

# EDITORIALS

## Hands are Joined

The man who slices steel with an acetylene torch; ties a severed artery; acts in liaison with God; masters the intricacy of a giant mechanism; takes the hand of a lost child; leads the leaders... The man with a badge, a microphone, a lantern or a lever. They are strange bedfellows on an ordinary evening, but all part of a powerful machine, suddenly born on a night of emergency. We have seen the birth of this great force after an earthquake, a flood, a fire or a horrible accident such as the one which shocked the city of Los Angeles on a recent Sunday night.

The grimy hands of mechanics, the soothing hands of priest, rabbi or minister; the hands that hold a scalpel, pour a cup of coffee or administer a sedative; black hands, white hands; hands that would normally never meet in a social handclasp are suddenly drawn together by the magnet of tragedy to form a chain of action and mercy.

It is gratifying and inspiring, and the most eloquent answer to the cynic who debunks his own kind as selfish and cruel. It is curious and discouraging that humanity needs the whip of tragedy to bring out its greatness. But, by the same token it is to the supreme credit of all that when the emergency is big, man is bigger.

## Speed Kills

During the grisly hours following the Santa Fe train disaster recently, a sign painted on a passing freight car proclaimed: "Safety Is Everybody's Business." Floodlights illuminated the ironical slogan as pitifully mangled bodies of twenty-nine human beings were being carried away to the morgue.

The grim cavalcade of death was set in motion when an engineer, in the moments of an incredible mental lapse, gunned his train at seventy miles an hour into a dangerous curve. This accident, like thousands of others on our highways, was caused by too much speed. In every newspaper we read of motorists incautiously speeding automobiles into curves. The inevitable result is an overturned car at the roadside or a crumpled wreck smashed into a pole or tree. And the coroner pulls his white sheet over a face stilled forever, shakes his head and murmurs: "Too much speed."

A congressman introduced a bill the other day that would prohibit automobile manufacturers from building cars that can be operated at speeds exceeding seventy miles an hour.

There will be howls from the automobile industry. They are afraid that they may not sell so many cars unless they can brag about them "doing 120."

We would hate to see them lose business. We also hate to think of those white sheets pulled over battered faces in the chilled silence of the morgue.

## The Squirrel Cage

By REID BUNDY

The following news item was delayed in arriving here because of the heavy rainfall last week, but it is such an important thing for sportsmen that we'll run it anyway. It's a release from the Department of Fish and Game and was mailed to us on Wednesday, Jan. 25.

"Because of critically low water levels, the city of San Diego's lower Otay Reservoir will close to fishing this Sunday evening, Jan. 29 (last Sunday) and San Vicente Reservoir may be the only San Diego City lake open to angling during the coming spring and summer."

We don't know about the San Diego sportsmen, but those in this area will have Walteria Lake for some months to come.

Milt Svensk is still looking for odd combinations on the new California license plates. Saw him standing on the corner the other day where he had spotted a HUR tag. Said he was waiting for a BEN tag to show so he could get them together for a BEN HUR picture. Finally gave up, we're told.

Mrs. Leland Campbell thinks we should tell the Navy that it is facing the possibility of losing all trace of some of its personnel.

A story last week in the HERALD, received here directly from the Navy just a day or two earlier, reported that her husband, a commissaryman second class in the Navy, was stationed at Sangley Point, Cavite, Philippine Islands.

"Taint true," Mrs. Campbell says. In fact, her husband has been at the couple's home, 1611 W. 218th St., for some time and has not been in the Philippines since September. He is now stationed at the Pacific Reserve Fleet base in Long Beach, and is waiting to go aboard the Tanker Caccapon when it comes out of dry dock Feb. 10. So there, Admiral.

Bulletin Editor Charlie Goits of the Lions Club was among those who attended a Lions Club convention in Long Beach last week. Commenting on the trip, Charlie wrote in the Jan. 27 Bulletin, "Before I left for the convention, my wife reminded me that the human body is 90 per cent water, and I should keep it that way until I got home."

That's a gentle way to put it, isn't it?

Speaking of the Lions Club Bulletin, somebody may be unhappy with me, but I think I should point out that nameplate on the front of the printed bulletin claims that "Tor-Loin" is the official publication of the Torrance Lions Club. That's the way it is: T-or-L-or-l-o-i-n.

## Olympic Skills



## Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

Folks, it looks like color television is here to stay. If you've liked the menu of excellent black and white dishes so far, you'll enjoy even better the new Painted Dessert. I watched the live colorcast of "Western Varieties" at KTLA. Show me a man who doesn't agree that color programs are exciting and I'll show you a man who has learned something the hard way—before that he's color blind!

I heard a technician tell a cowboy on the show: "That's a bad combination you're wearing. Brown and blue just don't go together, old man." "Oh, I dunno," drawled the cowboy. "What's good enough for nature is good enough for me."

