

**Torrance Herald**

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**THE HERALD'S PLATFORM  
 FOR TORRANCE**

- 1—Ornamental Lighting System.
- 2—Interchange of Freight Between P. E. and Santa Fe.
- 3—Western Avenue Bus Line.
- 4—Hollywood-Palos Verdes Parkway.
- 5—New School North of Carson St.
- 6—Aviation Field.
- 7—Co-operation of All Torrance People, Firms, Industries and Other Agencies, to Induce Torrance Workmen to Live in Torrance.
- 8—Adoption and carrying out of a well-conceived city plan to guide the growth and development of Torrance.
- 9—The conduct of All Local Affairs in a spirit of Neighborly Friendliness and Constructive Co-operation to the End That the Peace and Prosperity of All May Be Encouraged by an Alert Civic Consciousness and Patriotism.

**A Stranger in the Forest**

By **JOHN TWEEDDALE**  
 OF TORRANCE

Returning one day from a pleasant hike we had reached the hospitable precincts of our camp when the sharp crack of an incipient forest fire reached our ears, and fleecy columns of ashy smoke rolled in vibratory clouds above the tree tops in the vicinity of our polemic neighbors headquarters. Almost immediately his deep bass voice, calling lustily for help, rose above the sullen roar of the flames. Without a moment's hesitation Dick sprang to his feet and dashed down the steep trail, calling to me to follow. A short distance from his camp we encountered the bluish-white implacable death, creeping in menacing waves along the canyon sides and thru the thick underbrush towards us. "I'll wager," declared my companion, as we hurried along, "that our rotund acquaintance went to sleep with a fire burning, otherwise he would have made his escape down the canyon and left us to our fate." A renewal of the loud appeals for help prompted Dick to brush quickly past me and disappear behind the curtain of smoke. Groping my way as best I could, my heart sick with fear for his safety, I followed, knowing full well my old chum would bring out the unfortunate source of this grim visitation, or die in the attempt.

On and on I reeled into the thick pall of suffocating vapor, my eyes burning, my throat and nostrils seared by the pungent waves of super-heated air. On and on until suddenly a cooling breath of heaven swept across my parched cheeks; a flash of brilliant sunshine bathed my exhausted frame and I awoke from a semi-stupor to find myself standing within a wide circle, crimson death on all sides; and there not ten feet away lay Dick, face downward, and near him the ungainly object of his daring exploit. A hasty examination assured me Dick was not seriously hurt. The stranger, too, appeared to be uninjured, except, like Dick, overcome by smoke and heat.

Fortunately the unburned area in which we were, included the creek, and a hat-full of water poured over the faces of the two men soon revived them. Dick was the first to recover, and, rising to a sitting position his eyes traveled slowly over me and stopped as they rested on our acquaintance. "Is he dead?" he inquired, in a hoarse voice, looking quickly up to my face. "No," I responded, "only knocked out by an overdose of smoke; he'll be all right in a jiffy."

Dick, a mournful expression in his clear gray eyes, gazed long and earnestly at the filamentous streams of flame, creeping relentlessly, now here, now there, as a

sudden gust of wind thrust itself against the long scintillating line, creeping, eternally creeping, a miniature river of gleaming mortality, down the slopes of a deep gorge, then more quickly up the opposite side it moved, behind it sadder irretrievable desolation, before it nature's crown of glory; pine and fir in their robes of green; sage and violet in purple and blue; yucca and bridal wreath in a veil of fleecy; all to be sacrificed to this fiendish hell-born enemy of forest life, and of man.

Something like this must have been running through Dick's mind because he started abruptly when I spoke. "Well," I said impatiently, for the second time, "Now that you have studied the situation, what do you propose?" Rising to his feet he waved his hand with a hopeless gesture, around the burning enclosure. "Hemmed in," he said laconically, "We can hold out here until the wind swings back, then 'exeunt omnes', unless," he continued, with a more encouraging ring in his voice, "we can reach the cave on yon granite ledge, and be high enough up to escape the flames, if not the smoke." "To the cave by all means, and at once," I declared, "the wind changes even now." The Stranger by this time, partially recovered, stirred uneasily, opened his eyes and sat up. Apparently realizing our danger he gazed with fearful intentness at the long bright serpentine line as it wound around great monarchs of the forest, and sucked the life-giving sap from withering trunks. Suddenly he rose unsteadily, shuffled over to Dick and grasped his shoulder convulsively. "Friend," he stammered, "let's beat it out of here." "If you know a way we will gladly follow," answered Dick calmly. The Stranger's hand slid limply from Dick's shoulder as he staggered back. "My God," he cried, "do you mean we can't escape?" "We have just about one chance in fifty," Dick replied, "And to get that chance we have to scale yon granite bluff and reach the cave which you can see from where we stand." "Then it's all off with me," breathed the Stranger, in a sepulchral whisper, "because I could not climb up there in a thousand years." "Unless you brace up we can't do much to help you," Dick averred. "So try to pull yourself together, and we will do our best to 'boost' you over the steep places, and," he continued, "as the fire is working back in this direction, it's time to go."

