

By JOHN MOLLEY

EDITORIALS

An Instant of Pause

Some think the relations between Christians and Jews in this country are bettering; some think they are worsening.

It may help to remember that the contacts of races, national groups, or majorities with minorities often result in infections like the common cold.

The radio blares, books good and bad are written, cures are invented monthly, and still we sniffle, although what was a menace does begin to reduce itself toward a nuisance, which it will probably always be.

Still, social prejudice discharges its nasty invadements and unsupported charges. Just possibly, the trouble with prejudice, if not with colds, is partly semitic.

The reaction to the word Negro, let us say, or Jew, is very different with both speaker and hearer, from the response to the name of a known person.

In the history of the world there is an intensely important instant which determines whether a man is recognized merely as a variety of the human species, or as an individual who cannot be entirely defined by saying that he is a Hindu or a Swede.

It is that instant of pause, where one looks at his neighbor as at his friends, to see what they are really like as human beings, that may make all the difference.

If you have a long commuting ride daily, try this simple experiment. Look down and back the car length, using one of those convenient and so uninforming lists of categories which we all carry in our minds—old American, recent immigrant, second generation American, Chinese, Polish Jew, Southern Negro, priest, Irish politician.

Then, forget your crude attempts to learn the important truths about an individual by an abstract term, and use what wealth of experience, what powers of divination you have, to see each man or woman as one of us all who should fall or stand in our estimation for himself, for herself, so far as human sympathy can judge.

The brush-off by generalization is easy, but it is often one of the great lies that muddy civilization.

—Henry Seidel Canby

A Word for the Y

The Torrance YMCA is in the midst of its annual fund campaign and General Chairman Sam Levy has reported optimistically that evidence points to a successful drive this year.

The local YMCA has a \$17,000 goal for 1956—but this is not calculated to give the organization any excess funds. It has been pared to the minimum needed to permit full-time operation of the valuable youth programs and to maintain the building in which the organization is housed.

Industry, Torrance businessmen, and professional men of the area have put their shoulders to the wheel this year to put the YMCA back on its feet. No one can deny the value of the program to the youngsters of Torrance.

If you haven't given your share yet, take another look at your own budget and see if you can't find a few dollars for the Torrance YMCA.

It will be money well spent.

The Squirrel Cage

By REID BUNDY

Jay Delaney swears it's true . . . swears that he was there when the discovery was made. It started out this way, Jay says. Joe, the filling station operator where Jay buys his gas and oil, sold four new tubeless tires to a lady last week end but had to send to another station for them as he didn't have any in stock. He picked up the tires, had them mounted on the lady's car, and closed the deal.

Sunday she called him up and said one of the new tires was flat. He couldn't understand it, a new tubeless tire flat so soon, so he sent the truck over, put the spare on and brought the car back to the station. It was then that he discovered he had picked up regulars, not tubeless, and that the lady had driven a couple of days on the tires which should have had tubes. He doesn't try to explain how it could happen. He's as puzzled as the next guy. He also has four slightly used tires for sale.

Barbara Jean, who works week ends in an all night cafe, is still laughing at her husband who tried to call her up at 4:30 a.m. the other day to see if she wanted him to come pick her up when she got off work.

Dialing the cafe, Barbara's husband was greeted with a gruff "Hello." Thinking it was probably Barbara's boss, he asked, "Is it foggy over there?"

"This is a helluva time to call up to find out if it's foggy," the guy growled and slammed the phone down. You guessed it—wrong number.

It was a hectic day for Jane, secretary to one of the city's legal firms, and it started out early and ended late. She rode home with another gal for lunch, left her car keys home, and asked her hubby to catch a ride into town and pick up the car (with his set of keys) then pick her up at the office. He finally showed up, without the car. Said it wasn't there where she said she had parked it.

They found it—it had been towed away because it was parked too close to the railroad tracks. They got everything straightened out in time to greet dinner guests that were expected that evening.



Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

A customer phoned a furniture store salesman and was promptly told by the switchboard operator: "Mr. Parrandale is on the floor. Would you like to leave a message? You make your living by what you get. But you make your life by what you give."

Next time the mail brings you a plea for funds from a charity, before you drop it into your wastebasket, stop and look at it this way: "You make your living by what you get. But you make your life by what you give."

This is guaranteed NOT to make me feminine friends, my definition of love. It's that period between a man's introduction to a beautiful and gracious girl and his marriage with the same homely and selfish nag.

