

Your Right to Know
Is the Key to All Your Liberties

EDITORIALS

Four TORRANCE HERALD NOVEMBER 29, 1959

Two More Victims

Injury to two school children this week who were crossing Torrance Blvd. at Fern Ave under the supposed protection of a "one-eyed" traffic signal points up once more the danger presented to motorists and pedestrians using Torrance streets where the outmoded signals are in operation.

In very few places in Southern California does a motorist encounter any of the old-fashioned, horse-and-buggy signals such as those the city keeps adding to its busy thoroughfares. (One councilman says there are some in Redlands in San Bernardino County.)

Fortunately, neither of the young students was killed or critically injured.

With a majority of the city council off on a tax-paid trip to Denver this week, perhaps they can come back with a solution to the city's passe traffic control system.

Oil Field Clean-Up

Activity in the city's oil fields during recent weeks rivals that of the boom days, old timers in the city tell us.

This time, however, fields are not overrun with roustabouts and drilling crews, but have been invaded by cranes, bulldozers, and clean-up crews.

The results are pleasant to observe. Open oil tanks are disappearing, derricks are coming down, fences are going around the remaining operations . . . in general, one of the city's sorriest messes is being eliminated.

Not all of the well owners and operators, of course, have taken the city's new oil field ordinance seriously, but they can expect to explain it all to the judge shortly.

Deadline for eliminating the wooden derricks has been set for next Jan. 1.

The long overdue clean-up will add immeasurable value to a huge section of the city and those who are cooperating sincerely in the gigantic task deserve the public's commendation.

Garden Checklist

By California Association of Nurserymen

1. Double check long canes on clinging roses to make sure they are secured. Winter rains and winds might loosen them if you don't.

2. Add seasonal color to bare spots in the garden with pots of blooming chrysanthemums. Buy an extra pot or two for color inside, too.

3. Dahlias may be lifted as tops dry off. Hose off mud or dirt, dry the tubers in the sun and store them in a cool, dry place. You can divide them next spring before replanting.

4. Plant a cover of annuals such as Alyssum, Violas as Pansies over your beds of spring bulbs. They bloom with the bulbs, then keep blooming to hide the bulb foliage as it ripens.

5. If you like putting in the potting shed during winter, set aside a container or two of dry soil when you get the chance.

By Lew Kleis



From the Mailbox

By Our Readers

Library Scored

Editor, Torrance Herald

One of the most amusing articles I have ever read was the one published in your paper of Nov. 12th, which dealt with the libraries of Torrance.

After providing a brief historical background, the article goes on to say that there are approximately 14,000 active book-borrowers, with a total of 40,000 books spread out over four libraries. The concluding gem of the article states that, "one outstanding fact is that the librarians in Torrance are abreast of the times and out in front with leading enterprises of the ALL-AMERICAN City Torrance."

I was born and raised in a small town with a population of 11,500 in the state of Montana. The library there would put to shame anything I have seen in the way of libraries in Torrance. I later moved to a town approximately half that size and found a library, while not as large, yet was adequate to take care of the needs of high school students and some minor research for college students.

"While I have no exact figures, I would hazard the guess that it had in the neighborhood of 15,000 to 18,000 volumes with a complete selection of all the better periodicals and newspapers, for a town of 6,000 back in the early 1930's.

Yet they claim to have slightly better than one book per capita whereas Torrance has a mere two-fifths. A check made of figures released by the American Library Association of cities of 500,000 or more for the year 1944-45, out of 17 cities listed, seven had slightly less than one book per capita. The lowest was New Orleans with one-half book per capita which is apparently quite standard. In three other cities, Boston, Cleveland and Cincinnati books per capita ran comfortably over two-to-one.

So where does that leave Torrance particularly as an ALL-AMERICAN City? This criticism is not leveled at the employees of our libraries who are doing an excellent job with what they have to work with. The responsibility lies squarely at the doors of the city fathers who apparently regard a good library as unessential. If small isolated communities can provide libraries of two to three books per capita, the city of Torrance should be able to provide it least one.

DANA B. HOUSTON

Blindman's Bluff

Editor, Torrance Herald

How much longer can the citizens of the "All American City" put up with the near tragic type accidents that are continually being caused by our famous "Chinese Hanging Lantern" type of traffic signal.

It was with shame that I

heard of the courageous, quick actions of Crossing Guard Ruth Ballard in protecting two small children struck by a truck at Torrance Blvd. and Fern Ave. this week.

I have noted many persons driving autos with attached outside sun visors approaching intersections at the legal speed and then upon losing vision of the signal, they accelerate as they enter the intersection, hoping to beat any change of signal.

As a driver who keeps his seat adjusted high, I find that I lose vision of this type of signal 12 to 15 feet before drivers with their seats adjusted low or far back.

It appears that the only drivers who have a fair chance of survival in this adult game of blindman's bluff are the drivers of convertibles and the driver who has a small child lying on the floorboard calling out the "red light - green light" signals for him.

I have noted that the official reason given for the continued use of this type of traffic signal is monetary, but I wonder how it is that all our neighboring cities can overcome this obstacle.

FRANK H. FROHNHOEFER

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Law in Action

Unlawful Detainer

In an "unlawful detainer" action a landlord seeks to get back his place and collect his rent. For, as a rule, the law does not allow the landlord himself forcibly to put a tenant out.

