

By RAY BROOKS

SWEET PAY-OFF

Long before the era of cash and carry grocery chains and super-super markets, when groceries were purchased at the corner store where everything was sold from hip boots to harness and everybody "ran a bill," my father would go as regular as clockwork to our community market each Saturday night and old man Schroeder, the grocer . . . (I remember him well; he always wore a little black skull cap, a brilliant striped shirt, high stiff collar, from which hung, like a limp and withered vine, a plain narrow wash tie, always soiled, always crumpled. His chest was too flat and his stomach too protruding and his grocer's apron flapped in soiled folds around his yellow, button shoes) . . . kindly old man Schroeder would fumble thru a mountainous maze of papers and account books, and finding ours, he would adjust his glasses, wet the end of a stubby length of pencil and add up the week's grocery bill. Usually he would add the columns several times and invariably arrive at three or more totals, always giving up in disgust and charging my father the lowest figure, remarking that he "thought that was fair 'nuf."

Then came the part of the Saturday evening ritual for which I waited expectantly week to week. When the cash was in the drawer old man Schroeder would spend several minutes (hours, I thought) chewing the rag with father about the weather or politics and then he would clump over to the candy counter and fill a small, highly colored striped bag full of yellow candy corn, gum drops and jelly beans. That was my Saturday night party and what a brawl it was!

But what I really started out to say and the thing that got me off on this long reminiscence of youth was the rather remarkable fact that the Colburns' Markets — son Richard and father George — still pay off with sweets when their charge customers slap down the cash. It's rather a nice custom, and if nothing else, it shows they appreciate the business.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

Carl Paxman, son of old-time hardware merchant, C. A. Paxman, has taken over the business since the recent illness of his father and has made many physical changes in the layout of the store. Old shelves have come down, cases have been painted and stocks rearranged. The place looks much better and to Carl, who says business is improving, we wish every success and the hope that he will become in time as substantial and admirable a merchant as his father has been these past many years.

BIGGER & BETTER BARGAINS
Gaston Area, over at Miller's Furniture Emporium, has a super bargain this week in a Royal vacuum sweeper. You buy the sweeper for only \$39.95 and you get a \$14.50 hand cleaner and a de-moth and paint sprayer attachment free for nothing! As values in sweepers go, you can take it from me this is a bargain!

S-CHAIR PROSPERITY

Like the little robin red breast that heralds the coming of spring, George Morton, over at the American Barber Shop, tells of the approach of prosperity by the addition to his staff of another snip and lather expert, one Harry McElfresh, who wields a mighty pair of shears, and who already is known for his comb and razor work in these here parts.

With the coming of Harry (good name for a barber, yes?) George Morton now boasts the only three chair shop in town.

ANNIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

We wonder what became of Dr. Melnick, who opened doctor's offices on Cabrillo. The good doctor was here only a few days and then scampered in the middle of the night. Those in the "inner circle" nod knowingly when the doctor is mentioned; those not crane long necks to listen. Ugly rumors, my dears, only ugly rumors. . .

ESTHER'S ART

Esther's art does NOT refer to male friends of the comely young blonde who labors (?) for the Alcorns. It DOES refer to a mammoth painting that hangs above the bar (we use that advisedly) out at the Alcorn's malt and drug shops. The pitcher is entitled "Dawn" was done by Esther's two little hands and is quite beautiful. It shows . . . well, it shows how it

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TWENTY-THIRD YEAR—No. 10.

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1937

\$2.00 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPY 5c

SYMPHONY SCORES WITH HAYDN WORK

Lorene Ulrich Delights Audience With Solos At Free Concert

Although less than \$88 remained in the "Music and Promotion fund" for such purposes, the city council Tuesday night voted \$150 toward the cost of the next free Symphony concert, scheduled for the night of April 2. The balance of the allocation will be taken from the unappropriated general fund. A letter from Scott Ludlow, representing the Symphony association, asked for the fund and stated that the "comedy skit"—of doubtful entertainment value—would be discontinued in future concert programs.

