

Girl Scout Week

"... To serve God and my country..." A phrase that drops from the lips of Girl Scouts and Brownies each time the pledge of scouting is renewed.

But to the Senior Scout, the near-adult who has spent better than half her life in scouting, there is a promise in those words that have come to be a part of her way of life.

Today in the churches of Torrance 600 young girls will be humbly serving God, dressed in the brown or green uniform of the Brownie or Scout, as Girl Scout Week gets under way locally.

The other half of the phrase, "my country," has in recent years come to encompass the concept of a country without boundaries as international brotherhood becomes more and more a focus of the scouting philosophy.

It is significant that Thursday, the Girl Scout birthday proper, has been given equal billing as International Friendship Day. What has the overall ideology come to mean in the down-to-earth life of the Torrance Girl Scout?

Well, it wasn't very many years ago that The American Girl, a national magazine, carried a letter from a Girl Scout troop in the Philippines which told in the words of those faraway girls what it has meant to them to be the pen friends through the years of a Torrance Girl Scout troop which is currently observing its 10th anniversary of scouting.

The most overt expression of international relations to take place in Torrance during Girl Scout Week will be the performance by an intermediate troop of authentic dances in costume of several nationalities the patrols have studied these past months.

Letters abroad... native dances by little girls... and memorized words. How much do they mean in the long run? To those who give of their time and love to scouting, they mean the humble beginnings, the first insight into an understanding of other peoples as sisters—and brothers—under the flesh, different only in their external environment.

These are the early seeds of compassion and respect for human dignity planted in the minds of our Torrance girls in brown and green who sit beside us in church, to be nurtured and grow in depth of understanding as the little girl bodies grow into womanhood.

LAW IN ACTION

A Nuisance Defined

A "nuisance" refers to what a person does on his own place that interferes with others' enjoyment of life and home. A private nuisance such as a spite fence, noises, or smells may affect only a few people. Other things like polluting water may hurt the public as a whole.

In life today one must expect some disturbances in some places depending upon whether you find them in residential, industrial, urban, or rural area.

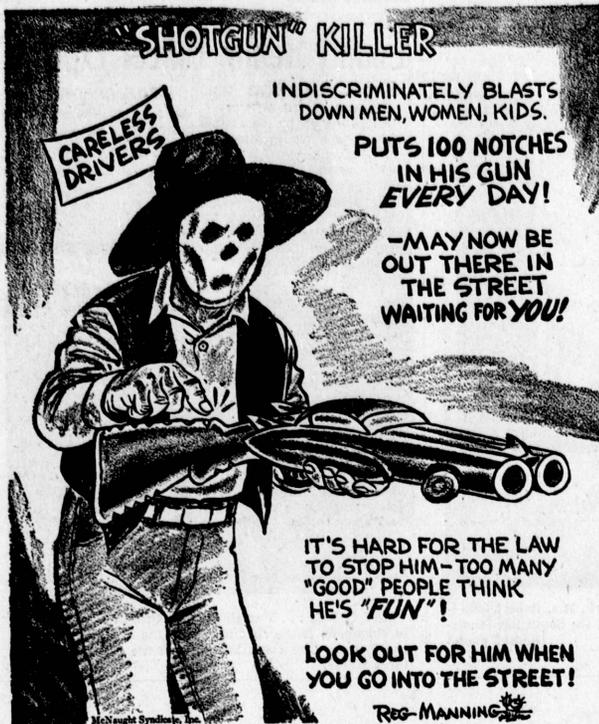
A person whose comfortable enjoyment of life or property has been invaded can sue the offender for damages. He can also have a court prohibit further nuisances under pain of contempt of court penalties.

Before declaring something a nuisance, the court may "balance the equities." After all, the person causing the annoyance has some rights on his own land. In one California case a big smelter which hired many people smoked up a neighborhood. Yet the court thought the hardship of stopping the smoke and soot would outweigh the annoyance of the persons who complained.

If the smoke and soot could have been stopped with ease, or if the neighborhood had suffered greatly, the court could have called upon the factory to "abate" the nuisance, or even close up shop.

