

Multitude Storms Business District in Wild Rush to Trade at Home

RESIDENTS STAGE MASS INVASION; GREATER DEMAND FORESEEN BY TIRED DEALERS

Every store, shop and professional office in the city was pack-jammed to capacity and the police reserves had to be called out twice to bring order in the multitude that stormed every nook and cranny of the business district here yesterday.

Never before had local firms witnessed such a staggering day's business and scores of workers had to be transported to their homes in ambulances.

completely worn-out from their efforts to meet the demand for merchandise and service of all kinds.

As result of the tremendous desire by all Torrance residents to do all their shopping with Torrance firms and by all residents to engage the services of local professional men, a mass meeting of all business and professional men will be held tonight in the city park to determine how to meet the demand.

Local lawyers, doctors and dentists report that their services are booked up solid until 1942 and the hospital has a waiting list 12 feet long. The next all-Torrance shopping day is tomorrow with the Coast Guard, Army and Navy assisting local police in maintaining order.

Every mode of transportation was being utilized by local firms to obtain stock for tomorrow's business. The Torrance airport was receiving a transport plane every two minutes loaded with merchandise and equipment, not the least of which were hundreds of new cash registers to replace those worn out yesterday. Extra help was reported marching six abreast down Western avenue to reinforce the local sales forces in this greatest "trade at home" demonstration in history.

DISGUISE FAILS



You'd never suspect that Dean Sears is hiding behind that brush but as a matter of fact this picture was taken today as he dressed for the role of Dr. Alex Pushemupsky in the Kiwanis club's stirring drama, "The Gay 90's."

THOUSANDS SLEEPING IN CITY STREETS

As thousands of families prepared to spend the fifth night sleeping in the streets here, the greatest problem to confront Torrance was still unsolved today. This was the matter of housing all local factory workers who lived elsewhere until last Sunday when they moved in a tremendous stream on Torrance.

The cause of the great migration, which practically depopulated such cities as Redondo, Hawthorne, Gardena, Long Beach, Wilmington and San Pedro, was the astounding effectiveness of the slogan created by local realtors:

"If you're not a resident of Torrance then you're not alive!" That impressive statement aroused fear in many with the result that the immigration here assumed staggering proportions within 24 hours after it was published in the Torrance Herald. Without a moment's delay, thousands pushed pell-mell and pell-mell into this city, quickly absorbing all living quarters and overflowing into the streets.

El Prado Park was leased out in 10-foot squares to families to set up housekeeping under the trees and sleeping space in the City Park was at a premium. The tension was somewhat eased today when all of the contractors and builders in Southern California announced they had amalgamated to start a building program here that will see 10,000 new homes erected within two weeks.

STYLE SHOW IN CITY VAULT JUST TOO-TOO
A men's fashion show will be staged by LeRoy Stevens, popular arbiter of male styles, at the city hall, in the city clerk's vault tonight. The latest in heliotope scanties will be displayed and the new modes in combination shirt-suit-sox-and-such are to be on view.

ODD FACT
Not a single resident named Schultzenheimer lives in Torrance.

City's 'Lost Colony' Found!

INTREPID EXPLORER STUMBLES ON FORGOTTEN FOLK

Stumbling half-dead from exposure into the Torrance National bank last night, an emaciated, tattered and wild-eyed man who said he was Alden W. Smith, the famed scientist, mumbled that he had found the "lost race" of Torrance and then collapsed.

Revived two hours later, the ragged savant proceeded to relate one of the most amazing stories of a generation as he sat on the counter in front of Wallace Post's desk. He was swathed in blankets because of the bitterly cold atmosphere in that portion of the building.

"I found it!" he snapped, reaching for a map. "For years the city has been searching for that district from whence no man returned. The people there were well-housed and fed but had not seen an outsider for eight or 30 years."

Hints Wild Revel
"They were astounded that I had reached their fastness—so near and yet so far from the city hall here. They could not believe that they were still a part of Torrance. I assured them they were and, once some method of contact could be established, their unknown retreat could be penetrated. They appeared overjoyed and eagerly asked if that would mean they would be returned to the tax-rolls."

"When I informed them it would, they stared one of the wildest demonstrations I have ever seen!"

A look of strange horror spread over the grizzled face of Dr. Smith as he recalled that bizarre event. Accepting a cigarette from Dr. Lancaster, who stood by with a glass of witch hazel in his hand to refresh the explorer, the "man-who-came-back" continued.

