

EDITORIALS

Industrial Growth Needed

Disclosure of the two Torrance budgets supported budget this week, the city budget for an estimated \$2,720,000, and the school budget for \$5,730,268, points out graphically the need for continued emphasis on attracting new industry to Torrance.

Taxes on Torrance real estate and property will have to raise about 40 per cent of the city's budget, and about the same percentage of the school budget. Forty per cent of the nearly \$10,000,000 represented in the two budgets means Torrance taxpayers will ante up about \$4,000,000 just for city and school taxes during the coming year.

Were the city made up entirely of homes, neither budget could be met. The average Torrance homeowner doesn't pay for the services received from the city.

The average veteran's home, which is three or four years old, with a veteran's exemption, will bring less than \$100 to the city and school district in taxes. This \$100 will not pay for the free trimmers, garbage, trash and can collections, and the street sweeper which goes by the house at least once a week.

Other, higher valued property must be available in the city to support the two budgets, which are growing each year.

Commercial development on a large scale could solve the city's problem because the increased revenues from license taxes and sales tax would bring in considerable additional revenue.

Such commercial development would mean only an increase in property valuations for the school district, however, whose budget is more than twice that of the city.

Suggestions by responsible officials that the city should de-emphasize industrial development in favor of commercial development does not appear to the HERALD to be sound. The city needs both, and needs both on a large scale.

The HERALD believes that any de-emphasizing move might properly be directed toward the post-war home building program. The city has made great strides in this field while commercial and industrial development have lagged.

That Old Age Boogey

The whole idea of compulsory retirement because of age was roundly scored the other day by David Snodgrass, dean of Hastings College of Law, as a "dummy device which deprives experienced and able men of the opportunity to continue work for which they are fitted."

Then he hammered home his point: "Chronological age is not the test of when a man should be retired. Biological age ought to be the consideration. Benjamin Franklin was 70 in 1776 when this Nation's independence was announced—and he was 81 years old in 1787 when he saved the Constitutional Convention."

We applaud the Dean. And we'd like to add a clincher of evidence that occurs to us. When the Flood hit the world and Methuselah named the tiler of the Ark, he was exactly six hundred years, two months and 17 days old! (GENESIS VII, 11, 12).

And what if Methuselah had been retired at 66, or 75, when he was getting in stride around 300 or 400? There'd've been no Ark built. The human race would have become extinct over 2800 years ago. Today there wouldn't exist even a mosquito to hum in a swamp — nor a rattlesnake to hiss in a desert.

Compulsory retirement? Bah!

THE MAIL BOX

The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published in the Mail Box. Letters should be addressed to the Editor, Torrance Herald, 1610 Gramercy Ave., Torrance, California, under act of March 9, 1937.

Party a Success

Editor, Torrance Herald: Success of the recent after-graduation party, sponsored by the Torrance and North High PTAs, was through the generosity of service organizations and other PTAs who gave checks and business establishments who donated prizes.

Their contributions, combined with donations from senior classes and seniors' parents, financed the event held at the Beauville Club, Santa Monica.

Mr. George Bradford, Mrs. A. B. Cowie and their committee, members of the high school faculties, and assisting parents were more than rewarded by their efforts by the attendants of 450 seniors and their guests.

We especially want to thank the Torrance HERALD for its extensive coverage of the after-graduation party. Also to Miss Stevens, who

spent the entire evening taking pictures of the event which were later published on the top of THE HERALD front page.

MRS. ROBERT REED.

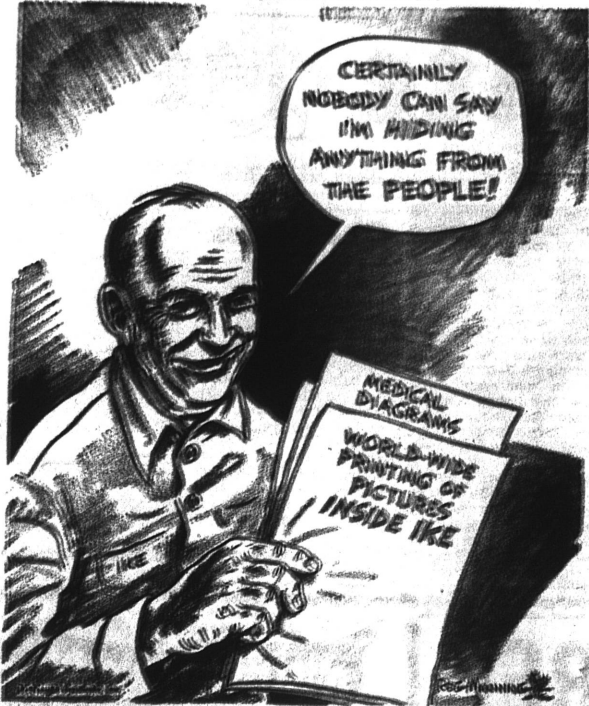
A Successful Year

Editor, Torrance Herald: The Parent/Teacher Assn. of the Perry school has finished another successful year. We wish to thank your wonderful staff for the part they have played in making it so.

