BY JACK O. BALDWIN
Managing Editor

(This week while Jack Baldwin is busy chasing the chiggers away from his fishing pole deep in the heart of Yosemite, Miss Lute Fraser, veteran Torrance Herald writer, bookkeeper, proofreader, and information center, conducts the ? ? ?.

"Gone fishing," he says.

And from the looks of his desk he won't be back until it thunders. Neat as git-out. All battened down with Jack's version of the iron curtain. A plastic tablecloth.

To keep off the dust? Or to stop the filching fingers of those who might like to appropriate the non-existent photos of the non-existent beautiful females of Torrance?

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Have no fears, Jack. All the pencils, paste, shears, clippings from other newspapers, and every what-not that makes its way by sheer momentum to an editor's desk, they're all there, static under the plastic.

All these arrangements, the sign on his muted typewriter, impress upon our intellects that our Jack has gone off to catch himself a mess of those "aquatic, water-breathing, craniate vertebrates having the limbs (when present) developed as fins, and in the more typical forms, an elongated or somewhat fusiform body commonly covered with scales or plates and ending in a broad vertical caudal fin."—Webster's New International Dictionary page 821.

Now comes the bean squeeze. After the above-said aquatic etceteras are caught what's next. Better put 'em back in the water, boy, and go down to Joe's, for a hamburger. Do you want to clean 'em, get 'em ready for the hot skillet, the warm platter and the hungry gullet? You do? Well, you're asking for it, so go find a big tree stump about so high, a good old big dull knife, grab your fish by the tail and start scraping.

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Watch those scales fly. They fly, allright, right off the fish and all over you. Where they light they stick, brother. Ain't you ever heard of fish glue, that they put on postage stamps and envelope flaps, only they flavor it up so you can't tell a sea bass from the Bells of Cologne.

You've got the scales all scraped on to you, now whack off the fish's head and give it to the cat. Give it all to the cat, she likes fish. Oh, you've gone this far you might as well keep on. OK. Split the fish down the back, grab the head end of the backbone and pull. If you're lucky the backbone and all the ribs will come out in one piece.

You may ruin a few dozen fish before you get the hang of it, but it's a good trick. I've seen commercial fishermen on the Mississippi river do it and it looked easy. Just one slash with the knife, one twist of the wrist and the fish was all boned, cleaned and ready for the pan.

I never tried it myself. What sunfish or black bass I ever caught out of the ole Mississippi were cleaned the lubberly way and went into the pan with the bones left in. Nothing like a good bone in the tonsils to make a fish dinner a merry success, and 4 bucks to the doctor for swabbing it out later.

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And speaking of doctors, my home town back in Illinois has just this month put on a big celebration for one of its own physicians, Dr. Joseph B. Schreiter, who entered upon his first practice there in 1896, when he was fresh out of medical school, and has been and still is a practicing physician there—55 years. For 48 of those years he was also county coroner, elected and re-elected for twelve terms.

"Doc" Schreiter in those years has taken medical care of about everybody in the town, at one time or another, and has officiated at the birth of more than 4000 babies, of whom Mrs. Virginia Selover, Torrance resident, was one. The town put on a big show for "Doc" Schreiter, with speeches and a parade and a big picnic doings all day at Old Mill park, to let a mighty good man know how much they loved and appreciated him.

All of us Savanna folks who are far away, joined in spirit the festivity of the occasion, and paid our respects too, to a great, good man—the old time country doctor J. B. Schreiter.

Pattern of Red Conquest Related

A slender, hazel-eyed girl who was an honor graduate of Bakersfield High School last spring, told the Torrance Rotary Club last week just what it is like to watch a nation of freedom loving people suffer the agonizing death of fear and slavery behind the Iron Curtain.

Looking nothing at all like one might imagine a person who had seen the horrors of Russian enslavement in action, pert and attractive Lelita Dzirkals outlined in detail how her native Latvia was overrun by the Russians and the country so mercilessly crushed that no hope of freedom could be voiced anywhere.

"The hopes of the oppressed are in America because here is the way of life and freedom," she said fervently. Her words were packed with the emotion which is instinctive to those who have learned of freedom the hard way.

Miss Dzirkals explained that she learned of freedom and America in a school conducted secretly in a concentration camp behind the Iron Curtain.

"The people of Latvia were proud of the progress their nation had made since it became a free republic following World War I," she said. A completely agricultural nation at the first, it had become strong commercially and industrially by 1940, she said.

In 1940, however, the Red armies swarmed across the border to end the little Republic's 22 years of peaceful industry. The Russians systematically deported the Latvians to concentrated industrial areas as slave labor and brought in Mongols and people from other parts of Russia to settle in Latvia.

"This is the pattern in all countries which fall behind the Iron Curtain," she said. She explained that the Communists break the unity of the people by smashing any groups which might generate a feeling of resistance.

"They make it impossible for a national leader to arise. Mostly they exterminate the educated people to make sure there is no unity. They take no chances," she explained. "What they want is an obedient mass of people incapable of thought."

The Communists don't seek to raise the standards of living, the attractive Miss Dzirkals said, but their aim is to press everyone down to the lowest level. The Latvian people and the industries were looted, she said. Everything was for the Communist leaders and the NVD.

All textbooks and the schools were changed to fit the Communist pattern of thought. Parades in which factory workers, school children and others were forced to march were frequent, and no one was excused from participating.

She said the Russians reported such demonstrations as the "contented manifestation of a delighted people." She implied that the Latvians had a different view of the affairs.

"If we believe there should be freedom for all, we must work and fight for it," she concluded.

Miss Dzirkals was introduced by Dr. Raymond A. Larson, program chairman.

Death Takes W. S. Reeves

Funeral services for Walter Scott Reeves, 77, were held at Stone and Myers Chapel Monday, following his death at Harbor General Hospital last week. Reeves who lived at 1630 W. 219th street, had resided in Torrance for 12 years.

The Rev. Freeman Brunson of the Church of Nazarene, presided at the services. He was intered at Pacific Crest Cemetery.

Reeves leaves his wife, Bertha G. Reeves, a son, George C. Reeves, Torrance, five daughters, and fifteen grandchildren. He was employed at the International Derrick and Equipment Company.

Open House Climaxes Busy Summer

With the crowning of David Hill, 9, and Jeanne Frisbee, 7, as Playgrounds King and Queen at the recreation department's open house last Thursday evening, the 1950 summer recreation program of the city was brought to an end.

Nearly 400 persons cheered as Drs. Emmy Schiller and William Sidder and Miss Ruth Clark selected the young king and queen from the playground entrants. The selections were made on the basis of poise, posture, and general appearance.

The crowning of the regal pair highlighted the evening which had seen exhibits of the summer recreation activities, and entertainment which included a movie of the summer program, and talent acts by various members of playground groups.

Evening Music Courses Offered

Increased opportunities for participation and instruction in musical activities during the evening hours will be offered by El Camino College this fall.

Among the varied offerings will be the College Chorus on Tuesday evenings, the College Community Orchestra on Wednesday evenings, a class in Elementary Piano on Thursday evenings and the course in Music Appreciation meeting on Tuesday and Thursday.

These groups are open to all interested persons and offer a combination of activities both pleasurable and instructive. Registration opens on Monday, September 10 and classes begin Thursday, September 13 at the tuition-free community college.