

Fairness is of Good Journalism the Foundation

Torrance Herald

Published Every Friday by THE HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY Torrance, California

Most Everyone in Torrance Reads The Herald

Published weekly at Torrance, California, and entered as second-class matter January 30, 1914, at the post-office at Torrance, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Subscription Rates in Advance One Year \$2.00 Single Copy 5c

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TORRANCE

Warren G. Harding, a Calm, Sane President

THE world did not lose a genius when Warren G. Harding died, but it lost a calm, sane, able executive, the fruits of whose labors as President of the greatest nation an earth were just beginning to ripen when he was called by Him whose hand guides the destinies of peoples and of stars.

Recovering from the first poignant shock at the suddenness of President Harding's death, most of us realize that we did not appreciate the steadiness of his guiding hand until his eyes had closed in everlasting sleep.

Looking back on Harding's administration—a period fraught with difficulties, we see in retrospect the value of Mr. Harding's determined and conservative conduct of a great people's affairs.

Under Harding nervousness in industry and business throughout the country was rapidly being replaced by confidence and the certainty of sure footing. When Harding came in the brow of business was furrowed with worry. Now it is free from wrinkles. A safe man has been

at the helm. Industry—from which every one of us directly or indirectly makes a living—was doing business under a guarantee of rational conduct of government affairs.

Harding will go down in history, not for the power of personality, not for any great utterance, not for any master strokes of genius, but as a man who kept his head while hundreds of panacea-peddlers and an equal or greater number of self-seeking politicians were trying constantly to confuse his mind, so that they might reap personal profit or ascend to power.

Through all the shouting of little politicians, through all the stress of pressing problems, Warren Harding remained calm and self-possessed. His calmness was transferred to the country, sending a sense of security across the hills, valleys and plains of a continent.

The world mourns the loss of a man whose chief claim to fame lay in sincerity, determination, calmness and the ability to inspire confidence.

These are the pillars in the temple of statesman ship.

Calvin Coolidge, a Rock of New England

ANY survey of the personal potentialities of Calvin Coolidge, the thirtieth President of the United States, must take stock of the characteristics of his staunch New England ancestry and his training in that stern school of living along the north Atlantic coast.

For Coolidge is, above all else, a man who is marked by his inheritance, and the rugged strength of his native state.

From Puritan forbears he inherits determination, a rigid belief in God, and a granite-like honesty.

Those thin straight lips of the new President tell the student of character that here is a man who is deliberate, firm as the rocky hill of his native state and just as easy to move as those hills, once he is sure he is right.

A correspondent describes him as a man who thinks thrice before he speaks. Men who know him well assert that his deliberation before answering a question is sometimes even disconcerting, but that when the answer does come, it is decisive and incisive, and not only to the

point, but usually startling in its logic.

The career of the new President is one that bears close scrutiny. Long training in practical politics in Massachusetts has fitted him for the handling of politicians, which is one of the chief problems of any President.

A champion of the oppressed garment workers of the state when president of the Massachusetts senate, Coolidge was none the less fervent in his denunciation of the attempt of the Boston police to join the American Federation of Labor. It was his determined action as governor in quelling the policemen's strike in Boston that attracted the attention of the country to him and made him running mate for Harding.

The United States is now led by a man of unusual firmness and conviction.

New England—with all her strength of character, fine tradition and courage—sits in the President's chair.

There need be little fear for the country with Coolidge at the helm.

Lengthen Term and Save Our Presidents

WOODROW WILSON left the presidency a physical wreck—wrecked by the strain of eight years intense statesmanship and man-killing responsibility.

Warren G. Harding, naturally strong of body, tired himself out trying to cope with the exacting duties of his high office. There is little doubt that the fatigue of office so depleted his reserve forces of resistance that physical weakness hurried his death.

There is a lesson in all of this—and one which the country should consider seriously and long.

The job of being president of the United States is too big for one man.

It should be made easier.

No sooner does a President take office than he must, by reason of the fact that this government by party, look forward to and make plans for his own re-election.

Large countries are too unwieldy to be well-governed. Yet a President of the United States, after four short years of effort to accomplish

things against the handicap of an unwieldy Congress, and a highly sectionalized nation, must set his record before the people and seek re-election on its merits.

Four years is too short a time for any administration to accomplish outstanding results. Yet upon a four-years' record, an administration must stand or fall.

The inconceivable amount of work the President must do, in order to accomplish anything at all, wears him down, steals his energy and leaves him, if he lives, an object of commiseration at the end of his term or terms.

The Herald believes with those who recommend a longer term for the President with no re-election.

With a six year term and no need for thought of re-election, a reasonably able man—and others never become Presidents—could accomplish more for the country than three Presidents who are rushed through four year terms with the bogey of election day always sitting on the other side of the desk.

