

Covers the Torrance District Like a Blanket.

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YOUTH, 19, SHOOTS TORRANCE MAN

Extension of Dominguez Land Company's Declaration Favored

Change But Retain Dominguez Rulings Is Committee Plan

Representatives of Torrance Community Organizations Appoint Special Body to Recommend Amendments in the Declaration

INSTRUMENT EXPIRES DEC. 31 OF THIS YEAR

Perpetuation of Acceptable and Advantageous Stipulations in Document, Culling Out Undesirable, Is Aim of Men

Representatives of various civic organizations of Torrance met Friday afternoon, discussed the proposed extension of the Dominguez Land Corporation declaration, expressed the sentiment that the declaration should be extended with some amendments, and appointed a committee to study the instrument and recommend possible changes at the next meeting.

C. A. Paxman, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce special committee on the declaration extension, appointed the following special investigating committee to submit specific recommendations later: DeKalb Spurlin, chairman, representing the Progress Club;

Others in attendance at the meeting were C. A. Paxman, W. W. Johnston of the Realty Board; Sam Levy of the Business Men's Association, and A. L. Sauter of the Realty Board.

The declaration will automatically expire on December 31 of this year unless extended by written vote of owners of two-thirds of the property in the Torrance tract.

Arguments put forward in favor of the extension of the declaration may be summed up as follows: 1—To perpetuate the restrictions against ownership of property by others than members of the Caucasian race.

Residence Changes And Newcomers to City of Torrance

Newcomers to Torrance include Mr. and Mrs. Harry Yost, at 1007 Portola avenue; Mrs. William Davis, at 930 Arlington avenue; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Pippin, at apartment G, Norman Arms; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Finn, at 1309 Costa avenue; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller have moved from 2303 Arlington avenue to 1005 Sartori avenue; Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Chandler, from 617 Costa avenue to 2115 Arlington avenue; J. J. Porteus, to 2215 Sierra avenue; Mrs. A. McCready has taken an apartment at 1720 1/2 Andro avenue, formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. F. DeBra, who are now at 1811 Cabrillo avenue; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. McKenzie have moved from 1618 Arlington avenue to 2212 Arlington avenue; Mr. and Mrs. Tom P. Maguire, from 1419

North Side Will Feed South Lads Thursday Night

Thursday night baseball tusslers from the south end of Torrance will be guests (not paying) of the less capable aggregation representing the north side. The occasion will be a dinner at the fronton hotel. The northenders will be hosts by virtue of their defeat at the hands of the lads from the south side. The northenders claim that they may not be as good at ball tossing, but that they certainly will win the food-hurling title.

Observations

Temper and Weapons—Big Politics—Defense Day—Be Ready—Pity Judge Caverly—Europe's Diplomats and Our Bankers

W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

A TORRANCE lad, aged 19, is in jail, facing a charge of murder or attempted murder, because he pulled a gun and fired at Fred Baker Sunday night. It is tragic. Sunday morning this lad was free, living in a country full of opportunity and chances for happiness. Now his life is ruined, turned from the sunlit byways of liberty into the darkness of confinement. All because he carried a gun.

An oil worker last week slashed a Lomita man with a knife. He is now facing a charge of assault with intent to kill. His wife, a hard-working, kindly-faced mother, tries to get his pay check from the oil company, but is told she must have an order from her husband. The woman and the children are the sufferers. The man has ruined his own chances for happiness along with those of his family. All because he carried a knife.

Human beings are not advanced far enough from the barbarian to trust themselves and their tempers with weapons.

One way to avoid the commission of rash acts is to control passions. Another is to avoid carrying weapons.

FIGURES from the Chicago grain exchange are politically eloquent. Wheat and corn prices, guided by the omnipotent hand of Wall Street, are ushering in a new prosperity throughout the great Mississippi valley and making votes by the thousands for President Calvin Coolidge. By November thousands of farmers, who are almost bankrupt now, will have paid off their mortgages with the proceeds from a good and high-priced crop and will have nice little balances in rejuvenated banks. They will go to the polls and vote for Coolidge instead of casting their ballots for La Follette as a protest against his own condition.

Talk about politics. Mark Hanna in his most roseate days never promulgated such a tremendous scheme.

GENERAL PERSHING'S plan for National Defense day, September 12, when the whole potential fighting force of the nation shall be mobilized in every city, town and crossroads of the country, is meeting with severe opposition from the disciples of pacifism. It is difficult to decide whether the Pershing plan is advisable or not. Certainly it is not, if it will stir the national mind to martial thoughts. The idea of national mobilizations could be worked out in such a manner that the psychological effect on the nation, especially upon the young, could be made advantageous.

