

Smith Mayor, Torrence Police Head

Torrance Herald



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Two Killed In Traffic Accidents

City Threatens Suit Against P. E. Chief Issues New Warning As Youth And Man Succumb

Trustees Standing Committees Named For Ensuing Year

Brooks Heads Finance Body And Deininger Street Committee

R. R. Smith was elected mayor of Torrance by the new board of trustees last night.

Immediately the new chairman of the board appointed his committees to serve during the ensuing year.

J. S. Torrence was appointed police commissioner. On the police, fire and light committee with him are Trustees J. M. Fitzhugh and Willis M. Brooks.

Trustee Brooks was named chairman of the finance committee. The balance of the committee consists of Trustees Fitzhugh and Robert J. Deininger.

Trustee Deininger is the new chairman of the street, sewer and park committee, assisted by Trustees Torrence and Brooks.

Trustee Fitzhugh was appointed chairman of the ordinance committee. Other members of this committee are Trustees Torrence and Deininger.

Trustee Torrence said last night that he was unwilling to announce a police department policy until he had studied conditions more carefully.

In nominating Trustee Smith to serve as chairman of the board, Trustee Deininger said: "I wish to nominate a man whose knowledge of city affairs fits him admirably to serve this city as mayor. I know we will all take pleasure in serving under R. R. Smith."

Building In April Brings 1924 Permits Up Above \$600,000

Building permits for the month of April in Torrance reflected the usual spring slump in construction activities, yet the Torrance figures stand up well in comparison with those of other communities.

During the past month permits were issued for buildings worth \$59,925. This brings the year's total so far up to \$605,890.

Important among the permits issued in April is that for construction of a supply store at 1710 Carson street by the D. and B. Pipe and Supply company.

BOARD ROUSED AT CABRILLO AVE. PAVING DELAY

Will Condemn Property If Necessary For Improvement

The new board of trustees Monday night dedicated itself to the task of getting Cabrillo avenue paved along the Pacific Electric right of way.

Opinion of trustees expressed informally indicated that the board will, if necessary, institute condemnation proceedings.

Trustee Fitzhugh said: "For months the old board of trustees and the Chamber of Commerce have been attempting to reach some sort of an equitable agreement with the P. E. regarding this pavement. And we have never been able to agree. I believe this board should dedicate itself to the task of getting that street paved between the tracks. If it cannot be done in any other way, then we should institute condemnation proceedings."

Secretary Gadeky of the Chamber of Commerce told the board that repeated representations by the Chamber of Commerce to the P. E. officials had been fruitless.

The question was referred to the street committee, the city attorney and the city engineer for recommendations.

New Clerk On Duty At Local Toggery

J. C. Herron, formerly of San Bernardino and Wilmington, has taken a position as assistant to Si Rappaport, proprietor of the Torrance Toggery, and is now on the job helping to serve the trade of this establishment. Mr. Herron is thoroughly experienced in this business.

Observations

Why Not Educate Americans In China?— Strike Revolt Follows Argentine Old Age Pension Measure— Coolidge's Two Decisions

By W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

THE great Giant of the Orient is awakening. China with 400,000,000 inhabitants constitutes the greatest potential market in the world. As such it bids for constant attention from us of the Pacific coast.

Before many years China will be demanding western manufactured goods in quantities now undreamed. The ports of our coast will be the busiest in the world.

We must cultivate the good will of the Chinese. The time to lay the foundation of the vast trade that is to come, is right now.

The United States, along with other nations, collected an indemnity from China after the Boxer rebellion. But the United States has refunded its share by creating a fund for the education of Chinese students in the United States.

That is splendid. It has proven to the intelligent of China that we harbor no dreams of Oriental empire, that we do not use our army and navy for purposes of levying indemnities.

The fund for the education of young Chinese in this country has already given Chinese leaders a more thorough understanding of our ideals, our native life, our methods of doing business. It has already rounded to our national credit.

But it is not enough. As the trade lanes to China widen, this country will need the services of a large number of men who understand the Chinese.

It will do little good if they understand us without reciprocal understanding on our part.

There should be a fund for the education of a certain number of young Americans each year in China.

ARGENTINE is laboring in the throes of a general strike, in which the great middle class is registering its objection to the government's have quit making bread, even undertakers have walked out.

This is the first interesting result of the revolutionary measure which provides old-age case for all natives of the South American republic.

The strikers declare that the pension provisions constitute the worst sort of paternalism and encourage idleness and sloth. So the great middle class revolts, not with the old revolutionary instrument of mob violence, but with a general strike.

As usual, the great middle class is providing the balance wheel. It always has and always will in every country.

The principles of honesty and plain living are deep-rooted in the breasts of the majority of men who go to make up the middle class of every country. As a rule this class merely wishes to be allowed to go on living without too much interference from government and without too much paternalism.