NOTE: California lawyers offer this column so you may know about our laws.

A Notch For You?



FROM OUR MAILBOX by Our Readers

Former Eitor Looks Ahead

Editor, Torrance Herald:

Ronnie Saunders, in a recent issue of The Herald, authored an open letter to me which, when beamed as it was to an old newspaperman, is asking for it. So here I come.

Thirty-five years ago I projected my editorial vision ahead to 1958, just as Saunders said. I now submit a prognostication of Torrance news items which will appear in 1984.

Spur Murphy has invented oil well drilling devices capable of boring holes clear through the earth. His only problem now is to keep the bit from melting as it bores into Hell. Spud has been ordered to go there and work out a solution. He says he expects to make some extra money out of the expedition. He's taking along a load of good intentions which he plans to sell to a former Southern California paving contractor.

Librarian Dorothy Jamieson has taken the volume of Elinor Glynn's "Three

Weeks" out of hiding and placed it on the teen-ager shelf. The evil innuendos of the old opus, she has concluded, is baby talk to the kids of today.

Sam Levy returned yesterday from a two weeks' business trip to Mars, where he is building a store for the Interspace Chain of Groceries, Inc. On the way home by rocket Sam stopped over for a day at Venus. He loved Venus.

City Clerk Bartlett left yesterday morning and returned last night from a consulting trip to the new community of Byrd, which was incorporated as a city a year ago at the South Pole and whose elected city officials wanted to know how he does it. Al wouldn't tell 'em.

The Seawater Atom Rocket Corp. yesterday purchased the top three lavers of the Pyramid Plant Corporation's 100-level facility at Torrance Beach. The new building is now entirely occupied after having been completed only a month. Visitors from earth spots and outer space are

arriving daily to inspect the unique structure which was built 100-factory-locations-tall to accommodate industries which wanted to operate in Torrance but found the ground space all gone.

Harvel Guttenfelder and Dr. Robin Bingham are just back from a hunting trip to the planet of Saturn. They brought home a unique trophy—the two heads of an animal called by the Saturnians the double-faced Puffuss. This beast has eight legs, each four of which can run in opposite directions, and a head at each end of its body. This dual facility enables it simultaneously to see where it has been and where it is going and also to think twice before it double-talks. The boys say the way to hunt the Puffuss is to put bait in its favorite foods at soots 200 yards apart. These foods are gnu meat with okra and leg of arkvaad aux cauliflower. Nobodv knows why.

When the bait is set out, one Puffuss head sees and smells one dish of bait and the other one the other. The silly beast then starts running in two directions at once and very shortly yanks itself in two. This is called short division. Harvel and Doc seem normal in all other ways.

Mayor Lute Fraser sailed a derisive snort Chicagoward when told by a Herald reporter today that Mayor Lupe Loop of the Windy City sneered at the Torrance census figures which established the California Metropolis as the second largest city in the country.

"She's been acting mean ever since fashions dictated shorter skirts," snorted the Torrance mayor.

Don't Say 'A h' Say 'Wha...'

Dentists have come up with a new device to measure respiration changes in relation to the effect of various sounds on patients who come in singing those tooth-ache blues.

The machine is called a psycholothokrytographmanometer.

Which is fine, but one wag who read the announcement said it sounded like something invented by a Welsh antidisestablishmentarian s t living in Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwll-Llantysiliogogoch.

Sgt. Ernie Mason, Air Force recruiter for this area, was passing out the stogies recently after his wife gave birth to a son.

So what did they name him?

Perry, of course. At last, a real, honest-to-goodness Perry Mason.

While it isn't working out the way some of the cynics have been predicting, money is going out of style. Take Jim Jones, an executive of a corporation who has decided to fly from his New York office to Los Angeles to visit the company's Torrance plant.

Does Jones go down to the bank and draw out a bundle of money?

Not in your life. He may get on the new jet which will land him at Los Angeles International Airport a scant 5 1/2 hours later with no more money in his pocket than you and I might take if we were going to a movie.