Our appreciation is especially directed to Mrs. Edna Clond, society editor; Mildred Hunt, feature writer; and Jim Crumpacker, photographer, for their complete cooperation, willingness, patience, and consideration in helping promote our child welfare unit through your newspaper's outstanding publicity throughout the year.

MRS. KENNETH MUEVY, Publicity.

Inside Information



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: I've been married six years and my husband is still behaving like a bachelor. He comes home whenever he feels like it. There's no such thing as a dinner hour in our house. He likes to go to dances but never asks me to go along because I'm not a very good dancer.

He loves poetry and is always mailing and receiving love poems from girls. When I inquired on a slow-down last week he said "To woman — love is all. To man — love is a thing apart." Do you think this is true? I thought I'd write and ask. — NOLA.

To man — love may be "a thing apart," but I'd say my husband is taking entirely too many things apart lately.

Tell "Friskie Year" respectful married men don't go stag to dance halls and leave the wife at home.

Also, explain you'd be glad to bone up on Browning and Keats and get into the poetry set. Quote this little gem: "For love is honor, constancy, faith, nobility of spirit and charity of the heart..." and remind him that "charity begins at home."

Dear Ann Landers: I'm 34, considered good-looking and a smart dresser. I work in a department store and when the buyer flattered me with his attention I lost my perspective.

We slipped around a few times (he's married) and then

he dropped me cold. Now he doesn't even look my way in the store, in fact he avoids me entirely. The girls in the department are having a big laugh because I feel them "a right eye" I could get him crazy over me. How do I get even? — BURNED.

Dear Cyclops — you made a bad deal. You'll never get even, so quit before you are a big loser. Find another job and get a fresh perspective. And don't let any more eyes — you can't spare 'em.

Dear Ann: My husband never was the romantic type. We'd been married 12 years when I decided if I was going to live life to the fullest I'd have to have some outside help. I started to go with a used car salesman and in three weeks I was head over heels in love. He told me he was married, and had three children, but that his wife was stupid, over-weight, and sloopy, and he didn't intend to put up with her forever. He promised he'd get a divorce when the time was right and said I shouldn't worry my pretty head.

This was seven years ago, and my pretty head is getting grey waiting for him to keep his word. My husband learned of this affair five years ago and moved out. I'm beginning to wonder if I'll ever live happily ever after with my Prince Charming. Please advise me. — ZELLA.

My advice, Zella, is to read the next letter:

Dear Ann: I'm a married woman, 32, with two children. A couple of years ago I learned my husband was having an affair so I decided to get even. I met and fell in love with a married man and saw him every night for almost two years. We sneaked around like hunted criminals, always afraid of being caught. It was a nightmare but worth it because my "Romance" promised someday he'd divorce his wife and marry me.

As time went on he began to make excuses — "not financially yet." "The children need their father." "My wife isn't well" — the stock might fall her... "Finally I took the hint."

Now I'm trying to make up to my husband the terrible wrong I did him. I hope you will print this so some of my "sucker sisters" may profit by my experience. If they tell their borrowed boy friends to put up or shut up, I'll bet 99 per cent will shut up — and scream. — A DAILY READER.

CONFIDENTIALLY: BEN: Time you moved out. MARRY the gal and invite mama to come visit when and if she feels like it. If Diane lets her break you up she's got cornflakes where her brains belong.

MRS. B. J.: See an art teacher for evaluation.

RESPONDENT: The girl is making a mistake. She should listen to the doctor and marry you at once.

STODGY YOUNG MATRON: What would you say if a married woman was squired around town while her husband worked in the basement every night? Well — that's what they'd say about you.

(Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems, and then to be in care of The Herald.)

But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sin have hid His face from you... (Isaiah 59, 2).

It is our own willfulness, selfishness, weakness, that keep us from most enjoyable living and being fully in God's love, His perfect good — and yet, His mercy forgives and accepts the truly repentant heart.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By IRVING BRINDY

Don Perkins, public relations director for the Greater Los Angeles Safety Council, has come up with a couple more gems:

1. Reno is the land of the free and the grave of the home.

2. There was the street sweeper who lost his job because he couldn't keep his mind in the gutter.

Sports Editor Roger Goodrich has a problem. An MG he acquired recently has turned out to be a racing bomb, with the cylinders bored, head milled, and all that stuff. He bought it as a conventional. What bothers him, now, is whether he should complain about the souped-up job, or put his wife in the thing and enter it in the Pomona Road Races.

