

EDITORIALS

The Boom Still Lives

Building statistics published here Thursday indicate that the construction boom has not been curtailed to any extent in Torrance, although other areas have been feeling the effects of a slowing surge of building.

For the first nine months of 1956, Torrance issued a total of \$41,744,243 in building permits, nearly \$4,500,000 more than had been issued at the same time last year.

An increasing emphasis has been noted recently on industrial construction — construction which adds in a healthy measure to the city's economy without bringing with it the companion problems of more school facilities, street maintenance, and other city services which are provided for residential developments.

Still more industrial growth is contemplated this year, and a new boom in commercial building is overdue in the rapidly expanding area.

All in all, the future of the city's construction picture looks optimistic, and Torrance should continue to lead the way in Southern California in comparative construction statistics.

'Good Neighbor' Sought

Who will be the city's "Good Neighbor" in 1957?

The Torrance YMCA, as is its annual custom, has issued a call for nominations for the city's good neighbor, an honor given each fall to one of its outstanding citizens who has contributed most to the welfare of fellow citizens.

Readers of The HERALD extend to all sections of the city and should know who is most likely to be considered as the 1956 good neighbor.

If you know of a neighbor who has been especially worthy of consideration, send in your nomination today.

Just mail your nomination along with a statement of why this person should be considered to the Torrance YMCA.

And then plan to attend the YMCA breakfast on the morning of Oct. 27.

Out of the Past

From the Files of The Torrance HERALD

10 Years Ago This Month

October, 1946
Carl Steele, chairman of the Torrance Selective Service Board No. 280, registered public disapproval of the move of the board from local offices to a new location in Long Beach. . . . Capt. R. L. Lovell, commanding officer of Company H, 2nd Battalion, 39th Regiment, of the State Guard, announced that enlistments in the local outfit would be taken each Monday night in the State Armory at Torrance ball park. . . . Ernest Ognassoff was being held in Torrance jail pending posting of \$5000 bail on a rape complaint.

15 Years Ago This Month

October, 1941
G. G. Draper, manager of the Torrance branch of the Southern California Telephone Co., announced that construction will shortly start on a \$7000 addition to the present building. . . . Kenneth Beight, financial secretary of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee of the Torrance CIO, was elected vice president of the State CIO Council. . . . Torrance area Ford dealers were displaying their new 1942 car models, featuring high-powered 90 horsepower engines.

20 Years Ago This Month

October, 1936
Barbers in Torrance raised the price of a haircut from 35 cents to half a dollar. Another change noted in the local tonorial parlors was that they were closing at 7 p.m. on Saturday instead of at 8 p.m.

. . . Torrance High's Tartars romped over the Banning varsity 25-0 in a final tune up for the opening of the Marine League season. . . . Waitresses in local cafes were surprised when a man with a southern accent entered their establishments and asked for a bottle of Dr. Pepper. They were later informed that this was the name of a beverage popular in the South.

25 Years Ago This Month

October, 1931
City Clerk Bartlett and Street Superintendent William Gascoigne were placed in charge of the city's registration of unemployed people in the Torrance area, and assignment to any available work. . . . Ted Jenks, of the Los Angeles Glider Club, soared the oldest glider still in service in California less than 200 feet above Flat Rock Point in the Hollywood Riviera for one hour and 31 minutes to set a new southwest area record for sustained flight. . . . Herman Hammond, star tackle on the Torrance High football team, was elected captain of the Tartar's varsity eleven.

30 Years Ago This Month

October, 1926
A proposed Wimbledon Tennis Club, with eight tennis courts and indoor and outdoor swimming pools, was slated to get underway on land at Artesia Blvd. near Vermont Ave. . . . Mayor John Dennis and Fire Chief Ben Hannebrink were scheduled to attend the convention of fire chiefs at Fresno.

Near East Jackpot Quiz



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: I'd like to tell you how I cured my husband from chasing after a loose woman. It may help someone else.

I got suspicious when he started off to work at 5:30 a.m. He was supposed to be there at 7 and we live only 10 minutes away.

