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TORRANCE HERALD

PART TWO

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Thirteen

A Herald Photo-Story:

A NIGHT WITH THE BEAT PATROLMEN

Dr. Rodney Stetson, prominent local physician, received a notice this week which informed him he had been appointed General Commander of Air Raid Wardens in this community. Attached to the letter of appointment which was signed by S. T. Uffitt, General Director of the Air Raid Warden Division, was a rather formidable list of equipment which the air raid wardens were told was "standard equipment" for each warden.

- The list:
1. One Respirator.
 2. One belt to be worn about the waist with (10) hooks for carrying six (6) filled sand bags and four (4) buckets of water.
 3. One axe stuck in belt.
 4. One stirrup pump to be carried over the left shoulder.
 5. One extension ladder to be carried under the left arm.
 6. One long-handled shovel to be carried over the right shoulder.
 7. One rake under the right arm.
 8. One scoop in the left hand.
 9. One whistle hanging on lanyard to be carried in the mouth.
 10. Two (2) wet blankets around the neck.
 11. One flashlight hanging around the neck for easy access.
 12. One tin helmet with turned-up brim to carry extra water.
 13. Extra sand to be carried in all pockets.
 14. One box of matches to light incendiary bombs which fail to go off.
 15. One ship's anchor to be dropped in case Air Raid Warden can not stop galloping.
 16. One broom for sweeping up after it is all over.

Well, the cover on the story-book Cinderella romance fell silently closed (as we predicted it would) on the final page in Riverside this week ending a romance that spread across two continents and the Atlantic Ocean.

Millionaire Roland DeVigier complained to a Riverside judge that his romance with 15-year-old Martha Morris, a former Torrance High School girl, was kissless.

As we stated in this column earlier, there was no testimony given in open court. DeVigier, with the aid of lawyers No. 1 to No. 3 inclusive, handed to the judge sealed testimonies and requested they remain so in seeking his annulment.

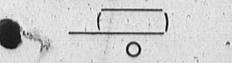
As for Martha? She plans to return to school somewhere in these parts and try to live a normal teen-age life once again.

In all but one detail the romance paralleled that of Cinderella!

It didn't end happily ever after.

Barring flat tires, and too many stops because the kids are thirsty, the wife, our four children, and I should be in Yosemite by the time this reaches you. Course, if we have the same luck we did last year on our vacation, we'll be in a Whittier motel with faulty plumbing.

To our little red wagon we have hooked a trailer that looks a lot like this:



It's about the same size, too! The first five minutes we had it, one of the kids locked us out. We pushed Danny through a space between the frying pan cabinet and the sink drain to snap the release. He got his ears caught on the hinge and now the frying pan cabinet won't shut.

Well, we've told all the neighbors to look out for burglars, the pilot under the water heater is out, the four pups are gone, so for the next two weeks we have



It's Dark And Cold, But (Clomp, Clomp) On He Goes

Every night of the week, 52 weeks a year, when nearly everyone else except the milkman and the all-night service station attendant is home catching 40 winks, the patrolmen in downtown Torrance are pounding their beat.

Up Sartori Ave. and down Cabrillo Ave., east on Carson St. and west on El Prado, it's the same old thing. Jiggle the doorknobs, check the windows and question any nite-owls who "just don't look right to me."

It pays off too, according to Chief of Police John Stroh. Checking on ways of entry into store and office buildings, making sure the "last man to leave" locked the place tight, prevents many a robbery.

It isn't glamorous; it isn't nearly as exciting as chasing speeders down the highway at high speeds with siren screaming. But it's essential to the welfare of any town.

Pictured here, especially posed for the Herald, is what might happen to a couple of beat men during an 8-hour hitch.

After a quick polish up and briefing in the squad-room, patrolmen start out on their beat. Doors which are found unlocked are slammed tight, and a warning card is left for the careless occupant. In some instances, a phone call asks the occupant to come down and meet the patrolmen, to look around inside.

Many a clerk asks the beatmen to take a look at a suspect who hangs around, perhaps while the cash is being counted.

Once in a while, an officer finds a "hot one," and after the shake-down, takes him to the station for booking and jail, to wait for questioning by detectives.

Then, it's back to the beat. That many-mile long trek around a dark and usually quiet city.

Officers shown are Harvey Turrentine, Jim Thompson, Bill Shaner, W. Mitchell and Assistant Chief Willard Haslam.

(All Herald Photos)

