business about "working up to their level."

If my boss doesn't like my work, he says so. He doesn't say that maybe I had a fight with my wife and ought to be excused. What's my kid going to do when he gets into a situation like this? H.L.

The Modern Dress

Editor, Torrance HERALD: I have been wanting for a long time to express my opinion on the matter of what is known as "modern dress" for women. The average young woman proceeds to dress and act like a man—she appears to think that a dirty, faded, torn and skin tight pair of trousers makes her a smart appearing individual. The manner in which she dresses is atrocious and entirely without taste.

The radio, TV, and movies have all fostered the idea of "Back of it is something really vicious—the slick propaganda of the liquor and cigaret people has been to make a woman think and act like a man, thus broadening markets for their products.

The excuse is sometimes used that freedom of action is desired. There is nothing so restrictive to freedom of action than a tight fitting pair of trousers.

When will women again start to act like women? Sincerely,

D.J.M.

Lomita.

My Neighbors



"Come, come now, Mrs. Johnson. Our tax system isn't THAT much of a burden!"

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SAFETY HINTS

from the Red Cross



This is a safe load for a rowboat. When taking a small boat or canoe to the water, at least two-thirds of it should be above the waterline. Don't overload the craft.