LOMITA NEWS ITEMS

Try a Want Ad in your home paper.

Mr. and Mrs. Sackwick of San Pedro are building a home on their lot on Pennsylvania street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Doss will move from Catalina to their new home on Miller street, April 1.

Mrs. C. H. Gerner and daughter Virginia left Saturday for Tulsa, Oklahoma, their future home.

Dr. Mary L. Noble of Los Angeles was a week-end visitor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monroe of West Weston street.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Goeckel and daughter were Easter guests of Mr and Mrs. Ernest aHle of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Willson are soon to occupy their new home at the corner of Eshleman and Redondo Blvd.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Geist and Mr and Mrs. Wm. Mendleson attended Easter services at Redondo Beach, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Logan and mother of Los Angeles attended the St. Mary's Church in the City, Easter morning.

Clifford Autry is having a vacation for two weeks from the Union Tool Co., as repairs to the shop are being made.

Paul Schultz of Los Angeles spent Easter with his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schultz of Eshleman street.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Taber of Los Angeles were guests of Mrs. Taber's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pickering, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Monroe have as their guests, Mr. Monroe's mother Mrs. D. P. Monroe, who is here to recuperate after a recent illness.

J. R. Richardson of Redondo Beach, formerly of Arizona, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Samuel of Cypress street, Saturday

Miss Mildred Trotman returned to her home Monday from the Seaside hospital, Long Beach, where she had been for two weeks for an operation of appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Rolfe and son Harold, and Mrs. A. W. Mulvey spent Easter Sunday in Redondo Beach, where special Easter services were given.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boyes entertained over the week-end, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Webster and daughter Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Cole and children—all relatives from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tappin, Sr., of South Narbonne entertained their sons and families with a dinner party Easter Sunday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tappin Jr. and son Marshall, Mr. and Mrs Arthur Tappin and son and Edward Tappin.

Little "Billie" Tregarthen of So. Cypress, was badly bruised and cut about the face last Saturday when he stumbled into an open ditch as he was crossing over to the Welton home to deliver a message. The lad received treatment immediately and is recovering.

The Lomita Blue Birds met Wednesday at the home of Miss Laura Thomas of Miller street. To the surprise of the members, it was a real Easter party, this being the first gathering after a long vacation. At the business session a program was adopted for the coming year's work.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Pearce of Miller street, Saturday March 26, 1921, at the Seaside hospital, Long Beach, a baby girl. A new five-room bungalow is being built during Mrs. Pearce's absence and will soon be completed for their new daughter. Mr. Pearce says life is now one merry whirl.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis are the proud owners of a new specially built Dodge car, which was delivered Saturday evening. They christened the new car Sunday by celebrating a trip to Pt. Fermin for the Easter Sunday Sunrise services, and then witnessed the Mission Play at San Gabriel in the afternoon. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs Light of Wilmington.

Mrs. J. Schultz, Mrs. C. N. Wentz and Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Schriver were guests at the wedding anniversary celebration and reception of Mr. and Mrs. Adams of Avenue 21, Los Angeles, last Thursday. There were over 200 guests present during the day's festivities, to honor Mr and Mrs. Adams' sixtieth wedding day. The Adams were former Lomita residents.

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Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

IN THE SWIM

KEEPING up with the crowd is an attempt to stretch a $2,000 income over a $5,000 expense account.

One of the first things a young married man encounters is a stern refusal on the part of his weekly salary to lap around the monthly bills and have anything left for gasoline. This is because anybody who has muscular strength enough to sign a relay of pink promissory notes can own an automobile and throw dust in the eyes of neighbors who did not buy until they could see where the money for an extra tire on the rim was coming from.

One of the best tests of pluck and endurance a young married couple can have is to mingle in a crowd of plutocratic companions without wanting to pawn all of the wedding presents in order to keep up. The greatest treasure on earth is a wife who has social ambitions, but who does not find it necessary to dress like a style show model in order to get invited out. High society recognizes money, but there is a brand which would rather have a few brains than it does diamond tiaras and chiffon velvet wraps.

Keeping up with the crowd in a small town is just as difficult as it is in a larger one, for in each case the crowd is split up into minute crowd-

Eternally trying to move up a step or two and get into the wire-wheeled limousine class.

lets, ranging from champagne suppers to the peanut sandwich spread. The trouble is that few people are satisfied with the crowd nature and their income designed them for, but are eternally trying to move up a step or two and get into the wire-wheeled limousine class. Many a wife has tried to climb into this class and drag her husband with her, but before they were half way up their progress was impeded by the muffled accents of a foreclosure sale.

On the other hand, thousands of people who were born with nothing but a set of plain features and a few layers of horse sense are living in a state of unbroken peace without a solitary top hat or evening gown. As a rule, it will be found that these people can borrow money at the bank without having their collateral pawed over by the board of directors. When a man is unhappy because he is not leading the procession in a twin-six which will not be paid for before Mexico is pacified, it shows that the inside of his head needs upholstering with some different material.

It is all right to keep up with the crowd when you don't have to borrow short-time money in order to get by.

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Concentrating.

"I see where a woman had her husband haled in court for kissing her 300 times a day."

"Some women are hard to please."

"Sure."

"It's evident this chap wasn't scattering his affections around the neighborhood."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF CROSSING A BRIDGE?

