

EDITORIALS

No Stopping Place

When Frank Lloyd Wright, the world-famed architect, calmly announced plans to build a mile-high building—that's right, MILE-high—the structural engineering world was startled. This would be a building of 510 stories, 5280 feet from ground to rooftop! It would dwarf the 1250-foot Empire State Building, now the world's tallest, to the comparative insignificance of a woodshed.

While Mr. Wright's proposal startled engineers, it by no means made them all incredulous. The genius architect, now 87, has achieved wonders in his line. He's mighty apt to accomplish anything he decides to do. Even this.

Mr. Wright's prospective site for his mile-high building is Chicago. His building would, he says, house employees of the State of Illinois, Cook County, and the City of Chicago—to the number of 100,000. And in that part of his plan—his tenants, not the building—lies cause for concern.

The custom might spread—putting up mile-high buildings to accommodate the armies of public employees of all states, counties and great cities! In some places, to hold them all, buildings might go up two miles, even three or four miles. Then there are the millions of federal employees! To make room for a building big enough for them, Wright would have to move the Washington Monument out of D.C.

Presently there'd be no building materials left for anything else—for new factories, for homes. Industry would stagnate. America would become a vast ghost town... Just where, Mr. Wright, would you stop?

A Sound Suggestion

One of the soundest suggestions to come from the City Council in recent months is that of employing professional traffic engineers to survey the city and determine the best methods of handling the present heavy traffic loads which have developed as the city has boomed.

The suggestion follows a report by the National Safety Council that traffic engineering is needed in the city as part of its traffic accident prevention program.

Short Takes...

DUBLIN, TEXAS, PROGRESS: "The trouble with foreign affairs today is that you can never tell whether dictators are smart men bluffing or imbeciles who mean it."

MARION, IOWA, SENTINEL: "This writer used to work a 48-hour week on the section for \$18. Now a section man gets this much in little over a day. The union can get much of the credit for this... But all of us need to study the problems involved to see that everyone gets his fair share, but to avoid killing the goose that lays the golden eggs."

ST. LOUIS, MO., LABOR TRIBUNE: "We are inclined to agree with Mr. Arthur Patzer, youth secretary of the Seventh Day Adventist Columbia Union Conference who recently blasted popular song writers who are cashing in on the current religion revival... The religious 'rock and roll' we have been getting via the airwaves and juke boxes, is as unorthodox as it is uncalled for and makes a mockery of all real spiritual values..."

WAVERLY, VA., DISPATCH: "We were at a fellow's house recently who boasted that he never had taken hand or rod to his three year old son, who at that very minute was trying to snip off the cat's ears with a pair of scissors. Regarding this new conception of child raising, which says don't touch Junior, let him be a free soul to develop his natural whims, we are reminded of the Chinese proverb: 'Give a pig and a boy all they want and you will end up with a good pig and a bad boy.'"



LAW IN ACTION

IMPEACHING A WITNESS

A story they tell on Lincoln is how he once provided his clients innocence by "impeaching" an eye witness. Lincoln's client had stolen a chicken, the witness vowed at a certain time on a certain night.

Asked how he could see so well at night, the witness declared "by the light of the moon—just as clear as clear."

Lincoln "impeached" the testimony with ease by pulling an old almanac out of his pocket. It showed that the moon was up at that time, nor was it full on that date.

Trials are hard on everybody—witnesses and parties alike. They often take place when other ways to settle a dispute have failed, and there is hard feelings. But granting good faith, people do make mistakes in what they recall. After they have told their story a few times, many are dead certain—like Lincoln's witness—that they did see and hear what they say they did.