The Matter of Great Vice-Presidents

WARREN HARDING was the sixth President to die in office. He is the third to die a natural death during his term. Three Presidents met death at the hands of assassins.

Six vice-presidents have become presidents upon the death of their chiefs. And it is about vice-presidents that this editorial is written.

Two great national conventions will meet next year to name candidates to head the party tickets for the election in 1924.

Because of the devastating duties of the high office of the presidency it behooves those conventions to exercise extraordinary precaution in the selection of vice-presidential candidates. Usually the nomination of a vice president is a hurried matter, rushed through after the big event has taken place—after the presidential candidate has been selected.

Heretofore the first rule in the selection of a running mate for the head of the ticket has been that he should be a resident of a "doubtful state." Which is all very well, if he combines with his advantageous nativity, the attributes

that go to make a President. For President he may surely become.

Sometimes good men are nominated for vice-president in the hope that the office will be their political graves. The striking example of this practice was the case of Roosevelt, that gigantic political boomerang, made vice-president in the hope it would end his political career, became president at McKinley's death, was elected President and then well nigh wrecked the Grand Old Party rather than submit with non-Rooseveltian meekness to the steam-roller steered over the prostrate forms of the progressives by the old guard engineers in charge of the 1912 convention.

Roosevelt was the rare exception of a great man in the vice-presidency. It is possible that Coolidge will become another.

As much care should be exercised in the selection of the vice-presidential candidate as is used in choosing the head of the ticket.

Great men for vice-presidents should be the rule rather than the exception.

How The Paragraphers Size Things Up

Hills Island seems to be one of the most popular summer resort in the world.—New York Herald.

Germans in the Ruhr say they are willing to pay if they can be sure the French will leave when they have their money. One good way of finding out would be to try it.—New York Telegraph.

Opportunities always look bigger going than coming.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

President Harding says that the United States should help Europe with the Golden Rule. Europe, however, seems willing to rule itself if we will only furnish the gold.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

GOURDIER IS AFTER SPEED FOR SERVICE

Postmaster Gourdier is not just waiting for that United States inspector to appear and put his O.K. on the proposed carried delivery for Torrance. He is going out after that inspector.

Owing to the fact that this district is without a congressman in Washington, the newly elected representative not having been seated, the postmaster's job of speeding things up is not so easy. But Mr. Gourdier has other strings to pull—and is pulling them. The only condition he seeks to bring about is the presence of an inspector here. He is confident that any inspector on Uncle Sam's payroll will approve the proposed new service for the city.

GOING TO NORTHWEST

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, who recently sold their business at Thousand Oaks to E. D. Northrop and N. E. Johnson, were in town last week, greeting old friends with the old-time smile. After a ten days' stay here Mr. and Mrs. Davis will leave on a camping trip to Salt Lake, Portland, Seattle, and British Columbia. After that? Well, Aji says he hasn't thought beyond that. We all hope they'll settle in Lomita again. What say, A. B.?

IDEAL BOARDING HOUSE

Arthur Roper has returned to his home in Long Beach after a stay here of several months.

Mrs. Edna Leber left last Wednesday evening for her home in South Bend, Wash., after a pleasant visit of several weeks.

Robert Craig has returned from a two weeks' vacation trip.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

By Fred Rees

This year's Fiesta went over the top 100 per cent the first night. And why? A 100 per cent American organization was at the throttle.

All the people of Torrance want is an opportunity to prove that they are for the Legion. They did it last year, and did they do it this year? Well, I'll say they did!

The Legion's hat is off to the directors of the Torrance Chamber of Commerce.

Find the person or individual who was asked to subscribe to a budget of support this year's Fiesta.

Who fired the gun that woke up the birds who were sitting on the fence? The Torrance newspaper.

The Legion was seriously handicapped this year, but we promise you a show in 1924 that will set the world a-talking.

Mac Schoenfeld of New York has been spending ten days with Dr. Lathrop and Mrs. Ada U. Robbins. Mr. Schoenfeld will return to take care of business interests out here, soon. Dr. Lathrop and Mr. Schoenfeld were luncheon guests of W. Heck of Long Beach one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boise and daughters, Ruth and Elinor, motored to Hollywood and Glendale and were guests of former Connecticut friends.

Miss Louisa Nost of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Klusman, 2018 Sarson street. Miss Nost is a cousin of Mr. Klusman. Neither had seen the other for 47 years, but each recognized the other at the first meeting at the station. Miss Nost has charge of all the interior decorations of the Anna Gould home in New York, and has been the representative of the largest decorating firm in that city for thirty years.