I feel like complimenting someone today, so I'll tarry with my good friend, the barber. Despite a very bad cold, he had an excellent working record yesterday. He handed out 15 haircuts and 10 colds.

A barber shop—that's where "hulk" boys come in looking like Indians and leave looking like they've been scalped.

Take it from your discouraged, helpless chronicler who is fighting the Battle of the Thinning Top. I'm getting darned sick and tired of sitting in a barber shop chair and hearing the fellow next to me tell his barber: "Cut most of it off the top. It's too thick."

The barber on our main boulevard has a right nice way with little boys who wear western regalia. He tells them: "Okie, cowboy, let's sit up nice and straight in the"

saddle." He hasn't had a single one fall off his horse.

Blue Monday has nothing on Reid Bundy and his jokes, but more than once Reid gets off a Pulitzer Prize like this one—about the husband who left for a convention and was reminded by his anxious missus: "The humuh body is 90 per cent water and be sure you keep it that way until you get home."

If you see me wearing my bullet proof vest and a new white crash helmet, you'll just have to understand I'm trying to make Accident Prevention Week a smashing success.

I'll never forget the time I met Jack Dempsey at his odd diggings on Los Feliz Blvd. (Los Angeles). "Jack, I said to him in my most threatening tones, 'I may be only half your size but some one of these days I'm going to climb up on a stepladder and punch you right in the nose.' The old Manssah Mauler looked down on me sympathetically, and smiled and soft-whispered: "If you do, and I hear about it, I may not like it."

Then there was another type of fighter. This one was only five years old and he learned he was strictly out of the championship class when he was whipped soundly by another lad his age on our street. When questioned about his untimely defeat and hasty retreat, he told us: "Sure I'll fight him again—if they'll let me use my baseball bat."

Your old gallery conductor is a bit upset these days about that new song, "Cry Me a River," which is a direct steal from a song I wrote while waiting for dinner in a restaurant one night titled, "Try Me a Liver."

I solemnly promise that

this column will never, never, never tell one single Bridey Murphy joke, so help me Dr. Howard Tawney.

Today, I permitted myself to be hypnotized. Now that I have been safely returned to reality, I can honestly state that the best moments of my life occurred when I was under hypnosis and I thought I was Barney Glazer.

I feel terrible! I've been enjoying the TV show, "The Steel Hour" for all these years and I've never purchased one single top of steel.

They were sitting in a homey little cafe, and they appeared to be the happy young couple. She kept repeating: "I do something, which makes you do it, too. That is known as auto-suggestion." Just to demonstrate, she bought a cup of coffee and he ran out and bought an auto.

Dear Walter Winchell: When you mentioned Barney Glazer in your column today as being among those present at Lena Horne's opening at the Coconut Grove, you spelled my name wrong. You spelled it: F-r-a-n-k-L-o-v-e-j-o-y.

Refusing to report to police that he has been handed an extortion note demanding "money or else," my cousin Noodnik says he isn't worried because he's been getting the same demand from his wife for 30 years.

If by some last minute surprise, President Eisenhower retreats to Gettysburg, the Democrats have a good chance to win the White House in 1956. Adlai Stevenson, running against anyone but Ike, will be a hard man to beat. The women's vote will be decisive, as it was in the 1952 race, for the second time in U. S. political history. Right now it looks as though the women favor the Republicans . . . but women have been known to change their minds at the drop of a hat.

From time to time in the past several weeks we have been exposed to some serious mental calisthenics with some serious Democrats. These are some of the men who figure political trends with a slide rule, compass and barrels of statistics and mathematical equations. "You can't fool arithmetic," a prominent Democrat of Delaware, Massachusetts in Minnesota. Here is the gist of what we have learned about the Democratic chances for 1956 from sincere and dedicated Democrats . . . and it makes sense.

In 1952 Eisenhower won the 57 votes of Florida, Virginia, Texas and Tennessee. But in 1956 tempers are high in these southern states, accusing the Republican administration of forcing segregation upon them. The South will never forgive Justice Warren, regardless of the fact that the Supreme Court unanimously approved segregation and some very prominent Democrats are sitting on the court. The Democrats hope to get these 57 votes back to their party on the issues of segregation.

