

# EDITORIALS

## The Christmas Cards

The delightful practice of sending cards or notes at Christmas is one looked forward to in every land where the spirit of the season is observed. Even when debased by commercialism, the sending of a note in the most polite surroundings sounds a note of cheer and a promise of better things to come.

Most of the familiar cards we are hearing these days stem from early England when the wandering "gypsy school" or minstrel men about the countryside brought a smattering of learning and providing a note of excitement in lives made dreary by a struggle for existence.

Radio and television have combined to familiarize the people with these time-honored times. Sung or played by the great professionals, these melodies always are appealing. But they are never quite so impressive as when they are sung by a group of children or young people who have put their very hearts into the effort.

## The Time is Short

Front page reminders have been published in The HERALD each issue during the past few weeks—reminders saying that just a few days are left for that Christmas shopping.

If you haven't started on that shopping trip yet, the situation is getting critical—just four days remain now.

Some stores are still able to furnish a complete selection of merchandise, and many of those stores are publishing last-minute reminders in the pages of your HERALD today.

If you haven't completed your shopping yet, it might be a good idea to pack the kiddies with grandmother this morning and get it done.

Christmas is only five days away.

## 'Chinese Lanterns'

Someone in a letter to the City Council this week scored a clean beat on the phenomenon by referring to Torrance's obsolete overhead traffic signals as "Chinese Lantern" signals.

As the city grows and the traffic increases, it is more important each day that the traffic control measures on the streets conform to those accepted by the experts as being the best from a safety standpoint. The four-way lights, placed so they are easily visible from all approaches to an intersection, are the standard now used.

The HERALD is aware that a cost factor has forced the installation of some of the outdated signals in the past, but the city should now make every effort to replace them with safe signals.

The "Chinese lanterns" have served their purpose and should be retired to the rose garden.

## Short Takes...

Lennon (S.D.) Independent: "Every time we are notified of a mistake by the editor, and often told that there is no excuse—we are reminded of the man who has not made a mistake for four thousand years. He is a mummy in the British Museum."

## The Freelancer

By TOM RICHIE

Angels, a scarce commodity during most of the year, are common as flies, during the Christmas season.

This is true, not only because the kiddies are being extra good, but because there are literally hundreds of Christmas programs being put on at Torrance churches, schools, and clubs.

There are some of the things that are happening in Christmas programs in Torrance and throughout the county.

Hundreds of sheet-draped Marys and haloed-clad Josephs are adorning lots of little Christ Child dolls, while narrators tell the Christmas story.

Wise men with towels wrapped around their head and decked with moon's jewels are trying their best to stand still until the narrator gets through with the story. Shepherds carrying grandpas' cans are having the same trouble.

Hundreds of little girls are shimmering and smiling shyly in their new-found dress-up clothes, while hundreds of little boys are squirming and looking sheepish in their bathrobes and sheets.

Teachers and program coordinators are looking as if they had had insomnia for a week, as they prepare the last-minute details for the program and try to figure out where to get the straw, manger, and all the other props required.

Prompters, located strategically off-stage, are finding themselves indispensable parts of any Yuletide program. They often find themselves with more to say than the children they are coaching.

Costume directors are hav-

ing a fit, trying to get the small fry to stand still while they put on all the finery and trying to keep track of what happened to all the jewelry that was borrowed for the Wise Men's costumes.

Lots of Johnnies are pulling their ears, winking their buttons, or chewing on their thumbs as they try to remember the piece teacher gave them.

Plenty of Susies are pulling up their little dresses and cowering on the heels as they stare with big frightened, blue eyes at the van, giggling audience.

Many Willies are speaking their lines in choppy sing-song voices, with all the bravado they can muster. Copyless wee Anns are mumbling their lines in voices so low as to be inaudible to anybody but themselves, and in some cases, that is questionable.

Nevertheless, although none of these performances will ever be considered for an Academy Award, they are being appreciated far more than productions which have won 10 Oscars.

Thousands of proud parents, relatives, and friends are alternately beaming, waiting apprehensively, beaming, fidgeting anxiously as Johnny misses a line, beaming, giggling, and finally heaving a sigh of relief as he trudges off the stage. Each one of them is firmly convinced that his or her child was the cutest, best-behaved, or most talented youngster on the program.

