EDITORIALS

The People Who Count

"Everybody on both sides of the television set has "Everybody on both sides of the television set has now had the chance to brand the political conventions as TV's dullest show." So Terrence O'Flaherty, San Francisco Chronicle TV columnist, began his stint one day last iweek. "Variety' called the eight-day telecasts TV's \$17.000.000 Goof," O'Flaherty wrote, "and came out with an editorial bleat: 'To the TV viewer it's been a poor substitute for excitement and entertainment.' Some figures seemed to back up the complaints. In areas where there were more than three stations, the independents occasionally outdrew the oratory with old films or baseball.

Some viewers wrote complaining 'Why do all the networks have, to carry it?' and 'Why must we be deprived of our favorite programs?'"

write programs?""
At this point Mr. O'Flaherty's collar seemed to grow

At this point Mr. O'Flaherty's collar seemed to grow hot:

"It seems to me that all these people have missed the point entirely. We were all mighty fortunate to be able to get a look at the men who run our nation. And who the heck ever expected that it would be as 'exciting' or 'entertaining' as 'I Love Lucy' or 'The \$64,000 Thing?' If the American public can't give up. the sugar-coated pills of their favorite comedies and giveaways for eight days every four years, then we'd all better give up and put Elvis Presley in the White House."

Mr. O'Flaherty's point of indignation if well taken. It is comforting, however, to reflect that those people who rile him aren't worth a moment's thought. They don't vote. They don't care who may be President, or Senator, or Congressma—or Mayor. And there are millions of them. But there are other millions! They are the millions who take their citizenship seriously, who study issues and candidates objectively and soberly, and march to the polls in a mighty army—as more than 61,000,000 of them marched in 1952.

in 2 mgny and 1952.

Those are the citizens who count in our self-governing democracy. Those are the people who name our Presidents.

The others? They serve to determine the popularity ratings of the Elvis Presleys!

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHE

Noting that all the maga:
zines these days are full of
magazine stricles about the
late James Dean, who was
killed in an auto accident a
year ago, I was curious to
find out the truth.

The articles bore such enticing titles as "Is James
Dean Really Dead", "What
James Dean Has to
Say to Us."

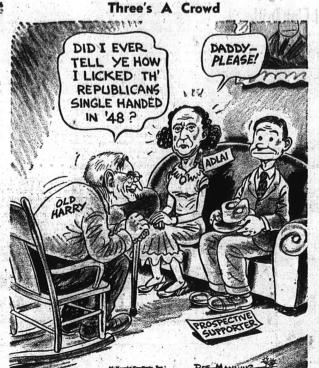
There hasn't been such a
There hasn't been such a
There hasn't been such a

Say to Us."
There hasn't been such a furore since President Roosevelt died. Dean still gets 5000 fan letters a day. What, I wondered was this man got even though he's dead.

"Tell me, Dean, what is it about you that everyone is getting so excited about even though you are dead?"
"I don't know-w-w.
These people always ask me that and I don't know-w-w-w.
I was just James Dean-n-n-n and I appeared in several movies-s-s-s-.
"But there must have been

"But there must have been something special about you. You are really dead a ren't





OUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: I'm in erious trouble and need ome advice urgently. I was of Alaska (USAF) and hadn't seen a girl in 15 months when I was shipped back to the

I was shipped back to the States.

I got involved with a young lady the first week I hit the States and you can guess the rest. I said and did things I didn't mean and now the girl is five months pregnant.

I support my father and am in no position to take on added financial responsibility. I'm not in love with the girl but would like to do what I can to protect her name.

Please give me some advice.

—L. C. W.

If you are really interested in HER name, there's nothing you can do short of giving her YOURS. But since I don't recommend I oveless marriages your best bet is to sit down with your commanding officer and tell him the whole story.

officer and tell him the whole story.

You will find the "added fin a n c ial responsibility" is yours whether you're in a position to accept it or not. This is a pretty stiff price to pay for something you didn't mean—but there must be legal protection against fellows whose judgment goes AWOL.

Dear Ann Landers: Myproblem may sound nutty but
every word is true. I'm 26
and my husband is 27. We've
been married seven years and
we have two wonderful chil
dren. who worship, their
daddy.

Last Fall he started to accuse me. of poisoning his
food. He said after his meals
at home he suffered from in-

food. He said after his means at home he suffered from indigestion and was sure I was trying to do away with him. When I asked where he got these ideas he explained he knew it through the "voodoo drume".

knew it through the "voodoo drums."

Please, Mrs. Landers, what does this mean? I'm desperate now because I have very little money left and the kids aren't getting enough go o d food. My husband has gone to live with his folks and I'm alone with the children and very worried. I need help bad.

—DESERTED WIFE

Your husband is ill and needs professional guidance. He is obligated by law to support you, and the children. Call Legal Aid and learn what your rights are—and what to de about them.