I am adopting a motto for this column — and original but apt. It is the slogan of the Newark, weekly newspaper of the Lovelock High School in Lovelock, N.M. It goes like this:

"We know not what the truth may be; we only tell it as it's told to us."

That's going to be my position from now on.

Barney's Blarney

By BARNEY GLAZER

Prospective home-owner: "I'd like to have you build a house for me." General Contractor: "Fine. Do you have a lot?" Prospective home-owner: "No, just a little."

The cordier spurted a thoroughbred and a beauty to her. She was guarded under lock and key behind a tall concrete block wall in the backyard. But tall walls aren't foolproof enough to bar amorous conquests of doubtful heritage who avoid the difficult method of going over the top by using the ingenious approach of scrambling under the bottom. Today there's a sign on the front lawn which sounds like a short, stout, trim emulsion-stone. It reads: "For Sale — Five Gooder Scandinavians."

Life is this way. When you're a kid, you sit on a river bank, watch the sleek, luxurious automobiles go whizzing by, and then dream that maybe some day you'll be able to buy one for your very own. Then, when you grow up and make a lot of money, you drive up to a river bank in your \$7000 Cadillac Eldorado. You observe a barefooted boy fishing without a care in the world and you immediately wish you could change places with him.

Art Ryan, man of the Times, asked if you heard about the beautiful and chapeau young lady who was brought by a lord and carried away by a Thunderbird.

Bernie Bremer, executive buyer for a Burbank delicatessen, prides himself on his record that he was never once purchased an executive. Anyway, Bernie recently walked into his salami and cheese assembly line room and suddenly came upon a despondent salesman who, with tears in his eyes, was eavesdropping by reading a paper lying on Bernie's desk. "Never in all my life," says Bremer, "have I seen a more melancholy or mournful fellow. He was looking over a generous order that I had just given to another salesman for a rival firm."

Sign on the back of a car "Dig that crazy driver, man, and then dig his crazy grave."

The Freelancer

By TOM RESCHE

When Joe Workhard comes home and announces to his loving spouse, "Cuckin, my vacation is coming up in a month, it may involve a major crisis in the Workhard household."

Vacations can be fun, but they also involve many problems. The first and most immediate problem is, "should we take a trip of should we stay home and paint the house?"

The simplest is to stay home and paint the house because this involves only the purchase of paint.

If Mabel decides that they are going to take a trip, then problems are only beginning. Mabel must ponder whether the junket should be for pleasure, education, neither or both.

If it is for pleasure, she may decide that they should rough it, or she may want to go just as far as they can before they have to turn around.

Roughing it involves purchase of considerable equipment. Tent, fishing gear, a special rack for the car to carry it all, and of course new clothing for the trip.

On the other hand, Mabel may be one of those persons who likes to visit as many states as possible, and in this case the car may have to be rebuilt in order to accommodate the extra mileage.

If the trip is to be for education, then Mabel will gather all available information on Indian ruins, historical monuments, art museums, quaint ghost towns, and scenic spots to make her decision.

She will consult with friends to learn what they saw, and will make a special note to see something older and more picturesque. She will consider also whether the little Workhards would be uplifted by such educational sights.

On the other hand, Mabel may decide that the trip should be neither educational nor pleasurable, and they may visit Aunt Millie or Cousin Jethro or mother. She may consider this a pleasure, but Joe may think otherwise.

Other problems which may arise include: (1) Should the children be taken along or left at home? The more children there are, the less likely it is that the trip will be for pleasure.

Should the family dog and cat be taken along or should they be palmed off on Mother or a neighbor? (3) What needs to be bought in the way of clothing or equipment? (4) What repairs should be made on the family chariot or should a new auto be purchased? There are plenty of other minor questions which must be decided, but these are some of the major considerations. It's still easier to stay home!

My Neighbors

"Good morning glory! Here's Merry Sunshine, in person!"

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Fatal Fallacies by Ted Key



STRENGTH TRAINING

HOW POPULAR IS TRAINING IN THE U.S.A. LAST YEAR 10,000,000 MEN AND WOMEN BOUGHT STRENGTH TRAINING BOOKS. THIS IS ABOUT ONE FIFTH OF THE WOMEN OF EVERY FOUR ADULTS.

THINGS TO TALK ABOUT BY FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

JAZZ MIGHT WARM UP THE REDS TOWARD US... THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT PLANS TO SPONSOR JAZZ BANDS ON GOOD WILL TOURS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

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