## The Kitchen Sink

By ERNIE HALLIGAN, Herald Staff Writer

Journalistically speaking, I have had nothing but bad luck with trains. Trains will speak any story I try to write about them, or any picture I try to take of them, or anything I try to do around them.

It began a few months ago when I sought to convince Southern Pacific that it would be good newspaper publicity if they would let me ride in one of their engines for the sake of writing a feature story.

I sent my request through a depot, a trainmaster, and finally through the Public Relations Dept. of Southern Pacific in Los Angeles. The product of my labor was not a feature story but a decision by SP that company policy forbade having a third party in the engine of a train.

I thought at the time that it was part of the game but now I know it was because I don't mix with trains.

I passed a railroad crossing one night and saw a car stuck on the tracks. The woman driving the car had mistaken the tracks for a road and had turned onto them. Three men

were trying to leave the car back onto the road and I set up my camera thinking that if a train had to stop for the car it would make an interesting picture.

A train came flying down the tracks at approximately 40 m.p.h., couldn't stop in time, and I snapped the shutter when the engine hit the car. The flashbulb worked. I thought I had a hot picture.

When it was developed it showed two white spots where the wig-wag signal had been. The rest was black.

Two weeks ago I had a chance to work as a night relief man on the state desk of one of the downtown papers. They wanted me to work Sunday evening but I talked my way out of it and signed up for Saturday evening when things would be buzzing.

During my seven and one-half hours work that Saturday night I wrote two headlines. The next evening, Sunday evening, the worst train wreck in California history broke, and where was I? I was home in bed.

Trains spook me.

I wish I could afford a color set. If only I owned the Hope Diamond and a couple of 1966 Cadillac Eldorados, I'd have my down payment.

At KTLA, during the commercials, an usher kept running up and down the aisles yelling "Get your color program now, folks. You can't tell the players and umbers without \$895."

I told my wife I was thinking seriously about buying one of those \$895 sets. She told me I might be capable of being serious but apparently I wasn't capable of thinking.

The minute I mentioned the \$895, you should have seen what happened to the beautiful blacks and winsome whites in her eyes. They turned to glaring greens and pulverizing purples.

"Let me buy a color set on only one condition," she graciously conceded. "All you have to do is discover a field of uranium, another America, or a second Eddie Fisher."

"But I argued, forming a color TV set would make me feel just like those famous painters of yore whose genius was always being TRANSFERRED to the canvas."

"If I ever manage to win this bitter argument and obtain my wife's consent to buy a color set, I'll celebrate by placing a placard on it reading: 'The Rainbow after the Storm.'"

## The Freelancer

By TOM RESCHKE

You can stop building your ark now.

Although you may have thought you would need it during last week's downpour here, you can relax. It isn't going to rain for 40 days and 40 nights. At least that's what the weatherman says.

When the heavens open up as they did last week, dumping more than seven inches of rain on this area, you can bet there's going to be trouble.

I happened to be in Torrance, one of the hardest hit spots in the county, during the rains and I wondered at times if I could make it back to Highland Park.

Residents were sandbagging their houses in many parts of the city, especially those located along the Dominguez Channel. Many of them already had fed their homes before the muddy waters had swept through the homes, ruining rugs and furniture and foundations.

Cars were stalled, and some unlucky owners returned to find them dunked in water up to the windshield. An unfinished storm drain there complicated the flood problem even more.

## Officials Grateful

Editor, Torrance Herald: This is the only means that we have of reaching not only all the citizens of Torrance, but the surrounding neighborhoods to thank you one and all for your outstanding support during our recent flood.

We do have a long list of people who called to offer everything at their disposal to assist us: boats, motors, shelter, food, man-power, or anything we might need to save our City from disaster. For every call that came into City Hall asking for assistance we had two calls from people offering to help in any way possible. It is not humanly possible to record all of these calls and write personal letters of thanks to all who assisted us physically as well as through their moral support, so we are taking this means of thanking everyone from the bottom of our hearts as a grateful City for everything that you did and offered to do in our time of need.

We never experienced anything of this sort before and hope we never do again but as cold, wet, tired and frustrated as we were it certainly gave us a warm, confident feeling we were not alone in our troubles as you continued to come in and call in, offering to help us. Words cannot express our gratitude for your generosity but, like us, you can have a warm feeling of pride that you are a definite, vital part of a great warm-hearted City where, in time of trouble, we stand together as the big family you have proven that we are.

ALBERT ISEN, Mayor  
GEO. W. STEVENS, City Manager.

## Seeks Equal Benefits

Editor, Torrance Herald: Social Security does not pay equal benefits to all according to what one has paid into it. The new law passed in 1951 allows one to receive the maximum benefits although one may have worked but six quarters at \$400 a quarter. The total amount of wages may be only \$5400.