The United States must always be ready to protect itself. But we must not, as a people, lose sight of the fact that war is humanity's greatest crime.

If the nation could mobilize its entire potential fighting force on one day, at the same time driving home to the entire country that war is contrary to all the precepts of Christianity, Defense day could be made a success.

To be a pacifist to the extent of fighting against war psychology is to be a follower of the teachings of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

SMALL and insignificant are the works of man before the mysterious hand of Fate and Destiny. A beautiful monoplane, polished, upholstered and bright, crashed to the ground at the Rogers Airport Sunday afternoon, and the bodies of thousands who but a moment before had admired the graceful beauty of the man-made bird.

There was pride in the owner's eyes as he posed for pictures in his pretty machine.

Gaily the occupants laughed as the plane took off. Then the hand of Fate struck. A few seconds later the plane was a mass of wreckage and four human beings were dead. If there is any lesson to be learned from the tragedy of Sunday afternoon it is this:

Place not too high a value on material things, and be ready—always.

MAJOR GENERAL PATRICK of the Army Air Service has ordered the American world fliers to make Seattle the official destination of the great globe flight. The flight started officially at Santa Monica, but the planes waited so long in Seattle to change their landing gear to pontoons that General Patrick believes it wise to make Seattle the official starting and finishing point in order to cut down the time of the fliers.

Governor Friend Richardson has wired President Coolidge a protest on the change.

The planes really should end their flight at the point from which they officially started. To change the official destination is to take advantage in order to set up a better record. It doesn't appear exactly good sportsmanship.

THERE is a heavy weight on the mind of one man in Chicago these days. He is Judge Caverly, before whom is being heard the case of Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb, confessed murderers of the Francis lad.

By pleading guilty the two boys cancelled their trial by jury.

(Continued on Last Page)

P. E. OUTING ON AUG. 16TH AT REDONDO

15,000 Will Attend Annual Picnic at Beach, It Is Expected

The annual picnic and reunion of employees of the Pacific Electric Railway Company is scheduled for Saturday, Aug. 16, at Redondo Beach.

As many of the company's 6500 employees as can be relieved from duty without interfering with train service will be present. The picnic will feature a free ride to the beach, free refreshments, ice cream, and a variety of amusements.

An extensive program of events, amusements and contests is being arranged, among which are athletic events, dancing, fishing, vaudeville, chorus and band recitals. As is the usual custom, the program for the amusement of the kiddies is receiving particular attention.

W. A. McCammond, general agent of the real estate and resort department, has been chosen as president of the arrangement committee, and together with a group of committeemen is working diligently to make this year's outing the banner one.

One Man Is Fined; 4 More Dismissed In Torrance Court

J. A. Draffen, 37, of Compton, was fined \$100 by City Recorder King yesterday afternoon when he pleaded guilty to a charge of reckless driving.

Draffen came into court facing four charges—two for reckless driving, one for driving while under the influence of liquor, and one for resisting an officer. The complaint against him was filed by Officer Phillips on El Prado. The court dismissed all but the reckless driving charge brought by Officer Phillips, on account of a lack of incriminating evidence.

Four companions of Draffen were dismissed on charges of resisting Officer Abbott. They were E. L. Foster, F. Mangole, B. F. Frymier, and A. A. Higgins. Testimony of Officer Abbott was insufficient to convict the four, the court held.

'Seconds' Certain For Veterans at Tuesday's Dinner

Hey, Buddies! Don't forget the Legion feed at the Central church Guild hall tomorrow night.

Scottie says there will be seconds for the whole battalion and that the questions which must be discussed are of decided interest to every veteran of the recent unpleasantness.

He adds that Bert S. Crossland's sergeant, who was with the Torrance soldier when he was killed, will be on hand to tell the post something about the man whose name the local organization bears.

WRESTLERS TO GRAPPLE HERE FRIDAY NIGHT

'Prof.' Mullikin Puts on Show at Legion Hall With Good Bout

Devoted of wrestling in the Torrance district will be provided with the opportunity of seeing a good card at Legion hall Friday night, when "Prof." Mullikin, instructor of wrestling and former heavyweight champion wrestler of the navy, will be the main attraction.

Tommy Yeaman, Y. M. C. A. title holder, will wrestle Billy Campbell of the Southwest Athletic Club. A feature of the card will be a grappling match between Speedy Cutler of the Union Tool Company and Jack Shafer of the Pacific Electric shops. These boys are reputed to be among the best in the district.

