

# EDITORIALS

## Getting Better and Better

This week's record storm proved a lot of things; but, best of all, it proved that most residents of this area are not without a sense of humor and optimism in the face of inconvenience and threat of property loss. Moreover, it found a lot of individuals prepared to do their best for others less fortunate than themselves.

For a long time to come relatives and friends, who read about Torrance in the papers and saw acres of water and boats in streets on television, will be writing to show their concern. Actually, several hundred homes of the 20,000 that make up the city's development, were seriously affected by the flood. To the individuals whose homes were invaded by rising waters, the flood was a very real thing and a very damaging thing. Surely all of these unfortunates have the sympathy of the entire community.

By and large, however, the entire Los Angeles area took this inundation a lot better than in years past. Had it not been for the effectiveness of the flood projects already completed, it could have been a disaster of major proportions. As the whole plan for protecting the area from floods near completion, similar storms will be of only passing note with little property damage.

The glaring error of reckless subdivision development is brought into focus under storm conditions and the county can make some notes from experience this time that should bring about more effective control of cut or fill projects.

Property damage of any kind is not to be minimized, but it is encouraging to note that the Los Angeles area generally is exhibiting more and more capacity to deal with storm runoff. Let us hope that the good work will continue to a point where every drop of rain will be welcome by everyone.

## What! No Honeymoon?

Recent reports from readers indicate that magazine subscription spellbinders are making their perennial swish through the neighborhood, ringing doorbells and getting their foot inside the portal with a crop of new and old sob stories.

There is one personable young disciple of free enterprise who fearfully confides to the ladies that he is about to get married, but he is broke and unless he can get enough subscriptions, he and his blushing bride will have to forego their honeymoon. Appalled by the impending tragedy, many sympathetic housewives, remembering their own romantic heyday, kick through with enough dough to keep Cupid from crying his little eyes out.

Of course, it is just a variation of the old "working my way through college" dodge. Other solicitors say they have been promised a job as an "executive" if they win a contest: "Won't you vote for me and get me started on a business career?"

All this would be rather amusing, except that some victims complain that they pay out their money and never get the magazines. A sure way to separate legitimate salesmen from racketeers is to ask them their names and what firm they represent. Then, while they wait, put through a quick call to your local Better Business Bureau. They won't mind at all, if they are on the up-and-up. But our guess is that some of them will take a powder through your front door and high-tail it out of the neighborhood.

## The Squirrel Cage

By KEID BUNDY

What would you like to talk about today . . . the weather? O.K., it just so happens that we've had a little weather the past few days, so we shouldn't pass it by unnoticed.

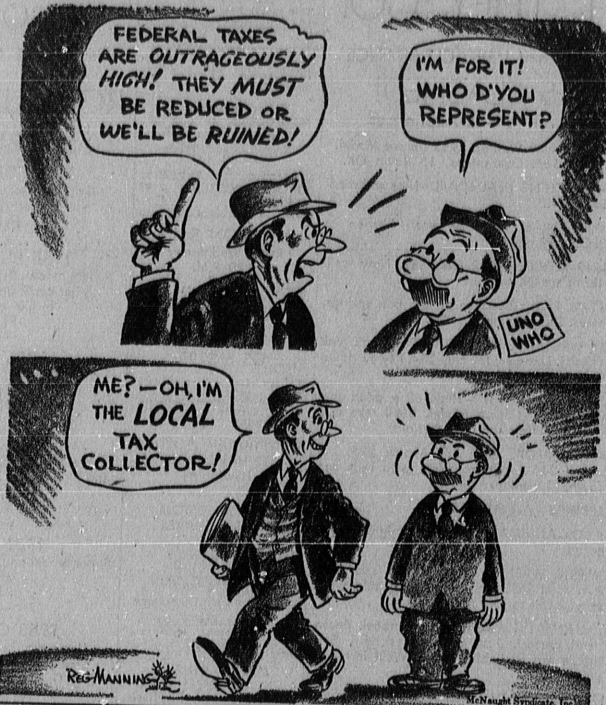
Thursday's heavy rains were not without their lighter moments . . . for some, at least. Take Officer Bob Wright, as an example. He didn't see anything funny about it, but several of his fellow officers thought it was hilarious when he waded out into Glenburn Ave. early Thursday to pick up a barricade which was needed worse elsewhere. Wright disappeared. He had stepped into a washout along the new County storm drain being installed down the middle of the street and had gone into water well above his head. He was "off-duty" for some time while he was drying out and getting a new set of duds on.

Or, you take Sgt. John Maestri, and Officers Don Cook and Don Hartel. The sergeant struck off into a flooded street toward a stalled car during the height of the storm and finally gave up when the water reached his armpits. Officer Cook, who had stayed in shallower water, thought it was funny. Maestri didn't. Hartel gave them both a laugh a few minutes later, however, when the truck in which he was riding stalled in the middle of the flooded street. He was needed "ashore" far worse than he was needed aboard the stranded truck, so he unbuckled his gun belt, held the belt and guns high over his head, and started wading out. He did real well too, we hear, until he stumbled over the curb—which was hidden under the murky water. Ker-plash! Guns and all.

