

THE TORRANCE HERALD
TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA

"TORRANCE MEANS BUSINESS"

"The Modern Industrial City" and "America's First Great Industrial Garden City"—10,000 in 1925

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TORRANCE
A Home Paper By Home People For Home People
THE "ALL HOME NEWS" PAPER

C. P. ROBERTS, Owner

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CAREFUL and trustworthy estimates show that the addition of 100 families to your community's present population will mean expenditures in your community for just the first year as follows:

- \$80,000 For Real Estate and Rent.
- \$50,000 For lumber, building material, plumbing, Electrical and other construction.
- \$30,000 Automobiles, repairs, gas, oil.
- \$25,000 Farm Machinery and supplies.
- \$ 8,400 For flour, bread and cakes.
- \$13,650 For Meats, Lard, Etc.
- \$ 9,150 For Milk, Butter and Eggs.
- \$21,150 For all table supplies not listed above.
- \$11,110 Invested in Savings.
- \$ 7,200 For Furniture and household goods.
- \$15,750 For clothing and other wearing apparel.
- \$12,600 For public utility service.
- \$ 6,150 For amusement and recreation.
- \$ 5,800 For drugs and professional attention.
- \$ 4,950 For fire, life and accident insurance.

ASK FIVE HUNDRED MILLION MORE FOR TAXES IN CALIFORNIA.

STUDY this analysis of the Water and Power Act, to be voted on next November:

It provides for mortgaging the State of California for \$500,000,000, pledging the full faith and credit of all property and every taxable thing for the repayment. Based on present assessed valuation, this means a mortgage on all your taxable property of one-eighth its value. (See Sec. 5.)

The Board can employ as many people as it desires, pay whatever salaries it wants to and disregard civil service regulations. A wonderful opportunity to build up and maintain the biggest political machine ever known. (See Sec. 3, Art. J.)

The Act gives power to condemn and take possession of any property the Board desires or deems necessary. Are you and your friends prepared to have your property taken away from you at once? (See Sec. 14.)

The Board can engage in any business it desires and manufacture anything it wants to. This includes contracting, farming, banking, mining, oil development, printing, or anything else. What business are you in? (See Sec. 3, Art. B.)

The Act permits taking money from the State Treasury to pay interest and principal on \$500,000,000 and compels taxation of the people to repay same. If the supporters of this Act believe it will pay its own way, why do they provide for taxing the people for additional sums? (See Sec. 9, Par. 2.)

The Board is not required to deposit proceeds from sale of bonds in the State Treasury. The \$500,000,000 from the sale of bonds is the biggest source of revenue. Where does the Board put it and what becomes of it? (See Sec. 9, Par. 1.)

All rates can be made at the whim of the Board which permits favoring one locality over another. Rates in your locality can be increased to make up losses in other communities. There is no appeal from this. (See Sec. 8.)

The Act makes it possible to take away undeveloped water and power resources of cities, farming communities and water districts if not developed within two years after notice. The growth of your community can be stopped unless plans are submitted and a bond issue authorized large enough to take care of your needs for all time to come. (See Sec. 13.)

All of any part of the \$500,000,000 can be spent outside of California. Do you want your money spent for development in other states when there are millions of horsepower yet to be developed within our own borders? (See Sec. 3, Art. G.)

There is no limit to the issuance of bonds as MORE bonds can be issued to pay principal and interest on the original \$500,000,000. This is frenzied finance in the highest degree. (See Sec. 7.)

The people have no voice in the selection of the Board. It is appointed by the Governor and given unlimited powers. Would you in private life permit five people of unknown business ability and integrity, not of your selection, to dispose of one-eighth of your taxable assets? (See Sec. 2.)

The Board is all-powerful. It can do any and all things it thinks necessary. The taxpayers who guarantee the \$500,000,000 have no voice as to when, where or how it shall be spent. (See Sec. 3, Art. L.)

**WHAT OF IT?—FAILURE, POVERTY—
WHAT DO THEY AMOUNT TO?**

An old-fashioned preacher stood in the pulpit of an old-fashioned church some years ago and preached a sermon which was spoken of for years afterward by those who heard it as the "Well, What Of It" sermon.

Anxious men sat in the church and listened—and the deep lines of care that furrowed their faces smoothed out and almost disappeared—for a while.

Tired women, worn with much service and little rest, lifted up their heads and took heart of grace.

Half-grown children wriggling in their tiresome places in the family pew opened their eyes and sat still—and harkened—for the sermon carried, for once, a message even they were glad to hear.

And yet it was a simple sermon—simply spoken—about simple things.

But the burden of it—ah, that was the secret of its power.

"Fear," said the preacher—"you who tremble at a footstep in the dark—what is it that you fear?"

"My little son called to me last night from his room and said he was afraid and asked me to come and sit by him, and I asked him what it was he feared—and he could not tell me.

"A foolish child?"

"Perhaps.

"But he suffered—just as you who sit there in the pew before me now suffered when you awoke early this morning and began to—fear.

"What?"