James Scott, post commander of the American Legion, will referee the bouts.

Bowlers Schedule Interesting Tilts At The American

Several interesting bowling matches are scheduled to take place this week and next at the American alleys on Carson street. Growing interest in bowling, intensified by the opening of the new alleys, is attracting crowds to the alleys every night.

Tonight the Paxman team will roll against bowlers representing Tanze's barber shop. Thursday night the hardware aggregation will bowl the First National Bank pin-spillers. The Tanze team will take on the Union Tool rollers Friday night.

A match has been arranged between Redondo and the Union Tool team, but the date has not yet been set.

Harbor Chambers Meet in Torrance Thursday, Aug. 14

The Harbor District Chambers of Commerce will meet at Moose hall in Torrance Thursday night, Aug. 14.

Alfred Goudier, Torrance representative to the Harbor Chambers, completed arrangements for the new hall yesterday.

The program of the meeting will be announced later.

Local Students Present Concert

At a recital held in the Central Evangelical church last Friday evening Grace Thomas Bloxham presented the following original piano and dramatic art students: Marcela Kemel, Grace Denny, Anna Sprout, Beatrice Jackson, Gladys Goswell, Ethel May Denny, and Robert Kemel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schwartz and Messrs. Dunlap and J. Schwarzbach, of Gramercy avenue, joined Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schwartz, of Anaheim in a picnic at Bixby Park, Long Beach, recently.

Orville Williams Seriously Wounds F. Baker Sunday

Union Tool Employee Perhaps Fatally Wounded When He Attempts to Prevent Lad From Driving Baker Car Away From Home

NEIGHBORS MARCH LAD TO THE TORRANCE JAIL

Lad Is Taken to Los Angeles Jail Monday Morning After Making Complete Signed Statement to Chief of Police Anderson

Orville L. Williams, aged 19, shot and perhaps fatally wounded Fred Baker, 35, 1557 222d street, Sunday night, when Baker attempted to prevent the youth from driving the Baker car away without permission. Baker is in the Los Angeles General hospital with a dangerous gunshot wound in the abdomen. He may live.

Williams, a waiter at the Roi Tan hotel, is in jail in Los Angeles. No complaint has been filed against him. If Baker recovers the youth will be charged with attempted murder, police say.

According to Williams' statement, he went to the Baker home on 222d street Sunday night shortly before 10 o'clock, pushed the Baker car away from the house so that he would not be caught, and, throwing the car into gear, started driving away. Baker, seeing Williams driving away in the car, ran from the house, jumped to the running board of the car, and seized Williams' arm. Williams drew a 32-caliber automatic. He asserts that he intended to shoot only to "scare" Baker.

Baker, shot in the abdomen, wrestled the gun from Williams and shouted. Attracted by the shot and Baker's shouts, E. J. Bath, 220th street and Western avenue, and Tom Livens, 221st street and Western avenue, ran to the scene. They took Williams' gun and marched the youth to the Torrance jail, turning him over to the custody of officers.

Chief of Police Anderson immediately started a thorough investigation of the case and succeeded in inducing Williams to sign a statement.

Baker's wound was treated by Dr. Stevenson and the wounded man was taken to the hospital in Los Angeles.

As the shooting took place in the shoeing strip, which is in 222d street, to the Torrance police station, I seen him coming across the lot. Then he grabbed me. I got the gun in my left hand and was going to shoot to scare him, when something happened. I don't know what. Then the gun went off. I stopped the car. Baker had gotten the gun away from me. He told or he called to a neighbor to come out and the neighbor took my gun and marched me up the road to the Torrance police station. When I was taken in charge by the officers there at the station this statement has been made free and voluntary without any threat or violence or malice of forethought.

Noted Educator Will Speak To Progress Club on Monday

When the Torrance Progress Club meets at the high school auditorium on Monday night, Aug. 4, Earle Hill Merton, principal of Chaffey union high school and junior college, will deliver an address on "Schools."

Dr. Merton holds two degrees. He is bachelor of science and master of arts, and is said to be one of the most interesting speakers on school matters in the entire west.

He graduated from Pomona college and has studied at the University of California summer sessions for six years. The Progress Club meeting will be open to the public.

Use Our Want Ads for Results!

FLYING IN AEROPLANE OVER TORRANCE AND LOMITA SUFFUSES ONE WITH NEW SENSE OF HUMAN VALUES

By W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

You cannot appreciate Torrance until you see the city from an aeroplane.