Hardly had we started when a succession of the most unearthly yells imaginable broke out in the direction of our former camp and Ning Po emerged from the thicket loaded down with what the fire had left us in the form of provisions. In answer to inquiries he informed us in his best pigeon English that after our sudden departure the smoke became so dense and the heat so great he was almost overcome, so promptly lay down in the bottom of the creek and waited patiently for the fire to burn past his retreat. He then calmly collected all the undamaged canned goods in sight, and followed us; the vociferous outcries we had just heard being occasioned by a very large and very noisy rattlesnake, which, having somehow escaped the fire, barred his way.

Ning Po had scarcely finished his oration before great columns of black smoke rolled over us, and as if inspired by one impulse, we all ran toward the granite bluff. Once there, we saw it was going to be no easy task to get the bulky Stranger started up the slippery wall of rock, in which the cave was located. We finally succeeded, however, in reaching a projecting ledge below the opening in which we proposed to take shelter. Over this rocky shelf, the dismayed instigator of all these trials and tribulations, could not climb, and in our efforts to help him, narrowly escaped being carried to certain death on the stones below, as he slipped, and struggled to regain his balance.

Meantime, huge volumes of pitchy vapor overspread the rapidly advancing lines of fire and drifted in ever-changing form past us; ghostly shadows raced across the doomed and dying forest; great tongues of crimson flame flashed through the murky air, and pungent odors from burning underbrush assailed us.

Affrighted birds fluttered helplessly from tree to tree, their pitiful cries rising even above the steady crackling roar of the approaching flames, cries of grief and cries of fear, for countless downy young were being sacrificed on the altar of man's carelessness, countless little homes high in the waving tree tops were being licked up by the forked tongue of this demon of untold suffering and sorrow.

No wonder the luckless instrument of this dire calamity trembled; no wonder his bloodshot eyes roamed with a premonition of impending judgment over the destruction wrought by his obstinate demeanor; no wonder resolutions, all too late, crowded his feverish brain, for behind the fire lines lay a bivouac of the dead, and in front a land of fearful anticipation.

Relentlessly the flaming hell crept towards our precarious retreat; higher and higher rose it's waves of death and ruin; hotter and hotter grew the trembling air. Suddenly the Stranger's eyes closed, a convulsive shudder passed over his swaying form, and before either Dick or I could reach him, the limp body slid from its perilous position, plunged past us, crashed through intervening tree tops, and landed with a sickening thud on the rocks below. Struggling to his feet and screaming with pain, he dashed headlong into the raging sea of fire. We watched helplessly and with horror stricken faces a human torch as it appeared for an instant, rose and fell, and finally vanished forever from the ken of men.

Turning quickly we scrambled up to the cave and there remained until the danger was over.

John Tweeddale.

R. 1, Box 102, Torrance, Calif.

**NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER EXECUTION MARSHAL'S SALE**

No. 84754  
 CLEM B. MILLER, Plaintiff,

vs.  
 F. S. JONES, Defendant.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Municipal Court, City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, where-in Clem B. Miller, plaintiff, and F. S. Jones, defendant, upon a judgment rendered the 6th day of June, A. D. 1928, for the sum of three hundred sixty-seven and 23/100 Dollars, lawful money of the United States, besides costs and interest, I have levied upon all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant, F. S. Jones of, in and to the following described real estate, situate in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot 41, Tract 15, as per map recorded in Book 12, Page 189, of Maps, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

**PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN**

That I will, on Tuesday, the 10th day of July, A. D. 1928, at 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, sell at public auction for cash lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant F. S. Jones of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder.

Dated this 11th day of June, 1928.  
 CHAS. R. THOMAS,  
 Marshal of the Municipal Court,  
 City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California.  
 By F. H. BRAKESUHLER,  
 Asst. Marshal,  
 Woodworth & White,  
 Plaintiff's Attorneys.

**Our Want Ads  
 Bring Results**

**LEGION NOTES**

There will be a four-post American Legion stag party at the Legion clubhouse in El Segundo Friday evening at 8:30. This will be given to the Ingwood, Redondo, El Segundo and Torrance posts, and all ex-service men of the district are welcome.

