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**WHERE NATURE REIGNS**

By **JOHN TWEEDDALE**  
 OF TORRANCE

Nestling on the broad veranda of a mighty terrene structure of primordial design, and white as a lingering snowdrift against its forest balcony my mountain-cottage, and our destination, appeared for a fleeting moment as we rounded the last turn in the spiral roadway which, like a broad strip of dusty, grayish brown canvas, lay along the precipitous slopes of a great gash in the ancient uplift.

As our car rolled into the vine covered garage and I shut the powerful motor down, Ning Po, my faithful major domo of many years service, who had been sent up two days in advance to prepare the house for our occupancy, ran out to welcome us, a broad smile of pleasure lighting up his Oriental features, and his voluminous garments flapping in the breeze like unto a winged mercury in full flight. He assured us with a convincing flourish of the large ladle he carried, that breakfast would soon be served, and darted back to the kitchen.

We had taken our departure from the city before the time for the crowing of cocks had arrived, and even yet the sun had not drawn aside the curtains of night, or opened the windows of day to peek out and see if our little planet on the far-off horizon was still riding its stellar way.

Infinite repose was abroad in the forest, infinite peace in the green canopy which extended over our heads, and save for the faint chirp of a linnet in a nearby copse, infinite silence reigned around us.

As we strolled leisurely towards the house, our old teacher, and my cousin, Professor Howard, who had, much to our gratification, consented to be my guest for two weeks, stopped, and looked about him with the air of one whose cup of earthly enjoyment is full to overflowing. "Silence," he said, in a subdued voice as if loath to break in upon it, "Silence, and yet above, below and on all sides is immeasurable activity; the gigantic wheels in this sublime laboratory of creation, turning, ever turning, and the product of their industry, is the grandeur of the mountains, the majesty of the forest and the charm of yonder bed of ferns and flowers. I often wonder," he continued, "why man and all his works is so clamorous?" "Don't you think, Professor," suggested Dick, "that self-exaltation is responsible for at least a part of it, the average adult, down at the root of his little soul, is very much like a young child who will deliberately create the most unearthly noises in an effort to attract the attention of mates or elders?"

"I don't know but you are right, Dick," the professor answered, "many of us never grow out of our waddling band mentality."

At this juncture the musical tinkle of an old-fashioned dinner-bell which Ning Po refused to part with, summoned us to the home-like atmosphere of the breakfast room, and to a snowy table, resplendent with shiny silverware and glistening cut glass. More interesting, however, than all else at this particular moment, were Ning Po's rice cakes, fried to a golden brown, steaming hot, and when garnished with a nectar from the maple woods of Vermont, an epicurean delicacy of supreme delight; coffee, ham and eggs completed the menu, and Ning Po had good reason to be proud of his culinary skill if the quantity consumed could be taken as a criterion.

Our duty to the inner man disposed of we repaired to a shady nook where hammock chairs were available, lighted our pipes and proceeded to deduct from our vacation period, the first of what we expected to be a long series of blissful hours.

We sat for some time in contented silence, Professor Howard, Dick and I, for the tranquility of our natural surroundings rested upon our minds and bodies, and the inane banter of so-called polite society seemed to belong to another and a different world. Here, indeed, were we within the unaffected confines of that region, where stands Uranus on the sublime heights of our material universe, guarding with watchful care the secrets of the ages, and gazing down with filial commiseration upon the great centers of population; on the eternal strife; the useless turmoil and ceaseless running to and fro, and wondering, ever wondering, what product the roaring crucibles of modern civilization will yield when, in the dim reaches of the future, the fires of life burn down in the great kilns and cold gray smoke-stacks stand, grim reminders of the things that were and might have been.

Something like this must have been passing through the Professor's mind, for he rose suddenly, a far-away light in his clear grey eyes, dumped the ashes from his pipe and said, "Now that we have provided our organs of locomotion with the necessary fuel to carry us over the rough places; communed with our thoughts, and rested, I suggest we begin our first lesson on the subject of forest preservation." Dick and I quickly acquiesced and we were soon "breasting" the narrow trail to Sierra Peak.