Ask your husband what he hears from the "vood oo drum" in regard to support checks. Tell him if he isn't getting any messages—he should start to listen for the sheriff.



LAW IN ACTION

TECHNICS AND LAW
A good legal system needs
to do its everyday job well, of
course. But its real test
comes with the new techniques. of our changing world
like today's "rainmakers"
(In the profession "weather
modifiers," please).

Twenty years ago people
would think a lawyer a bit
off who would go to court
of sue somebody for dumping a cloud full of rain on
the wrong valley or failing
to put snow on the right
mountain range.

For then, as Mark Twain
said, everybody talked about
the weather, but no bo dy
(save the southwest Indians)
did much about it—or could.
But it may be diferent tomorrow, as if we didn't have
enough problems already.

Even earlier, nobody knew
what law to apply to the airplane which "trespassed" a
mile high over your farm
scaring your hens out of a
year's eggs, or mechanical
eavesdroppers offered in testimony in court, or the bus
wagon that scared Old Dobbin off the road.

Today each new advance,
from the insecticides spewed
from airplanes to a to m
power houses, must work out
through courts or legislatures how it fits into our
system of law.

Most likely you can use

many of our old principles, but you often find new wrinkles, too, as with rain-makers, for example. So today, the Commission-ers on Uniform State Laws has before it a model law to control rainmakers. (You see, the weather ignores state boundaries and knows prac-tically nothing of states' rights).

tically nothing of states' rights).

The Uniform Law people want the states to set up interstate weather control commissions to register and license all "weather modifiers" with power to stop their work, licensed or not.

Such talk comes straight out of science fiction: All it needs now is some dirty low down villain who's trying by secret formula to bring on a new ice age. We may need a Committee on Un-American weather at that.

Yet fantastic as these weather-control laws appear now, we have many laws on the books today which only 10 years ago would sound like H. G. Wells with a hangover. The Atomic Energy Commission, for instance.

Any way you look at it, technology puts our lawyers as well as our scientists to a severe test.

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

Dea Ann: I'm a widow. A man has been coming to see me about three or four times a week. He's very untidy and doesn't care that he has no teeth in his mouth or that he has spots on his clothing.

I never know when he'll drop by and I'm always praying that none of my friends will come when he's in the house. Please tell me what to do. I hate to hurt any one's feelings.

When did, this physicism.

Where did this character get the impression that your home was open for visitors at any hour that struck his fancy? Since he's not the type you care to have a ro un in when your friends call, he shouldn't be welcome any time. Make it plain that you are not interested in his company or you may wind up

are not interested in his company or you may wind up with him in your hair seven days a week.

Dear Ann: Will you please help me with a family problem? Our two sons are in their late 20's. They are both college graduates and have fine paying jobs. They make more money than their father. What should they be paying for board and room? At present they pay nothing but I feel it's time they got on a different basis.

Please print your answer in the paper. They both read your column every day and they'd take your advice a whole lot sooner than they'd take mine.

whole for source take mine.

—JUST A MOTHER

Tour may sign your self "Just A Mother" but I have news for you — you're also chief cook and bottle-washer, maid, laundress and inn-keeper at a free hotel. These two lummoxes should be paying you at least \$100 a month each. They are getting board, room, telephone, light, heat, maid service and laundry. If they think they can do it cheaper clawthere for less—invite them to try it.

CONFI DENTIALLY —
TWEIN A: You need Legal Aid. This is no marriage, Get wise.

DEEPLY HURT: Hang on and hope he gets his head on straight before too long. It's worth the gamble.

Ann Landers will be glad to he will be grade to he will be glad to he will be grade to



The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

With all the talk about Guaranteed Annual Wages (GAW) and such, a student at an Arkansas college has come up with a proposal for a rigid grade support program which, he explains, is "very similar to the Guaranteed Annual Grade—in other words, GAG."

He is advocating the plan

words, GAG."

He is advocating the plan on the theory that it will "just about take the uncertainty out of going to college." * * *

Which reminds us of the social note for hostesses which says no formal dinner is complete without nuts. You should always invite a few. Didn't we tell you to sit tight, that the campaign oratory would warm up? Well you're beginning to get some kind of an idea of what's in store between now and Nov. 6.

* * *

Gus King, a Torrance old-timer who lives on Plaza Del Amo, likes the downtown area but he thinks there's something missing. He wants us to help him in his cam-paign for public restroom fa-cilities somewhere downtown —and he suggests the trian-gle park near Sartori and Ca-brillo.

Gus' idea is to construct an underground facility' at the park like the Pershing Square garage in downtown LA. He thinks the facilities could be constructed, the maintaining the park-like at-the grass replaced over it mosphere of the area. It sounds like a good idea to us—if someone can dig-up the money for it.

* * *

One of the city's regular guests doesn't like the new city jail. He was telling 'Officer Archie Jackson the other day that he was so far back in the jail away from the front coun ter that he could yell himself into a stupor without disturbing the sergeant. It apparenly frustrates him, for he delighted in rattling the bars and raising cain in the old station where the sergeant was just outside the door.

