

# EDITORIALS

THOUGHT FOR TODAY — Whenever an educator begins prating about an "enrichment program," I get the uneasy feeling that his students are going to be impoverished in reading, writing and counting—but strong on world planning.—Columnist Sydney J. Harris.

## A Forward Step

The city council this week took a step in the right direction we believe when it voted to approve a rezoning application which will provide some additional multiple dwelling property in the area near the Del Amo Shopping Center.

Although the demand for multiple dwelling units may not be a crucial issue today — it most certainly will be in a short time. The best time to provide the property for such development is now, while the land is vacant.

Experiences of developers around other major shopping centers indicates that the huge commercial developments and multiple dwelling projects are mutually attractive.

In the case of the one nearest to Torrance, the Crenshaw Center, the apartment development in that area has occupied a large portion of the residential areas. Those apartments provide a high volume of customers for the stores, and in return, a handsome income to the city as a result of the tax on sales.

The city council's search for suitable sites for future multiple dwelling units near the Del Amo Center and other fast developing shopping facilities in the city should not end, however, with this latest action.

The city should provide now for a reasonable plan for such developments. The dividends for a bold look at the future are many.

## LAW IN ACTION

### The Juvenile Court

Early criminal law treated adult and minor alike, and gave more thought to their punishment than to reform. Today, the courts stress reform for wayward young men and women and give them special treatment in juvenile courts.

These courts look after delinquent or neglected children, often by making them wards. An order making a youth a ward is not a criminal conviction.

Some go to the Youth Authority for assignment to "reform school," but the courts send many to reputable homes or children's agencies. Only in rare cases do minors get sent to prison, and only a fraction go to reformatories.

Probation officers look into cases and help the judge to decide what treatment such youngsters need.

As a rule, young people do not face criminal trial—just a judge and a probation officer who make findings, and the court then orders their care.

Who comes before the juvenile court?

Youths under 21 years who commit crimes, are vag-

rants, habitually use drugs or alcohol, are uncontrolled or neglected, abandoned by parents, or who lead or may lead idle or immoral lives.

Before a young person becomes a ward of the court, some interested person files a petition. A probation officer then looks into his case; and the parents or guardians are asked to appear in open court or at a private hearing in the judge's chambers.

As a rule, the court will not take the youth from his guardian or parents unless they cannot give him proper care or education. But, the court may take the minor if he commits a crime or is on probation and doesn't reform.

An accused person under 18 years old first must come before the juvenile court which decides whether he should be prosecuted under criminal court rules.

If he is over 18 years old, a criminal court, and not a juvenile court, can try him. But he can ask to become a juvenile court ward.

Or, the criminal court itself may send him to juvenile court.

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

## The Luckless Legion

by Irwin Caplan



14,160 were killed and 937,900 injured in motor vehicle accidents on weekends in 1958.

## Y'Know, He Might Just Get It!



## RAMBLINGS by Ronnie Saunders

### Summer's Sweetest Hours

Life is beautiful 24 hours a day in summer. But if I could gently pluck a few to tuck away and bask in anew some wet cold wintry day, they would be those first sweet hours of early morning before the day had quite settled down to the serious business of being a full-blown day with the sun completely out of hindering and the populace going about its daily business or pleasure as the case may be.

I would store away those hours of the newborn day before the chill of night had fully shed its cooling mantle, with the sun almost in full bloom, pausing on the threshold, half hidden in the sky, as the first warming rays gently cast their soft touch upon the earth and trees and flowers below.

would store away those hours when the dew upon the grass was still damp beneath bare foot and the grass and flowers sparkled in their wetness as the first sunbeams the silvery reflections mirrored in the dew.

Tucked away with those precious hours would be the feel of the softness of the delicate air of early morning, when an occasional wind would gently touch my cheek or rustle sweetly through a bed of pink and blue flowers that barely swayed.

If I could keep just a few Summer hours for always I would want to capture the stillness of a new day when the streets are almost empty, their sleepy silence all the more accentuated by the one or two lonely humans plodding quietly in the dark streets.

I'd capture that same early morning stillness of a summer day in the mountains where the newly-risen sun was just beginning to send its first golden rays of light through the dense green foliage of cool tall trees and the brown earth of the mountain-side beneath the trees was yet cold and damp.

