

EDITORIALS

Decision Challenged

The city council's decision this week to rezone a large area of beach frontage from R-4 to R-1 strikes us a decision based on political expedience—not the facts of the case.

Protests over plans to build a plush motel instead of announced plans for a push hotel (even the city attorney admits he could find no legal distinction) led the council to bow its back and zone the property down, limiting its use to single family residences.

The property, zoned for limited multiple dwelling use (R-3) since the area was first recorded in 1924, was purchased by the Don-Ja-Ran interests three or four years ago for nearly \$1 million. At the time of purchase, the property was zoned R-3. Last year, the owners request to have the land rezoned to R-4 to permit development of a beach front hotel was approved. Plans to use the property for such development preceded even the request for rezoning because the homeowners in the area had signed agreements when purchasing houses, waiving their protests to hotel or multiple residential development there.

When the council became aware that tentative plans for the hotel showed cooking facilities in the accommodations, they instructed the planning commission to initiate hearings to rezone the property to R-1 to halt the project.

It has been halted—temporarily. It is an educated guess that the city's rezoning to R-1 may be hard to justify in court. To return it to R-3, its status for more than 30 years, might have been sustained.

The city most certainly will be challenged on its decision and informed sources (including city officials who don't want to be quoted) say the city will lose.

But the councilmen will be able to hold it up to the voters and say, "see, we tried to do what you wanted."

And that is going to be increasingly important between now and next April when the city elects its new councilmen.

Civil Defense Week

During this second annual National Civil Defense Week, the attention of the American public is once again being focused on the nation's disaster preparedness program.

We are an optimistic people—we do not expect a nuclear war any time soon nor do we expect a flood, tornado or hurricane to strike the particular town in which we live.

Yet, so long as these possibilities exist, we would be foolish not to guide ourselves accordingly.

This National Civil Defense Week, therefore, let us make a special effort to evaluate our personal knowledge of disaster preparedness techniques as well as our community's emergency capabilities.

You cannot wish away or out-talk a flood or a bomb—you can, in some instances, out-think them.

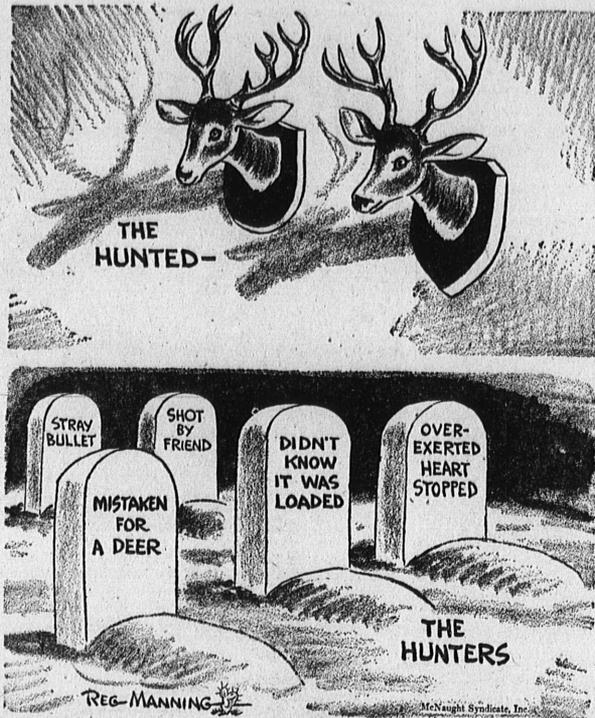
Opinions of Others

Editor John Fischer of Harper's Magazine is not beguiled by that curious philosophy of life which deifies the "Common Man." Writing in his "Editor's Easy Chair" column, he says: "Our whole way of life is now based on the theory that only the mediocre and ineffectual deserve to be especially cherished by society . . ."

"So if a man is stupid, lazy and feckless enough, there is nothing our society won't do for him—particularly if he comes from a long line of stupid, lazy, and feckless ancestors. When he has a job, the union sees to it that he is never fired for anything short of the most outrageous sloppiness and shirking. When he doesn't, a relief check is always waiting. If he absent-mindedly begets more children than he can support, the state takes care of them. For good measure, we ply him with subsidized housing, free medical care, and the tender ministrations of social workers; and we entertain him lavishly with free television programs carefully tailored to his sluggish wits.

