

Torrance Herald

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KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL
REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor
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This Week's Motto:

The trouble with most rugged individuals is that they're too smooth.

Keeping the Pledge

The State Board of Education lost no time here Thursday in reaffirming its standing requirement that the pledge of allegiance be part of the daily schedule in all public elementary and secondary schools and junior colleges.

The fast action of the group on this matter set at rest the fears of many that this vital daily reminder of our obligations to our flag might be discarded for other patriotic observances in light of new state laws which do not make the pledge mandatory.

Board president Thomas Braden of Oceanside expressed the sentiments of many when he said, "To me, it is distasteful to discuss changing our regulation . . . I am sure no board member would want to see us change it."

His colleagues quickly backed his statement with their votes, for which we are, indeed, thankful.

The Push-Button Age

Class will now come to order. Take notes if you like. With the near-completion of the new traffic signal installations through much of the city, a note of instruction is in order, according to Jim Whitmer, the city's traffic engineer.

Lesson for today: The green "Walk" light comes on only when you push the button on the corner post.

It's that simple. If you're like some others (who won't be named here), you've stood on the corner of, say, Arlington and Torrance Boulevard waiting for the walk signal only to watch a couple of cycles of the green traffic light pass without a "Walk" light flashing.

Just push the button, Jim says. That's all there is to it.

Class dismissed

A Tragic Reminder

The tragedy of a small boy tumbling from a bridge crossing Dominguez Channel in North Torrance has stirred residents in areas near the channel into seeking protective measures which would preclude another such mishap.

The County Flood Control District, which has jurisdiction over the channel, has been handed the problem and asked for a speedy report of its actions.

This week's tragic death must stand also as a reminder to parents that such facilities are a natural attraction for children. Since the death of the lad, a number of people have called the HERALD to report that they had seen children playing on the bridge and were fearful at the time that one might drop to the concrete bed of the flood control channel.

The HERALD urges serious consideration of suitable safety additions to the structure, and at the same time reminds parents that the bridge is not a "jungle gym," and asks that their children be instructed accordingly.

Opinions of Others

"Today's prices prove that the best time to buy anything is a year ago." — S. E. McKeel, Ovid (N.Y.) Gazette and Independent.

"If you criticize the wealthy these days, you may be accused of being anti-labor." — Roderick I. Chalmers, Minneapolis (Minn.) Argus.

"While you're telling your son about the birds and bees, he's probably thinking about the cars and the keys." — John C. Porter, Rexburg (Ida.) Journal.

"A real supersalesman is a fellow who can sell American transistor radios in Japan." — Kenny Bennett, Green-castle (Ind.) Graphic.

"Federal aid to education should start with teaching arithmetic in Washington." — Alvin E. Ericson, Bonuel (Wis.) Times.

"Sound is stuff that is slower than a jet." — Fred W. Grown, Edgewater (N.J.) Bergen Citizen.

Morning Report:

The downgrading of Communist heroes is old stuff. A fellow who had 10 pages in an old history may be cut to three in a new edition.

But the decision to move Old Hero Stalin's body from Red Square in Moscow is a new twist in downgrading. If Stalin is shipped to Stalingrad, it means he still was somebody. But what if he ends up in Stalinabad or Stalin'sk?

And if he arrives by slow freight in Stalinir, a crossroads in the mountains, he may be completely out of Russian history. The only place below that is Albania.

Abe Mellinkoff

Fallout



Metro Government Test Gets New Lease on Life

By JAMES DORAIS

America's only experiment in metropolitan government narrowly missed going down the drain last week.

Dade County, Florida, which contains 26 incorporated towns including the big city of Miami, is the first metropolitan area in the country to adopt a consolidated form of municipal government with the aim of eliminating costly duplication of law enforcement, traffic control programs and the whole complex of municipal house-keeping problems.

The super-government, called Metro, is four years old. It is considered a pilot plant by experts and students of



"There are other situations that arise on a fishing trip, the details regarding some I cannot put into print without indulging in purple prose of a nature that would bar this here column from going thru the postoffice." — Charlie Crawford, Lawrenceburg (Tenn.) Democrat-Union.

"To escape criticism, live openly. You've never heard any scandal about goldfish." — Max Miller, Bellows Falls (Vt.) Shopper.

"It's not that business is bad, but a fellow came into a Whitehall store to get change for a \$50 bill. They made him a partner." — Robert O. Gauger, Whitehall (Wis.) Times.

"Teamster Boss Hoffa is out to organize professional sports. If a halfback ran the length of the field for a touchdown, would he qualify for portal-to-portal pay?" — John C. Porter, Rexburg (Ida.) Journal.

"Backdoor spending, like federal aid programs, is just another way of fooling the public into thinking they are getting something for nothing." — Elmer J. Spear, Washingtonville (N.Y.) Orange County Post.

"Believe there's a growing feeling of security in town. The other day we saw a man drive up and park his car right in front of the finance company." — Lloyd S. Waters, Mountain Home (Ida.) News.