The people of the Argentine in their strike are virtually saying: "Leave us be. We don't want your old age pensions. We'll take care of ourselves."

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE during the past week made two important decisions. One put him on record as favoring Japanese exclusion. The other brought a veto of the pension bill for Civil war and Spanish-American war veterans.

The former decision meets with the entire approval of all who are acquainted with the menace of Japanese immigration to the Pacific coast states.

The latter is based on a determination for strict economy. The President pointed out in his veto message that veterans and

Jeffery White, Aged 13, Victim On Redondo Boulevard And William Rechtenwald Dies Of His Injuries

ANDERSON HITS TRUCK VIOLATORS

Says Police Have Been Strict In Attempt To Protect Life On Roads In Oil Fields; Will Continue Campaign

Jeffery White, 13-year-old boy, and William Rechtenwald, well known in Torrance, were victims of automobile accidents on the road to Redondo Saturday and Sunday, and S. Tyner, also well known here, may die of injuries received when cars crashed on the same boulevard.

The White lad was struck by a car driven by M. J. Stark of Torrance, when he ran out from behind a truck near the intersection of the Hawthorne road and the boulevard. The boy was rushed to the Redondo hospital, where he died. His skull was severely fractured. Stark was held to be blameless. The accident occurred Sunday afternoon. The boy lived with his parents in the apart-

ment court at the boulevard and Hawthorne road.

Rechtenwald, who formerly lived in Torrance and was employed at the glass factory, died from injuries received when his car crashed into a truck owned by Lacey & Son and driven by V. Dobbs. The truck, according to eye-witnesses, was backing out of a road which led to an oil derrick, when Rechtenwald's machine, unable to stop in time to avoid a collision, crashed into the heavy vehicle. Rechtenwald was hurled out of his car to the ground. His skull was fractured. S. Tyner's car also crashed into the truck and he received

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HERALD NOW IN NEW BUILDING SWITCH MADE IN RECORD TIME WITHOUT MUCH INTERRUPTION

The Torrance Herald is now settled for business in the new Herald building at 1419 Mareclina street.

The heavy machinery and equipment of the newspaper and job printing departments were moved last Friday without a mishap and in unusually fast time.

At 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon the linotype machines set their last slugs of type in the old Carson street plant.

At 10 o'clock the same night they were in operation in the new plant.

The speed with which the heavy machinery was moved and set in operation after the move was made possible by the splendid service The Herald received from the Southern California Gas company, the Southern California Edison company, the Jerry Lyons Trucking company, the Torrance Plumbing company, Brea Electric company, and the MacDonald Electric company, an our own staff.

Machinery was put in place in the new plant and power lines and gas lines were immediately connected, having previously been made ready by electricians and gas men.

The new newspaper press of The Herald, which cuts the press work in the plant 50 per cent, is in operation. It is twice the size of our former press and of just double the capacity.

Few cities of the sixth class can boast of a finer newspaper and job printing plant than that which now houses The Torrance Herald and the Torrance office of The Lomita News.

The publishers of The Herald take pride in their new location and new equipment, but they are not unmindful of the fact that both are possible because of the progressive business spirit of Torrance.

They are equally proud of the fact that the plant was moved without interruption of service, a condition made possible by the loyal co-operation of every member of the business, editorial and mechanical staffs.

The Herald will soon announce the date of a formal opening, to take place in conjunction with other important changes in Torrance newspaper history. But that is another story.

The Herald phone number is 200.

BILLY WHISKERS - By Frances Montgomery

Tramp, tramp-la, tramp, tramp! beat the drum. Tramp, tramp-la, tramp, tramp! went the feet of the soldiers as they marched in time to the music of the military band at the head of a company of soldiers out on dress parade up one street and down another of a small town close to one of the United States military training camps on the Atlantic seaboard.

"Hark! I hear music!" said a little girl to her mother as she dropped her dishcloth and ran to the front window. Sticking her head from the window until she was perilously near falling out, she saw coming down the street a company of soldiers, eight abreast, with flags and banners flying, drums beating, and crowds of people watching them.

"Oh, mother dear, hurry, hurry! The soldiers are coming! Do stop looking for your red flannel petticoat and blue apron. I'll help you hunt for them after the soldiers have passed."

When the mother reached the window she saw not only the fine looking soldiers marching by with their officers in command, but people at every window and on every doorstep on both sides of the street watching them go by, to say nothing of the

ragamuffin boys walking beside the soldiers, trying to keep in step with them. But it was no use. Their short legs could not take the long, swinging strides, so they gave up and were satisfied to run along beside the soldiers on a dog trot.

"Mother! Mother! Do look what is coming!" called her daughter in an excited voice, and she began clapping her hands and laughing with the crowd.

