and wen't to turn on the radio.

And . . . there it was.

We didn't do much after that. Mary fixed up our dinner but none of us, even the children, were very hungry. The Pierces dropped over for a while and my neighbor came across while I was tinkering with Nancy's tricycle. And the next day I was late at work because I stopped off with Arnold when he enlisted. Things didn't really change for a time, I guess.

Like so many others, I figured it would be a short war. Did a lot of bragging, at first, about how stupid those Japs were and how we'd lick 'em in six months. We even hoped to drive back to the old home-town next summer in a new car. But—well, you know the story.

Bataan. Corregidor. Wake Island. Burma.

the story.
Bataan. Corregidor. Wake
Island. Burma.

Bataan. Corregidor. Wake Island. Burma.

In June our vacation fund followed the new car money in War Bonds and I was a full-fledged Air Raid Warden, Mary was deep in Red Cross, Nancy was filling up her War Stamp book. And here we are. I guess we Americans have changed quite a bit the past year. Just how—and how deeply—let's leave that to the historians. I really haven't had time to philosophize about it.

Take me, for instance. May-be I ought to be worried

1933 for Only \$1,807

about lots of things. About how we're going to get by or four g all on's of gasoline a week. About things we won't be able to buy—and I used to drink four or five cups of coffee a day. About taxes and such matters.

But I can't seem to get upset about those things any more. They used to seem important. Well—so did a new car and a trip back east. I'm thinking about only one thing now—the same thing you are—and I feel better, calmer, stronger for it—inside. All I want to do is help—some more.

I think there's been a little

stronger for it—inside. All I want to do is help—some more.

I think there's been a little too much beating around the bush; too much unnecessary worrying about our morale and that sort of thing; too much thought about sparing our feelings, sugar-coating the bitter taste of the big job we're up against. Let's sligh that from now on. Americans don't need any one to play nurse-maid to them. This isn't a kids' war.

Just give us the facts—the whole story. Tell us what's needed. Tell us how we can help. If it's going to take the ear out of our garage or the steak off our dinner table or two weeks' pay every month or our spare pair of shoes—fine! Just say so.

There have been too many people the last 12 months claiming the need for safeguarding this or that interest of ours. Well—the only interest we have—all of us—is winning this war.

Today—nearly one year after Pearl Harbor—is as good a time as any to make that point finally and completely clear.

City Buys Three Lots Priced at \$14,000 in

# Back in 1933 when the development of the Torrance civic center was being planned, Mayor Scott Ludlow and his city council successfully negotiated for the purchase of land for the city hall, police station, water department office and Civic Auditorium. But the site for the public library, which was to be located at the southwest corner of ElP Prado and Cravens, gave Ludlow and the 1933 council a lot of trouble. The owner demanded \$14,000 for the three lots. Because this was obviously too high—the land for the Clvic Auditorium cost only approximately \$6,000—the city had to give upians to locate the library there and purchased its present site at the corner of Post and Cravens and paid only \$1,807,31 for the three lots, having purchased them at tax sale. The property is now tentatively recorded as a city park. Any development must await the end of the war. When informed of the tax sale purchase for \$12,000 less than the owner demanded of the city nine years ago, Ludlow said: "Well, think of that! We wanted that land very much when we were planning the civic center and erection of the library on that site wood have completed the project certificated to pay the price. I'm glad the city owns the three lots at that corner now and after the war I hope considerable thought will be given to the development of the property." Advanced First Aid

# TORRANCE HERALD

## **Gasoline Ration Problem Stirs** Personnel Head

A move to obtain a Torrance
"War Area Board" to handle all
rationing and other civilian wartime restrictions, pressed by construction firms engaged in erecting the new synthetic rubber
plants at the outskirts of Torrance failed to gain approval of
Torrance industrial leaders this
week and as result the difference in opinion may lead to a
rupture of the recently formed
war plant personnel directors'
group.

Lee chaliforms, and Rev. It. Western that site would have completed the project according to provide according to provide according to provide according to provide secretary transports. A fact finding executary transport and the charges of the complete of the project according to provide the project according to the provide according to the complete of the project according to the proje

# 500 Attend Rites for Principal

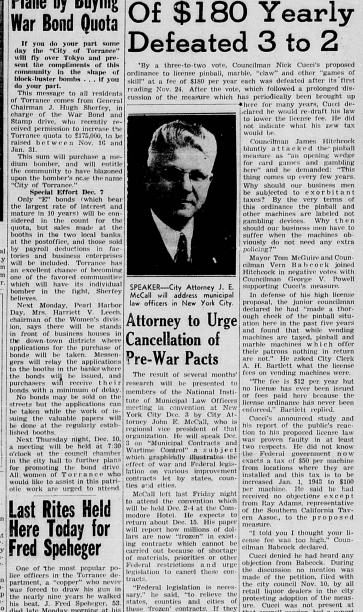


One of the most popular police officers in the Torrance department, a "copper" who never was forced to draw his gun in the nearly nine years he walked his beat. J. Fred Speheger, 53. died late Monday morning at his home, 1307 Portola ave.

The genial, smilling officer was known to hosts of friends here as "Fred" or "Spike" and his last illness, dating from Nov. 20 brought scores of calls daily either to.his home or at the police station for information as to his condition. He suffered a stroke that night that paralyzed his right side. When complications developed, his son, Raymond, was sent for and he arrived home Nov. 24 from an Army air force s chool near Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Speheger came

# City May Name Pinball License Plane by Buying Of \$180 Yearly War Bond Quota Defeated 3 to 2



**Plagues Council** 

Altho they did not indicate when they would adopt one, the fact that the city is operating without a municipal budget rose up Nov. 24 to plague members of the city council. The usua

# Interest in the Wilming ton War Area Board, notably Casiship, was foreing a situation their employees. They reported that the big shipbuilding yards, with their own gasoline ration boards (at Casiship nearly 300 women are reported employee for about a reported to death last Wedneady morning of Pernejau for about a reported to the reported for about a reported for about a reported for a reported for about a