

EDITORIALS

Errant Pedestrians

The freedom and protection given pedestrians under California law too often is abused by individuals—young and old—who have come to consider the crosswalk as an island bulwark immune from traffic perils. Some elderly persons step into the crosswalk without so much as a glance in either direction. Some children and adult children consider the white lines as a special haven for calculated irritation of motorists.

Traffic experts have said that, even with laws so favorable to pedestrians, there are far too many tragedies emphasizing the perils of misplaced confidence. The vast majority of motorists and truck drivers respect pedestrian crossings but, one needs only to read the newspapers to realize that all drivers aren't alike.

Intelligent, considerate pedestrians look carefully both ways before entering a crosswalk and, within the limits of their physical capacities, walk briskly to avoid delaying traffic. Far too many, however, take chances and give no consideration whatsoever to the rights of courteous, law-abiding drivers. Loitering, dallying and horseplay, indulged in by children and potential juvenile delinquents in the crosswalks, not only exposes them to danger but is a direct violation of the spirit of the law.

Not much can be done to educate the old fools who still insist on their rights even if it kills them; but, schools and parents can do much to teach respect and consideration to the young. Failing of this, a special enforcement campaign aimed at the wayward pedestrian will surely be indicated.

It's Optimist Week

Today is the first day of Optimist Week in Torrance—a week set aside annually to review the accomplishment of Optimist Clubs throughout the nation in their day-to-day efforts to be what their motto suggests: Friend of the Boy.

A Torrance Optimist looks like any other business or professional man, but he has a specific goal in life: to live up to the Optimist Creed, and thereby promote Optimism as a philosophy of life.

The Optimist Creed is a series of promises: To let nothing disturb your peace of mind; to make all your friends feel that there is something good in them; to look at the sunny side of everything; to think only the best, work only for the best, and expect only the best; to be as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own; and to ward off fear, worry, anger, and trouble with happiness and a smile.

In addition to this creed, Optimists have fought the battle against juvenile delinquency quietly but effectively for a good many years. Last year, for instance, they helped more than a million boys at a total cost of more than \$2,264,000.

Torrance club members have contributed to this work through their active participation in youth activities here, and in their annual work with and financial support of the Optimist Home for Boys in Highland Park which houses nearly 60 boys, most of them wards of the court.

Short Takes . . .

Roseburg (Ore.) News-Review: "It is evident that the average worker considers himself a citizen first and a union member second. Also that more and more are beginning to view with suspicion the political labor stooge . . ."

Pecatonica (Ill.) News: "Honestly, though, don't you sometimes wonder where this great country of yours and mine is headed for? Regimentation seems to be the answer whether we like it or not. The great American spirit which was for so long a shining example to the rest of the world; held in envy and awe, seems to be disappearing under an avalanche of corruption, vice and promises of security from the cradle to the grave."

Bellingham (Wash.) Herald: "The 'farm problem' has been with us for years. It has been aggravated by conditions of war and peace. But experts who do not want to keep it before the people as a political football regard the program now in effect as the most hopeful long-range solution yet offered for turning the farm business back to private enterprise farmers."

THE MAIL BOX

(The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of libel and good taste. Letters should be brief and must be signed. The writer's name will be withheld if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of the Torrance Herald.)

A Great Service

Editor, Torrance Herald: The final phase of the "All America Cities Award" contest is here. To have been even considered in the finals could not have been attained without your continued interest and efforts. It is my considered opinion that the publicity which you have so generously accorded our participation in this contest has rendered a great service to the citizens of our city.

It is with pride and humility that I will represent our neighbors before the contest judges in Memphis next week. ALBERT ISEN, Mayor.

Stop Light Problem

Editor, Torrance Herald: Maybe somebody can answer my question. How in the heck do you get through the stop lights on Torrance Blvd.

without stopping at each one? It always has been my understanding that stop lights were supposed to help the flow of traffic, not hinder it. Those overhead lights are hard to see in the first place, and in the second place, they are timed so that it's humanly impossible to get through all of them without stopping at each one. I've tried it at 15 m.p.h. and I've tried it at 60 m.p.h., going both east and west.

My suggestions: 1. Get the regular street-corner type of stoplights that you can see without sticking your head out the window. 2. Time the darn things so that you can drive through them at a reasonable rate of speed, or else put up stop signs.

Yours for more efficient stop signs. JACOB C. PFIFFING

Dictate Slower, Can'tcha?