In my case, under the old law, my earnings are \$9942.66. I receive only \$49.10 benefits per month.

One hasn't been fortunate enough to have worked since the new law came into effect, one is out of luck even though one has paid in twice the amount over a long period of time.

Since Social Security came into effect, those who were receiving a small wage and were out of work a big part of the time through no fault of our own.

So when it is figured by taking an average over all these years, the average is very low compared to those who come under the new law. Why not give every one an equal amount of what they have paid into this fund on a percentage basis, rather than on an average over a period of time?

I began to receive my Social Security in September of 1953. I became disabled in the calendar quarter ending the sixth

# THE MAIL BOX

(The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The Editor retains the right to edit the copy for matters of libel and good taste. Letters should be brief and concise. Opinions expressed in letters here published do not necessarily represent those of the Torrance Herald.)

## Officials Grateful

Editor, Torrance Herald: Please accept the thanks of the Chamber of Commerce for the Page 1 space you devoted recently to the Chamber of Commerce breakfast meeting dealing with the importance of industrial development to Torrance.

I wish to assure you that the Chamber is working along lines that Mr. Hudson outlined in his address.

I also wish to express my personal compliment to the HERALD upon your new distinctive name plate style. It looks very good to me.

TOM V. WATSON  
Manager  
Chamber of Commerce

## Disaster Aid Thanks

Editor, Torrance Herald: The American Legion Hall was very graciously opened to those whom the water had disrupted their mode of living last week.

Volunteer women of Torrance, under the supervision of Victor Eavesport of the National American Red Cross, stepped in and served meals, entertained and cared for children, and assisted people in every manner possible.

Thanks also is due the merchants who were so cooperative in opening their stores and generously giving the food and articles needed. Among those helping were: Jim Dandy, Safeway, Mayfair Creamery, Krainers Bakers, TV Studio, McMahan's Furniture, Southern California

Catering Co., McCown Dugrs, Madrid Market, in addition to the National Guard, Civil Defense, doctors, firemen, police, nurses, and many others bringing articles of clothing, games, and cribs.

Those women volunteering their services throughout the disaster period included Mrs. Babbitt, West, Clinker, Thomas, Jones, Isabel, Beeman, Stoddard, Hayward, and Shonberger.

ELVA McMILLEN,  
Area Vice Chairman,  
American Red Cross.

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## NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

## LAW IN ACTION

CONTRACTS  
With a contract men can work together, make firm plans, and get things done for it is an agreement enforceable at law. Contracts have been made with elaborate ceremony—or by a handclasp or a signal in a grain market.

Could we live in a world without contracts? Well, Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island did, so long as no one else was around. But he saved Friday from the cannibals—and at once each man took on duties and claimed rights: With his gun Crusoe could protect Friday in return for Friday's work. In effect they had a contract which each kept until their rescue years later.

But what if we scot off the planet? Couldn't Crusoe and Friday escape contracts then? Of course, we don't know what laws hold elsewhere. But a recent science fiction story tells of Earth's destruction by a blowup on the sun. With only enough space ships for 20,000 picked people, Earthmen blast off for Mars to start a new civilization.

First they worked hard to secure themselves against violent storms and to grow crops on the harsh land. Then, with cities, new problems arose: People wished to trade their work, and stock up on extra food, clothes, shelter. One tells another, "Work my shift today, and I will work yours next week." And so contracts came into being—informally at first. Soon simple rules became laws, and society moved with contracts quite as in the good old days back on Earth.

You find the idea of a contract in man's first writings. Even today it meets men's complex needs in the age of the atom.

When do you have a contract? When two or more people agree to do something lawful they want and each one binds himself to do his part under penalties for renegeing—to bring something about or to stop it from happening. A contract is the basis of our division of labor and the bedrock of present day civilization.

NOTE: The State Bar of California offers this column for you to know more about our laws.

## POLIO ISN'T LICKED YET!

FILL AND MAIL YOUR MARCH OF DIMES CARD TODAY!

THIS WEEK'S ANSWERS

1. HORIZONTAL	47. Medal club.
2. 17.	48. 17.
3. Fire residue	49. Leaving
4. Public sound	50. Crew
5. Period of time	51. Plan
6. Head of fish	52. Bull
7. About	53. Approach
8. Sport contests	54. Present
9. Lack	55. Throat (A.M.P.)
10. Ram meals	
11. Marine formation	
12. Mead	56. Horace
13. 17.	57. Johnson
14. 17.	58. Marched
15. 17.	59. Before
16. 17.	60. Like
17. 17.	61. Balfar
18. 17.	62. Schwanstein
19. 17.	63. Pan
20. 17.	64. Head wood
21. 17.	65. Musical
22. 17.	66. Instrument
23. 17.	67. Consumed
24. 17.	68. Wound
25. 17.	69. Musical message
26. 17.	70. Loric pouch
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46. 17.	90. 17.