

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE

One Year \$2.00  
Single Copies 5c

THE NEWSPAPERS COMPETITOR

The latest competitor of a newspaper is the moving picture interests. The old time "still" has been proven a failure. But the new plan includes an actual movie. Clever salemen invade the town and, working on a percentage basis with the theatre man, sell a movie picture proposition to the local merchant. The movie is merely stock stuff, with a domestic plot into which is worked the name of the store or other mention of the local merchant. As advertising it simply isn't. The most complimentary way it can be described is as general publicity with the accent on the "general."

Compare it with the advertising in the newspapers. The buyer wants to know something of price, of quality, of the general description of the hat, shoes, furniture, groceries or clothing he or she will probably buy. Where can such details be found? Only in the newspaper, of course. The message that contains such information is the only real advertising. It satisfies the readers because it tells them what they want to know. The mere mention of a store or even a view of it in a movie sells no goods. As a matter of fact the movie patron is just as apt to be offended; he is there to be entertained, not to have an advertisement thrust on his notice.

THIS MAN KNOWS

Addressing a meeting of daily newspaper editors some time ago A. P. Sandles, for years head of the Ohio State Fair board uttered the following sensible remarks:

"The country editor has never made a million dollars. As a rule he makes more donations to the community than any other half-dozen folks. A town is always on the map if it has a real, live news sheet to make a noise, advertise its merchants, and make people think. The weekly newspaper is a power that is recognized by the political boss more than it is recognized by the home folks or even the home merchant. The clubs, lodges and social events all want space in the home paper whether the subscription is paid up or not. The profit in a country paper is often the money that is credited on the books of the editor and never collected. Everybody ought to take the home paper, even if only to be sure of a good funeral notice. But it ought to be paid for"

Fact vs. Fiction

- Fiction**—Prohibition was hastily enacted.
- Fact**—For more than 100 years prohibition was intensively and extensively studied and discussed. No question ever decided by the American people was better understood.
- Fiction**—Prohibition was the will and act of the minority.
- Fact**—Before national prohibition went into effect 34 states, acting separately for themselves, had adopted prohibition. More than three-fifths of the people four-fifths of the territory of the country were under prohibition. The Eighteenth Amendment was submitted by a vote of more than two-thirds of both houses of the United States Congress and has been ratified by 46 of the 48 states or by twenty-three twenty-fourths of them. The only two states which have failed to ratify to date, Connecticut and Rhode Island, have less than one-thirty-fifth of the population and a trifle more than one-five-hundredth of the continental area, and if the water which is included in these states is not counted the area further reduced by more than 300 square miles.
- Fiction**—Prohibition was "put over" while America's soldiers were away.
- Fact**—The Congress which submitted prohibition to the states was elected (November, 1916) five months before war was declared on Germany (April, 1917). American soldiers are not drunkards. They helped Kentucky to enact prohibition after their return in 1919, raised the prohibition majority in Ohio from 28,000 to nearly 42,000 and in Michigan from 68,000 to 207,000.
- Fiction**—Prohibition is unconstitutional.
- Fact**—By a unanimous opinion of the United States Supreme Court, 1920, both the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Code were declared to be constitutional.
- Fiction**—More liquor is consumed than before prohibition.
- Fact**—In 1917, the last year before prohibition went into effect, 600 distilleries in the United States produced 168,000,000 gallons of spirituous liquor. In the same year 1300 breweries produced 1,885,000,000 gallons of beer. The first year under constitutional prohibition three distilleries were in operation and 28,000,000 gallons of spirits were consumed, while beer practically disappeared. The liquor imported was less than one-half of one per cent of the consumption of pre-prohibition days.
- Fiction**—Prohibition interferes with personal liberty.
- Fact**—So do the Ten Commandments, according to the testimony of every liar, thief, libertine and blasphemer.
- Fiction**—Prohibition makes hypocrites.
- Fact**—The treason and anarchy preached and practiced by the liquor people will of course make patriots and Christians.
- Fiction**—Prohibition cannot be enforced.
- Fact**—Prohibition, and every law for the good of the people, can be enforced by placing men in authority who have the inclination, courage and ability to do what they are paid and sworn to do.—Christian Science Monitor.

Boy's Adventures In Jungle

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

It was not long in coming. Preceded by a youth of perhaps eighteen years who bore on his shoulder a long stick to which was attached an iron skillet filled with lighted pine knots, there came within the radius of our fire a great bearded man, with one of the most repugnant countenances I have ever seen. Pook-marked and disfigured as if by knife wounds and with little pig-eyes that stared a us from beneath the rim of a torn sou'wester, his very appearance frightened us, especially as the boatman and Indian seemed even more frightened than we.