What's more, each and every one of them is right. Christmas, you see, is when Johnny and Susie have their day.

## Postcard From America



## YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann: I'm a widow and I've been going with a nice man for 12 years. I have a son and daughter at home.

The man I'm engaged to has been living with us since February. His mother died so he moved in. But he keeps all his business to himself. I have no idea how much money he makes, what he has in the bank or if he carries insurance.

He sleeps on the couch which means we have no living room as it has become his bedroom. He stays out till all hours and sometimes comes home beered up after midnight.

He has no worries, eats, sleeps, smokes and weighs 255 pounds. I cook for him, do the laundry and pack his lunch. He never gives me any money and says nothing about getting married any more. If my son didn't help out financially I couldn't get along.

What I want to know is whether or not this is proper etiquette for engaged people.

—B.R.W.

This man is not "engaged"—you see. It's not proper etiquette for "engaged" people to be living together no matter how you look at it.

Don't pack his lunch, pack his clothes. He'll never marry you if you let him camp in your living room and enjoy all the comforts of home.

Why should your son's paycheck feed this thing? Wake up and smell the coffee, Lady.

\*\*\*

Dear Ann Landers: When I read the letter by M.P., the young lady who was afraid to have her decaying teeth extracted for fear dentures would age her, I decided then and there that I would write my first letter to a newspaper.

When I was in my early 20's, I lost all my teeth. I, too, felt afraid for fear every one would know and consider me an old woman. But shortly after the dentures were made I began to receive compliments on my looks for the first time in my life. Many people remarked that I had suddenly become better looking but they didn't know what it was about me that was "different."

Now I eat raw carrots, steak, and corn on the cob. My dental worries are over. I hope Mrs. M. P. will not delay a moment longer. "China clippers" can be a blessing. She'll be sorry she didn't do it sooner.—The Smiling One.

\*\*\*

Dear Mrs. Landers: We are people of modest means and try to give our children everything their hearts desire. The boy is 17. He is the biggest problem right now. Maybe you can help us.

The lad has his own car and we just can't keep track of him any more. He says he's going to a friend's house or to the movies and the next

thing we know he's in another town, driving around with a car full of kids.

My husband and I sit home every night wondering if the boy will be home in one piece. This is a terrible worry when we see a word we are told we're "old-fashioned." Can you help us?

—Worried Sick

Parents who concentrate on giving their kids "everything their hearts desire" usually wind up "Worried Sick." Better the kids should have some discipline and the benefit of mature thinking to keep them on the right track. This is really what their hearts desire.

Why put four wheels under a boy who doesn't let the teeth? You're just aiding and abetting him in his search for trouble. I suggest you put the car on blocks for a few months and start to teach your son a few old-fashioned virtues like usefulness and dependability.

\*\*\*

Confidentially: Hazel and Maude: Why don't you girls help your mother with the housework and use some of that excess energy?

\*\*\*

Whenever you're in the shopping district and you see a man walking with his wife, but he's on the inside, don't think he's ignorant. He's REAL smart! He's keeping himself between his wife and the department store windows.

A reader inquires: "Mr. Glazer, I have a business deal pending with a man who consistently reminds me how honest he is. What shall I do? Answer: Put a lock on your wallet."

\*\*\*

They had just left their favorite cocktail bar. There were five of them and they were having a wonderful time. They climbed into their car, which they should start "ought to do," and started weaving down the boulevard. Soon there was a resounding crash and that's what puts the wreck in recreation.

I saw a movie recently. One of the players had a boy window which made him look like he was blowing bubble gum from the inside. So, all through the picture I kept thinking: what a shame that so many middle-aged men let their youth go to waste.

After being around night clubs for many decades, Gus Lampe, of the Coconut Grove, has noticed that many men are brilliant speakers on the platform but when the dinner check arrives they suddenly acquire a terrible impediment in their reach.

Charles Broder, of the California Racquet Club, asked a star football halfback where he learned to smash through the line with such devastating results, and how he ac-

quies his ability to worm his way through a crowd of opposing players without being knocked down. The kid explained: "It's hereditary. I only do what my mother does when she's at a bargain basement sale."