"You know not—failure, perhaps—the loss of money—poverty.

"And you—across the aisle, you fear—what?"

"Illness, sorrow, the loss of one who is dear to you—a vague something that may bring you grief. -----

"Even you, there in the seat beside your mother—what should you have to worry over—and yet you worry—don't you?"

"About what?"

"Examinations—the right question at the wrong time—failure to get on the ball team, the dollar you lent to your classmate—what if he shouldn't pay it back?"

"Money—poverty—illness—loneliness—even death—well—after all—what of it?"

What of any of these things?

"You who tremble in a darkened room at the creak of the board on the stairs—what if he comes and kills you—the assassin you imagine—what of it?"

"You must die some time and such a death is soon over—is it worth while lying awake and worrying about?"

"Poverty—is that such a terrible thing, when it really comes?"

"Others have borne it—are you less than the least of these?"

"Illness—the loss of those you love—deep sorrows these, and ones to sear the heart—but they are the common lot of all and time is kind and heals all wounds.

"Don't shrink from trouble—meet it, whatever it is, upon the open road and say in your heart, when you see it coming, 'Well, what of it?'"

All this he said on that drowsy Sunday morning many years ago, the old-fashioned preacher.

All this and much, very much, more.

And every man and every woman who heard it went out of that church with a high heart of courage and a resolute soul.

Well, what of it—what of the thing we dread, if it really comes to pass?

A man killed himself in Chicago recently, a well known man, beloved by his friends and trusted by his family.

He was not yet past the prime of life—he had health, ability and the whole world to choose from as a field for his activity.

But the man for whom he had been working for five years discharged him—and so he took a pistol and shot himself and died.

What was it that he feared from life?

Failure?—there is no such thing.

Every mistake is a step upon the staircase by which a wise man mounts to fortune.

Poverty?—where lies the bitter sting of that?

The happiest man you know is much more likely to be the poorest instead of the richest acquaintance on your list.

Disgrace?—no man can disgrace another, nor if he hound him to the ends of the earth.

The poor fellow who killed himself the other day—if he had only stopped a moment, faced the thing he dreaded and said to his failing heart, "Well, what of it?" he would be alive and full, perhaps, of buoyant courage on this very day.

When one door shuts, another opens.

One chance fails, another offers; the last hour of despair is so often the harbinger of good tidings that someone has made a proverb of it.

Well, what of it, you are in sorrow and despair today?

What of it, but this—a bigger mind, a bigger heart, more sympathy, more understanding, a better chance for you and for all who love you—and that is "what of it."

Have you lost your job? Don't sit and think about it for a minute—get up and go and find a new one; it will be a better job than the one you lost.

Some day you'll be grateful to the man who discharged you and gave you the chance to grow. Up step, another, again—how easy it is to the top when the heart sings courageously.—Exchange.

Issuance of all bonds—the \$500,000,000 and such additional bonds as are required to pay interest and principal on the original issue—is subject to the order of the board alone. The Finance Committee created by the Act to dispose of bonds must sell them when the board says so. It is compelled to raise funds when required to carry out projects decided upon by the Board. (See Sec. 7, Par. 2.)

Once voted, this Act becomes a part of the Constitution of the State and cannot be changed or altered by the Governor or the Legislature. It is self-enacting. (See Sec. 19.)

Whenever a man goes around town telling you that this one and that one has been bought by the money interests, he himself is for sale. 'As a man thinketh, so is he.'

Boy's Adventures In Jungle

True Story of Thrilling Experiences of Torrance Resident in the Wilds of Florida Everglades

The publisher takes pleasure in presenting the following story, in serial form, of the exciting experiences of a resident of Torrance, who when a boy of seven, spent several months in the then unexplored Everglades of Florida.

While the writer is well known to us, he desires for the time being that his name be withheld. The history of the months covered in this biography has never been told and the boys and young men of this district are fortunate in being able to read for the first time a narrative that is filled with truthful experiences, that for sheer excitement and danger, equal any from the pen of Stanley, Livingstone or our late lamented Roosevelt.

In reading the story please remember that the adventure was undertaken in 1875, at a time when the southern portion of Florida was practically untouched by the foot of white man, and that the writer actually met Indians and natives who had never seen a white face. During the succeeding years this section of Florida has been made the winter mecca for the leisure class and many of the scenes in the thrilling story are laid where now magnificent hotels and resorts stand, a testimonial to the progress and prosperity of our country.

The story will be continued over a period of from six to eight weeks. If you enjoy adventure and are a lover of the great out-doors, don't miss a single chapter.

(Continued from last week.)

The chief beauty of the stream and one that now induces thousands of tourists each year to make the out-of-the-way trip is the beautiful Florida moss that hangs from the cypresses, pine and liveoak trees that line the bank. In festoons, in streamers, and in utter confusion, as though thrown over the trees as one would throw

serpentine at an outdoor fair, the beautiful grey moss for which Florida is noted, made the picture one never to be forgotten.