"What can they see to laugh at in a company of soldiers preparing to march off to war?" The mother thought to herself. But returning to the window she saw what was causing the amusement of the crowd, for directly in front of her house were about twenty boys marching to the time of a toy drum and penny whistle. Wooden swords were strapped to their sides, and they carried pea rifles over their shoulders. Some had on Boy Scout uniforms, others were barefooted, still others had on their fathers' or grandfathers' old military coats that dragged at their heels. Some wore of them that came over too large for them that came over their ears and rested on their shoulders. But on every face shone the undaunted, independent spirit of the free-born American. Of such stuff were the fathers of America made when they left the plow, shoeless and hatless, to follow the cannon to fight

for freedom, just as these boys today had left their play to follow the soldiers.

Suddenly there was a perfect bedlam of shouting and clapping of hands. And again looking from the window, she beheld her young son of eight astride his big Billy goat, proudly carrying a huge American flag which he had made out of her red flannel petticoat and blue apron and white pillow-case, on which he had pasted silver paper stars. From the goat's horns waved small American flags that were stuck in holes the boy had bored in his horns. But what made the rest of the goat look so peculiar? On gazing at him closely, she saw that the whole goat had been dyed to represent the American flag. His head was red, his body white, and his hindquarters blue. This, along with the barefooted boy in ragged pants held in place by only one suspender, waving his flag so proudly, had made the crowd cheer. They liked his brave, independent spirit, though they could not help laughing at the sorry-looking little figure with his great-grandfather's hat of the Revolutionary period resting on his ears, making them stick out like donkeys' ears and giving him a most comical expression.

But what cared he for looks and clothes? He was filled with the war spirit and was going to drill so when

he was a man he could be a General and command his troops. What glory to ride at the head of a column on a gray horse and call out orders in a deep voice, "Company, halt!" and see all the long line of soldiers stop stock still. His imagination carried him so far that Billy became a prancing steed and his little playmates a regiment of soldiers.

And as the mother watched the little General and make-believe soldiers she felt proud to think she had such a son. As she left the window to return to her work, she ceased to wonder what had become of her red flannel skirt and blue apron. They had been found.

"Now I know what Jamie wanted of a big needle and a long thread," said his sister, as she joined her mother in the kitchen. "He wanted it to sew his flag. And he must have stuck himself awfully with the needle, for he came running in to get me to bind up his finger. The blood was running from it, and he said he did not mind the hurt, but he did not want to get the blood on what he was making. When I asked him what it was he was sewing, he pretended not to hear me and hurried out to the barn."

You may well ask what Billy Whiskers himself thought all the dyeing and fuss over him meant. As it was a warm day and the dyestuff was

cool, Billy did not mind it in the least when Jamie and his boy friends colored him. He stood as still as could be in a big tub while they poured the dye over him. He objected only once, and that was when some of it ran in his eye when they were coloring his forehead. But Jamie noticed it immediately and dipped a sponge in clear water and washed it out.

Such fun as the boys had dyeing him, too! But you should have seen them when the job was done. Their faces, hair, shirts and bare legs were speckled red, white and blue. They looked as if they were breaking out with some new disease that resembled the measles.

The worst of their trouble came, however, when the dye was on but not yet dry, for Billy wanted to lie down and rest after standing up in the tub so long. This they did not dare let him do for fear of the dye rubbing off or getting all dirty. At first Billy good-naturedly took their efforts at making him stand, but after a time he grew tired and decided to butt the very next boy that kept him from lying down.

He was about to lie down on a pile of hay that was on the barn floor when one of the boys grabbed hold of his tail and lifted him off his hind feet just as he was sinking down. This was too much for Billy's dignity, though the boy who did it was James'

best friend and generally Billy liked him very much. But this liberty with his tail and at such a time made him furious, and before the boy knew what was happening, Billy had turned and given him a butt that sent him flying across the barn floor and landed him kersplash in the tub of dye. The blue colored happened to be in at the time, so when he came out he looked as if he was a blue ducky and the other boys screamed with mirth at the funny picture he made.

While they were laughing at him, Billy walked over to a corner of the barn and was about to lie down again when one of the boys ran the prongs of a pitchfork into him, though very gently, just so he would stand. The boy had just time to drop the fork and jump up on a big box when Billy was upon him. Seeing this, the boy climbed up a ladder that happened to be behind him, leading up to the hay-mow. And it was a lucky day for the boy that the ladder was there; otherwise he would have gotten a butt.

"Say, kids," said Jamie, "just keep Billy from lying down until I run to the garden and get some bean poles. Then we can get up on something, and poke him whenever he goes to lie down, and he can't get at us."

[But you know as well as I that no one can keep Billy from doing what he wants, and Friday Billy will show them.]