Of all the compositions played by the Torrance Symphony orchestra this season, perhaps the most outstanding rendition was Haydn's Surprise Symphony, whose four parts were presented last Friday night in the civic auditorium at the second free concert this year.

Haydn's melodic work was admirably arranged by Conductor George N. Mershon to obtain the most from his excellent but limited range of instruments. Lacking brasses and woodwinds, so necessary to the bravura music of modern composers and the Wagner school, the Torrance orchestra treated Haydn's work with the devotion to pure melody that is the Surprise Symphony's greatest charm.

Mrs. Lorene Ulrich's solos were another highlight of the concert. She was in excellent voice and while her aria from Samson of Delilah, "Printemps qui commence," showed considerable study it was not a happy choice, possibly for two reasons: first, because it lacked full orchestration for accompaniment, and second, because the number is one of Saint Saens' less colorful compositions.

Overture Sets Motif
However, the local soloist scored a distinct triumph with her "Londonderry Air" and "Home on the Range," both to the accompaniment of her husband, Thomas Ulrich. The latter number was given as an encore. Mrs. Ulrich should be given further opportunities to appear with the symphony, preferably when full orchestra arrangements can be obtained and presented to frame her lovely voice.

The third outstanding number on the program, which was sponsored by the city and given under the auspices of the Torrance Grand Opera and Symphony Association, was Beethoven's Fidelio Overture. Conductor Mershon swept his 35 musicians thru this work in a vivid, majestic tone that set the pace for the music to follow.

The Delibes Ballet Sylvia was none too certain but the pizzicato polka was a sprightly interlude. The concluding movement emphasized the need for additional instrumentation in the orchestra. "Under the Double Eagle March" was more or less routine but, as in the case of all Torrance concerts, the audience's singing of the national anthem, to the accompaniment of the orchestra was a stirring finale.

Should Ban "Skits"
Concerning the "comedy skit" for which Mershon exhibits a fondness, many concert-goers believe—and rightly so—these could be very well omitted. (Continued on Page 8-B)

Food Poisoning Strikes Transients



The children of Mrs. J. M. Kilgore are shown anxiously grouped about her cot in the hospital at Walnut Creek, Cal., where Mrs. Kilgore was treated for shock caused by the death of one of her small daughters, Laura. She also was stricken with the same food poisoning which claimed the daughter's life and made 12 persons in a motor car cavalcade from Oklahoma desperately ill. The strange tragedy was marked up by authorities as another of many to overtake Middle Westerners driven by drought and dust storms to seek a livelihood and the fabled "end of the rainbow" in Western areas.

Theft of Tar Latest Depredation At H.S. Gym Building

Local police are paying particular attention to every roofing job in progress and will continue to do so for some time. The reason: They are looking for 600 pounds of tar, contained in one barrel, that was stolen from the high school near the new gymnasium building late last week. Contractors working on the structure have been periodically robbed of their equipment and materials. The theft of the tar is another in the series of depredations occurring at that location.

Guardianship Sought By Girls' Step-father

Richard D. Stanton is seeking to be appointed legal guardian of his two step-daughters, Mary Marie, 16, and Isabel Jane Grommet, 13, now living in Torrance. In his petition filed in superior court late last week, Stanton stated the two children have need of a guardian to look after property left by their mother, Mrs. Mary Madeline Stanton, who died Feb. 3. The girls are now under the care of Ed Rogers, 1443 Carson street, it was stated. Hearing will be March 26.

Your rent money will buy a home.

STORMS BESETTING YACHT ONLY THRILL HOMEWARD BOUND TORRANCE YOUTH

What San Francisco newspapers reported as a "terrifying experience in the mid-Pacific" was only a "d-d-darn good t-t-thrill" to Guy Rowell, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Rowell of 1348 Carson street. He still stutters and is the same friendly young fellow who was the first school boy to win a glider pilot's license on the Pacific coast. That was about six years ago.