One morning I followed him and he walked straight into a woman's house. I waited till he left then I walked in. She was the frostiest mess I'd ever seen. When she saw me, she ran and hid in the closet. I looked her in and took a good look around. The house was plain filthy. Cockroaches and broken glasses were everywhere. When I left she was banging on the closet door.

That evening when my husband came home I had a surprise for him. I wore a soiled apron from the rag-bin, messed my hair and smeared dust on my face. I put a few broken glasses around, placed dirty dishes on the table and swept the kitchen garbage into the living room. When he saw the mess he was shocked. I said "Darling, why didn't you tell me you liked this sort of thing? You didn't have to get up at 5 in the morning. All you had to do was let me know!"

Believe me, Ann, he was so ashamed of himself he hasn't stepped out of the house without me since.

—MRS. C.M.L.

Dear Ann Landers: In 1945 we bought a small house for \$7500. We made many improvements, doing the work with our own two hands then sold it at a profit of \$5500. We paid \$18,000 for our new home (it has an \$11,000 mortgage) but it's very beautiful and again we added improvements. The house looks like \$25,000.

I'm an accountant. Mrs. Landers, my boss has never said a word but he looks at me as if I bought the house with money I stole from petty cash.

The reason others in the firm who make more than I can't afford such a house is they didn't make a smart investment in '45. Any suggestions? I need the job.

—MRS. D.

You say you're an accountant. Are you also a mind-reader? If your boss "doesn't say a word" do you know what he's thinking? Don't be so defensive about your home. You need apologize to no one. If you were smart enough to make a good buy in '45 this should enhance your position in the firm, not threaten it. A chip on the shoulder usually indicates word—higher up.

Dear Ann: I'm a girl, 19, and my mother is driving me batty. A fellow I used to date got in trouble with the law. I told him then I wanted nothing more to do with him. He's N.G., a heavy drinker, and his word isn't worth a hoot.

My mother (who has been divorced 11 years) urges this fellow for meals, invites him to come watch TV and so on. If it didn't seem crazy, I'd think SHE had a case on him!

When my other friends see his car in front of our place it discourages them from calling. What can I do?

—MISS FORTUNE

Tell mama you have no objections to her selecting friends for herself—and that you like the same privilege. Ask her to let you know when the fellow is coming over—so you can plan to be elsewhere. This foul ball should not be inflicted on you. Be forthright and be firm. This should do it.

Dear Ann: I've been married eight years and I have four little ones. My husband is good to me in every way but I'm having a problem with him that I can't solve alone.

Every night of the week he drinks at least eight bottles of beer after dinner—then falls asleep on the couch. He weighs 200 pounds and it's a chore getting him into bed at night.

I told him I thought his drinking was getting out of hand and he claims beer doesn't count. What do you say?

—MRS. G.Y.

I have news for you. Beer counts. Your husband hasn't been falling asleep—he's been passing out. He needs Alcoholics Anonymous. Look in your phone book and find out when the next meeting takes place and where. They do a terrific job. Good luck.

CONFIDENTIAL: R A E V. Your friends are wrong. The picture is mine and so is all the advice. Make a clean break—this means the family as well as the ex-beau.

PAT: Change doctors.

GERRY: You can do nothing, but wait.

MRS. L.M.: Look up Legal Aid. This man is a case.

(Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper. Copyright, 1956, Field Enterprises, Inc.)

GLAZED BITS

By BARNEY GLAZER

Just to prove that we brag too often and too soon, a manufacturer finally produced a steel wire of such extreme fineness as to be almost invisible. Proud as could be over this tremendous accomplishment, he mailed a strand of it to a rival concern with this note: "What do you think of this for the last word in fine wire? Isn't this a miracle achievement?" A few days later, back came the wire, stretched between two standards, and just above it was a small microscope lens. Looking through the lens, the manufacturer gasped. Exactly through the axis of his wire, his rival had drilled a hole.

I feel positively sorry for the poor housewife who has to live with her husband and kids in a tiny apartment. I don't know how they manage, but somehow they do. I asked one such woman: "How would you fee, if your husband were not so tight with his money and gave you some more rope. What would you do?" and she sighed wearily: "I'd put up another clothesline in the bathroom."