Of course the radio jokers dug out all of the old bromides about rain. Heard one say, "Boy, the rain is sure coming down in Torrance; get it, torrance, torrents!" His studio audience didn't show up so we don't know whether anybody laughed.

Another said he had overheard a conversation between two rain-soaked men waiting for a light to change so they could wade across the street: "Boy, it was sure raining cats and dogs this morning," the first R-S man said. "Yeah, I know," the other replied. "I just stepped in a poodle." He laughed . . . but like the first one, he was working without a studio audience.

## Taxes



## Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

My Uncle Shloomp has more ideas than Edison had but he does absolutely nothing about them. Everytime Shloomp borrows a dollar from me, I have to remind him that his ideas won't work unless he does.

Whatever happened to the good old Palmer Method of Pennmanship? In our school system today, what our kids have mostly written is mostly rotten.

My good friend Chick N. Fleker sends me this poem: If you your lips Would keep from slips Five things observe with care: To whom you speak, of whom you speak, And how and when and where.

Schoolboy: "Please, dad, I want to watch the basketball game on television!" Annoyed father: "Now what do you want to watch basketball for?" Son: "For one hour."

When a large passenger plane began to lose altitude, the pilot announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, we will crash unless we lighten our ship. Four persons must make the noble sacrifice and jump. Who will volunteer?" A German yelled: "Deutschland uber alles" and jumped. A Frenchman shouted: "Vive La France" and jumped. An Irishman yelled: "Erin Go Bragh" and jumped. A New Englander grabbed an Englishman, threw him out the plane's door, and yelled: "Remember the Boston Tea Party!"

You've got to be fearless and red-blooded to say things like I'm going to say. In a household argument, a partisan wife is one who is part against her husband and part for herself.

Everytime that mom got and I Quote "A smart husband hides his money in clothes that need mending."—Charley Jones.

"A woman hunting a man has a better chance of snaring him if she keeps her trap shut."—Nelson Eddy.

"The silver lining is easy to find in someone else's cloud."—Paul Larmer.

"One reason why the dollar doesn't do as much for people as it used to is because they don't do as much for it!"—Herb Shriner.

herself settled in the middle of an interesting TV play, dad would jump up, reach out and change the channel. This happened 12 times while mom bit her tongue. On the 13th time, she howled—ever so sweetly, mind you—"Why don't you stick your hand inside the back of the set!"

The Los Angeles influence is upon us. There was the radio announcer who intended it this way: "He's a smart dog," but it came out this way: "He's a dart smog."

Clayton Moore, known as the Lone Ranger on radio, TV, and now in a movie, thanks to his mask is probably the best known face that has never been seen.

Just to show which way the autos are rolling these days, Herb Caen, of the San Francisco Examiner, tells about the man who was seen driving a '56 Cadillac. A friend inquired: "Where's your Continental Mark II?" and back came the explanation: "Left it home. Looked like rain."

Here's an excellent cold remedy for all my loyal readers. At the first sign of a sniffle, take two apples, three dates,

two figs, a tablespoon of honey, the juice of one lemon, the skin of a grapefruit, and two glasses of water. Bring this to a quick boil, pour it in the sink and call a doctor.

What this country needs is a signal while you're talking on the telephone to advise you when someone else is trying to reach you. A modulated beep should be sufficient warning. For teenagers, use an air-raid siren.

I'll never forget one of the "parting is such sweet sorrow" speeches made during our high school senior year, this one by my eight grade principal. She said: "It's easy to avoid being criticized by others. All you need do is say nothing, do nothing, and be nothing."

No wonder the men loved their wives so much in the good old days. After the ladies washed their faces, they always looked the same.

En route to prison for a well-deserved rest, a daring bank robber noticed a traveling salesman making out his expense account. Scanning over the salesman's list, the bank robber gasped: "And they're sending ME to jail!"

## The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ

Most of us are familiar with tight-lipped Jack Webb on our TV screens, tersely announcing, "I'm Sgt. Joe Friday. I'm a cop."

From events of the past week, it looks like the hero of "Dragnet" is going to have to change his tune. From now on, it'll have to be, "I'm Sgt. Joe Friday. I'm a police officer."

It sounds more dignified, but it doesn't quite fit in with the clipped, machine-gun like speeches on that famed program. Maybe Joe Friday will have to get a new line. It'll be interesting to see.

Seems the policemen objected to being called "cops" and got the City Council to agree with them. They felt it was a derogatory term, something like "flatfoot." The designation itself is age-old, but authorities think it came either from the initials for "Constable of Peace" or from the fact that policemen "cop" their suspects.