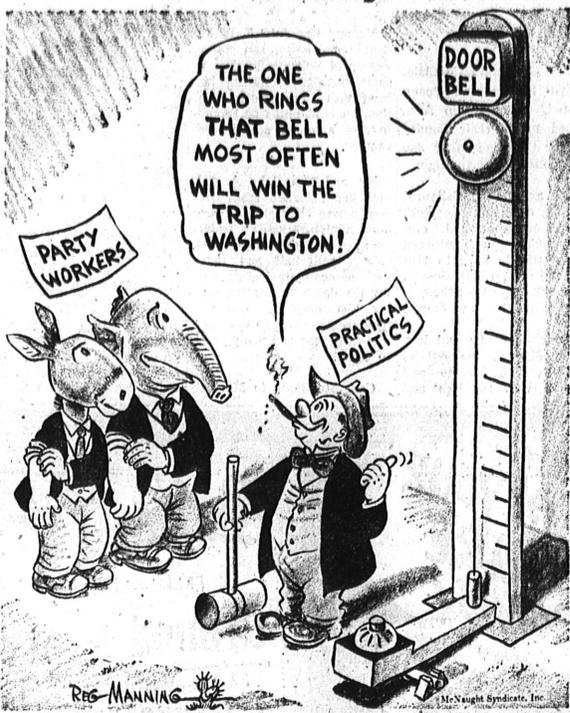
And so, for the sake of justice, courts allow eachness is so obviously prejudiced or so obviously twisting the facts that the cross-examiner easily discredits his story.

But often sincere witnesses tell different stories and the jury has a right to know how much weight to give each. It is the jury's sworn duty, in fact, to weight the credibility of witnesses. And a good way to see how a witness' story hangs together under fire or checks with other known facts.

Motion pictures often have the cross-examiner browbeating a poor witness. But don't be misled. Often the best cross-examiner is sincerely probing a story gently and courteously. And equally sincere witnesses often recall forgotten things and change their testimony under such questioning.

Note: California lawyers offer this column for you to know about our laws, each side to test a witness' reliability. Sometimes a wit-

Test Of Strength



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: I'm having a problem with my wife and need advice. For seven years I've worked at two jobs to buy a home, support my children by a former marriage and take care of my lazy wife and her bratty kid by another husband.

Instead of thanking her lucky stars for a hard-worker who doesn't drink, smoke or gamble, all she does is moan because we haven't been out together in six year. Of course we don't go anyplace. I'm tired.

Three years ago she complained because I didn't make love to her. To teach her a lesson I decided to treat her like a brother. Well—I'm still "a brother."

Now she's fat as a cow, won't clean the house, and doesn't get dressed from morning till night. She cries all the time—says she's having a nervous breakdown. The doctors can find nothing wrong with her. She just feels sorry for herself, is all.

A little advice from you on how to buckle down and be a wife instead of a crying slob might do her some good. How about it? —FED UP

er. We have six lively kids who never hear the phone when it rings (too "busy")—and my wife, of course can't hear anything. I've missed many important business friends because of this. I'd appreciate any help you can give me. —HERBERT

With six lively kids there's a lot to be said for being deaf.

You can't force a person to wear a hearing aid if she's more comfortable without. However, if your wife has not given herself every chance to become accustomed to one, she's making a big mistake. Many partially deaf people report a whole new world has opened up to them since wearing a hearing aid.

First: try to get her to give it a fair trial; second: get the three oldest honyorks together and tell them when the phone rings, they'd better not be too "busy"... or else!

Dear Ann Landers: I'm sick and tired of reading the 'tripe you dish out in defense of mothers-in-law. I've been married 32 years and my husband still has to stop off at "mama's" every evening af-

er work before he comes home. She is such a sneak she feeds him supper so he doesn't have an appetite for what I cook.

Why don't you ever SAY ANYTHING about the poor abused "daughter-in-law"? It would be a welcome change. —A.F.

If you've been a "poor abused daughter-in-law" for 32 years you must like it. The time to have straightened around the "mama's boy" was when you first saw the signs.

CONFIDENTIALLY: G.M. You've done enough. Send "regrets" from now on and stop stealing guity!

SKEPTICAL SIX: I didn't "pick" the face. It was a birthday present... and you are wrong about everything else, too!

MRS. E.: Of course your clergyman can help you. Go to see him at once and good luck.

(Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper. Copyright, 1956, Field Enterprises, Inc.)

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHIE

BEEN "PLASTERED" lately?

Everybody hopes not, including the plasterers. In fact, the Arizona Plastering Institute got so irate over the use of the word, "plastered," as a synonym for being drunk that they passed a resolution against it.

You don't say a man is shingled, painted or landscaped! the resolution declared. "Then why say he is plastered?"

The plasterers felt that the use of the word detracted from "the dignity of a respected calling." They probably also got tired of hearing jokes about whether the plasterers were plastered.