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Mrs. Landers: I'm a young man in my late 20's who's had one unsuccessful marriage and I don't want another. I met a girl who's only 18 but she's much older in many ways.

She admitted being in a reform school for picking up things in a department store and forgetting to pay for them. She said she was awfully young when this happened and has learned her lesson.

Several weeks ago she slept at a girl friend's house. I heard later that \$40 was missing from the friend's drawer. A few days after that, we went to visit a friend in the hospital and the patient's watch disappeared that very night. After our last date my wallet containing \$18 was gone.

I'm very fond of this girl, Ann, but the romance hasn't gotten under my skin as yet. We've just exchanged a few warm kisses. Any advice? —Freddie.

If you've been exchanging kisses with this girl, suggest you count your teeth. She's either a kleptomaniac or a Light-Fingered Lulu. I suspect the latter because of the nature of the missing objects. Kleptos often pick up things they have no use for—and this is an illness.

Get this girl to a doctor and determine whether or not she's ill. If she's a thief, maybe you'd better consider what life would be like between stretches.

Dear Ann: I'm a girl 16 and live in a shabby rundown neighborhood. Dirty, barefoot kids are always playing in the front yard and it's real slummy.

I like several boys and they seem to like me, but that's as far as it goes. A few times I've been asked for my address and that's the last I ever hear from them.

I'm quite sure if I lived in a decent place it would make a lot of difference in my social life. Can you tell me what chance a young girl has with fellows if she lives in a dump? —Underprivileged Lee.

People usually live in the kind of a place they can afford, they probably would. If your folks could do so, they probably would.

The right kind of a girl attracts decent boys and an address can't spoil her chances. Many a gal in a swanky neighborhood has given her address to a young man—never to be heard from again.

Fellows are interested in good company, someone who is pleasant and fun to be with—and they'll go any place to date a girl they like, no matter where she lives.

Dear Ann Landers: I'm completely fed up with showers. At the moment there are six new babies expected in

the family. The invitations—or should I say the "requests"—are pouring in.

It's difficult to ignore these showers when my sisters, in-laws and cousins are all going. What can a person say? If I don't draw the line somewhere I'll have to ask the welfare for aid. I give up, Mrs. Landers, and they can call me —Cheap.

Welcome to The Club. The membership is swelling! These baby showers are beginning to look like cloud-bursts, and too many people resent getting soaked.

Here's a suggestion: Get together with your sisters, in-laws and cousins. Chip in \$50 cents or \$1 to buy ONE useful gift. This way, you're all remembered and it won't put anyone on the county dole.

Dear Ann Landers: I read in your column recently that a woman who signed herself Mrs. C. was worried sick because an astrologer told her she'd die at the age of 40.

(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. Distributed by Chicago Sun-Times Syndicate)

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

A drunkard—that's a person who commits suicide on the installment plan . . . What I like about being a man—I don't have to kiss someone who hasn't shaved for three days . . . The future home will stress the privacy of a wooded lot to recreate a secluded country estate atmosphere.

For the first time in his long movie career, Roscoe Ates will portray a non-stutterer . . . Use of atomic energy by-products during the last five years has increased 500 per cent. Doesn't that forecast our future? . . . Police call: "All cars proceed to Sixth and Neekosh. 'Traffic accident, Train versus auto' . . ."

One of my favorite hews is "Superman" with George Reeves—and I'm not ashamed to admit it after an adolescent diet of Horatio Alger, Frank Merriwell and the Rover Boys.

Believe you me, Mr. and Mrs. America, you can buy all the furniture you want but what it really takes to make a house a home is a mighty heap of good living . . . Under the spreading mistletoe, the home maiden stood—and stood, and stood, and stood, and stood . . .

Business experts claim that the next three months will prove to be the biggest quarter in the history of our country. As one economist puts it: "You have to run like heck these days just to stand still" . . . Meanwhile, so many people are buying homes that rentals are being hit hard. For example, in Dallas, landlords are offering appliances

Forget it, honey, I was told I'd die at 24 by one of these fakers. I'm now 53 and have never felt better in my life. It's the Man upstairs who decides these things and not a phony star-gazer. Cheer up and enjoy yourself. —Mrs. P.

CONFIDENTIALLY: DGMAR: You're right about this, and don't let the family grudge you.

MR. NAPOLEON: Your wife has met her Waterloo. Forgive and forget. Corsica is too far away.

STUPID WIFE: Check Legal Aid. It's free and you need it.

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and swimming pools to keep their tenants.