"His children become the darlings of the public schools, which are primarily designed to keep mediocre youngsters (and their parents) happy. Here little Willie Jukes is taught 'life adjustment', including how to dance, play the clarinet, and drive a hot-rod—but rarely does any teacher insist that he learn to read and spell properly, because the effort might bruise his fragile soul."

Hunting Season



'All My Sons' Rated Good

Does a man have a greater obligation to himself and his family or to "All My Sons"—the human race in general?

That's the question which is asked—and answered—in the current Hampton Players production, "All My Sons," playing Fridays and Saturdays through Oct. 6 at the Breeze Auditorium, 129 N. Pacific Ave.

The players present a highly creditable performance, carried to a great extent by a superb performance by Patricia Coates, playing the wife of a businessman suspected of deliberately selling faulty plane parts which cause the death of a number of pilots during World War II. The story involves the businessman's family and that of his former partner, sent to prison for the offense.

As a wife and mother, Miss Coates portrays a woman who

is more realistic about some things than the rest of her family, and at the same time, more involved in wishful thinking about her son, a pilot reported missing in action. The audience is with her throughout the ordeal.

Bill Burroughs, as her idealistic son, also manages vividly to convey the torment of a son who wants to believe in his father, but is not sure that he can.

Portraying the businessman who puts his family above all else, Carl Rogers keeps the audience wondering whether he really is a villain or a maligned innocent.

Also turning in creditable performances were Margaret Middleton as Ann Deever, the partner's daughter who returns to haunt the family; Norman Fordyce, as the partner's son; Jim Wilson, Doro-

thy Tunis, Dick Dugan, Miriam Wilson, and Nick Rogers, neighbors whose lives are intertwined with those of the businessmen.

Hampton Players have proved again that Little Theatre can be good and deserves support from the people of the area.

The play is done in center-staging, popular among little theater groups. It helps to give the audience the feeling of being in the play. At the same time, it also helps to jar the audience out of the play by highlighting the make-up of characters older or younger than the parts they are playing.

Opening nights are traditionally "jitters nights" for the cast and with succeeding performances, the tempo of the action should pick up slightly to make this emotional drama by playwright Arthur Miller ("Death of a Salesman" and Marilyn Monroe's husband) a real heart reder. Director S. R. Farnsworth and Assistant Director Bernard Browne have done a good job.

It's well worth seeing. —Tom Rische

THE FREELANCER by Tom Rische

Bold Adventurers

When you think of Arizona, do you picture something that looks like the Sahara Desert, with Phoenix in the center and the Grand Canyon at one side?

I did until my wife and I decided to take our vacation in that state this summer. Friends warned us that we probably would return half fried. They conjured up visions of cacti, boiling radiators, seat covers soaked through with perspiration, and a car pitted by sandstorms.

We set out, feeling like bold adventurers.

We looked in vain for the burning sand although we did see lots of cactus. In fact, we failed to take two very necessary pieces of equipment—our raincoats.

We arrived at the Grand Canyon during a rain and hail storm and our trek through the state was punctuated with flashes of lightning and the patter of raindrops on the windshield. We had to view a number of Indian ruins from the car, and once when the rain let up, we bravely ventured out to see the homes of cliff dwellers. For about an hour, we became cliff dwellers ourselves as the torrent started again.

At the Grand Canyon and Painted Desert, we were told that the colors would be prettier if there weren't so much rain. We passed through Winslow the day after a flash flood had ruined a number of homes and caused evacuation of the hospital.

At one point, we had to stop the car until the rain

let up enough to let us see where we were going.

This, we quickly decided, was no Sahara Desert.

Thousands of eager tourists took hundreds of thousands of pictures of the scenic beauties of Arizona which include vast green forests, colored canyons, stratified rock formations, the Petrified Forest, countless Indian ruins, old missions, and colorful Tombstone, "the town too tough to die."

Boothill Cemetery in Tombstone is filled with tombstones with colorful notations—"shot by mistake," "hanged," "died of malpolox," and "killed in gunfight at the O. K. Corral."

My favorite was the one which said, "Here lies Lester Moore, Shot with slugs from an A-44, No Les, No More."

Of course, there were Indians all over the place selling Indian jewelry, pottery, and blankets and hundreds of curio shops with high-priced trinkets. People were buying it, however, and are probably surveying it coldly now, wondering why in the world they bought it.

At any rate, Arizona is a land of violent contrasts. The desert was there all right, but there's lot more beside desert.

Californians can't realize what a sunset can be until they've viewed one of Arizona's purple, blue, and pink, green sunsets. A sunset over the buttes and plateaus is one of the most gorgeous sights to be found anywhere.