NEARLY all authorities agree that to dream of crossing a bridge indicates success in business. If you dream that the bridge is in bad condition and that you are warned not to cross it, and yet do cross it, is a sign that you will rapidly go onward to success. If you have any difficulty in getting across your dream bridge and yet do so, it means that you will successfully overcome obstacles thrown in your path. Simply to see a bridge in a dream means that you will soon be called upon to exert yourself to get the better of some private difficulty or business obstacle. But don't fall off your bridge of dreams—wake up before you do that. However, if you should fall off, or be pushed off, or be forced to leave the roadway to avoid being run over, if you support yourself by clinging to the structure it is still a good sign, for it means the overcoming of difficulties on the road to success. Only one authority can be found who regards it unlucky to dream of a bridge; the almost unanimous verdict is the other way—except that you should not fall entirely off the structure. In that case, or if the bridge collapses under you, beware of false friends.

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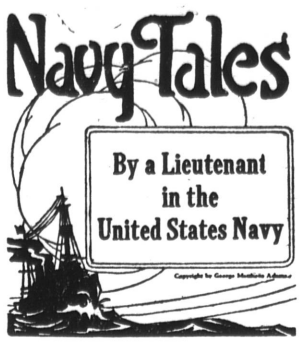
Navy Tales

By a Lieutenant in the United States Navy



MOTOR FAULTS

A WIFE? She isn't in it—not with a man and his machine. The divine harmony of married bliss, the gentle concord of lifelong companionship, the passionate prelude to life itself, are as dust before the hypnotic bonds of mechanism.

Observe the chief electrician on watch. About him hum and roar and thump and purr the million parts of a monster man-of-war. Overhead may flash great teams of heavy guns and hurl their steel death into the enemy. Men may be dying up there. Or a twelve-ton broadside may this moment be in flight toward the heart of the dynamo room itself.

He is watching his motor. Four fat turbo generators are sucking 'juice' out of the air—or wherever juice comes from—and feeding it through the ship.

Suddenly electric lamps about grow brighter. Rather pleasant, one would think, to have more light. Not so the chief. To him one bit of unusual brilliancy means turbine speed too high. Too much current is squirting through the cupric nerves of his paramour. With a practised hand he shifts a valve. Steam drops the fraction of a pound and lamps come natural again.

Eyes bright from concentration shift to the ammeter, a dial that shows the current. Its feathered needle moves with the motor's pulse, a pulse of blood more strange than space, twice as invisible, yet potent beyond man's puny measurements.

Voltmeter gives him the pressure of this blood. Crackle of tiny sparks here and there point to many leaks in the tender skin of insulation. Perhaps a slight fever warms the sturdy magnets at the motor's forehead—an overload or short in the circuit would do it. So the chief does this and that with his switches, and his armature brushes, and his resisting rheostat, until his loved one rests more easily.

Mayhap a burst of blinding flame stuns him. He may flinch in the heat of it. Five-hundred volts leap short gaps with almost volcanic intensity. But the chief leaps to his circuit breaker with a ferocity of defense. His own body is nothing. 'Tis the motor he would save.

No misogynist is this—not with a love like that! Bachelor at forty; call him a celibate if you please. But the motor's faults are not the follies of a woman. They are the weak points in the chief's electrical efficiency.

He knows this. The clean truth of it holds him. He sticks to the navy, to his motor; and his love is very genuine.

SEA OUTFIT

IN MOMENTS of great stress we are very human; also genuine. We tend to reveal that which is most characteristic of our whole makeup.

Take the case of a certain commander who received orders at sea. Such a change means little to the bluejacket. He is younger and more temporary in the service. When Uncle Sam lobs him from beach to battleboat, "I Should Worry" is the tune to which he marches. For the "gob"—lucky dog—takes a turn round ditty box and bag with hammock furled beside, and beats it.

But a commander doesn't swing in a hammock; and a dozen ditty boxes and bags wouldn't hold the mess of uniforms he must have. Also there are his civilian togs, and swords, and books, and filing cases, and a multitude of other belongings.

Yet he has cut to bare necessities. "No, my dear," to his tearful wife says he, "I cannot take those sofa pillows for my bunk. But I need the sheets and pillowcases. Four blankets will be more than enough. And don't forget the towels and a sewing kit."

She doesn't. Nor does she overlook his winter underwear and sweaters for a sudden northern cruise. When he isn't watching she darns up all his socks and his whites. Knowing his absentmindedness she tucks in odd corners of his sea chest small packages of pins and pipes and spare shaving gear and shoestrings and mittens and mufflers and woolen socks, and an old panama hat for Cuban waters.

She insists on including an alcohol stove for a midnight mug up on the gale-cut bridge. She gets ready his sea diary and has his binoculars cleaned. She finds has epaulettes need new straps and puts in a mean half-hour splicing up his sword knot.

Finally, if she's wise, she sends in a subscription for her commander's favorite magazine and arranges to have fresh fruit sent him when in port. As a last touch with bags and boxes packed and ready she slips in a little picture of herself. "He'll probably miss it when he gets there," she murmurs.

Months later he's home again, and he talks a bit. "Oh yes," says he offhandedly, "just as the old tub was about to break up I slipped into my room and got your picture."

Whereupon he hauls out and hands her the most important item of a commander's sea outfit.

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