The landlord may try an unlawful detainer action to get back his place and collect his rent. For, as a rule, the law does not allow the landlord himself forcibly to put a tenant out.

Such a suit starts when the tenant has broken the terms of his contract, for example, when he fails to pay his rent or stays on after his lease runs out.

How does the landlord bring such an action? First he notifies the tenant to leave. If he does not, the landlord next files a complaint in court and serves the papers. The tenant then has three days to replay.

Note: California lawyers offer this column so you may know about our laws.

RIVETS



Ann Landers in Russia

Visit to Russian Home Easier Than Predicted

(This is the eleventh of a series of 12 articles by the author of America's most popular human relations column.)

THE WOMAN extended her hand to the doctor. Her husband reached for mine. Together we four stood in the doorway — shaking hands in friendship. It was as if we were old friends who had come to visit. In the handshake I felt a heart. It was a warm, honest clasp that said, "We like you. Welcome to our home."

MOSCOW — It's very late and I'm exhausted. But I must keep my eyes open long enough to get this story on paper tonight — while the details are fresh in my mind. I'm happy a companion shared the experience with me because this story needs a witness.

Before I left America all the "right" sources told me — "You'll NEVER get into a Russian home. The people have orders not to get chummy with Americans. They'll be friendly and polite, but they'll never ask you in."

Tonight I was virtually pulled into a Russian home. And the people were strangers. It was one of the most heart-warming experiences of my life. This is how it happened:

DR. THOMAS Nicholas of Buffalo, Wyo., and I, over a bowl of borsch, were comparing notes on a recent tour of a medical clinic.

About 9 o'clock, Dr. Nicholas and I decided, on an impulse, to test the theory that Russians may appear to be friendly, but are leary of Americans.

"How do we do this?" he asked.

"By going to an apartment building, knocking on a door, and saying 'Z-dros-voy-tyeh — Amerikansky nyet ponye-horashaw Paroosky' — Then wait for a reaction."

WE AGREED that approach might get us in trouble with the police and that it could result in having several doors slammed in our faces. After all, if a couple of Russians appeared at YOUR front door one evening and announced, "Good evening. We are Russians and we don't speak good English" . . . what would YOU do?

The doctor is a personable man about 38, touring Russia with a Wyoming and Montana group. He has a wife and four children back in Buffalo as well as two medical partners who are running the clinic in his absence. Dr. Nicholas knew me long before I knew him. He reads Ann Landers in the Casper (Wyo.) Morning Star.

WE REALIZED it was an impulsive experiment, but it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to learn firsthand how the average Russian family would react to an unannounced visit from a pair of Americans.

The doctor had noticed a row of apartment houses about a block from the hotel. That was our objective. As we walked toward the building, the second floor was well lighted so we decided to try there. My heart pounded as we climbed to the second floor of the eight-story brick building.

We chose apartment No. 39. The doctor rapped on the door.

AN AGREEABLE-looking woman of about 35 appeared. She had a frizzed permanent wave, and displayed two shimmering stainless steel teeth as she smiled her greeting. It was almost as if she were expecting us.

I blurted out the phrase, "Z-dros-voy-tyeh — Amerikansky nyet ponye-horashaw Paroosky" — (Good evening. We are Americans who cannot speak good Russian.)

At that moment a man we assumed to be her husband appeared. He was square-jawed, husky and had a wealth of black curly hair. He flung the door open wider, burst into smiles and shouted "American-sky — droog-vey-deetsye," pa-

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towel rack. The towels hung on hooks. It was evident several persons were using this bathroom.

There was only one other room — the kitchen. It was large, with an ice box (not refrigerator), stove, food cabinet and an oilcloth-covered table, around which were eight chairs.

When I returned to the dining room they asked if I had pictures of my family (the doctor had shown his). I showed them a picture of my "moof" (husband) and "adeen dautch" (one daughter). They asked if my daughter was in the movies. I told them she is a student.

THEY WANTED to know what my husband did for a living. I told them he was president of a factory that makes pens.

"Oh . . . big money," they said.

"No, just big responsibility," I told them.

"His father owned the factory?"

"No. He started sweeping the floors in a store when he was 16 years old."

"How did he get to be a boss?"

"Under capitalism anybody who has 'tah-lont' and is willing to work hard, can be a boss. There is no limits in America."

"HE HAS PEOPLE working under him?" they asked.

"Several hundred."

"They are happy?"

"They ought to be. They have good wages, profit-sharing, insurance and vacations with pay."

"Those people who work for your husband — do they have cars?"

"Most of the employees drive to work. The lot behind the plant is filled."

THEY ASKED what the doctor did for a living. When I told them he was a doctor of medicine, they wanted to know if he was a heart specialist, and they seemed disappointed when he said "nyet."

We visited for about 45 minutes, then decided it was time to say good night. As we stood to say farewell, our friends filled their glasses with the special vodka they had opened for the Americans who couldn't speak very good Russian.

A hush fell over the room as the husband, with tears in his eyes, solemnly said "Meeridroojbah" — (peace and friendship), and in broken English: "I would like to drink this toast to your great country. Take the message home to America that the Russians are your friends."

EVERYONE RAISED his glass, including me, who has said nyet to spirits all of my life. Each glass was drained, including mine — no small task for a teetotaler.

A doctor from Wyoming and a woman from Chicago had dropped in on a family of Russians — and they received us with open arms. We walked out into the night.

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CROSSWORD PUZZLE