The men who make our walls beautiful even sent a telegram to the publisher of Roget's Thesaurus, protesting the listing of "plastered" among some 50 synonyms for intoxication and asked that the word be expurgated from the next edition.

THE PLASTERERS feel that they are being picked upon. A look at the thesaurus might tend to confirm this view, since the only other profession so honored are the stuccoers. One of the synonyms used to describe over-imbibing is "stuccoed," were so many other ways to describe a "tipsy" state.

In case you didn't know, a drunk also can be described as oiled, boiled, fried, pickled, stewed, tanked, razed, corned, frizzled, rad-dled, schnozled, skunked, stu-pified, primed, ossified, pol-

luted, stoned, potted, looped, lushed, woozy, squiffy, giddy, tipsy, stupid, tight, cock-eyed, cross-eyed or pie-eyed.

In any event, anybody who can be described in the above terms has hit the bottle once too often and ought to know when to quit.

I SUSPECT, however, that the plasterers are fighting a losing battle in their efforts to clear their names, since "plastered" is one of the most common terms used to describe somebody who is "light."

It wouldn't be surprising to learn that some plasterers get "plastered" from time to time in more than a literal sense.

It would probably be easier for the plasterers to change the name of their occupation to something else than it would be to get the public to stop using the profession in vain.

They're fighting against custom, and that's hard to beat. It might be just as easy to support the return of prohibition.



The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Members of the Business and Professional Woman's Club of Torrance will honor an old friend of ours tomorrow night when they salute Miss Lute Fraser as "Woman of the Year."

We have known Lute since an April morning nearly seven years ago (a relative short time in her Torrance activities) when we joined the staff of the HERALD, where she had been employed in all capacities for nearly 30 years.

Our experience with Lute has been limited to her mastery of the English language, including its myriad of rules for punctuation and word usage; to the firm reasoning which often persuaded us that the piece of equipment we "must have," was really not needed; and the hundreds of times she was able to supply us with information about Torrance which was unobtainable at any other source.

To the latecomer, however, some of the past duties of Miss Fraser on the HERALD prior to her retirement two years ago, is far more interesting—she set type, could run any of the presses, was editor, sports writer, book-keeper, copyreader, and circulation manager—at the same time. She has worked in every department of the HERALD, except the dark-room, and we'll bet that she could do that if the need arose.

Tomorrow night's honors planned for Lute have been well earned.

at the American Legion cran of World War II, had a shock recently while on duty at the American Legion Hall, 1109 Border Ave. While helping out at the hall, a couple of young Legionnaires, veterans of the Korean War, looked the place over, then, addressing himself to Stan, one asked:

"Say, aren't there any young members here?" Stan says it's just "old man Blank, now."

Sign of the Times picked up by Don Perkins as passed along this week in the "Safety Scope": "Fortune Telling 50 Cents—Psychanalysis 25 Cents Extra."

SAFETY HINTS from the Red Cross



An explosion, in a setting like this, is virtually a 100-to-1 bet. Lighted cigarettes and gasoline don't mix—hold your fire until refueling is complete and outlets for the gasoline in both motor and container are safely closed.

and I Quote

"Maybe the country is in good shape, after all—a lot of people want to be President." —J. E. Jewett.

"Once a girl says 'I Do,' she usually stops doing!" —Herb Shriner.

"Women are unpredictable. You never know how they're going to manage to get their own way." —Beatrice Mann.

According to a University of Pennsylvania survey, 71% of married people say they are happy, and 14% say they are miserable. The rest, apparently, can't tell the difference. —Changing Times.

Barney's Blarney

By BARNEY GLAZER

I don't know how it's done, but take a man. He's a genius, steeped in intellect, leader of industry, self-made millionaire, the fox of the pack. Now take a girl. She's an innocent school-type, naive as all get-out, backward, shy, hesitant, and unable to carry on even a simple conversation. This is the puzzle. How does she manage to take this mastermind superman and reduce him to a bewildered, impossible and cackling half-wit and when she's positive he's completely helpless, wheedle him into proposing to her?

Have you, sir, ever lived next door to a man who practiced playing the trumpet? It once happened to me. One day, I couldn't stand it any longer so I walked next door and knocked vigorously. The trumpet player answered and I asked him quietly: "What kind of music are you playing?" He replied: "Swing." So I suggested: "You ought to," and quietly went home.