And I'd capture that very stillness as the new morn of a new day descended upon a deserted beach, the sun far



"When you inspect the food instead of the waitress, you're getting old."

off among the clouds over the sea that splashed in the silence against the smooth wet sand, unscarred as yet by human footprints.

And when winter rains poured down upon the roof and washed loose earth out of the garden and down the whirly gulleys in the street, I'd listen to their splatter, gaze out my window at the active army of raindrops proceeding in their endless pattern, and I'd remember those hours I had tucked away.

As the chill of winter filled my house and body I would explore anew the memory of those sweet hours of an early morning in summer, and heart and body would again be light and warm in the promise of all unborn summers that lie ahead in the cold-warm sad-sweet cycle of life.

## In Years Gone By

Shades of Rancho Days were in the air 35 years ago this week, when Torrance staged its spectacular Fiesta and Exposition. According to the files of the HERALD for July 18, 1924, the nightly events, under the sponsorship of the Bert S. Crossland Post, were highlighted by boxing matches and a "big top" of attractions. Biggest difference between the fiesta of 35 years ago and the Rancho Days which take place in these times were the sponsors of the booths. Whereas booths at the Rancho Days are run by civic organizations, those at the Fiesta were sponsored by merchants and businesses of Torrance.

Another tractor played the role of hero that week in a Narbonne Ave. oil fire when it plowed a deep furrow between a blaze and a group of men from reaching the derricks.

The blaze, which had started in a large lumber pile on the Canstor-Canfield Midway Co.'s lease north of Carson St., had spread rapidly over the grass-covered surface of ground, igniting an area surrounded with oil, and for a time threatening to encompass the derricks and tanks.

## From the Mailbox

By Our Readers

We attended the meeting to oppose street lights. Did we get our chance? No! We got 15 minutes from the start of the hearing to the termination. The mayor was very rude. As he said and I quote, "We have other more important business to take care of and we'll be here long after you're gone."

We sat for one hour and 35 minutes to be heard. Did we get that chance? No! It's not fair and we think we have the right to be heard.

We have the majority of people against street lights. Out of 46 homes, 26 say no. Isn't that a majority?

There were two petitions but the City Council claims to have received only one. Now where is the other one?

Our concern now is, we are tax-paying citizens and have the right to be heard.

It is our money they are spending and we have the right to contest it. That is why we are America. Now I ask you, "Is this democracy?" Mrs. Henry Patterson, 2601 Highcliff Dr.

## THE SQUIRREL CAGE by Reid Bundy

### A Young Man Battles a 'Bug'

A young man we'll call Tom was busy at his desk in the school district headquarters the other day (according to a spy seated nearby) when he jumped like some duenna had stuck him with a hatpin. Something had bitten him on the back of the neck—he grabbed for it, and came away with a white, fluttery object on his finger.

Came a series of violent gestures as he tried unsuccessfully to shake off the varmint.

The whole episode, which took just a second or two, provided laughs for the rest of the day for the hard-hearted cronies around him.

The varmint which he was battling turned out to be a sticker which had been pasted on the inside of the collar of the new shirt he was wearing... the corner had turned out and stuck him, and his desperate grab for the critter stuck the label to his finger.

All of this he reconstructed later—with the help of his friends who were rolling in the aisles.

Or, so the spy reports.

Automation won another round in the continuing battle to convince the skeptics this week at the city hall.

The city is trying out an automatic letter opener, to help in the enormous task of opening the more than 20,000 trash collection bills that are received each three months.

The secretary who had been opening the envelopes manually challenged the need for the automatic job, stating she could do as well with her trusty stiletto-like opener.

While she grabbed an envelope and deftly slit open the first letter, the machine had opened several hundred.

She conceded defeat quietly and tip-toed away, we hear.

But automation wasn't the problem of a Hollywood Riviera housewife... her trouble was a weak crop of blooms from her roses.

At a garden club session

urated with oil, and for a time threatening to encompass the derricks and tanks.

Cause of the fire was laid to incendiary origin.

In another fire that day, located in the midst of an oil field, caused \$3000 worth of damage before it was put out. Flames spread from the blazing filling station to an oil-filled sump hole before firemen arrived on the scene.

Other items making news 35 years ago this week were the opening of a new bowling establishment on Carson street which boasted five alleys; the first anniversary of J. Whitfield Green as pastor of the First Baptist Church; and plans of T. M. Richards of the Motor Coach Co., to build homes in the downtown section of Torrance.

she asked for advice and a guest speaker told her to put some milk of magnesia around the plants.