The heavy dew of mountain regions still hung like tiny masses of liquid sunshine on tree, shrub and plant, and our progress was marked by a scintillating shower

of small round crystalline drops as we brushed past the overhanging branches.

Filled with enthusiasm we had ascended the steep trail at a rapid pace, too rapid, for experienced mountaineers like ourselves to be guilty of, and when the mesa high above our cottage came into view, Dick "spurred" ahead, threw himself full length on the grassy turf, propped up his head with a large smooth stone and closed his eyes in restful repose. The Professor and I, glad of the opportunity to get our "second breath", followed his example.

From the elevation at which we were, the Santa Ana River, far below, could be seen in all its beauty, wending a circuitous way through clusters of willows here, an adobeberry there; a long narrow streak of sparkling water, carrying to the thirsty valley a bounteous supply of the elixir of life, with the assurance that just in proportion to the protection afforded its water sheds will that supply be maintained. But, if in the long stretches of the night or in the glory of the day, spring, when the time of the falling of leaves has come, the thoughtless and obstinate among mankind are permitted to roam at will through the dry inflammable underbrush, bearing with them the dangerous elements of fire, death and destruction will soon be abroad in the forest and drought, famine and suffering in the valleys below, to be and to remain until from out the shadowy portals of tomorrow, there comes a race that can profit by the lessons of yesterday.

(To Be Continued)

**TOWNE TALK**

"Just for Fun"  
 By **RAS BERRY**

It was an inspiring sight to see the Rotary boys going to bed at the Johnston ranch with the canopy of stars for the roof. Them as was not in the army had quite a time making their beds and some of the beds was so short that the stars shined down on bare feet projecting out from under ineptly laid blankets.

Don Findley he come to bed after most of the boys had retired and when he was about ready to crawl in though not quite ready why the boys throwed flashlights on him and Don he done a good imitation of a wood nymph playing hide and go seek with the white light of publicity.

Don got so flustered amid the laughter that he couldn't find his pajamas and leaped into the hay in his undies.

The Johnston ranch, is a dairy ranch and it was quite a novel experience for the Torrance boys to see Warren work. He says he misses his old job of holding up the corner of the 1st Nat'l bank and stealing headlines off of the popcorn man.

Sam Levy he made a speech denoting Wally Post as Rotary president and he said before Wally become president of anything he was a lowly farm hand back in Nebraska so he presented Wally with a farmer's straw hat, a loving cup in the form of a milk pan and then led up a cow and told Wally to milk the animal and Wally he tried it and didn't get no results and all he could do was claim the cow was dry.

Dick Flaherty called it a Republican cow and that went over pretty good with them as got it.

After the folks at why Warren built a big camp fire and the men all got on one side and the gals on the other and they sang songs at each other.

The men sang Oh how I hate to get up in the morning and the gals come back with Onward Christian soldiers and then the men sang I want to go back to the farm, and the gals sang Take me out to the ball game.

When the gals sang cuddle up a little closer the men come back with Darling I am growing old, silver threads among the gold.

Then the gals sang Oh Johnny how you can love and the men sang I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad.

The gals then sang Three o'clock in the morning and the men sang good night ladies.

W. Post challenged Mrs. Kelsey to a morning milking contest and Mrs. Kelsey she said she wasn't gonna get up that early.

In a exciting croquet match, Buck

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**A. W. MELLON**, Secretary of the Treasury  
 Washington, July 5, 1928.

**Dodge Add Sport Roadster to Line of Victory Sixes**

With summer driving days just ahead, the addition of a sport roadster in the Victory Six line has been announced by Dodge Brothers, Inc., to meet the demand for an open car combining Victory Six performance with smartness and attractive color combinations. Six wire wheels, the two spares being carried in wells of the front fenders, are standard equipment with trunk rack in the rear. With the top down, the windshield can be pushed over forward to afford unobstructed vision.

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