The rest of his billfold is crammed with club cards, credit cards, and identification.

Our executive belongs to the "Pay-It-Later" club, which now counts in its membership nearly everyone who ventures out into the world.

He can pick up his airline ticket with one card, pay for his meals and hotel with another, or rent a car with still another.

He can flash a card and send flowers back home to his wife, and if he forgot to leave her some household money, she's probably out using her own credit cards.

Of course, the day of reckoning comes at the end of the month when the bills come in. But again the Jones family just writes checks against their bank account which has been getting the family paychecks. Money, as such, wasn't involved.

The system has one drawback, however. The bellboys along the line prefer the cold, hard cash for their services. The card flashers can't very well sign a tab for a two-bit tip—or can they?

The thing to do nowadays, it appears, is to name your auto and have it painted on the rear fenders (if that's what they still call them). The practice is especially in vogue among the younger sports whose autos have usually been identified heretofore by the primer spots.

Our candidates for this week's name winners are the owners who named their buggies "Instant Junk," "Gas Pains," and the little front opening job not much bigger than a scooter on wheels

which was labeled, "Transistorized."

Ray H. Wolfe, who travels around the state for the California Farm Bureau, reports he heard a fellow say the other day that he had been in Palm Springs, where "everyone sleeps under one blanket." Wolfe says it sounds like a wonderful way to make friends.

Wolfe also reports that a hamburger stand somewhere along Highway 99 near Madera used to have a sign out in front which read, "Texas Size Shakes." The line was crossed out the last time he passed and underneath was written "Alaska Size Shakes."

A friend of ours who was surveying the crumpled front end of an auto here the other day remarked that what the auto industry needed to do was develop brakes that automatically got tight when the driver did.

It's about that time of the year again, and the income tax jokes are making the rounds. A few we've heard lately (all supposedly true, of course) include the one about a male taxpayer seek-

ing a quick refund tried to convince a collection agent that he should get his \$97.50 refund from a cash payment of \$117.50 being made by a female taxpayer who was immediately ahead of him. He had to wait like the rest of us.

Another taxpayer attached a note to the joint return saying, "Would you please send the refund check for our joint account to me, sir? My husband has already spent his allowance for the next two weeks."

Then a poorly dressed man of foreign birth approached the assistance counter of an Internal Revenue district office and asked the agent who came to serve him what would happen if he couldn't pay his taxes.

"Why, eventually you would go to jail," the agent explained.

The man lifted a battered suitcase from the floor. "Okay, me no got, I ready."

Questions about who started the 40-hour week have been settled for the time being by the conclusion that Robinson Crusoe must have because he had his work all done by Friday.

Role of Lobbyist Outlined by Assemblyman; Serve Purpose

BY VINCENT THOMAS

68th District Assemblyman Vincent Thomas outlined certain lobbyists who met in Sacramento to talk over proposals for new or higher State taxes gave many readers the impression, probably unintentionally, that such conferences are either unethical or illegal. Under the law, they are neither, but instead are just another every-day method of arriving at unified opinion on legislative matters.

Despite the fact that lobbying has been controlled by State law for the past ten years, and that everyone engaging in it for pay must register as a "legislative advocate," some people still feel that it is bad and ought to be prohibited. What such people fail to realize is that honest and intelligent lobbying has become an integral and necessary part of the legislative process, not only at the State level, but at every level of government.

For some years, the number of registered advocates has exceeded the total number of legislators. This, too, seems bad to some people. The fact is that our stream of life here in California has become so broad and diversified that every element in it is affected by proposed legislation. Each has the right to be heard, and to have its case ably presented.

MILLIONS of Californians could not crowd our legislative halls, each trying to get attention, without tying the legislature into complete knots. Therefore, the practice of lobbying has been developed as a means of giving and each interest group a spokesman. The evils of years ago are now only a matter of history. Today's legislative advocates are well-

come in our legislative offices, whether we agree with them or not, because they enable us legislators to get the facts about all sides of every issue. Better, more equitable legislation in the interests of all the people, results from our cooperation.