While abroad recently, George Shearing asked a Frenchwoman if her daughter had been married as yet. "Oh, yes," replied the woman, "she married an American boy and he's just wonderful to her. He washes the dishes, cleans the house and minds the baby." Mr. Shearing then inquired: "And is your son married?" "Oh, yes," wailed the French lady, "he too married an American, but she is terrible to him. She makes him wash the dishes, clean the house and mind the baby."

\*\*\*

Yma Sumac overheard this conversation between a doctor and his patient. Doctor: "Just a minute, you haven't paid me my fee." Patient: "For what? Doctor: For my advice." Patient, rushing out the door: "I'm not taking it."

\*\*\*

How to get a little boy out of the bathroom when he's locked himself in. Call the fire department and request the captain to knock on the door and say: "Come out of there little girl." Without fail, the door will fly open and the little boy will come out howling: "I'm not a little girl! I'm a boy." Works every time.

\*\*\*

Evolution of cooking: In the old days, people cooked outside and wished they could cook inside. Nowadays, we cook inside and immediately make plans for an outdoor barbecue.

When he shows he can be trusted give him another chance—on your terms.

\*\*\*

Dear Ann: My father is a lovely man but he smokes cigarettes off my boy friends when they come over to see me and this is very embarrassing.

The boys have never complained but I feel uncomfortable about it. Shall I tell my dad to cut it out or just skip the matter? Please advise me.—The Moocher's Minnie.

\*\*\*

The fellow probably don't mind giving you dad a cigarette now and then. Say nothing. It's not worth a family fight.

\*\*\*

Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper.

© 1956, Field Enterprises, Inc.

## The SQUIRREL CAGE

By RED BUNDY

A private note to "Sticky Fingers" Malone: (There are only four more shopping days until Christmas—and that includes today.)

Tom Raiche is giving around this week telling about the tycoon who wanted to give \$1 million to his church. The local pastor didn't feel he could accept such a large amount, and the matter was postponed up through the church channels until the top churchman was reached.

"Well, the gift is a most gracious one," the benefactor was told. "Is there anything the church can do for you?"

"There might be," the man said. "Do you know that part in the Lord's prayer that goes 'Give us this day our daily bread?' Do you think we could work in the word 'Langerdorf' there?" To show complete ambias, Tom sees a different brand of bread at each re-telling.

If you ever wonder why it costs you 15 cents to call Aunt Susie across town on your telephone, an announcement by Edwin M. Bikeslee, president of the General Telephone Co., this week could well give you part of the answer. The company has just plunked down the first installment on its 1956-57 tax bill which totals \$71,195,571.

That covers taxes on the company's 800,000 telephones, 67 central offices, and other property. Nearly \$6 million of that goes to Los Angeles County. Riverside County will get \$39.

Last week was Bill of Rights week, and with all of the publicity you would think there would be no question about what this historical document contains.

Not so, according to a survey conducted recently. Only one person in four could tell the Bill of Rights is.

If you're among the three who couldn't answer the question, remember that the Bill of Rights are the first 10 amendments to the U.S. Constitution, and contain most of the basic personal freedoms we as Americans enjoy, including freedom of speech and assembly, freedom of worship, and other liberties.

Remember it.

## AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

Even in Russia... the 150,000,000 Christians will celebrate the Kolyada and the five days of Epiphany... the five days of Epiphany... the five days of Epiphany... the five days of Epiphany... the five days of Epiphany...

Even in Poland... under the whip of the Communists... the Christian millions... will celebrate Christmas with the Willie, the Christmas supper and festival of the star that led to Christ.

In Sweden Christmas will begin with the Juladag, Christmas even, the richest and happiest of all Swedish words.

In Switzerland... Christmas and the prayers for peace are around the Samichlaus, the Saint himself, the land of Santa Claus and the spirit of Christ.

In Norway... Christmas is the Jul... the remembrance that God made man and the creatures of the air, the farm and the sea.

In Denmark... they celebrate Christmas with the Julnisse... then the great Viking and the Norse named their approval of the Winter Solstice.

In Holland... Christmas began Dec. 5 with the Saint Nicholas Avond... the eve of St. Nicholas, where the fireplace and window sills were stuffed with the wood-ashes of the children stuffed with hay and carrots to "feed the Bishop's horse."