New ideas in home-buying in Fullerton, Calif., there is a "rent now and buy later" plan, with families paying \$115 per month, of which \$40 is set aside as their down payment . . . In Boston, Mass., there is a used house trade-in plan just as you would trade in a used car for a new one.

Meanwhile, older homes are selling better than new homes. The reasons: lower prices, closer to shopping and schools, larger rooms, and landscaping, and fencing included.

Our granddaughter, Debbie, is learning how to stick things into her nose. And it won't be too long before she will be sticking her nose into things . . . Bob Vincent tells the tale about the forest ranger who overheard a woman addressing a hussy tree thusly: "Oh, stately elm, if only you could talk with me" and the forest ranger suggested: "It would probably say, 'Pardon me, lady, but I'm an oak'."

San Smitman claims that Will Rogers Jr. was the only G.I. to become annoyed when his Greetings from President Roosevelt ordered him OUT of the service. It happened when Will Jr. was elected congressman just as he was preparing to ship overseas. Word came from President Roosevelt ordering him back to Washington. Says Smitman, who was there: "Wow, was Rogers sore when he couldn't go overseas with his outfit!"

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

One of the city's favorite non-conformists, Weaver Jones, stirred up the downtown Los Angeles area again just before Tuesday's voting with his subtle signs which he paraded at strategic corners of the civic center area—including a sortie into the city hall.

Weaver's latest sign—he has previously campaigned against booze barons and the alimony racket—painted on a 3 by 4-foot board, read: ALL THE NEIGHBOR'S DOGS USE MY YARD FOR A TOILET: BUT I DON'T BLAME THE DOGS, I BLAME THE REPUBLICANS.

It was good enough to be written up a couple of times in the downtown papers.

We were filled in on the details of Weaver's latest campaign when he called breathlessly after the election to tell us he had heard that Ike was in the hospital. "Had to have the dirt and grime removed from his nostrils after the huge landslide he was caught in Tuesday."

That little disagreement in the Middle East has sent a lot of the area's younger men to rummaging through dresser drawers for their draft cards, which have suddenly taken on added meaning. Along with that, the younger set is beginning to learn the meaning of the various classifications—just like their older brothers did 15 years ago.

To make it easier, we had Mrs. Helen Dill, manager of the Veterans' Service Center here, review the draft classifications for us yesterday. Here they are: 1-A—(are you kiddin'?) 1-A-O—Conscientious objector.

1-C—Member of Armed Forces. 1-D—Member of Reserve Component or student in military training.

2-A—Deferred because of civilian employment. 2-C—Deferred because of employment in agriculture. 3-A—Deferred because of dependents.

4-A—Registrant who has completed service in the Armed Forces and/or who is a sole surviving son.

4-B—Official deferred by law. 4-C—Alien. 4-D—Minister or divinity student.

4-F—Physically, mentally, or morally unfit for service. 5-A—Over the age.

Mrs. Dill has a bit of advice for those boys now reaching draft age. They are their draft board within five days of their 18th birthday.

True to his word, Dwight Eubank has put a new recording on the special Oscar Maples number, FA 8-5000. For the unwary, dialing the number in response to a note left at his desk, it might sound very much like he stumbled into a crossed wire expose of a murder—until he gets to the punch line.

Press release we may read later: "SAN JOSE—The attempt to put over the controversial gas and oil control bill, Proposition No. 4, by way of inflicting a brand as a brazen . . ."

How about this heat? Did you realize Torrance was one of the hottest spots in the United States, Friday? I think most Torrance residents would have argued had anybody claimed otherwise.



"Never invite trouble—because it will always accept!"

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHE

If money is really the root of all evil, I think sometimes I'd like to be downright sinful.

In most households, the family budget is one of the biggest considerations in governing the activities. Ours is no exception.

We keep hoping that our dollars will stretch and stretch, but they stretch only to the point where we're broke.

Since we are comparative newcomers on the sea of matrimony, we have found the current a little rocky in getting our money to stretch, what with buying furniture, dust mops, dishes, and all of the other paraphernalia which goes with setting up a honeymoon cottage.

Although we didn't get gifts from friends and relatives were gratefully received, there was still plenty of stuff that we had to buy. We got enough towels to last us for 50 years, but we're still burning our morning toast in the oven.

Due to the onrush of early expenditures, we decided to wait a few months to get stabilized before setting up a rigid budget.

But when does the situation ever get stabilized? Having concluded that monetary stability was a dream of some far-off date, we decided to attack the problem scientifically.