Misses Blue Pacific
"Perhaps you remember I started Torrance boulevard two months ago for a visit with my fellow-scientists at the Redondo Beach Wagon Wheel. Ah, sometimes I wish I had never turned off on that side road... But the wild flowers among the oil derricks were so inviting that... well, soon I was driving along an unimproved road—one that looked like Pennsylvania avenue."

"Then the going became rougher and, still in quest of wild flowers with no thought of danger, I left my car and began walking." Smith's voice was rising and his words tumbled

out faster than a riveting machine. "For hours I trekked thru the hinterlands of Torrance... gentlemen, I saw sights you'd never believe existed in your city in those remote areas!—a feeling of impending doom began to come over me."

"Just as I was about to turn back, I saw the blue Pacific shimmering in the distance and decided to make for its shores... But I never got there. Instead, in my weariness and desperation, I somehow turned off the trail and became lost."

"Lost Colony" Found
While the grim-faced Smith spoke the group surrounding him was gradually becoming larger as news of his arrival spread thruout the city. Harriett Leech approached and laid a bouquet of sweet-sputunias in his hands. Smith smiled wanly, thanked her and pressed his nose in the fragrant blossoms.

The bill fluttered to the floor and Willis Brooks picked it up, glanced at the amount and, with a shudder, stuffed it in Smith's pocket.

"Then I came into the 'lost community' and the 'lost race' began pouring out of the houses and soon I was surrounded. I lost consciousness and when I came to I was in a spacious building, whose walls were decorated with priceless paintings. It couldn't be true! I glanced wildly around and... yes, there was the great fireplace and... I had found it! The Hollywood Riviera clubhouse!"

A gasp of amazement went up from his audience and scores pressed forward to hear his next words:

"I had found Hollywood Riviera!"

Patriarch Gives Message
Stunned, the group in the bank appeared unable to comprehend the significance of his statement. Then, as realization came that here was a man—a fellow-townsmen, who had actually braved the dangers of the wilderness to reach the community long-believed lost to the world, a great shout went up!

Travel-weary Smith swayed but he held up his hand. There was a sudden silence. Then he continued:

"They appeared happy but deep in their eyes I found a longing for the bright lights, the busy thoroughfares of Torrance streets, a yearning for the busy marts of trade. Roy Stewart, patriarch of the Riviera, gave

Skate On Harbor New Attraction

Having taken its place among the great sports of the world, Torrance Harbor is now well on the way to becoming the greatest skating rink in the universe as plans proceeded this week to install gigantic freezing machinery there.

The Harbor Board, composed of such able salts as J. C. Smith, S. S. Worrell and W. H. Gilbert, has contracted for the apparatus and intends to freeze the huge basin each evening for winter sports. The ice-making machines will be stopped at 1 a. m. to allow the ice to melt in time for shipping to proceed in and out of the harbor as usual.

David Jacobs, local plumber, has announced he is quitting that business to take over the municipal soup kitchen and skating supply concession when the great artificial rink opens next month.

Clutching his heavy moustache with one hand, Smith crumpled back on Post's desk, spilling a tit-tat-toe game the banker was having with Bob Deinger. All efforts to revive the unconscious man failed and he was rushed to the hospital where no visitors were being allowed him.

The Herald will interview him and obtain further information about the "lost race" as soon as Smith has recovered from his dread experience.

MODEL FOR CARTOONS LIVES HERE

A little-known chapter in the life of John E. Miller, furniture store impresario, came to light today when it was learned that he was the original model for the famed Buster Brown cartoons of a generation ago. It is said that Miller was the exact duplicate of the boy—not the dog Tige—who delighted millions.

"That was a long time ago," he said when asked about his modeling career. "I had high hopes then of continuing that business as a collar-ad model but fate willed otherwise."

STATISTICAL DATA
If all the streets in Torrance were laid end to end it would look pretty silly.



CHARLIE SAYS...

"Today is April 1, commonly known as April Fool's Day. Of it Webster's says, 'APRIL FOOL; one who is sportively imposed upon by others on the first of April.'"

"Years ago, in the era of 'practical jokers' this day was used and abused by pseudo-comics who often resorted to physical violence just for a laugh. Gradually April Fool's Day has diminished in importance, become a day almost forgotten."

"Not forgotten, however, are the Fools who still reside among us, as big Fools as ever, fooling no one, always being fooled."

Ben Franklin said, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but FOOLS will learn in no other.'

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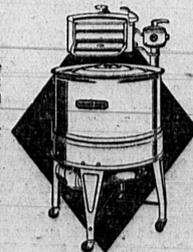
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