The Voice Of the People

(Contributions to this column are welcome subjects to the following conditions and rules. Letters should be plainly written on one side of the paper. The Editor reserves the usual right of editing. Letters on matters of religious controversy, personal attacks or containing libelous material will not be published. Letters in this department do not necessarily reflect the opinion of this paper. Short contributions are better than long ones. Keep contributions within 400 words.—Editor.)

BOOTLEGGERS: BOOZE-RUNNERS

Alcohol a blessing or a curse to humanity? On the answer to this question should depend our attitude toward the bootlegger—be he rabbi, preacher, druggist, or the operator of an illicit still. Experience and science have long since proved conclusively that alcohol is a poison to the human system under any and all conditions, and those who in any way engage or aid in the traffic of strong drink are on a par with the dope peddler. It is the leniency of the average citizen toward the offender that makes the law so hard to enforce.

Alcohol is a habit-forming drug no less than opium or cocaine, and the huge profits in its sale is another corrupting influence that renders law enforcement doubly hard.

Dr. Wiley says: "The three great leaks in the prohibition law are the three great professions—the medical, the druggists, and the clergymen. They could not stand the pressure, and broke down. Before the prohibition law a doctor's prescription for whisky was as rare as a black swan."

"By withdrawing the legalization of whisky and brandy as medicinal agents, the biggest legal leak in the whisky barrel will be stopped. These professions would be freed from the stigma of being in the whisky business, and the sick would be protected from a dangerous narcotic and useless drug."

"To the church I leave the problem of protecting the profession which links humanity to heaven from the evil of such a profanity."

Greatly increased deposits in the savings banks by the wage earners, as well as the testimony of employers, prove the benefits of the prohibition law, though only poorly enforced. We are not manufacturing drunkards from the rising generation, as we did with the government-licensed saloon. A habit and traffic so strongly entrenched in our national life must be expected to die hard, but die it must, for "humanity sweeps onward" and we take no backward steps.

"Prohibition Commissioner Haynes recently stated that in testing 80,000 samples of seized liquors he found 99 per cent poisonous, some

containing wood alcohol, so deadly that it would cause death in a few hours. The manufacturing of substitutes has reached such perfection that they can in a few minutes concoct a whisky that would fool a Kentucky colonel. It is made from pure alcohol; put inside of a man it becomes pure hell. It will eat the insides out of a pilledriver and make a jackrabbit spit in a bulldog's face.

Today England is the most drunk and rum-cursed nation on earth, and to repay the great debt she owes us she is playing the part of a national bootlegger by trying to force vile liquor on us as they forced the opium traffic on China. Our government officials should take the advice of Bryan and use our navy to sink rum-laden ships wherever found on our shores.

Like the drug evil, no measure can be taken too strong to destroy its baleful effects.

What can be said in defense of a traffic that takes the bread of life, manufactures it into a poison, only to deepen the pang of human woe? R. GILHOUSON, Lomita, Cal.

HOMES ON OIL LAND

Need oil blessing bring a curse of dirt and disorder? Why not let homes in oil districts be even better than elsewhere? Now we can afford water, trees, fences and flowers. But what is our fate if we get no redress from neighbors who choose to keep an open poultry yard, while others refrain from even a cat to annoy their good neighbors? The cow and goat nuisance has largely disappeared, but looses hens in some parts are increasing to a distressing extent.

But who wants to be always at war in time of peace? I am appealing to every known L. A. police officer, Chamber of Commerce and health office, as well as to churches and priests. Now won't The Herald give us a voice? Why have a Dirty oil district? Have not oil and other workers the same moral needs, as others. I passed one oil field, and was struck with its neatness, and even beauty. And why not?

For three years we have suffered from a riot of muddy streets and roaming, neglected stock.

If we all fight against our disorder it can be prevented. Need I say more? Yours, cursed with a curse, A. L. LARSON and Others, Keystone.

The Only Newspaper Published In Town. Telephone your order Today.

Old Shoes Left Here

to be repaired are not recognizable when the owner calls for them. For they are no longer old. They are as new as ever they were, with all the comfort of old shoes. Don't buy new shoes when you don't have to. With the aid of our repair work your shoes will be as good as new without the expense.

THE HOFFMAN SHOE STORE AND REPAIRING Across from Masonic Temple



Fill your PICNIC BASKET at our Grocery

If you're wondering what to put in the picnic basket—just drop in our store, and your problem will be solved.

No picnic is a success without lots of good tasty sandwiches. That's why we have stocked up with a good variety of sandwich fillings, including some mighty fine cheeses. No matter what you need for the picnic basket, you'll find it in our big clean store.

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You

or the

Insurance Co.

ARE YOU INSURED?

If not see

L. J. Hunter

Agent Lomita, Calif.