Guy, who will be 21 next month, returned home late last Thursday afternoon. He had landed in San Francisco Tuesday night after a 22-day crossing from Honolulu as a passenger (fare \$75) aboard the 51-foot cutter Argus.

His shipmates included the wife of the skipper, their two babies, two other passengers and two members of the crew. A gale ripped down on the Argus. Sails were torn away, its log was lost overboard and for five days the little craft was battered by wind and heavy seas.

Becalmed Off Coast
Two more storms were encountered en route. Capt. J. R. Hunt proved a skipper worthy to take his place beside sea heroes of the centuries as he navigated the vessel by dead reckoning toward the mainland and managed, with the aid of a sextant, chronometer and compass, to strike Pt. Arenas, 75 miles from San Francisco. The seafarers knew it was Pt. Arenas they were nosing toward from the distinctive fog horn—but they could not see land. Edging carefully along the coast they finally made Pt. Reyes. Ordinarily this is one of the windiest spots on the

Pacific coast but the Argus was becalmed there. Capt. Hunt didn't dare use the little auxiliary motor, young Rowell said, because most of the gasoline had been used in bucking the storms.

"After two days a breeze sprang up and we made our way to San Francisco," the adventuresome young fellow reports. "Believe me, we sure were glad to step out on good, dry land once more!"

Highly Recommended

Guy added the care of children to his accomplishments, which already included gliding, working a granite nozzle on the Aliamanu Crater project for the U. S. army engineer department and taxi driving. He assisted Mrs. Hunt with her youngsters, a boy of three and one-half and a girl of 22 months. The babies loved the storms, he said, both being "old sailors." The baby girl, who was born in the Islands, was the youngest child ever to cross the Pacific in a yacht the size of the Argus.

Rowell, browned by the Hawaiian and Pacific sun and wearing a shirt whose design consisted of newspaper headlines printed on the cloth, "that's what they're all wearing in Honolulu"—came from San Francisco to Los Angeles by bus and by street car here. He (Continued on Page 8-B)

Lodge Gives City Fine Publicity In Its Publication

More than two pages, in addition to former Mayor W. H. Stanger's picture on the cover, of the nationally circulated A. O. U. W. Bulletin this month was devoted to Torrance. This official publication of the Grand Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, oldest fraternal insurance society in America, gave this generous recognition to this city at the request of W. H. Gilbert, who is in charge of the Torrance district for the order.

Gilbert's efforts resulted in a comprehensive story about this city—its factories and industries, and the article is handsomely illustrated by recent drawings of the new city hall, civic auditorium and public library. Gilbert's picture is also shown in the 20-page magazine edited at Grand Forks, N. D.

The article about Torrance was written by Secretary L. J. Gilmeister of the Chamber of Commerce at the request of Gilbert, who was mayor here in 1932 and 1934 and who has always been an outstanding civic worker. The A. O. U. W., which provides insurance for every member of the family from 30 days to 60 years of age, has been very progressive here and has on its roster many of the leading business men of the city. The Torrance lodge, No. 33, was organized through the initial efforts of H. T. Lewis and Gilbert and was instituted in January, 1934.

Tribute to City
In October 1936 members of this lodge agreed to sponsor a (Continued on Page 7-B)

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Charlie Says:
"During the furnishing of the Herald's Demonstration Home last Saturday A. M. (we put a washer and iron in the garage) Bonny Corder, affable young man employed by one of our contributors (should we mention the name and give free advertising? H. L. NO!) brought in several pieces of pottery to display in the dinette.
Having too many pieces Bonny started out the door with them in his hand. An elderly lady saw him, became excited and rushed up to the house keeper exclaiming that the young man should be arrested . . . he was stealing the pottery from the house!"

"Yours for Stewart-Warner, 'Charlie LeBoeuf.'"
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