How many times have you told your wife a business secret and warned her not to tell a soul? But she went ahead anyway and told her best friend, who told her best friend, and so on down the line? It's really amazing how these women are every bit as good as the professional magician who pulls a rabbit out of a hat. Without any apparent effort, they can always let the cat out of the bag.

I'm against all girls who slap a man for kissing them unexpectedly. A girl may be kissed sooner than she thought, but never unexpectedly.

Every family, it seems, has a black sheep. But times have a habit of changing. As a result we don't call them black sheep anymore. I know a family who has two boys. According to the father's own statement: "One's an accountant and the other is a no-accountant."

Ah, sweet mystery of middle age life! You kids can have your teen-age, but for me, there's nothing quite like the sweet bliss of middle age, best described as the time of life when women won't admit their age and men won't act theirs.

Time is the answer to many arguments, so if you're having serious trouble with your husband or wife, just let a little time pass and things will straighten themselves out. Just to illustrate my point, a smart woman should pay no attention to her husband when he screams: "You make me so mad, I want to tear my hair out!" Let him keep repeating this a few years until it's too late.

While you're sitting in an audience listening to a judge speak, and perhaps you're thinking to yourself: "What a homely fellow he is," just bear this thought in mind: maybe he's looking straight at you and saying to himself: "I've seen better looking specimens in night court."

You don't have to visit a doctor to cure all your ills. Try curing yourself. For example, a friend of mine has been suffering from a dreadful headache for weeks. One day, his headache suddenly disappeared and as he remembered it at the time, he told us so tremendous, it felt like his scalp was coming off. What was actually happening was that he sent his wife away on a vacation and she was getting out of his hair.

I know where bad boys and girls go when they're bad, but I just found out where movies go when they're bad—to television... In the Navy, they don't call the boys "wolves." They're Chief Petty Officers... "Can my husband dance?" remarked a young housewife. "Why he's the lightest thing on my feet."

Out of the Past

From the Files of The Torrance HERALD

10 Years Ago This Month September, 1946

Mayor J. Hugh Sherley Jr., and Reed H. Parkin, president of the Torrance Chamber of Commerce, reported that the city had been given a perpetual lease for use of the 89.9 acres comprising the Lomita Flight Strip... Wayne H. Knight, Los Angeles attorney, announced articles of incorporation had been filed for the establishment of Palos Verdes College in the Palos Verdes Hills... Congressman Cecil R. King cited Harry B. Lewis, secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce, for the preparation of a brief suggesting Torrance as a site for the proposed West Coast U. S. Naval Academy.

15 Years Ago This Month September, 1941

All invited to attend a meeting at the Chamber of Commerce building for the purpose of organizing a cavalry outfit of the California State Guard's Third Regiment... Carl Marsteller, clerk of local Board 280, announced that the Torrance quota for the 16th Selective Service call would comprise six local residents.

20 Years Ago This Month September, 1936

C. Fickel, 25343 Pennsylvania Ave. Lomita, reported to police that some one had broken into his home and removed a quantity of food-stuffs, value amounting to 50 cents. According to the complaint, it was the second such theft noticed by Fickel in 10 days... Mrs. Helen Miller, 1317 Beech, was first prize winner in the cake baking contest held in connection with Torrance's Silver Anniversary Festival... Mrs. Irene Wilkes was elected to the post of chairman of the Torrance Co-ordinating Committee.

25 Years Ago This Month September, 1931

Darrel L. Beard, Napa attorney, appeared before the local Rotary Club, on the invitation of Dr. George P. Shidler, to explain and demonstrate "Rotaria Esperanto" (Amikaro) to the local group. Beard is the U. S. representa-

tive of the new international language... Lomita Judge Dennis was disturbed when his court clerk, Mrs. Bertha Wilcox, returned from a week-long vacation with a modern innovation. She had bobbed her hair, a factor which disturbed Judge Dennis' concentration.

30 Years Ago This Month September, 1926

Coach Mitchell welcomed 22 football players out to the local high school's first practice sessions. Mitchell was anticipating an improved season due to the increase in the team's average weight, approximately 140 pounds... The new, lighter, speedier, low-priced Chrysler "50," was on display at local dealers. The "50" joins the "60," "70," and "80" in the Chrysler line. In ease case the model numbers represent the miles per hour speed capacity of the car.

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