With camp hospitality we offered the strangers coffee and the remains of our supper which they ate ravenously without uttering a word of explanation for their presence and without once turning their backs on us or taking their eyes off my mother. The latter, though thoroughly frightened tried to put up a bold front and chatted on about the storm and the hard time we had had in getting ashore. When the last drop of coffee had been drained and the last morsel of food consumed by the surly strangers, the older of the two informed mother that early in the afternoon they had seen the peril the yacht was in and knew that we must land or be wrecked. They had also discovered a fresh deer track along the edge of the forest fifty yards from where we camped and said they were going to get the deer by torch light and they'd give us a "hunk" of venison for our larder.

With this short explanation and without a word of thanks for our hospitality they shouldered their rifle and torch and disappeared in the darkness in the direction of the forest. Hardly had they gotten out of earshot when the boatman whispered to mother:

"Git yo things together Missee We gotta git out 'o here. They's the most baddest men in the whole 'o Florida and jus' as leaf kill yo as look at yo. Come on I tell yo 'fore yo wake up and' fine yo throat cut from year to year." In spite of the pleadings of the negro and the evident fright of the stoical Indian, mother determined to stay rather than take chances on the storm-tossed river. While she was still undetermined what to do we heard the sharp report of a rifle, followed an instant later by another and another and within less time than it takes to tell it the two men came into the freight dragging between them the still breathing body of a great panther.

"This is what we seen, Mum," said the elder man, "We was afraid we might miss him and ruther than scare you-all we told you it was a deer. He's a big brute shore enuf but he can't do no harm now. Ef yo stay over tomorrer we'll git you the deer we promised." When mother learned later, (for the negro would not let us remain over for the promised venison,) that the bearded stranger was the noted Hank Carmody a "beachcomber" who lived by collecting wreckage from ships and yachts cast up on the beach and that there was a price on his head for the wanton murder of helpless men and women who had come ashore alive from the various wrecks along the coast, she felt that the small flickering spark of manhood that remained in the brute's body or brain had been revived by her helpless condition and the hospitality she had offered him. The negro told mother the history of the man and that the boy who was with him was an infant when Carmody found him clinging to his dead mother's body and had brought him up as a slave to do the bidding of one of the most fiendish characters at large.

Long into the night mother listened to the gruesome tale of the negro the details of which are too horrible to relate. It was little wonder then, that such sleep as we had was filled with dreams of murders and wrecks and that we all welcomed daylight when we hurriedly packed our camp outfit and boarded the yacht. The storm had abated and though the sea was still high we spread all sail and literally flew from a place that had brought us in contact with the lowest dregs of humanity, but as mother has always contended, there is some good in even the worst man or woman.

Our next night was spent at what was then known as Oyster Inlet. Our camping place was on the strip of land between the river and the ocean that was covered with a thick growth of palmetto palms and a heavy undergrowth of wild berry vines, wild grapes and the wonderfully beautiful passion flower.

It was an ideal afternoon and as we all needed rest and sleep we decided to make camp early. A splendid location was found near running water that was sheltered on every hand by the great palms that towered, fifty or sixty feet above our tent. Here mother tried her hand at cooking in the open and the result was amusing. With negro servants to wait on her during her married life and no housekeeping experience to aid her she was helpless in everything that pertained to cooking, but she determined that it was never too late to learn. Always fond of baked beans she made up her mind that she would have beans for supper, so

after learning from the negro that they must first be boiled she dismissed the entire crowd including myself, who went fishing with the boatman, and went about preparations. Mother would never tell us just how many beans she put in the great iron pot but when we returned we found mother off in the woods searching for flowers and making sketches while the fire was out and surrounding the pot on the ground enough swollen, half boiled beans to feed a regiment. The pot held a gallon and this was filled to the brim with beans while more than this amount had boiled over and put out the fire. We had beans on the bill of fare for many days, so mother claims there was nothing wasted, even if she did cook too many.

As the sun went down the wind arose. The sky became overcast and strange black funnel shaped clouds made their appearance in the east. The Indian made signs that the wind was going to blow strong and assisted the boatman in making fast the dory after putting out two anchors on the yacht, that lay several hundred yards out in the stream. It was well this precaution was taken for had it not have been done we would have had no yacht the following day.

As darkness descended there came a sudden calm and a suffocating feeling in the air that reminded one of the interior of a hot house. Thirty minutes later, without an instant's warning a storm burst on us that turned out to be the worst in the history of the coast. Our tent fastenings were torn up as though they had been stuck in soft butter, while hundreds of palmetto trees that owing to their tough yet pliable fiber were cut down like grass and fell like jackstraws about our frail shelter. Unable to seek an open place, as to do so we would have to travel quite a distance through the falling trees, mother and I clung to each other throughout the night praying for deliverance while the boatman and the Indian boarded the yacht, weighed the anchors and brought her ashore on a smooth stretch of beach, where we found her high and dry and unharmed the following morning. Daylight was never quite so welcome to mortals as to us the following day when we had an opportunity to draw a long breath and realize the close call we had had. Strange to relate our frail little tent, or the spot where it stood, was surrounded to a height of ten feet with the fallen trunks of trees any one of which would have killed us instantly if they had fallen where we crouched. Our prayers had indeed been answered and we realized more than ever that there is an overruling power that guides our destiny.

