EDITORIALS

Filling a Need

Announcement today that a multi-million-dollar Catholic hospital will be constructed in Torrance fills one of Southwest area's most urgent needs. Plans for the new institution, to be known as Torrance Memorial Hospital, call for 150 beds, and the structure will be one of the most modern and complete hospitals in California.

The step sets the seventh diocese according to Most Reverend Timothy Manning, Bishop of the diocese, which includes Torrance.

In the near future, a similar expansion is under way at Torrance Memorial Hospital.

Recently, Harold S. Miller has announced plans for a hospital in the area of Torrance Blvd. and Hawthorne, west of the new Catholic Hospital site.

And just a few weeks ago, plans to erect a hospital in Gardena also were announced.

All are needed badly, and should go far in eliminating the drastic shortage of beauties and precincts.

And the election of Torrance as the site of these facilities adds one more weight that is fast transforming Torrance, a sleepy little village, into a prosperous center of population in Southern California and will make this the center of activity in this part of the country.

Points to Remember

As the political campaign progresses, you are certainly going to hear a good deal about what politicians think the government ought to be doing for people.

Some politicians seem to assume that what people want is a healthy Congress which will vote everyone a little bit of comfort.

There are two points to keep in mind as you listen to the flood of campaign promises. One, remember that our American standard of living is made in the factories and the farms and the offices and shops of the country. It is not made in Congress.

Before we can enjoy production, we have to produce it.

And second, the biggest percentage of the billions of dollars that government spends is "helping" people income out of the pockets of those persons.

Before government can give anything to anybody, it must first take it away from somebody and that somebody, in most cases, is the wage earner.

THE MAIL BOX

The Torrance Herald welcomes letters on every issue of public interest. Letters must be signed, but name will be withheld if so requested. Letters should be limited to 300 words. The Herald reserves the right to withhold publication of libelous letters, or letters of poor taste. Letters should be addressed to The Editor, Torrance Herald, Torrance, California.

City of Hope

Editor, Torrance HERALD:

Thanks to your generosity in helping us carry on our message to the people, the City of Hope fund campaign moved in high gear and achieved a great measure of success.

Your exceptionally fine cooperation made it possible for us to inform the public of the aims and purpose of the City of Hope. Because of you, we were able to further acquaint the community with our program of private care and research.

The City of Hope owes you a debt of gratitude. It is my pleasure to express to you our very real appreciation for your effort.

Victor M. Carter,
President.

Senator Wilkes

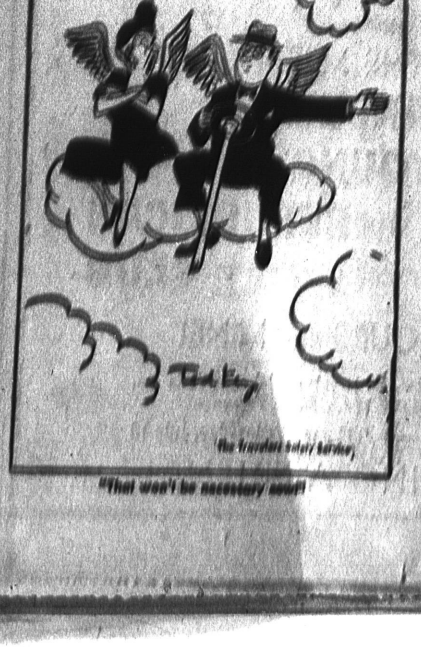
Editor, Torrance Herald:

Following my return to the office after the primary, I have been swamped with congratulatory notes and many calls of three's campaign of true democracy and the part of Congressman Jerry Voorhis in the campaign. Despite defeat, the fact remains that for the first time since the war, a Democratic candidate in California.

I am deeply grateful for the editorial support which I received throughout the race and I want to thank you for the generous endorsement given me by The Torrance Herald.