So as the sun sank slowly in the west, we bade adieu to colorful Arizona and returned home, not hot, but wet.

YOUR PROBLEMS by Ann Landers

Let's Skip All the Re-Runs

Dear Ann: My husband's mother is about to drive me to my grave. Please tell me what to do. She told him he had no business marrying me because I am a Democrat. Also, she makes fun of my religion and says I'm "trash" because there were eight children in our family.

She's 75 years old and can act better than Sara Bernhardt. The tears go off and on like a faucet. Her pills cost us a fortune. When she hears of an expensive medicine she fakes the symptoms and gets her doctor to prescribe it for her. The woman takes pills to go to sleep, to wake up, to calm her nerves, balance her thyroid, slow up her breathing and strengthen her blood.

Five times a week she phones in the middle of the night and says she is dying. My husband drags himself out of bed and runs to her bedside. This has been going on for 15 years and I'm afraid she'll bury me. Please tell me what to do.—GAY K.

Be grateful your mother-in-law calls you on the phone and not from the next room. Your best protection against this shrew is the distance between you.

Tell your husband if he wants to run over there five nights a week to leave quietly and not bother you. Let him know you've had your fill of her academy-winning performances and are interested in the re-runs.

Bear in mind the woman is 75 and it could be she's a trifle senile. Remember, too, that she's your husband's mother and entitled to respect. But, don't permit yourself to be abused, insulted,

horn-swoggled or victimized by her attention-getting schemes.

Dear Ann: Last night I had a date with a boy I've been wanting to go with for ages. This was our first time out together and I looked forward to a swell evening. Something happened that spoiled everything and I'd like some advice for next time.

He surprised me by telling a slightly off-color joke. I was embarrassed but I laughed because I didn't want him to think I was a goody-goody or too dumb to get the point. A few minutes later he told another joke only much worse. I was shocked to hear him use such language. Not knowing what to say or do, I just sat there and smiled.

I don't want him to think I'm the type who enjoys vulgar talk, yet I'd hate to be considered a wet blanket. Please tell me how a girl should act when her date talks a little rough or uses words that aren't nice.—S.K.

A girl who wants to be treated like a lady should not hesitate to remind her date that she IS one—when HE forgets.

No lady laughs at raw jokes. Laughter signifies approval and encourages more of the same.

If you had chopped the fellow off after the "slightly off-color story" he wouldn't have told the second one. No one wants to perform for an unappreciative audience.

There's a difference between being a prude and having high moral standards. Good judgment ought to tell

you where to draw the line. Gutter words are inexcusable and merely because they are part of a joke doesn't make them O. K. Don't be ashamed to tell any young man who talks like a sailor's parrot that he can either clean up his vocabulary or forget your phone number.

Dear Ann: If you want to do some good in this world please print this letter. I know a few men who might profit by it. One is my husband. There must be thousands of other jerks who may possibly connect themselves with this situation and wise up.

My husband is in his 50's. He's an egotistical phony who still chases skirts. Of course the women he prefers are 15 or 20 years younger than he is. He doesn't catch on that in a few years he'll be a spent old man and his young babe will be back on the barstool where he found her, waiting for another sucker to come along.

Too bad these hot-shots can't stand back and take a good look at themselves. They think they are dapper, and sophisticated, but in nine cases out of ten they're playing second trombone to some young guy who walks in when they walk out. —IDA

CONFIDENTIALLY: Fern: Your husband is right. You can't expect complete honesty from a child if you instruct him to lie about his age on the train. Pay the full fare. It's worth it.

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

THE SQUIRREL CAGE By Reid Bundy

Some Rules for First Nighters

The Manhattan Players, whose production of "The Moon is Blue," thrilled audiences at the Camino Real Playhouse recently, put out a list of instructions for playgoers watching on the back of its program—instructions which might apply as well to other areas of entertainment.

Their list suggests the following rules for theatergoers: 1. Try not to step on each other when finding seats. We want everyone happy and relaxed.

2. When the curtain opens, if you think the set is terrific (And it is!) applaud it. This will bring tears of joy to the eyes of the backstage crew.

3. If you are amused by the play and want to laugh, please feel free. The actors will wait (rather smugly, I'm

afraid) until you've finished. After each act, clap like the dickens, but save some for the final curtain. Then applaud until you raise blisters and there will be maybe five or six (but who's counting) curtain calls.