We mentioned in last weeks foreword that many of the then desolate spots mother and I visited had since become popular resorts for the wealthy tourists and the scene of the big storm is now the most beautiful tropical garden in the world in the midst of which stands the great Palm Beach hotel, probably the highest priced and most exclusive resort in existence. With the ocean on one side and the mile wide Indian river on the other, toward which the hotel faces, and a climate that rivals the best in California, Palm Beach is now the meeting place of probably more wealthy people than any other spot in the world.

After leaving the "place of dreadful night" we floated and sailed perhaps fifty miles down the beautiful river, whose banks were covered as far as the eye could see, with tropical bloom and whose dense jungle a hundred yards from the beach sheltered all kinds of wild animals, the cries of which we could distinctly hear as they quarreled over a "kill" or called to their mates.

The objective point for which the Indian was heading was a breeding place of the great sea turtles, the tender flesh of which was then and is now considered a great delicacy in the north. By the sign language that was learned by our negro boatman and later learned by mother, our Indian guide told us that at a certain point on the ocean side of the strip of land dividing the river from the sea thousands of turtles secreted their eggs in the sand, where they were hatched by the sun's rays.

At last we arrived at the designated spot and made camp in a cluster of palms. As the faintest noise or the showing of a light frightened the turtles as they emerged from the ocean, we were compelled to wait several days for the right stage of the moon by whose light we were to later enjoy one of the most interesting sights of our trip. Hiding in a clump of ferns that marked the high water line of the ocean we watched the glistening sands and listened to the boom of the slow moving surf as the tide receded. The moon which was full at this time flooded the beach and edge of the thicket with a light that seemed to me bright enough to read by and as our patience was about exhausted and our limbs cramped from the one position we were compelled to retain we were on the point of abandoning

Four Corners of World Represented In Torrance

Torrance is most typically American. It is the solid North and the hospitable South; it is New England; it is the substantial Middle West; and it is also the glorious golden West. Its every characteristic is nationally universal.

It is a home city, filled with residences occupied by families who formerly lived in every corner of the United States and Canada.

Take a census of any street in Torrance. "We're from New York," "I came from Vancouver," "Oh, yes I once lived in Florida," "We Iowans all feel at home here," "I used to be in Louisiana," "I arrived from Minnesota two years ago," will be some of the responses that come from each front door.

Torrance is becoming the nation's home.

Outside of the individual's own home town he cannot find so many of the "home folks" in any other place as he can in this city.

Reunions are a marked feature of Torrance life.

When the opportunity is offered to buy a tasty bunagow—the product of the very latest architectural thought—nestled down in a bed of green grass, surrounded with peach, orange, lemon and fig trees and probably many others interspersed with rose bushes and with inspirational snow capped mountains as the background, can you wonder that the wife does not resist advising her husband to buy? (It is a commercial axiom that the wife ultimately controls the decision of a home in nine cases out of ten.)

When investigation reveals the fact that tornadoes never threaten to lift a house bodily into the air and let it crash on your head and also that you can leave your home any summer afternoon and know that no summer thunder storm is going to blow up with electrical pyrotechnics that may stun, maim or kill your children in your absence, then is it any marvel that individuals flock here consistently and persistently to purchase homes in and near Torrance.

When "kiddies" can be turned loose every day in the year and play to their hearts content, when they can develop coats of healthy tan, when they have the advantages of one of the best school systems in the United States, when they have the opportunity to look forward to attending some of the best institutions of higher learning on the continent, when there are excellent clinics, lectures and other advantages for intelligent child rearing; can you blame parents for feeling that it is their duty to the oncoming generations to raise them in Torrance?

When there is evidence of a splendid religious life as indicated by the wonderful congregations of all denominations and by adequate church edifices isn't this another strong reason for the influx of home loving, law abiding families from other parts of this country? When the realization is brought home to the motorist that here he can take the old "boat" out at any time and always be able to get over smooth paved highways how can he resist the opportunity to have his permanent home in a country with such motoring delights?

SAN PEDRO DAILY NEWS VS. TORRANCE PLAYGROUND CLUB

The San Pedro Daily News lost the second game of the series to the Torrance Playground Club.

The game started with San Pedro two runs ahead. They made two more in the second frame by errors. Then the Torrance boys brought across their first run. San Pedro made three more in the third. The score was then seven to one. This held up till the sixth, when Torrance opened up with two on and one down. Watson made a home run, scoring three runs. The little Pedro hurler blew up, walking two men. Dobrick, a heavy hitter followed, hitting a three bagger, scoring two runs. The score was then seven to six, San Pedro's favor.