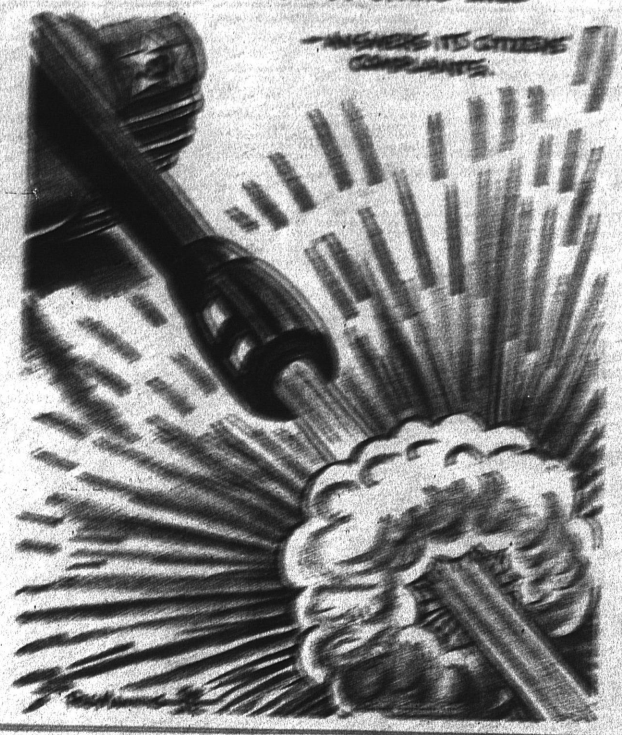
There are many problems confronting California which must receive wise and aggressive action and assistance from Congress and I am happy to have the opportunity to devote myself to them during the next two years. So long as I am in the United States Senate, I shall continue my efforts to promote the welfare of our state and the people and I trust that I will merit the faith you have so generously placed in me.

Thomas H. Kuchel.



"That won't be necessary again!"

No Matter How A Strike Ends



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: For an anniversary I want to surprise my husband and I'd appreciate it if you would suggest a suitable gift—one of the lasting sort. It's to be given a secretly effort to the time he least expects.

My sister and her husband visited recently in the last week or so and the poor man's a nag. I don't like the man one bit, but he's a fine boy and seems darling pretty good.

Just at the evening's close of my husband's favorite cigar, one of the guests picked it, crushed to the floor, stomped the poor thing completely and made quite a fuss in the evening over a thoughtless act of an honest person. My husband never did smoke in very good with my family . . . you the name is most likely to apologize to the family in writing, or in person or what? — Mrs. M.S.P.

The prime moment is the only thing that were proof, or provable. But it's just about time, so don't use method. Keep the envelope, both seal and written. If we are accused and anyone out of line. Something like that could get a letter on the outer engine for the rest of the life.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ann Landers: Can you tell me who Jimmy Durante is talking about on the fantasy night TV show when he says, "Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash — wherever you are"? I'd really like to know. —Mrs. E. C.

Dear Mrs. E. C.: So would I. Send me your name and address and if I find out I'll make you the word. If you find out, how about calling me in on it?

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ann Landers: Seven months ago I had a baby out of wedlock. The child is the dear reason for many an ill decision to keep the baby and make the best of it.

I met a man a few months ago. He's good to me and wants to get married — but the things I want my baby adopted. He's gloves to have my child and don't want to think of giving her up after what I went through to keep her. But if for the man, and may not get my proper chance to marry. I make one last mistake in my life and don't want to make another. Please help me make the right decision. I have no one to go for advice but you. — C.S.

Don't give up your child or you'll be making a second and major mistake. The man that is right to make such a decision. If he loves you genuine and unselfish he'll want to make a home for both you and the baby. Tell him he's getting too high a price on the marriage and you simply can't afford it.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Ann: I'm 16 and I've been going around with a boy 18 for six months. He's starting to leave this summer to work so we're together often. My problem is, he goes with a large bunch of boys. They have been known to get drunk and tear around town. My boy friend is not a heavy drinker but I know he takes a sip once in a while. One of the gals gets four drinks on the G.T. so the latter owes a favor.

I like him a lot, Ann, but I'm afraid if my folks hear about the company he keeps they won't let me go with him. I've asked him to stop running with this gang but he says it's none of my business. Please give me some help. — M.L.

You're a 15-year-old girl — not a Reform School. If your friend enjoys flicking drinks across "Aunt" with the family pals and tells you it's "none of your business," take that.

This friend can only stand up to trouble. If you respect, don't defend yourself short and find a boy friend who doesn't need attorney work.

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CONFIDENTIAL TO H. H.: If your husband won't give Alcoholics Anonymous a try tell him to get out and send the proper checks. He owes an awful lot up with this stuff.

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LOST AND F. F.: The above advice is for you, too. Help yourselves.

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MOTHER OF FIVE: This is a marriage; she must support the idea that you don't have to take such brutality. Send him packing.

(Any problem will be able to Ann Landers, care of the Torrance Herald. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.)

Out of the Past

From the Files of The Torrance HERALD

10 Years Ago This Month
July, 1946

Col. Roger G. Williams, talented for his 1927 New York to Rome flight, and other contributions to aviation, has decided to take up residence in Torrance while completing a book on flying. . . . City Clerk A. H. Hartzell reported that estimates place the population of Torrance at 16,479 . . . Local school teachers, as employees of the Los Angeles school system, have received minimum salary increases, $2310 for elementary, and $2580 for high school.