My better half and I have been keeping track of our expenditures, down to the last penny for sales tax. We thought we could see where our money was going and stem the outflow of money, but after 10 days, I've concluded that somebody ought to stick his finger in the dike.

When I didn't keep track of the outgoing cash, it didn't seem nearly so painful. Now that I see how much is going where, I'm about to have a heart attack. One day, we managed to get by on \$1, but the rest of the time the outgoing cash has been simply staggering, not including such necessary expenses as rent, phone bills, gas bills, payments of the car, and paying back Uncle Homer.

That innocent little morning cup of coffee becomes a

bigger villain when you consider the monthly cost of it, especially if you like an occasional doughnut. Toss a pack of cigarettes into the daily bargain, and you wonder whether getting cancer is worth the monthly cost.

The most dangerous threat to the pocketbook is the supermarket. I step into the store to buy a pound of oleo (maybe you can afford butter) and come out carrying an armload of "bargains." After all, we don't like marinated herring, but it was on sale. Grocery stores, I am convinced, have entered into a conspiracy against the American budget.

Being the proud owners (with the bank a silent partner) of two cars which run in gas at an alarming rate also is a constant threat to the monetary stability of any household. Just about the time that I think there might be enough extra cash to buy a new pair of pants, one of the mechanical monsters starts wheezing. The last wheeze cost \$50, and I still have a hole in my old pants.

By the time we take in an occasional movie or eat a hamburger at the neighborhood drive-in to break the routine of washing and wiping dishes, the kitty has run pretty low.

Then, having decided that it was silly to put off seeing the dentist because I couldn't afford to, I find that I have 10 cavities. For \$100, I can get a mouthful of gold.

If all this isn't enough, we get a wedding announcement from John and Mary and a birth announcement from Bob and Betty which means more \$\$\$\$\$.

In buying our necessities, I'll have to admit that we did make one foolish expenditure—a good-sized piggy bank. Now that I look back on it, that was the height of optimism.

I feel so sorry for that poor forlorn pig standing there on the dresser, casting soulful looks at me as I put on my shoes in the morning. Every day, just to give him a little encouragement, I pat him on the head and say, "Sorry, Sam, but we'll get you next month for sure."

Out of the Past

From the Files of The Torrance HERALD

10 Years Ago This Month

November, 1946 Actor Leo Carillo announced that a 1000 acre tract in Palos Verdes Hills would be developed into a panorama of early California scenes, as part of the state's Centennial Celebration in 1949 . . . Local spokesmen for both national political parties admitted that results of the recent election in Torrance indicated a definite switch from traditional Democratic leanings to the Republican camp . . . Robert Carlson, son of Mrs. Esther Carlson, 1916 Plaza Del Amo Blvd., arrived in Sweden after hitch-hiking a cross the United States and working his passage across the Atlantic on the Swedish-American liner "Gripsholm."

30 Years Ago This Month

November, 1926 John MacPhail, mechanic of the monoplane which flew over the North Pole, May 9, 1926, under the direction of Commander Richard E. Byrd, was in town visiting his brother, Alex MacPhail . . . Mrs. Leland Atherton Irish, chairman of the Hollywood Bowl, was to be the guest speaker at the regular meeting of the Women's Club . . . Ralph Myers was engaged by the local police department to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of former Motorcycle Officer Ira Young.

15 Years Ago This Month

November, 1941 Company H, California State Guard, was officially inducted with an enlistment of 62 men under the command of Lt. Harold Stark . . . While world-famed horticulturists looked on, Mr. and Mrs. George Harbour of Lomita, cut the first pineapple grown in California . . . Louis Zamperini, acting corporal at Camp Roberts, chalked up an expert's rating on the rifle range.

20 Years Ago This Month

November, 1936 Local business men were on guard for most of the week while a group of more than 40 gypsies were camped on the edge of town . . . City Engineer Frank R. Leonard announced that plans were underway for the construction of a comfort station on the triangular park at Torrance Blvd. and Sartori Ave. in the center of the downtown business district.

25 Years Ago This Month

November, 1931 M. J. Fix, local industrialist, announced that he would move the Courier Monoplane Co. from its present location

in Long Beach to a site in Torrance . . . Major B. G. Rechenberg, high ranking officer in the German army during the World War, was the guest and principal speaker at the American Legion . . . Carl Hyde and "Gil" Gilmeister, local Chamber of Commerce officials, were looking for a French interpreter after they received a letter from the Chambre de Commerce Francais in French.

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