"If you see a fellow without a smile, give him one of yours." — B. C. Drulliner, St. Cloud (Fla.) News.

"Nowadays some people expect the door of opportunity to be opened with an electric eye." — B. J. Dahl, Chewelah (Wash.) Independent.

municipal government problems throughout the country.

Last week, a proposal which would have emasculated Metro and virtually returned to the pre-Metro status quo was just barely defeated by Dade County voters. The narrowness of the defeat has convinced even the most ardent supporters of the metropolitan government idea that Metro still has a great many bugs in it.

Metro has many genuine accomplishments to its credit, chief of which is the creation of a port of authority and the building of a 20 million dollar Miami seaport—a plan that had been talked about for two decades previous but never accomplished.

Metro also has created a metropolitan traffic court and a uniform traffic code for the entire county. It has unified the area's bus lines, drawn up a uniform building code, speeded up freeway construction and modernized county hospital facilities.

Metro's troubles seem to stem from confusion as to whether it should represent a consolidation of municipalities or a federation. It started out to consolidate, but encountered so much resistance among local officials and their supporters that it has settled, in effect, for federation.

All of the previously existing 26 local governments are still in business, with the re-

sult that Metro in many areas has simply superimposed still another layer of government at additional cost to the taxpayers.

Metro really got into trouble when it attempted to raise revenues by increasing property valuations for assessment purposes.

After appraisers had reassessed 318,000 parcels of real estate, the tax office received nearly 300,000 phone calls and letters of protest. A referendum on the reassessment program resulted in a staggering 10 to 1 defeat of the Metro proposal.

Another problem is that the big city population of Miami has wanted no part of Metro from the start, feeling that its higher tax base would be unfairly used to provide services for the smaller communities.

A strong move is under way in Miami to get out of Metro by seceding from Dade County.

Many local observers feel that Metro was given a new lease on life at last week's election only because of widespread fear of the confusion that would result in trying, in effect, to unscramble an egg. All in all, America's first step in the direction of metropolitan government appears to be a faltering one.

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

30 Years Ago

Back in 1931, according to the Nov. 12 edition of the HERALD that year, the Torrance Chamber of Commerce was served by a president who was actively trying to attract new residents to the community by personally distributing favorable literature at the various gateways to the state from the east. He was denied the privilege of greeting incoming motorists at the various fruit inspection stations but was successful in making the newcomers aware of the Torrance community. He was DeKalb Spurlin, and he was spearheading a drive by this then small town to publicize the city's facilities for low cost living.

Local Legionnaires in charge of ticket sales here for the Armistice Day game reported about 100 Torrance residents enjoyed the military spectacle and grid contest held in the Olympic stadium. The local drum and bugle corps competed in the parade preceding the football game.

M. J. Fix, of this city, announced that he would move the Courier Monoplane Co. in

the near future from its plant in Long Beach to the Dyer airport at 135th and Western avenues. More than \$80,000 worth of machinery and other equipment would be moved to the new location. More hangars would be erected to house the Courier monoplane which would be sold on the market and used in training those who wanted to learn to fly, he said.

20 Years Ago

Arrangements were being made here by Chief of Police John Stroh for training 50-100 volunteers over the age of 21 in the auxiliary police service as part of the Civil Defense program. Recruits were to be given training in anti-sabotage law, manual of arms, and patrol duty prescribed by deputy sheriffs. They would receive no pay but training schedules would be arranged so as not to interfere with their normal employment.

Good progress was being made by city electrician Oscar Butterfield and Dale Riley, recreation director, in decoration plans for the celebration of Christmas on a

William Hogan

Pritchett and Bates Parade Their Stories

Two collections of short stories by British stylists — V. S. Pritchett and H. E. Bates — are almost sure to get lost in the season's publishing shuffle. And that's too bad.

Both Pritchett and Bates are essentially entertainers. Each is a polished literary stylist. Each is old-fashioned in the sense that he generates no pyrotechnics, no great shock value. Yet each of these garlands of excellence is more interesting and satisfactory reading than most novels that cause some commotion for part of a season and then vanish.

In "When My Girl Comes Home," Pritchett parades nine recent stories (from The New Yorker, Encounter). Some are perhaps a little too English for American comfort — as "The Fall," which focuses on an accountant with delusions of grandeur in a Midland city — but all are based on universal themes and are narrated with brilliance and perception.

A window cleaner finds a necklace and loses a schizoid wife; a museum assistant recognizes a face that belongs to a former spy; a widow returns from the Far East to the bosom of a family that wishes she had not.

Pritchett had been called "the laureate of the inarticulate." In these stories — each precisely right — he presents a variety of characters from his private, and usually haunted world.

"The Enchantress" contains a dozen exercises in short fiction.

Mailbox

A Suggestion

Editor, Torrance Herald
I am a regular reader of your paper, which I believe to be an outstanding semi-weekly publication. Since you represent the Torrance Area through one of the American freedoms, I would like to offer a suggestion to you.