☆ ☆ ☆

20 Years Ago This Month
July, 1936

Louis Zamperini came from behind in the last lap to tie Don Lash, holder of the world two-mile record, in the New York Olympic Track and Field Team finals of the 5000 meter run . . . Rudolph Walter, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Walter, 1445 Post Ave., sailed for Tokyo, Japan, to attend a conference of the Society of International Relations . . . City Council voted to award a contract to the General Petroleum Corp. for city gasoline for the coming year at 12½ cents per gallon.

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30 Years Ago This Month
July, 1926

The Royal Neighbors in Torrance cancelled their weekly meeting in order to attend a track meet . . . J. R. Jensen resigned his position as adjutant of the Bert D. Crossland Post, American Legion, due to his candidacy for Justice of the Peace . . . Gloria Swanson's latest film, "The Untamed Lady," was on at the Torrance Theater.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

Peter Scott, 6-month-old daughter of Paul and Bonnie Jo Scott, will open Christmas mail at a little after 6 a.m. while the rest of the family are asleep, it was announced by her mother yesterday. At Cheshire recently, Miss Jane Hamlin ran out of the room in tears. She explained: "My two little boys got quite close to Santa this morning and when they saw that Santa was me, they asked for a Three Bear."

Peter Rabbit, famous fictional character of Beatrix Potter's books, always comes out "Peeter Rabbit," Mrs. Jerold Ballou says.

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Yesterday was Bastille Day. In case you overlooked it, it commemorated the very storming of the French people in 1789 when the revolutionary forces captured the Bastille prison, symbol of the tyranny of the French monarchy. Today, Bastille Day is celebrated by Frenchmen everywhere as the day the French people first won their freedom from their tyrannical rulers. Popular traditions of the day are: Let's Eat Frenchman Day, which consists of eating French pastries; Let's Go French Day, which is the first excuse the GI has had since the war to get drunk; Let's Wear Our Berets Day, and Let's Sing the Marseillaise Day, which is observed by Cardinal de Sales' singing choirs.

Editor Home of French extraction should pay words in respect to their fatty ancestors who stormed the seemingly impregnable walls of the prison nearly 200 years ago.

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Last yesterday being Bastille Day, we took off at four minutes earlier and joined a score of Optimist Club members at their annual Coastline outing — composition, I suppose, to the Riviera Country Estates station at Borrego Springs and elsewhere. He has early to report on time was also to drive on at the fourth or fifth annual trip to Coastline, but I can assure you that the chances were there will be referred to as "Coastline Fashions" and that the squirrels will be "Coastline Maid" while the Optimists are in the area. Believe it or not some of the wives don't like club members on the annual outings, spend most of the week end playing golf-and-golf golfing daylight hours, and pass out golf at night . . . and catch up on a year's gossip. Oops, next gossip.

LAW IN ACTION

CHANGING TIMES

The principles of law and justice have held good for centuries; but meantime our society has become complex.

From a simple ranching and mining state, California now takes a lead in industry, and we apply yesterday's principles of right and wrong to today's complex realities.

Sometimes we need to update our laws — more often we have to use better judgment in applying them to the changing times.

1. On the whole, the old rule of law still holds that if somebody harms you on purpose or from lack of due care, you can sue for damages. But in our factories with mass production and automation, you may find it hard to pin the blame on a given person.

So, we have had to set up an industrial accident commission to award money to injured workers on an insurance basis *regardless of blame.*

2. Or suppose, Joe, Bill, and Ken decide to go into partnership. Joe to make, Bill to sell, and Ken to finance the Widget business. They ask their lawyer for "just a simple partnership contract." Mind you, they can have a simple partnership and may, he'll is what they need. But what with taxes as they are, will such a simple document serve them well if their dealings are in fact complex? Maybe they should incorporate, or take a few more pages to spell out how they whack up their profits, or dissolve their partnership; for unless they write these things out in detail the general law will apply on the whole, perhaps, well enough, but sometimes to their disadvantage.

3. A man may ask for "just a simple will" giving what he has, say, to his wife should he die first. But a will that goes a bit more into detail may save money and preserve an estate for a man's children. In some cases, for

example, by leaving his property in trust for his wife while she lives, and to go on her death to their children, he might well save on inheritance taxes and other costs.

The point of all this is simple. In changing times like ours, you are still working with much the same tried and true principles of justice as did our forefathers; but it may be harder for us to apply them wisely in our complex world.

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

Barney's Blarney

By BARNEY GLASER

Carlie Bennett, of Hillcrest Magazine, blew the very dickens out of our volunteer fire department with a quaint little story and interpolation recently. Chief to the company:

"Today's the one we really need. I don't think you ever gave the fire as fight as big chance."

Wilson: "Golly, chief, some time a fire just does out of its own accord."

Chief: "This one didn't. Some smart alec in his company pulled out. If could have spared to be sitting over if you give it full attendance."