Explaining later that the results were anything but terrific, she admitted that she didn't have any milk of magnesia, so she used castor oil.

"No wonder," her counselor exclaimed. "I advised milk of magnesia because I wanted your roses to grow... not go."

And a lady who lives up on Crest Road thought you should know about the experience she and her husband had with a motorcycle officer this week in Hawthorne.

Driving down the boulevard near 132nd St., the couple was stopped by the officer and told they went through a red light.

Despite their contention that the light was not red when they entered the intersection, the officer started to write the ticket.

He had made a few entries when his police radio blurted out a call for help at a bank where the burglar alarm had sounded.

"Follow me," he told the Crest Road couple.

They did, for what seemed like miles... in and out of traffic, just barely keeping him in sight.

Once they thought they had lost him, but the lady spotted him getting off his bike across the street near the bank.

They pulled up beside the surprised officer, reminded him that he had ordered them to follow him, and sat patiently while he finished the ticket and ambled off.

The question, you guard-house lawyers, is this: Is a motorist required to chase an officer down to get a traffic ticket? Or should the couple have continued their merry way home?

One of the zanier tales to emerge from the heat wave concerns the Southwood family who are traveling to Newport Beach today to visit a couple they've never met who've invited them to pick up two gifts from last year's Brussels Fair which were sent to the couple's former home in the Valley by an Oakland couple.

If that sound slightly confusing, the explanation is

even more so. Seems the Oakland couple thought their Torrance and Valley friends had much in common and really should meet, and decided to do something about it. While spending last summer abroad, the Oakland gal—who was in Europe on a research grant to do work in international economics—decided that the one way to get the two L.A. County families together was to send gifts to the two sons of the Torrance couple in care of the other family.

She wrapped two boxes, addressed them to the Torrance boys in care of the Valley address, and mailed them in Holland before returning stateside, simultaneously sending an explanatory note to the Southwood family. That was last August.

After an eight-month lapse, the localities managed to get to the Valley Easter week end. While there they phoned the recipients of their boys' gifts, only to be informed by the operator that the phone had been disconnected, and that the number had been changed to a Newport Beach exchange. By this time the Southwood couple figured they might as well write off the whole experience as an "uncollected gift" and forget the whole thing.

And they did—until a month ago, when a letter in an unfamiliar handwriting bearing a Newport Beach postmark arrived informing them that the writer was in possession of a pair of aging gifts which she judged from the shape of the parcel not to be wine and inquiring as to what disposal should be made of them.

Having been involved so long in so ridiculous a situation, the Torrance housewife decided that to simply have the packages addressed here would be out of keeping with the spirit of the incident, and answered the letter to that effect.

Following two long-distance telephone calls and a letter with maps from Newport Beach, two Torrance boys and their parents, maps in hand, will depart on their treasure hunt this morning—the boys in search of two mysterious gifts, the two adults in search of two mysterious personalities which a couple of friends went to such lengths to introduce.

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.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE. ACROSS: 1-British streetcar, 2-Variety of conundrum, 3-Jail, 4-Smaller, 5-Gli's name, 6-By oneself, 7-Three-toed sloth, 8-French for "summer", 9-Backbone, 10-Macaw, 11-Consumption, 12-Metal tubes, 13-A star (abbr.), 14-Expects air forcefully through nose, 15-Initial, 16-Condensation, 17-Location, 18-Majestic, 19-Hurried, 20-Rodents, 21-Young salmon (pl.), 22-Chinese mill, 23-Devoured, 24-Kind of foot race, 25-Container, 26-Saint (abbr.), 27-Strength, 28-Operation, 29-Central American country, 30-Chief, 31-Stair post, 32-Daffodil, 33-Compass point, 34-Labor, 35-Loaf, 36-Laughing, 37-Falshood, 38-Formed a judgment of (colloq.), 39-Ventilated, 40-Points of hammer, 41-Amount, 42-Puff up, 43-Vehement, 44-Lies about awkwardly, 45-Clutch, 46-Climbing palm, 47-Transaction, 48-Exalted in spirit, 49-Roadside restaurant, 50-Pertaining to punishment, 51-Hoar frost, 52-Secret writing, 53-Carpenter's tool, 54-Rodent, 55-Compass point, 56-Hellenistic, 57-Awe, 58-Lasts, 59-Gain.