I had an awful bad week end. I was challenged to a fist fight but I managed to get out of it. I absolutely refuse to fight a woman, when she's gray-haired!

Police call to patrol cars: "Look for a light green Buick sedan, its only identifying marks are two front fenders bent over the roof of the car to join the twin exhaust pipes". . . . Jon Ar-

nett and C. R. Roberts, who earned the title of "touch-down twins" in their slaughter of the U. of Texas grid squad, were divided like Siamese twins by the slicing surgery of a losing but tricky Oregon State team.

Great Britain's insurance underwriters are not accepting any shipping coverage on Suez and Egypt, which they have added to Korea, Manchuria, Formosa and China (other than Hong Kong and Kowloon) as "excluded areas for vessel insurance". . . . Now that many parents are rebidding their children to play Elvis Presley records, the kids are bootlegging their Presley listening in isolated spots like floating crap games.

Janis Paige has a new swimsuit made of straw. Got a m a t c h, mister? . . . How many years have passed since you heard a newsboy clomping down your neighborhood block and shouting: "Extra! Extra! Brugg Dijml Hazium Hoxmrt!" . . . Back in 1921, the saying went: "The less government, the better." Today, people think that more and more government can solve more and more of their problems.

Bob Vincent saw this sign on the window of a malt shop near his local high school: "Teenage, she is spoken here." Attention parents, to train your children at home, it is often necessary that you frequently spend some time there.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

It wasn't considered officially by the City Council last week because the sender failed to sign it other than "An Anxious Taxpayer," but a letter addressed to the mayor brought plenty of laughs around city hall for those who saw it.

Our "anxious taxpayer," who has not been otherwise identified, commented that Redondo was prospering because of the huge housing development in the west part of Torrance. He had an idea to prevent such prosperity in our neighboring city.

"Since it is O.K. to build skyscrapers in L. A. County, WHY NOT consider to build skyscrapers in Torrance," the a. t. wrote.

He suggested it would relieve the traffic congestion in L. A. proper (Mayor Poulson, please note), and would block business going to Redondo.

Where do we put these skyscrapers? Our a. t. suggested that we build them on the hilly side of Roberts Road and Linda Drive in Seaside Ranchos.

The skyscrapers could house a title and trust co., banks, stock exchange, law firms, a high-class hotel, and exclusive shops.

"Thus, I am leaving my idea of future skyscrapers with you. Also, hoping that you engage some big enterprise to look the situation over. The credit will be all yours."

The council voted to drop the letter from the agenda because the source wasn't identified.

Their action may have been a little hasty—if someone does come along and build skyscrapers in Seaside Ranchos, there might be some argument about who is to get credit for it.

Lot of the oldtimers around town have been watching the crews attack the old Cravens Ave. fire station with a slight touch of nostalgia.

The old station had served as the city's central fire station for about 30 years, and had doubled in brass as a city hall, and for other city offices through the years.

But sentiment has no place when the city requires the land under the old buildings to serve today's needs.

Today's pet peeve: Couple at the North High-Laguna football game here Friday night drinking coffee, smoking, and chatting excitedly during band's presentation of our National Anthem, although the pair was adequately old enough to know better. The fact that someone had forgotten the flag wasn't noticed by these two.

Fellow newswoman who works in this area was making the rounds the other evening—checked by the police station here, stopped at a friend's house for a couple of minutes, and then stopped at a store en route home to buy some milk for breakfast only to discover that the wallet was missing.

A frantic retracing of the route turned up nothing. The police couldn't find it, the friend didn't have it, and it wasn't in the car.

He had just about given up hope for its recovery when he got a note from the Hollywood Division of Los Angeles Police Department a few days later saying the wallet had been turned in there by a Hollywood lady.

It turns out that she had picked it up in front of the store, gone on to Hollywood where she lives, and turned it in.

But, the way we hear it, he didn't have an easy time of it explaining to those at home how his wallet got to Hollywood.

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHÉ

The Russians aren't coming after all—yet.