Simpson: "Why worry about the sitting room?"

Chief: "Didn't you see all those things we could have burned? What a relief they could have made. Yummy, yummy!"

Curry did a good job on the piano in the living room."

Chief: "Honey. Did he eat the fish? Did he eat the cake? Did he eat the sheets would stick together? Did he jam the pennies?"

Curry: "Tee, chief. I only got two hands. I was busy pulling out the very keys."

Simpson: "Aw, chief, did you see the job I did on all those books. Wee 'em all. I did. Didn't miss a single one."

Chief: Rides the interests electricity."

Pomeroy: "I took care of the TV set. Chopped up the cabinet good?"

Chief: "You're new, Pomeroy. Never work on the cabinet. First get the insides of every television set. If you leave one later, attend to the cabinet."

Wilson: "How did that fire make out in Gamerey City last night?"

Chief: "Awful awful."

Wilson: "Why, what happened?"

Chief: "Company No. 2 pulled in rear one. They didn't even broke the door. They just opened it, and walked in."

(Curtain falls in flames)

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Some children just never let anything get by them, as the good old parental boast goes. For example, take Nancy Bryner who is six years old. Living out with their proud parents recently, Nancy's tiny molars encountered rough going with a piece of steak that simply refused to come apart. Diagnosing Nancy told her dad: "This is just like bubble gum."

☆ ☆ ☆

The ballet been in this country very long and ever crudely distorted English, generously sprinkled with the flavor of old country German deviations, was really something to hear. One day, her husband mentioned a woman coat and her pretty flannel brow wrinkled up like a miniature accordion, as she inquired naively: "Wat kind of animal is dat Mae wot d'hair come from?"

☆ ☆ ☆

This is my dime off a precocious youngster, the one who had a dime and was amused by his mother that it might be an excellent idea to donate the dime to a worthy charity. The lad thought it over and then replied: "Dats, mommy, I'll take it to the candy shop and give it to Mr. Lewis for some cinnamolates. Dem, I'll tell him to give my dime to charity."

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHE

So you want to write?

Have you a story that is just waiting to be told, something that Hemingway or Maugham or Somerset Maugham could use for one of their novels?

Are you sure that your work is going unnoticed just because you are unknown?

Maybe. Maybe not.

Writing is a tough game. Statistics show that for every writer who succeeds, 3000 do not. Outside of the newspaper field, any writer who makes enough to put food on the plate every day is the exception, not the rule. For every Hemingway who makes good, there are thousands of John Does who may get a "letter to the editor" published occasionally.

Any newspaperman has dozens of people come up to him during a year's time, declaring that they have the idea of the century if they knew who to get in touch with. What they don't realize is that if the newspaperman knew anybody, he'd take his own stories to them too.

☆ ☆ ☆

Nevertheless, there are exceptions to the rule. One agent I met one time said that he had had a novel brought to him one time on little scraps of paper and written in a horrible scrawl. The agent, who was eating dinner at the time the author came, turned it down. He was more than unhappy when he later saw the book published. The title — "Battle Cry."

This week's mail brought a couple of entries in the writing derby from a couple of young readers, who say they want to be authors when they grow up. They aren't Pearl Bucks yet, but they might be some day. They do offer a sample of what the younger generation is thinking about these days, however.

☆ ☆ ☆

Young Cheryl Weck, 10, is concerned with the "Man from Planet X." Says she,

"It all happened when everyone in the world was minding their own business. Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere but space, there came a big ball which landed on Earth. Everyone was frightened when they saw it. Then the door opened and out came a horrible looking man with a skeleton-like face, and the most horrible looking body you ever did see. He came out and made friends but the people wanted to destroy him.

"He could not talk. The people knew that he was the man from Planet X. He came to earth because the people on his planet were sick. All the armies came with tanks, machine guns and bombs to destroy this man. But the man took off in his ball just in time and returned to Planet X."

☆ ☆ ☆

On the other hand, Evemaid Cynthia Eyeland is more concerned with her doll in something called "The Dolls in the Dollhouse."

"Once upon a time there was a little dollhouse and it belonged to Betty. Betty was a blonde little girl. When she went to bed each night the dolls got up and played. Then, when she got up in the morning, the dolls were as stiff as a board and tucked in bed as they were.

Betty played with her dolls for many years now and the dolls were getting old and some of them were so old they died. That was when they broke. Well, the dollhouse got more and more crowded. That was when Betty bought more dolls and pretended that some of the women had babies in place of the dead dolls that died. Well, time went by and the dolls got more and more happier because more and more dolls came, big and little. All the dolls were happy in that same little house."

That's a child's-eye-view of the world.

What's yours?

Torrance Herald

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