* * *

Couple of gals returning home from the swing shift at Douglas the other evening were frightened when a light colored station wagon with a couple of guys in it started chasing the m down the street. After trying to get their old clunker to get out of the way, they gave up and were forced over to the curb. This is it." they thought, both of them too frightened to speak. It was alright hower. It was only a couple of Torrance's finest with a ticket for the gals for going through a stop sign. "I don't mind getting a ticket for traffic violations, but I don't like to be run off the road by unmarked police cars in the middle of the night," the driver told us the next morning.

next morning.





Out of the Past

From the Files of The

10 Years Ago This Month
September, 1946
Acting Mayor W. H. Tolson, met with Wilson W.
Wyatt, naitonal housing expediter, to discuss possible
measures to be taken to relieve the critical housing situation in Torrance... The
War Assets Administration approved the sale of the Torrance Army Hospital to Los
Angeles County... Torrance
High Principal Raymond J.
Casey announced that the
local school had been awarded the sportsmanship trophy
of the Marine League for the
past year.

ed the sportsmansing tropic
of the Marine League for the
past year.

15 Years Ago This Month
September, 1941
Louis Zamperini was scheduled to report for induction
in the U. S. Army after
'washing, out' of the Air
Corps training school at
Santa Maria. Included with
Zamperini on the September
quota at Santa Maria. Included with Zamperini on
the September quota were
Paul Morely, Frank Hicks,
Clinton Powers, Neboru
Muto, and Gordon Cumming
. The Douglas B-19 super
bomber appeared over Torrance on a test flight from
March Field ... Over 2000
people were on hand for the
official opening of Lomita
Park.
20 Years Ago This Month

official opening of Lomita Park.
20 Years Ago This Month September, 1936 Kenneth Roberts, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Roberts, 1739 Andreo. Ave., was ap-pointed supervisor of the transfer department of Tech-nicolor, Inc., at their Eng-land offices eight miles from London. . . . Chairman Rob-

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

Got up bright and early this morning and told the wife, "Great day, let's go to the seashore." "Not me," said she, "you know that the sea air doesn't agree with me." To which I couldn't avoid adding. "It wouldn't dare." Dropped over to the corner store and by the time I reached the cashier I had it all figured out: money talks but it no longer has enough cents to say much.

* * *

When I brought the groceries home, I trotted over to the barber's for that \$1.75 baldspot trim. I have a real smart barber with a fine command of language. That is, he's smart enough to maintain command of it and say nothing... Talking a b out that \$1.75 haircut fee, it's very obviously not one of the best things in life, because the best things in life, because the best things in life are free. Guess it must be one of those doggoned expensive "next best things in life."

A A A

Off to the office for a few minutes where the second most important female in my life greeted me with a smile. Most men need two women in their lives, you see, a secretary to take things dom and a wife to pick things up.

Opened my mail and fromed to observe a dreaded letter from a government official. In case you don't know what a government official is, that's someone who has risen from obscurity to something worse.

And just to prove that I'm not mad at my Income Tax Collector, I learned it's his birthday today, so let me be the first to wish him many happy returns.

Off to a coffee break and purposely ran the other way when I saw M.D. approaching. He's a pain in the nead and anyway I don't want to be seen in his company because men are known by the company they keep. Women are the same way. They realize they are judged or, their surroundings, which is why they wear girdles.

Stopped at the magazine stand and glanced at some of the covers. Zowie! those ladies! They get into their swim auits, alright, but they don't get in far enough...

Joe, the druggiet stopped me and asked if I heard about the Texas oil tyee on who visited his dentist for an ex-

amination. When the dentist reported: "No cavities," the oilman beamed: "I feel lucky today. Let's drill!"

* * *

Back at the office and I was told KABC-TV's Chef Milani was on the phone. He invited me to his wedding and if you want to hear the English language converted to a Italian rectpe, pick up your phone and dial STanley 7-7045.

Looked out the window and watched the traffic. Amazing how safety minded the public is getting. Millions of people now firmly believe that crazy automobile driving should be curtailed and those millions are all pedestrians!

* * *

millions are all pedestrians!

** * * *

Bill phoned and asked if I cared to play a few rounds of golf on the morrow. Bill's a real energetic type. He'l walk 50 miles around a course, toting all kin ds of bage and clubs and think nothing of it. Then when he gets home, he plops into a chair and yells at his wife:

"Honey, bring me an ashiray". It's a little thing like that which makes a woman stop and wonder if she shouldn' have stayed single and cooked her own goose.

Got to looking over today's paper and saw where many jobs are open but you have to pass one of those tough Civil Service exams. The re's an easier way to work for the government without passing Civil Service and we're all doing it by paying taxes.

Lett the office and rushed my way into a crowded elevator where two women jabbered away without stopping. Funny that once a haby learns to talk it never learns to keep its mouth shut.

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