The idea of these parties is to promote good fellowship among the ex-service men. There is no charge and a big feed and good entertainment is promised.

**Scouts To Collect Papers Saturday**

To help the Boy Scouts Torrance Legionnaires have discontinued the collection of waste papers in the city. Hereafter Scouts will collect the paper and sell it, using the proceeds to send local troops to summer camp. Each troop is trying to raise \$50. A truck will collect papers throughout the city Saturday. Papers should be left in the rear of houses.

"For Sale" and "For Rent" cards, 10c. Torrance Herald.

**KILLS 'em dead.** **FLY SPRAY**  
**Oronite**  
 STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

**A TRUE FACT** We Quit June 27

**LAST CALL! FINAL WARNING!** Next Wednesday, June 27, the J. W. Barnes Company will lock its doors for the last time, and your Opportunity to buy this High Grade Merchandise at these CLOSING OUT PRICES will have passed into history.

We have cut prices to the last notch in this final week of the Quitting-Business Sale. Costs have been forgotten in our Drastic Effort to sell out Everything in the Store: Dry Goods, Ladies Coats, Dresses, Notions, Children's Wear, Art Goods, Etc.

Below you will find a few of the Final Week Bargains, but there are many others Equally attractive. This is our Last Message to the people of this district Buy now for months to come.

<b>Ladies Hose</b> Ladies' Rayon Silk Hose; all colors and sizes. 75c values. Our Quitting Price <b>39c</b>	<b>Mens Hose</b> Mens' Rayon Lisle Hose all sizes and colors a 35c value Quitting price <b>98c</b> 4 pair For	<b>Service Sheets</b> Service Sheets 81x90 good quality; a \$1.35 value Our Quitting Price <b>98c</b>	<b>Pillow Cases</b> Pillow Cases-Good quality 45x36 50c each our Quitting Price 3 for <b>\$1</b>
<b>Sleeping Gowns</b> Genuine Dr. Dentons Sleeping Gowns for children sizes from 1 to 7 years only Values <b>98c</b> To \$1.65	<b>Unionsuits</b> Children's Nazareth Waist Union Suits for ages 2 to 13 only. \$1.10 value Our Quitting Price <b>79c</b>	<b>Ladies Corsets</b> Royal Worcester and Bonton make. Final close out at <b>Half Price</b>	<b>Service Sheets</b> Service Sheets of high grade, quality, 81x90, well worth \$1.65. Our Quitting Price <b>\$1.29</b>

**Ladies Dresses**  
 Final Closeout of LADIES DRESSES, latest model and style made by Jerry Frock Co. Heavy flat crepe \$16.50 a value you will never forget  
 Our Quitting Price **\$8.95**

**Notice to Dealers**  
 Our \$1500 stock of PICTORIAL REVIEW Patterns comprising Two Mahogany Section Cabinets of 20 Drawers each. All old patterns have been sorted out and the stock is RIGHT UP TO THE MINUTE.  
 To CLOSE OUT at **\$450**  
 All Fixtures, Safe, Two Cash Registers, Check Protector, Show Cases, Counters, and Window Fixtures will be sold now at prices you cannot afford to miss. Anticipate your requirements, and BUY NOW AT ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

**Ladies Dresses**  
 LADIES DRESSES made of Georgette Crepe latest models and up to date style \$29.75 Value, our  
 Our Close Out Price **\$10.95**

**Ladies Hose**  
 Ladies Pure Silk full fashioned Hose dark browns & black only values to \$2.25  
 Our Quitting Price **69c**

**Annettes'**  
 Infants Musingwear Annettes and Rubins shirts, bandsand vests  
 Values to \$1.45 At **Half Price**

**Artex Collars**  
 Genuine "Artex" semi laundred Collars the 3 for \$1.00 value  
 Quitting Price **\$1**  
 6 for

**Double Blankets**  
 100 per cent all wool Double Plaid Blankets satin bound  
 Extra Special **\$7.95**

**Mens Collars**  
 Mens' Collars "Arrow" brand starched collars the 20c each value our  
 Quitting Price **\$1**  
 Dozen

**Lumber-jacs**  
 Mens All Wool Lumber-jacs assorted plaids. a \$5.00 value  
 Our Quitting Price **\$2.95**

**Anticipate your Christmas needs and buy TOYS**  
 Now At **1/2 price**

**Georgette Crepe**  
 39-in. Gorder Georgette Crepe, heavy quality. Colors, honey dew, pink, reseda, powder blue, beige and red. \$2.50 value.  
 Our Quitting Price, yd. **\$1.39**

**J.W. BARNES Co.**  
 1224-1226 El Prado, Torrance