

# The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

Autumn is coming to the mountains, and to check up on it first hand, we loaded family into our ancient jalopy the other day and took off for the Mill Creek Canyon above Redlands to watch the leaves turn brown.

Fall is really in full swing above the 6000-foot level. The nights and mornings are chilly (when they are not downright cold), the gray squirrels (known to members of the Optimist Club as Crestline Mink) are busy storing acorns in every conceivable nook and cranny, and the swimming pools at the lodge areas have been drained and are filling up with leaves.

This is the time of the year for a mountain visit—the traffic is light, the joke-box down at the lodge, which usually goes through the night with its "boom-boom-boom" bass filtering through the most tightly closed doors, is now quiet; the ping-pong tables, centers of attraction through the summer, are gathering pine needles, oak leaves, and the general debris of fall; the lodge house is down to small chunks and the operator is now hauling it up the hill rather than keep his refrigeration unit going—everything points to winter which is just ahead.

Roughing it in the mountains with three pre-schoolers is an experience.

In the first place, they can't force the trouble you can get into by walking a mile down the hill. Wiser heads know that the mile back is the rough one.

It came as quite a surprise to the 2-year-old to discover that the old-fashioned ice boxes do not have lights in them—which she enjoys turning on and off at home. . . . The infant refuses to cooperate on a sensible vacation arising time, insisting on a 5 a.m. general alarm for everybody. . . . The 4-year-old couldn't understand why the mountain hideaway had no television set so she could check up on Sheriff John. . . . the mother of the brood couldn't understand why we suggested that she take the kids for a hike down let us catch up on a little annual book reading scheduled for the mountain sojourn. We always went, however.

Kids in the quiet Mill Valley resort area have a new game which is the current rage. . . . It's called "Radiator." The game is a matter of endurance—kids fill their little mouths with water and the one who can make the most trips around the cabin, climbing over the rocks, falling trees and other hazards (natural and man made) without spilling any water is declared the winner. We declined all offers to participate in the hilarious sport.

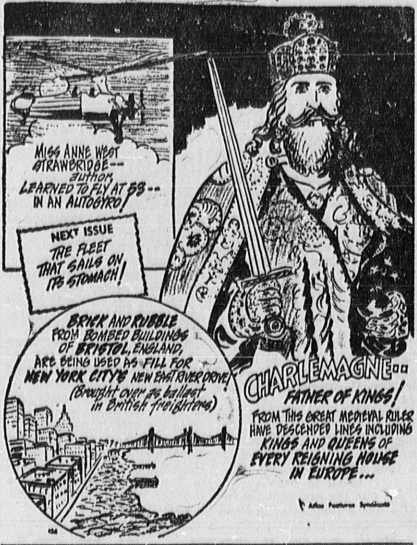
In spite of the interruptions for hikes with the family, we did get a little of our annual reading pledge behind us during the week. Especially enjoyed Emily Hahn's frank, although unauthorized, biography of Chiang Kai-Shek. Miss Hahn, a China Coast correspondent for the New Yorker magazine for a number of years, did an outstanding job of furnishing background to the events of today in China. (See John Morley's "After Hours" today).

Back in town, everything is the same. . . . The State still has decided that paint is more expensive than lives of children forced to cross Hawthorne Ave., at 29th St. . . . Progress is going on slowly at the new civic center—the gravel strike has slowed them down. . . . the blue skies we enjoyed in the mountains turned to sullen gray again. . . . the Air Pollution boys, Los Angeles Councilmen and Supervisors were still juggling the burning hours—which has now reached a point that the person who knows when he can burn what is a rare bird indeed. . . . and the Burns and Yankees were still at it. Some of us died-in-the-wool Yankee fans thought it would be over long before now. (Oops, Burns won it!) . . . Coffee breaks are still as important as ever.

It was nice in the mountains, however, as long as it lasted. . . . Kenneth J. Powell, commenting in the Liberal (Kans) Southwest Daily Times Friday, said two dromedaries were broken in Kansas: First and most important by a good soaking rain over the whole high Plains area. Second, Kansas University won its first football game in 18 starts. "Everything now is looking up in Kansas," Powell said.

IT'S A FACT

by JERRY CAHILL



MISS ANNE WEST OF ANKARBORGE—LEARNED TO FLY AT 55—in AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

NEXT ISSUE THE FLEET THAT SINGS ON THE STOMACH!

BRINK AND RUBBLE FROM BOMBED BUILDINGS BRITISH ENGLAND ARE BEING USED TO FILL LAKES IN NEW YORK CITY'S NEW BAYVIEW PARK (Brought over as ballast in British iron ships)

CHARLEMAGNE FATHER OF KINGS! FROM THE GREAT MEDIEVAL RULES HAVE DISCOVERED LINES INCLUDING KINGS AND QUEENS OF EVERY REIGNING HOUSE IN EUROPE

## The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHIE, Herald Staff Writer

From the figures of the California Department of Health, it looks as if northern California should pass a compulsory rabies vaccination law for skunks.