The Democrat candidate, probably Stevenson, will probably again win the 89 electoral votes of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina and West Virginia, as he did in 1952. This would give the Democrats the normal solid vote of the South of 146 electoral votes. To win the White House the Democrats only have to have another 120 votes. It seems to me that the merger of the Republican party for generations and only the stature of an Eisenhower has been able to break through this almost insurmountable Democrat barrier.

At this writing it is our conclusion that the farm states are not favoring the Democrats against Eisenhower. They are angry at the Republicans generally . . . but Ike is their hero from Abilene and he can do no wrong! Many of them are mad at the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Benson and everyone who has opposed the generous give-aways of the past. No one can deny that our farmers have a strong case. They are squeezed between high costs and low income, and high prices which the city worker can pay and which they cannot.

This appears to be the thinking of the farmer, as we concluded from personal talks with farm leaders in the farm states. The Democrats have a chance of picking up some of the 127 electoral votes from the 12 agricultural states . . . Iowa, Illinois, Idaho, Colorado, Minnesota, Montana, New Mexico, Ohio, Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Montana.

Then come the "marginal states," of Delaware, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Washington, with 64 electoral votes that went to

Eisenhower in 1952 . . . but in a very close race. Less than an average of 2 per cent divided Eisenhower from Stevenson here. With recent political victories in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, the Democrats are optimistic on the possibility of capturing at least the 48 important electoral votes of these two states. The Democrats are counting on the farm states to give them at least a part of the 120 votes they will need . . . plus whatever they can pick up from the race in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

In recent months, with the decline of farm income, many thousands of young farmers are again moving to the cities where industrial wages have been steadily climbing. This has brought the farm population to one-half of what it was 25 years ago. Many of these former young Republicans, born from their homes and political traditions, some under the influence of union bosses who usually support Democrat candidates. In the big cities they rub shoulders with foreign elements who usually support the Democrat party. This has increased the political power of unions in large industrial centers in states with large electoral votes. This favors the Democrats. We have observed signs that the unions, large and small, will put up the greatest political fund in history. The merger of the AFL-CIO alone controls a political fund of

some \$5,000,000. One independent union boasts of having available \$1,000,000 for political purposes. The Democrats are counting on organized labor as they never counted on them before, judging from the all-out effort of the Democrat candidates to woo labor.

The Democrat political strategists we talked to are worried only of Eisenhower. Privately they tell us he will be very hard to beat. The most prominent Democrat contributors are sitting tight waiting for Eisenhower's decision this month on his candidacy. If he decides to run, their contributions will be indeed downwardly adjusted.

A member of the national publicity staff of the Democrat party has told us how they are trying to find material to "tone-down" Eisenhower. Every time they try it, it boomerangs. It's the kind of hero-worship almost impossible to combat," he confided to us.

Our conclusions are that the Democrats are going all out to win in 1956 . . . with no holds barred. They will work just as hard against Ike as anyone else. Their chances are better than ever if Eisenhower retires . . . and if the woman-vote shifts in the South and "border-states" against the Republicans, if Ike does not run. It seems to us that Democrat victory in 1956 hinges on these two points more than on anything else.

Mail Box

Editor, Torrance Herald:

Please accept the enclosed award as an expression of our appreciation for the continued assistance and support you gave the 1955 Community Chest appeal in your newspaper.

The campaign in the Harbor area raised \$52,227 or 97 per cent of goal, which was more than what was raised in any previous campaign to support Red Feather services that are actively engaged in helping to prevent many of today's serious social problems, such as juvenile delin-

quency, disease, family breakdown, and child neglect.

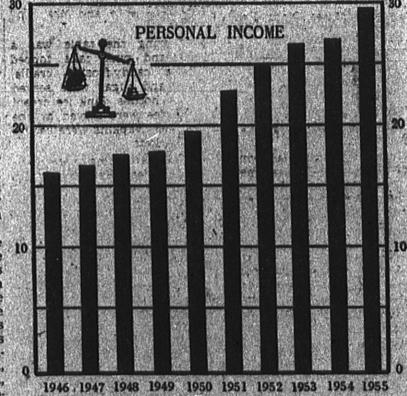
With this expression of our gratitude, presented on behalf of all the volunteers in the Harbor area, I would like to add my personal "thanks" for the interest and consideration you gave the Red Feather appeal.

We hope that we can, as in the past, serve you to the best interests of your newspaper and its readers.