I am a political science student at El Camino. Through this course, my interest in local government as well as national has grown. I believe a series of articles on "Know Your Local Government" would be not only beneficial to the old time residents but to the newcomers to the Southwest and Torrance area. At the present time, there is an unrest in our United States. I believe it is the duty of every citizen to pick up their tools and tackle the job at hand. Our most important tool is knowledge, the knowledge that we as Americans represent justice, truth, and the pursuit of our freedoms. We should be aware or have this awareness renewed that as builders we should start at home and through our local government.

SUE ANN HARDING

tion by a second superior craftsman, H. E. Bates. Again, nothing earth-shaking, but a reading treat and, like the Pritchett collection, something of a textbook for students of writing. The love patterns of a beautiful slum girl; a retired colonel who hates television; a Polynesian young lady happy in San Francisco though unsuccessful in love.

I found these character sketches more enjoyable than Bates' recent, rustic and only fairly funny English novels ("The Darling Buds of May"). I think you will be captivated by this performance, too.

Speaking of short stories, our big gun in this specialty, John O'Hara, will soon present a new collection titled "Assembly." You know about the O'Hara "ear." He tells a little about this in a foreword. "If you are an author, and not just a writer, you keep learning all the time. Today, for instance, I was thinking about dialogue, listening to dialogue of some characters in my mind's ear, and I learned for the first time in my life that almost no woman who has gone beyond the eighth grade ever calls a 50-

cent piece a half-a-dollar. "A male author, writing dialogue carelessly, might easily have a female character say 'half-a-dollar' because it sounded vernacularly right to him. But it would be wrong, it would harm his characterization, and he would never know why. Hard creative work is filled with hundreds of such hazards, and the author of prose can't go back to Bacon or Blake to see how they'd have done it . . ."

Laura Fermi, widow of the distinguished nuclear physicist, describes the drama and subsequent horror of the rise of fascism in a combination biography and political history titled "Mussolini." It is published by the University of Chicago Press (\$5.95). The author sees Mussolini as a man with no ideals, no philosophy and with Rome's grandeur and his own ego satisfaction his only aims. She notes: "Today Mussolini is the skeleton in the cupboard, a shameful incident in the history of the (Italian) people."

When My Girl Comes Home, By V. S. Pritchett. Knopf; 240 pp.; \$4.
The Enchantress, and Other Stories, By H. E. Bates. Atlantic-Little, Brown; 206 pp.; \$4.

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

Have been carving a jack o'lantern over the weekend. It is nearly a lost art. But am happy to report that I have lost none of my skill.

Jack o'lanterns these papier-mache days are apt to come from the five-and-dime. Ready-made.

However, an honest-to-goodness jack o'lantern (it should scare you just a little in the dark) must be hand-made from a large, golden pumpkin.

It should be carved at smoky twilight. A few true Indian stories should be related at the same time.

This was the way pumpkins were carved when I was a boy. They were carved by my grandfather, who learned it on an Illinois farm. (When they plowed, they often turned up perfect flint arrowheads. They were kept in a cherry-wood whatnot that stood in the corner of the parlor.)

Grandpa had been in Kansas when Dull Knife and his Cheyennes were fighting their way back to Wyoming.

He also had a large fund of stories from his mother.

She had lived on Salt Creek in Kentucky when the Indians were lifting scalps.

When he told a story, you could hear the war-whoops and smell the gunpowder.

"Ma and the other children climbed up in the attic and pulled the ladder after them. She said she could see the red devils out through the chinks in the logs and the whole cabin was full of gunsmoke."

Neighbors heard the shooting. They came over and drove off the Indians in the nick of time. Otherwise we would not be here to tell about it.

My own youth was free of Indian problems and I am heartily ashamed of it.

I think my children are probably ashamed of me, too.

Sometimes I am queried: "Didn't you ever kill any Indians?"

It seems impossible that an old gaffer like me did not have a go at the redskins. Especially when many Indians die every night on TV.

"Well, no, I did not. For by that time, Indians were getting mighty rare. But if I had seen one, I would have shot him immediately."

They will have to settle for that.

That and the fact that some of their great-grandfathers punctured a quantity of Indians. We have fallen on decadent days indeed.

The major part of pumpkin-carving is the mouth. I give my jack o'lanterns a horrible smile. I like a cheerful jack o'lantern around the scatter.

Our pumpkin has a smiling face with four jagged teeth.

He has triangular eyes with cucumber ends tooth-picked in. It gives him a pop-eyed look.

He has a long carrot nose.

The ears have been opened and propped forward. One of the things you should watch out for in making a jack o'lantern: Be sure you get a lot of holes for candlelight to shine through.

We have opened a lid on top of his head. There is a hole in it for the smoke to come out. When you first light the candle, the whole house smells like pumpkin pie.

In response to many requests, I have broken down and confessed. I am the last, the only, survivor of the Custer massacre!

"We were surrounded by thousands of Sioux when the General turned to me and said: 'It is almost certain death. But somebody has to ride for help!'"

One thing about pumpkin carving: There has to be a story to go with it.