Then the crabbing started and in the seventh with one Pedro man on and no downs, the first baseman made a hit that twirled in the air and then hit him on the leg. The umpire called him out and that started a riot. The San Pedro manager came out with a host of young paper sellers and raised a howl! After crabbing a while the San Pedro boys pere going to forfeit the game, when they were asked to play under protest. This suited the manager. All was well and set when someone started another crabbing match. The San Pedro boys got in the auto and started home, when they thought some one threw a rock. This started a rock battle until the manager of San Pedro got hit. After a string of crabbing they decided to go home and all was well. Batteries—Reynolds and Burmaster.

the vigil when a nudge from the Indian again aroused our interest. Following the direction of his pointed finger we saw what seemed to be a large black rock on the surf line. Perfectly motionless it remained for at least ten minutes and then with aroiling motion much like that of a partly filled barrel that is moved from side to side, the turtle, for such it was, began its trip of several hundred yards to the dry sands near the edge of the forest. Before it had waddled more than ten feet another was seen leaving the water, and by the time the first had reached its nesting place there were literally hundreds in motion toward the higher ground.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

RICHARDSON REFUSES TO "BOW KNEE"

Promises to Drive Machine Boss Out of State Politics

The manly declaration of Friend W. Richardson, candidate for Governor of California, that he will not "bow the knee" to the political boss of the State Machine, Al McCabe, who is still in control, has met with the approval of every loyal Californian.

At the banquet given in honor of Richardson a week ago in the Hotel Alexander, Los Angeles, when the city editors entertained newspaper men of the country, the Republican candidate promised that he would drive Al McCabe out of politics of this state. The statement was received amid the wildest cheering and enthusiasm ever seen at a meeting of this kind. He stated further that he would conduct his campaign independently of the "machine" and would rely exclusively on the support of the newspapers of the rural districts aided by those metropolitan dailies who are members of the newspaper men's organization, which helped him state his cause to the voters before the August 29 primary election. During this time the weekly papers throughout the state rallied around the Richardson cause and without remuneration helped nominate an honest man for governor.

After all the Senator Johnson people did to prevent the nomination of Richardson at the primaries, Richardson, it is now known, is determined not to have his growing prestige and personality subjugated by the bosses of the state political machine.

As the political gossip runs, the followers of Richardson believe Johnson needs the political help of Richardson more than Richardson does that of Johnson. At any rate Friend W. Richardson has proven to the voters of the state that he will not "travel" with the former bosses of the governor; that this fight of his has behind it an honest purpose—efficiency of government with economy. Richardson promises the same efficiency we now get with a saving to the taxpayers of twelve million dollars a year; can cellation of hundreds of state automobiles that are running around over the state with the pretense of enforcing official business. In fact you will be bewildered at some of the exposures—when Richardson enters the State Capitol as governor of California.

Recognize Small Weekly Newspapers

William J. Pearson, progressive farmer candidate for United States Senator, sent the following telegram to the members of the Southern California Editorial Association at their recent meeting at Los Angeles.

Permit me, as a citizen of California, to extend to you my sincere and hearty congratulations on your earnest and valiant efforts to mould public opinion in the state in favor of an electorate free from all machine dominations, all boss control, and I believe that your leadership has paved the way for similar movements by the press of other states to the betterment of the entire nation through direct votes for men and measures—the true verdict which all candidates for public office, barring machine-made politicians will undoubtedly welcome as the voice of the people.

BRITISH DID NOT GUARANTEE DEBTS

"A number of inquiries have been received, as a result of statements recently published, with respect to the exact status of the obligations of foreign governments held by the United States," says Secretary of Treasury Mellon, in a recent statement. Mr. Mellon says that "special attention has been directed to the origin of the indebtedness of the British Government amounting to about \$4,135,000,000." He further states that the United States Government virtually insisted upon a guarantee by the British Government of amounts advanced to the other Allies is evidently based upon a misapprehension. Instead of insisting upon a guarantee, or any transaction of that nature, he explains, the United States Government took the position that it would make advances to each government to cover the purchases made by that government and would not require any government to give obligations for advances made to cover the purchases of any other government. Thus, the advances to the British Government evidenced by its obligations, were made to cover its own purchases, and advances were made to other Allies to cover their purchase.

From the statements of Mr. Mellon, and in accompanying data it appears to be quite clear that the respective borrowing nations each gave their own obligations for the United States and that no guarantee of the obligations by the British Government was asked for or received.

Sometimes about all that the early bird gets is hungry.

We heard a man say yesterday that managing a wife would be all right if such a thing was possible.

If you live right you won't have to worry about what the newspapers say about you.