Kiddies no longer play "cops and robbers." Now it'll be "Police Officers and Robbers." Hoods, when about to take it on the lam, will not longer shout, "Cheese it, the cops!" We'll hear a cry of "Cheese it, the Policemen."

All kidding aside, however, a policeman has a rough row to hoe. The segments of the population with which he deals aren't exactly Park Ave. society. He has to take a lot of guff from people who think that the law applies to everybody but them.

## AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

Women could well prove the secret weapon which would ultimately end war.

I realized the existence of this power first in Hiroshima after the end of World War II, when I saw thousands of women gathered from all parts of Japan for a rally against war and to participate in the dedication of the Peace Monument on the spot where the first atomic bomb fell in August, 1945. This was no holiday convention rally. It was the only mass gathering I ever saw since the funeral procession bearing the body of Franklin Roosevelt down Pennsylvania Ave., where more of the masses cried than laughed. Only the masses in Hiroshima were 90 per cent women. Their resounding cry was: "No more war!"

The next time I saw woman-power geared against war in the United States soon after the start of the Korean war. Korea had come less than five years after the World War II armistice on the battleship Missouri in Tokyo harbor in August, 1945, which was to end all wars. The Korean war shocked American women out of their complacency and fashion shows. Their men were leaving and dying again too soon after the last one. The married women were again lonely and the children without their dads . . . some of them permanently. The unmarried women found themselves without dates and with fewer prospects for marriage. Mothers were called upon again to sacrifice other sons a few years back. The women were on a warpath as I never saw them before across this land. Since I lecture to millions of women in all the states each year, I found myself right in the path of a feminine avalanche of protest through political participation.

The woman stamped for a better prepared America and peace began through the organized women's clubs in the U. S. Over 1,000,000 in the Federation of Women's Clubs began to talk it up for ways of peace. Resolutions began to pour into Washington from the American Legion auxiliary, the DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution) for a stronger America to deter aggression. The AAUW (American Association of University Women), the League of Women Voters, National Education Assn., Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Sororities, Zonta International, Pilots, La Sertoma, the Professional Women's auxiliaries, Women's forums, Ebelle clubs, all increased their public life activities. The feminine influence within the framework of Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Optimists, Sertoma, Exchange and other of our great men's service clubs came into play. The Catholic Women's clubs, church clubs for a better world through the achievement of peace and preparedness. In most public affairs forums and seminars the subject was "Action" . . . and the women were in back of it.

An active force of some 20,000,000 women through resolutions, letters and telegrams shook Washington at the very moment the armistice was falling at Kaesong in 1951. There was a war in Korea . . .

but a feminine revolution for "action" in Washington. "So much feminine mail is reaching my desk that my office smells like a cosmetic counter," one congressman told me.

By 1952 women surged their crusade into politics in a big way. They increased their vote 44 per cent over the 1948 elections, while the men's vote increased 14 per cent. Over 1,000,000 more women voted than men in 1952 in the Eisenhower landslide. Potentially, women voters now outnumber men by 2,400,000. This is due to the fact that women outlive men. If every man and every woman eligible to vote got to the polls in November, 1956, the women would outnumber the men by over 2,000,000 votes.

Women are in the political saddle for the first time since the women's suffrage amendment to the Constitution went into effect in August, 1920. A national poll indicated that fewer women automatically vote as their husbands do. The wife of a Democrat official said to me, "My husband is for Stevenson, but I like Ike." Television has brought politics into the home and for several months before election day the "soap operas" finish a poor second for the attention of the housewife.

"President Eisenhower's popularity among women," said a prominent New York Democrat, "is what we have to overcome to win."

Coffee-hours are replacing the beer and clam bakes. Thousands of women will be ringing door bells selling politics, while their husbands do the same selling goods. Other thousands will be using the telephone for political orders. They have a lot to attend rallies, while the breadwinner is at work.

Women have entered politics for other reasons than men. Since they are called upon to sacrifice sons and husbands and fathers, they want greater participation in government decisions for war or peace. Since they spend some 80 per cent of the nation's paycheck and control more than half of the nation's wealth, they want to know where the economy is going. Few coveted political or diplomatic jobs, although more and more women will

get them. Women are changing the political picture of the U. S. and their influence is changing the political picture in much of the world I recently saw.

Politically the fight will be for the "women's vote" in November, 1956. President Eisenhower's feminine popularity may prove more decisive than the issues on agriculture, foreign policy, or reduction in taxes. The Republicans and Democrats will bring upwards of 2,000 feminine political leaders to Washington for campaign plans. No such masculine concentration is planned by either party.

Women have crashed head-on into political power and hence into government decisions. Their maneuverability and personal power adds up to an unprecedented force in our civilization. They have the time and the incentive to seek and get action in any direction they choose.

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