5. If you enjoy the performances in this play, go backstage and tell the actors. They love it.

6. If you loved this play, tell your friends and those of your enemies that respect your judgment.

This is the time of the year that new PTA chairmen get busy with their respective assignments. Some of them—getting their first experience on such committees—approach the job with some trepidation.

Take the publicity chairman for one of the groups who sent her first release into the HERALD this week. Typed on the bottom was the following note:

"This chairman begs the indulgence of the patient editor—her typing is impossible, her spelling leaves much to desire, her grammar and her punctuation incredible—but her intentions are good and she's trying."

Which is about all you could ask of anyone.

Landlords—in fact and fiction—have been painted as villains, hovering in the background to collect their rents, watching over the welfare of their properties, waiting for

a good chance to raise the rents on his tenant.

If the one we heard about here the other day is this type, he can only blame himself for what happened.

A representative of the county assessor's office was around calling on a tenant, asking about the rent, and other items which might have a bearing on the value of the property.

After he had gone, the sneaky tenant called up the landlord, told him about the guy—omitting the fact that he had identified himself as being from the assessor's office—and said he thought that the building was probably for sale.

"But don't worry, I took care of you," our tenant friend said. "When he asked about the rent, I told him I paid \$500 instead of the \$120 I really pay."

It took several days for the landlord to recover, even after finding out that it was a joke.

We think a speaker we heard the other evening may have reason to wonder about the introduction he got. (But it was all in fun.)

His host said two cities claimed the birth of the distinguished speaker—Los Angeles and Long Beach. Los Angeles claimed he was born in Long Beach, Long Beach claimed he was born in Los Angeles.

STAR GAZER

By CLAY R. POLLAN

Your Daily Activity Guide According to the Stars.

To develop message for Sunday, read words corresponding to numbers of your Zodiac birth sign.

<p>1 Go</p> <p>2 Look</p> <p>3 Intuition</p> <p>4 Help</p> <p>5 For</p> <p>6 For</p> <p>7 Help</p> <p>8 Ways</p> <p>9 A</p> <p>10 Call</p> <p>11 There</p> <p>12 Good</p> <p>13 Day</p> <p>14 Con</p> <p>15 Outlook</p> <p>16 Ahead</p> <p>17 Be</p> <p>18 Be</p> <p>19 With</p> <p>20 Call</p> <p>21 Visit</p> <p>22 You</p> <p>23 Promising</p> <p>24 For</p> <p>25 Conso</p> <p>26 For</p> <p>27 Alford</p> <p>28 Watchful</p> <p>29 Vastness</p> <p>30 Selling</p> <p>31 17-23-24</p> <p>32 49-87-88</p>	<p>31 Eye</p> <p>32 On</p> <p>33 Discreet</p> <p>34 To</p> <p>35 Find</p> <p>36 Full</p> <p>37 Solution</p> <p>38 Some</p> <p>39 In</p> <p>40 Steam</p> <p>41 To</p> <p>42 Splitting</p> <p>43 Fore</p> <p>44 Promis</p> <p>45 Pleasur</p> <p>46 You</p> <p>47 Better</p> <p>48 And</p> <p>49 Pleasur</p> <p>50 Confusin</p> <p>51 Keep</p> <p>52 To</p> <p>53 Income</p> <p>54 Take</p> <p>55 Elements</p> <p>56 For</p> <p>57 Dun's</p> <p>58 Letter</p> <p>59 Hold</p> <p>60 Sentiments</p> <p>61 7/15</p>	<p>61 Writing</p> <p>62 Wrong</p> <p>63 Steady</p> <p>64 Interviews</p> <p>65 Measures</p> <p>66 Back</p> <p>67 Phoning</p> <p>68 Forget</p> <p>69 Money</p> <p>70 Post</p> <p>71 On</p> <p>72 Friendship</p> <p>73 Fore</p> <p>74 Problems</p> <p>75 Measur</p> <p>76 Blockades</p> <p>77 An</p> <p>78 Plans</p> <p>79 Even</p> <p>80 Feet</p> <p>81 Year</p> <p>82 Ideas</p> <p>83 Friend</p> <p>84 Motion</p> <p>85 Pr</p> <p>86 Confidential</p> <p>87 Envelope</p> <p>88 Westward</p> <p>89 Efficiency</p> <p>90 Sentiments</p> <p>91 5/33-39-58</p> <p>92 61-64-67</p>
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Good Adverse Neutral

ALERT TODAY

ALIVE TOMORROW

Support NATIONAL CIVIL DEFENSE WEEK

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