As Mother's main object in taking the trip was to sketch striking scenes, her pencil was continually busy, but we had quite a laugh at her expenses when she completed a really beautiful picture of a wild deer she had seen. In the sketch she had placed the deer in the middle of the stream and labeled the picture, "Listening to the Steamer." Everything about the picture was true to nature, but when someone in the party called her attention to the fact that the deer was in the very center of the stream and was listening to the chug chug of the steamer's engine, and yet that the water came up only to the deer's fetlocks, the laugh that followed was enjoyed as much by mother as by her critics.

On the day down the St. John's river we spent an hour at Silver Springs near Lake George. Even then the spring was noted for the clearness of its water and its highly magnifying qualities. The spring, is perhaps a hundred yards in diameter and at that time its actual depth was unknown owing to the force of the water as it rises, making it impossible to reach the bottom with even a weighted line. But the most singular quality of the water is its remarkable clearness. We lowered a weighted fish line more than one hundred feet in length to which was attached a bouquet of wild flowers and when it reached its greatest depth we could easily distinguish the colors in the flowers and even see the veins in the petals and leaves. It resembled more than anything I can suggest, a great sheet of molten glass that gave back every color of sky and the surrounding vegetation.

When we reached the end of steamer navigation and almost the source of the St. John's river we were compelled to portage over to the Indian river, a distance of more than fifty miles through a thickly wooded forest. Fortunately for us there was a "turtle caravan" about to start south for a load of sea turtles they were to bring back for the northern market. As they were traveling "light" we were welcome to ride, and bundling our equipment into the lead wagon we set off.

Driving six mules through an almost trackless forest requires rare horsemanship and Mother and I marveled at the seeming ease with which the driver manipulated the jerk-line that gave the direction to the six mules tugging at the unwieldy prairie schooner in which we rode.

We had traveled about twenty-five miles when suddenly the lead mules nearly jumped out of their traces and we heard what sounded like the exhaust of an airplane, alongside the road. Applying the brake and jumping to the heads of the frightened mules was the work of but an instant for the driver who shouted "gator" and sure enough, there in the middle of the trail with his enormous jaws extended from side to side in anger, was the biggest alligator we had ever seen.

The shouts of our driver and the noise made by the enraged alligator soon drew the drivers of the other wagons about us and preparations were made to kill the "gator" and bury its head. As you may know there are but two places in an alligator's body that a bullet will penetrate owing to the thickness of its hide—one in the eye and the other under the forearms or hind legs.

Everyone of the drivers carried a rifle and revolver and the fusillade

that followed resembled a small Fourth of July celebration. Of the score or more shots that were fired but one took effect, blinding the "gator" in one eye. Despite the ferocious aspect of the monster and the danger to those who approached within striking distance of his flying tail, he presented a comical appearance as he cocked his head from side to side so that with his one good eye he could see his tormentors. Finally a well aimed shot struck him under the forearm and evidently penetrated the heart, and after several convulsive struggles he lay dead. He measured nearly fourteen feet from the tip of his ugly snout to the end of his murderous tail.

The mule drivers cut off the alligator's head and buried it near the roadside, marking the spot with a rude cross. Months later it was unearthed and the beautiful white ivory teeth extracted from the decayed jaw bones. These teeth are used for watch charms and other ornaments, the larger ones being manufactured into cane and umbrella handles. Many boys and men at that time made a good living in supplying alligator hides to tanners and leather manufacturers and the gleaming teeth to jewelers.

* * *

And now to return to the beach where we spent the first night after leaving Titusville on our long cruise to the Everglades.

As I said, we were all tired out from the experience of the day in making headway with shortened sail and in keeping things from being washed overboard by the big combers that would meet us as we neared one of the inlets from the ocean.

Indian river for almost its entire length is but a succession of lagoons. At irregular intervals there are openings in the sand pits that separate it from the Atlantic ocean and when there is a storm at sea, as was then the case, these open patches were lashed to a foam by the wind from the east and navigation was not only not an easy matter but absolutely dangerous.

But for the able seamanship of our boatman, who knew every cross current and just how much sail the yacht could stand, and the almost superhuman strength of the Indian guide, we must have perished, so that when it became too dark for further travel and we decided to land and make camp for the night it was little wonder we were near exhaustion.

Pitching the tent and making camp was no small job, for the forty-mile wind whipped the tent about and it took the combined strength of the boatman and guide and Mother and myself to erect the tent, under which we were glad to escape from the torrents of rain that had soaked us through.

As we sat dozing before the fire, when the wind and rain had almost ceased, Mother was startled by a sudden exclamation of the Indian and the alacrity with which he got to his feet. Following the direction of his gaze, we saw coming along the bend in the beach probably more than a mile away, what that at times would become entirely extinguished and later appear much nearer. As it drew near and we saw it was truly a light, the usefulness of the guide communicated in a low voice to the boatman whose expression showed real fear. Hitching their revolvers into their laps and hiding their repeating rifles under blankets near them, they waited in silence for the solution of the mystery.

(To be Continued Next Week.)