Residents of the area who were scared out of their beds recently as the booming Lomita Park civil defense siren blared at odd hours of the day and night, relaxed again. All the trouble was due to a faulty connection, not the Communists.

But for a number of people, it was nerve-wracking to wake up from pleasant dreams to hear the wail of the county's giant noisemaker. They had a few anxious moments.

They were worried despite assurances from a wag who noted, "The Russians will never come to Los Angeles. They'd never find a place to park."

Most people, however, go blithely on as if there were no possibility that the Russians ever would come. And when you come right down to it, there isn't much else that they can do.

Civil defense workers complain that it is hard to keep an adequately trained crew active in case of emergency. Workers are enthusiastic for a while, but cool down after vainly scanning the skies and waters for signs of the invaders.

"After all," say some of the workers, "we can't stand here forever, getting a stiff neck looking for planes that never come. We like to feel that we're doing something important."

They really can't be blamed. Work under such conditions isn't very rewarding.

Americans hate a "waiting game." They'd rather be off in their sports cars, hosting and boozing the umpire at a baseball game, or watching a bull and a torador match wits. (Mayor Isen notwithstanding). ★ ★ ★

Ever eager for the exciting and the dangerous, Americans get bored with a task that is tedious and seemingly pointless.

Or is it?

Americans were the same in 1941 when some red-spotted planes dropped bombs on Pearl Harbor. From listening to the reports from Washington and the campaign trails, it's hard to tell whether this could happen again, but it seems a pretty good possibility that the bombs would fall in Los Angeles County in the next few months.

Complacency could cost many lives some day. Any Torrance resident who expects to be alive to look at the ruins of one of the small but lethal hydrogen bombs heads toward Los Angeles is more optimistic than I am. At last report, civil defense authorities still aren't sure what residents should do if trouble came.

I'm not either.

Americans have one advantage in the "cold war" however. They are incurable optimists.

If and when the bombs start falling on Los Angeles, they will probably watch them drop, murmuring all the time, "This couldn't be happening here."



LAW IN ACTION

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

The Egyptians, of all people, thought they could take their wealth into the next world—together sometimes with some hapless attendants fresh killed for the occasion.

But to judge by the way we pass on property, Americans love life even in the solemn moments when we are about to take leave of it.

One of our biggest accumulations of wealth lies in life insurance investments for those who live on—to support 2. Even before our tax laws made gifts a good way to save on income and death taxes, vast funds had been put into trusts for education, religion, charity, research, libraries, museums, art, literature and the like.

The mortar-board on the head of a student from an endowed college is to America what a sphinx or pyramid was to ancient Egypt—a token of what people hold most dear.

The law, like technology, has its pivotal inventions and the "trust" as a legal idea, may have helped to turn men's eyes away from the tomb.

For the trust allows a person to carry on some cherished idea long after he is no longer here to look after it in person—through trustees to whom he turns over his goods to do his bidding under the eye of a court.

Trustees manage property

often set up in wills, but quite often set up during life for the benefit of a man himself, a man's wife, or children or favorite charity.

Almost anything can be put in trust for any number of people with different benefits for each of them. It can be tailored to their needs. The trustees take over the property as owner to manage it wisely, but the use of the income from it goes to the "beneficiaries." The trust separates (1) the duties of management, from (2) the benefits of ownership such as support and income.

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

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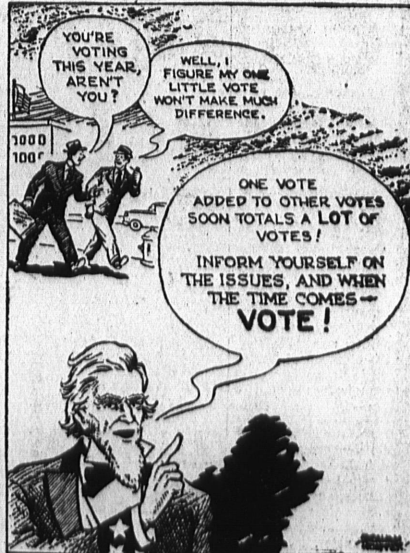
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YOUR VOTE COUNTS!



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