You may value the advantages and beauties that city planning made possible here. But you cannot value them as highly as I, unless Torrance has been spread out below you in panorama, unless you have visualized at one sweeping glance the relationship of industrial to residence district and the logic in the layout of the streets.

With Southern California beneath you, with the clean, ocean-washed wind singing about your head, Torrance stands out like a gem.

Let's be chronological. "Tommy" Thomas, Rogers airport pilot, takes our tickets as we step into the plane Sunday afternoon. Neither of us has ever been up before. The propeller roars and we taxi out across the surface of the flying field, leaving the ground almost imperceptibly.

He never will clear that row of trees. I am tense, excited. I grip a rod at my side, hanging on tightly. The rod moves. I take my eyes from the ground, where thousands of human ants are rapidly becoming smaller arts. I look at the rod. It is the pilot's gasoline control. That makes it easier, for I laugh—and relax.

The plane heads south, straight into the teeth of a brisk wind, ascending with impulses that provide an entirely new experience of billowy motion.

world, is a shiny black ribbon, with gray-backed little insects crawling slowly in both directions. A new sense of speed! The sun is brilliant on the ocean in the west.

Southern California is a vast checkerboard of varied hues, a gigantic blanket of gray, brown, green and black. Little squares and rectangles stand out prominently. What a lot of real estate!—and what an infinitesimal amount is a hundred-acre tract!

As my companion said afterward, "And to think that I'm buying an \$800 lot with all that land in the world!"

The works of man are tiny, inconsequential. In the vast panorama that the birds see every day, one is impressed by a dawning sense of new values. Those ants down there are busy little fellows, running hither and thither about their little tasks, regarding things with strange seriousness. Up here, where the clean wind blows and the world is a footstool—those tasks are minute. The vastness of even the small portion of the world that spreads out below robs the importance of men and things and deeds that seemed so strikingly important only ten minutes ago.

There is a sublime sense of freedom in the air—a wish to rise above petty human jealousies and troubles, just as we have risen from the ground into this new and wonderful world.

The plane swings gently with the gusts of wind, sending my hand to grip the side. But even this interruption to the new sensation passes shortly and I can relax again, drinking in the sheer joy of altitude, the feeling of freedom and the clean and dustless air.

Torrance! First to catch the eye are industries, the great plant of the Union Tool Company, the P. E. shops, the Columbia Steel Corporation factory flanking the pretty city—monuments to enterprise, the foundation of the town. Here indeed is a city well planned, supported by industry, a factory city of paved streets, soft, round, fuzzy pepper trees, black ribbons of streets—and a great, beautiful green patch—the J. S. Torrance park.

Good for J. S. Torrance! He laid out a fine city. I think of him 2000 feet in the air and wish he could see the city from an aeroplane.

We circle downward, the plane at a graceful tilt, I lean over the side. Let's see. That straight strip is Carson street, running over—Gramercy. There's my home and back here is the office. How funny everything looks. Do I who am now defying the law of gravity actually work down there? It seems incredible.

I never realized before how much vacant land there is in Torrance—plenty of a room for much-needed houses—trees, walks, pavement all in—a planned community, good to look at from below, better to see from above.

I am sold on zoning. The industrial district flanks the town. The business district is almost equidistant from all parts of the residence district—a testimonial to the planners who drew the first maps of Torrance. A new city—but building right over the old field now. Not quite so pretty—down Arlington avenue and over Lomita—Lomita with many pretty trees. More

paved streets and Lomita will be quite a wonderful city of homes. Plenty of room for houses down there, too—and there will be plenty of them pretty soon.

A wide circle, graceful, gentle, delightful—and up again with that billowy movement once more. Back toward Torrance and three gliding circles downward over the town.

What sheer, unadulterated fun! The wind again at our backs, but plenty from the propeller in our faces.

Northward to the right of that shiny straight ribbon that is Western avenue. Los Angeles ahead, a giant city cuddled close to those haze-blanketed blue mountains.

Soon again the thousands of ants at the airport. Then more circling, gliding and a sudden swoop—oh, la, la, my tummy!—a sense of much greater speed due to proximity to the earth, a slight bump. Terra firma beneath—a new experience behind us. If you haven't been up—go up! My next trip will be a longer one.

We must prepare for the day when I shall go to New York for a week-end. "Flying—that's my game," says my fellow-passenger. "I'm sold." And there, Mr. ticket seller—and there, Mr. Tommy Thomas, is the publicity story I promised you, if you'd make the flight a good one. I'm no longer a "hick." I've been up. Am I going up again? You tell 'em, Tommy Thomas!