While Southern California has had 119 rabid dogs and eight rabid skunks this year, Northern California has been besieged by the following rabid animals—78 skunks, seven dogs, 15 foxes, nine cows, three bobcats, one cat, and one goat.

This looks as if the little striped kitty is posing a double-barreled threat to the people of Northern California. The figures show that the stinky little beast, not the dog, is the real threat there this year.

Not exactly popular in polite society anywhere, the skunk has become even less since the release of the rabies report.

It hasn't been reported that anyone has suggested inoculating all skunks, however. Even the thought poses many interesting problems.

Only recently, a Los Angeles clothing store proprietor was horrified to discover that a wood kitty had wandered into his shop to see what the well-dressed skunk was wearing this winter. The man informed the skunk that he didn't cater to his kind and asked him to leave.

Indignant over such treatment, the skunk promptly let loose the aroma for which he is famous, and headed for the nearest hole. The gasping store owner called police.

When the law arrived, they located the wood kitty by the perfume he was wearing, but had considerable trouble persuading him to leave. In desperation they finally shot him. As a result of this episode, one wall of the store had to be ripped out and several policemen had to buy new uniforms. Luckily for the unhappy proprietor, his clothes weren't damaged.

What would happen if a compulsory rabies inoculation law for skunks were passed? Might be something like this incident. All skunks would have to be shot, but not with a needle.

Likewise, the number of rabid foxes might lead to a resumption of the old hunting days, when "Tallyho, the Fox," rang through the countryside. Only this week, authorities in 14 states were seeking a little girl bitten by a rabid fox.

The rabies situation isn't funny, but some of the results of coming rabid wild animals, particularly skunks, are. One might cry, "Tallyho, the skunk."

Can you imagine a group of doctors traipsing through the woods, their needles in one hand and a bottle of chlorophyll in the other? . . . Somebody ought to breed an odorless skunk.



## LAW IN ACTION

**WHO CAN ACCUSE YOU?** What is a good way to tell a free land from a dictatorship? Well, see who can accuse you of a crime serious enough to send you to prison or the gas chamber.

What with the police and the court both under his thumb, a dictator's accusation is as good as a conviction. A dandy way to get out of fees. . . . But in California, for instance, no one person alone can accuse and put you on trial for a felony, not even the district attorney. He must convince at least 12 of a Grand Jury of 19 local people, or a magistrate that (1) somebody has done a crime, and (2) that you are "probably" that person. Even so, the law still presumes you innocent.

A California grand juror must at least be a citizen, 21 years old, a county resident for a year, able to speak English, and have ordinary intelligence. He must be unbiased: If he has any opinions that might prejudice your rights, he must leave the room before the grand jury takes up your "indictment."

Instead of getting a Grand Jury indictment, the prosecutor more often acts upon an "information" filed in the Superior Court. But before he can file it, a magistrate—any California judge, but as a rule judge of the municipal or justice courts—must inform you of your rights and of the charges against you. He may then hold a "preliminary hearing." Unlike the Grand Jury hearing, here your lawyer as well as the prosecutor may put on evidence and cross examine witnesses.

Either the indictment or the information must detail "counts" or charges against you so that you can meet them with specific facts. In these first hearings, the

evidence need only show your "probable" guilt. At the trial it must show your guilt "beyond a reasonable doubt" to convict you.

**NOTE:** The State Bar of California offers this column for your information so that you may know more about how to act under our laws.

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# Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

We once commented in this space about a sign we saw on a local medical office reading: "Your eyes examined while you wait," which invited our full approval because we feel it's so much better than leaving them overnight. Yesterday, we saw a similar sign on a barber shop reading: "Haircuts while you wait." That,

too, is obviously quite an improvement over the old system of leaving your head for a day or two. . . . Our neighbor's kid is having fun again with the King's English. He says he had to come home early from school yesterday because he was stung badly by a spelling bee.

An autoist's hand signal is something useful: When you see a policeman nearby; when you're taking your driver's examination; or when you're filling out an automobile insurance accident report and you insist you used it. . . . It just dawned on pretty Linda Lewis, long after that hot, hot, 110-degree day on which her bottle of nail polish exploded, that the name of the ill-fated polish was Hot Coral. . . . Reader asks what we term it when a cat sees a dog, arches its back, and stops dead in its tracks. Hmmm, I guess, mis-

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TORRANCE HERALD Twenty-three

ter, I'd call it the same thing O'Sullivan calls it—the Cat's Pause.

Think I'm crazy when I predict that soon we'll all be wearing lounging pajamas made of venetian blinds? Yes, ma'am, as soon as the new TV-phonon is perfected can you think of anything more convenient than venetian blinds for folks who like to run around the house in their altogether and suddenly have to answer the phone? . . .

Fena Kahn whispers that certain ladies of comfortable means are patronizing low-priced dress shops and telling the salesgirl: "I'm buying this dress for my maid." It's amazing, Fena learned, how many maids wear exactly the same size as their employers.

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