In England... in spite of sorrow and sadness for their dead in the Middle East... Christmas will again bring in the Boar's Head, the old medieval spirit of English Christmas to an accompaniment of an old Latin carol.

In France... it's the Nuit de Noel... Christmas night, and the traditional Christmas cake, Le Gateau des Rois, which is cut with songs and

prayers and wishes for all that is good in the world.

... in nearby Mexico... Christmas means the Posada... the resting place... and the children's Christmas joy in the Posada, the jar with the tined and bright colored paper to resemble faces.

In Germany... still in the midst of much destruction and ruin from World War 2... Christmas will be celebrated around the Tannenbaum... the Christmas tree, filled with gilded nuts, candies, sweets and gift boxes and the immortal strains of Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht.

... Silent Night, Holy Night... and Kes Kemptie, the Christ King.

And in the United States... it's our midnight carols... the message of the angels... and our adopted Silent Night, Peaceful Night... darkness flies, all its light; shepherds hear the angels' sing, hail to the new born King.

The Greeks called him Zeus; the Hebrews called him Yaweh; the Egyptians called him Anon Ra; the Babylonians called him Marduk; the Mohammedans called him Allah; the Romans called him Jupiter; the Hindus called him Vishnu; the American Indians called him Manitoa... and the Christians called him Jesus Christ, as a part, yet the whole of a trine God.

These names and many others illustrate the inescapable fact that man of all ages, all eras and period of time, has always sought to worship in a materialistic fashion a God... the God of his own creation. It is the greatest story of our civilization that even primitive man recognized the power of faith in things he could not see or could not comprehend.

The Christian pauses again even in this most materially abundant world, to say "Merry Christmas" in memory of the birth of his Christ... who endowed to an ever-changing world the never-changing greatest story ever told... story of Faith.



## LAW IN ACTION

### RETURNING GIFTS

With every wedding, birthday or holiday season, there comes the day-after-the-day-before—the returned gift headache.

Aunt Nettie had pinned these many years for a gaudy Victorian lamp with fringe around the shade. She had admired it as a girl. And, alas, she found one at a second-hand store.

So she snapped it up for her nephew's upcoming wedding.

Must the store take it back when a mid bet tears the young couple tell Aunt Nettie they haven't room for the thing in their tiny apartment?

Well, that depends on how Aunt Nettie bought it: Did she buy it "as is"? Or "sale or return"? Or "on approval"?

If she plunked down for the thing, the store does not have to take it back. But for a long time now most stores announce... to promote good will—the customer is always right, even when the customer is down-right unreasonable.

If Auntie bought the thing on a "sale or return" basis, she owns it but may return it and get her money back. But let her drop and break it and she would have to stand the loss herself unless she insured it.

Suppose she took the lamp "on approval." Then the store really owns it, unless by deed or word Aunt Nettie indicates her desire to keep the thing. Let it be lost or broken and it would be the store's loss.

Of course, if the goods are warranted to work or be free of defects, the store or the maker must make good or take the article back.

In some lines stores today spare their headaches by renting the thing to the prospective customer for, say, a week, at a price. If it comes back in good condition, O.K., but the

customer can buy it and may often have the rental amount toward the purchase price.

As in most other contracts, you can change the terms of a sale if both buyer and seller agree to the terms. And if you plan to put out much money for a gift find out (1) what warranty you have, and (2) upon what terms you can return the goods, and who stands the loss if it is damaged or destroyed. You might also make sure that you have the gift covered by insurance at the moment you become responsible for its care.

Note: California lawyers offer this column for you to know about our laws.

## My Neighbors



"Hey, Mom! You remember that pillow that was missing?"

## TORRANCE HERALD

1619 Gramercy Ave.

FA 8-4000

Established Jan. 1, 1914

Published Semi-Weekly at Torrance, California, Thursday and Sunday. Entered as second class matter January 30, 1914, at Post Office, Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1879.

KING WILLIAMS, Publisher

GLENN PERILL, General Manager

REID L. BUNDY, Managing Editor

Adjusted a legal Newspaper by Superior Court, Los Angeles County, California, Decree No. 21470, March 30, 1937.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By carrier, \$5 a month. Mail subscriptions, \$4.00 a year. Circulation office, FA 8-4000.