Many people apparently do not fully appreciate the fact that a single individual may be advocated by more than one advocate, and that occasionally the interests of various groups with which he is connected may be partially or wholly in conflict. Take for example a man who is a church member, a parent, a union member, an income property owner, and part owner of a small business. Five different advocates might be said to represent his interests, and yet there might be conflicts between them over specific issues. It is at that point that we, your legislators, perform our function as your lawmakers.

SINCE EACH of us represents all of the citizens of his district, it is our function to arrive at the compromises between diverse or conflicting interests which will enable passage of law in the best interests of all. Whether the subject matter be airports or atomic energy, schools or social welfare, taxes or trade barriers, water or wages, we must come up with the answers to meet your needs.

Collecting the facts we need to make sound decisions in the various fields is an expensive and time consuming process. In recent years, we have increased expenditures for serving our legislative counsel, an analyst, and auditor to give us the facts, and have also enlarged the scope of our interim study committees to make sure that no interest is ignored.

Medical Mailbag

Question — Please tell me how I can get my five-year-old son to eat a decent meal. When he was smaller, he ate fine, but now he just picks at his food and says he isn't hungry.

Answer — A number of factors, none of them usually serious must be taken into consideration. For one thing, you must be sure your son is not "picking" between meals. It is obvious that a child who has had candy, popcorn, nuts, soft drinks or cookies and milk an hour or so before his meal is not apt to want much at mealtime. At the age mentioned, children need relatively less food because their rate of growth has slowed considerably.

Sometimes emotional reasons may cause a child to reject his food. If he feels insecurity, rivalry or lack of family attention in the home for some reasons, he may try to compensate for this by arousing parental concern. Children learn quickly that most parents get disturbed if food is rejected.

It is wise to get the opinion of your family doctor about the physical condition of your son. Any child who is ill is apt to eat poorly. Also the possible presence of mouth or tooth disease must be considered. Sometimes a child will reject food because it is painful to eat, but he may not tell the parent this unless questioned closely.

If no physical cause for not eating can be found, the best approach is to accept the child's decision calmly and permit him to leave the table. Make sure that he does not eat anything until the next regular mealtime. Under

such a routine, indifference about food will disappear quickly, and the child will recognize that eating is a privilege, not a way of promoting family favor. If an emotional problem exists, parents must direct their attention to eliminating it through family readjustments, separating the matter completely from mealtime.

Advertisement for Girl Scout Week featuring a girl with a sign that says 'U.S.A. SPACE COMPUTER SERVICE' and 'You can count on her - to rise to the occasion!'.

In Years Gone By

It was just 20 years ago today that Torrance's Nativity Catholic Church opened. According to the Torrance Herald files of March 8, 1939, the \$25,000 Catholic Church of the Nativity became the official home of 410 parishioners at a High Mass held in the Spanish colonial structure at the corner of Engracia and Manuel Avenues. One hundred parishioners knelt along the sidewalk as Rev. Father Joseph V. Fitzgerald carried the Blessed Sacrament from the old church to the new, where it was to be subject of continuous prayer and meditation for a forty-hour adoration period, which was to end on Tuesday morning with the ceremony of the Reposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

Also launched that week was a concerted drive to complete the extension of Western Ave. south of 228th Street through unincorporated territory to the Palos

Verdes Hills. Gas tax monies were to be sought from the municipalities involved by the highway seekers who were prepared to immediately go after the right-of-way between 228th St. and Lomita Blvd.

Oil operators got the go-ahead on wells located in the area around 241st St. and Walnut after tests showed oil sand at the 4976-foot level.

Torrance water drinkers learned that week that they led the entire metropolitan water district in water consumption, with a 76 per cent gain in five years to their credit. A lengthy controversy over mixing of drinking and public dancing in unincorporated county territory drew near a close as the board of supervisors passed an ordinance which forbade persons under the age of 21 from attending dance halls in these localities when liquor was sold on the premises.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words.

Word search puzzle grid with words hidden in the letters.

STAR GAZER horoscope section by CLAY R. POLLAN, including zodiac signs and their characteristics.