JAMES VISCIGLIA, Harbor Area Chairman, Community Chest

LEVELS OF CALIFORNIA'S GROWTH

(Prepared by Economics Dept., Bank of America)

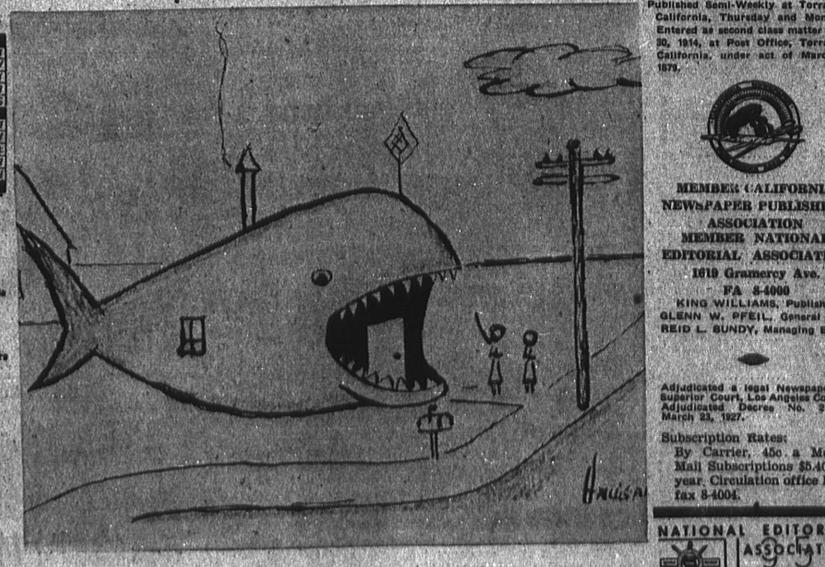


TWELVE TIMES GREATER. California's 1955 personal income of more than \$20 billion dollars was 12 times greater than the value of all gold produced in the state since 1848. Personal income (salaries, rents, dividends, proprietor's profits) has increased 81 per cent in the post-war years.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Down and Across words. Clues include: 1. On top, 2. Certificate, 3. Spun, 4. Metal covered, 5. Comparative, 6. Spinal, 7. Amount, 8. Anti-aircraft, 9. Bar, 10. Minute, 11. Adjective, 12. Lawful, 13. Roman, 14. Parole, 15. More colorful, 16. Egg, 17. Deal, 18. Part with, 19. Head, 20. Paid notice, 21. Beverage, 22. Food, 23. Eastern world, 24. Abar, 25. Instruction, 26. Happiness, 27. Cards, 28. Type, 29. Vestibule, 30. Combine with air, 31. Exile, 32. Melancholy, 33. Rock, 34. Hedge, 35. Spread, 36. Obit, 37. Rodeo, 38. Obit, 39. Parole, 40. Geobor, 41. Fruit of palm, 42. Plush, 43. Vehicle, 44. Endure, 45. Count on, 46. Acronym, 47. Overlap, 48. Date, 49. Part of cake, 50. Dealer, 51. Dealer, 52. Dealer, 53. Dealer, 54. Dealer, 55. Dealer, 56. Dealer, 57. Dealer, 58. Dealer, 59. Dealer, 60. Dealer.

THIS WEEK'S ANSWERS: 1. Crown, 2. Acronym, 3. Overlap, 4. Date, 5. Part of cake, 6. Dealer, 7. Dealer, 8. Dealer, 9. Dealer, 10. Dealer, 11. Dealer, 12. Dealer, 13. Dealer, 14. Dealer, 15. Dealer, 16. Dealer, 17. Dealer, 18. Dealer, 19. Dealer, 20. Dealer, 21. Dealer, 22. Dealer, 23. Dealer, 24. Dealer, 25. Dealer, 26. Dealer, 27. Dealer, 28. Dealer, 29. Dealer, 30. Dealer, 31. Dealer, 32. Dealer, 33. Dealer, 34. Dealer, 35. Dealer, 36. Dealer, 37. Dealer, 38. Dealer, 39. Dealer, 40. Dealer, 41. Dealer, 42. Dealer, 43. Dealer, 44. Dealer, 45. Dealer, 46. Dealer, 47. Dealer, 48. Dealer, 49. Dealer, 50. Dealer, 51. Dealer, 52. Dealer, 53. Dealer, 54. Dealer, 55. Dealer, 56. Dealer, 57. Dealer, 58. Dealer, 59. Dealer, 60. Dealer.



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