

# TOWNE ALKE

**"Just for Fun"**

By RAS BERRY

Hutch Hutchinson and Charlie Schultz of the Ford outfit and the bus, mgr. and Ras was down to San Pedro seeing the Shenandoah slide in.

Well, says Hutch, you can see the blades on the propeller revolving around. Yes, and every Sat. nt. at Moose Hall in Torrance you can see the blades revolving around, says Ras.

She's tacking, says the bus mgr. I should think a balloon would have to be careful of them tacks, says Ras.

That ZR-3 is some boat, says Hutch. Yes they are going to rename her now, says Charlie. They are going to call her "The Politician" because she is a big bag of wind. Charlie was wrong. They named her the Los Angeles—maybe because of the L. A. Chamber of Commerce.

Hutch says he thought they ought to name her the La Pollette because she's up in the air so much.

She's the last word in transportation, says Ras. That's why they call her she, says the bus mgr. The shes always has the last word.

Shenandoah means Daughter of the Stars says Ras. I didn't know she was made in Hollywood says Charlie.

Did you see that heading in the

paper Friday. It says Bankers Trim Bankers. Well, turn and turn about is fair play, ain't it?

And besides the bankers should ought to trim something besides bond coupons.

Who, says Little Ras, does that big balloon belong to? To the United States, says Ras. And who is the United States? says Little R. The United States, says Ras, is the child of the composite mind of the body politic, set up by agreement of the majority, an intangible entity called government, existing by virtue of the will of the majority to surrender some individual identity and liberty for the sake of society—an elusive something, torn of the people and responsible to the people, all-powerful as long as the people permit to be—vested with authority that finds its origin in the popular will and stripped of authority or changed by the same collective power—a monument to man's devotion to social progress, his unselfish determination to give something of his own self to the welfare of the many—an institution cloaked with power to guide the conduct of the individual because that individual agrees with other individuals that he will bow to such power—an unseen, almost undefinable.

It is not, says Little Ras's mother, it is J. P. Morgan.

Now, what is home without a mother?

But thus are families divided among themselves and the young deprived of learned dissertations by the injection into their domestic education of incisive feminine insight and a womanly determination that males shall leave their bunk at the workshop and not scatter it around the house.

Just the same, what Ras said is what the U. S. is supposed to be, albeit there may have been some things that have sneaked in. Geo. Washington and Tom Jefferson.

son and John Hancock and Ben Franklin didn't intend.

And that brings to mind something serious. Which is what a Frenchman once said to a radical: "I will spend my blood to prevent your principles from becoming prevalent in this country, but your right to espouse those principles I will also defend with my life."

Try that on your political piano. It's a pretty good melody. Even if your piano is out of tune.

### TWENTY YEARS FROM TODAY

Workman excavating for the new subway from the suburb of Los Angeles downtown to Torrance yesterday unearthed a strange bottle, the contents of which is puzzling residents here. The bottle is of the non-refillable type and bears a label, oddly preserved, which reads "Johnnie Walker." Workman turned the bottle over to local authorities, where a gathering of aged residents caused an unexpected disturbance by staring a blither fight for the possession of the bottle. In this fight six men were knocked unconscious and fifteen received internal injuries which necessitated treatment at the Torrance Memorial Hospital. One unidentified resident, victor over his fellows, secured the bottle and when last seen was headed in the general direction of the Palos Verdes hills, his long white whiskers flying in the breeze, the strange bottle clasped tightly in his right hand. Officials are at a loss to advance a reason for the fight over the bottle and the sudden departure of the old gentleman from the receptacle. One theory is that the old man's name is Walker, that the bottle was buried by one of his ancestors named John Walker, and that it contains a chemical compound of a secret youth-preserving formula passed down through generations of the Walker family. This probably accounts for the fact that the old man who seized the bottle and hurried for the hills was later seen rambling energetically over the country and displaying his happiness at recovering the family secret bottle, and thus restoring his own youth, by singing in a loud voice a weird song made up of repeated predictions that "it ain't gonna rain no more."

Walker may appear outside New York—in interior shows in Cleveland and San Francisco. But these battles will be mainly exhibitions. The supremacy between himself and Shade may be settled in an open-air bout next summer—not before.

Benny Leonard will devote his winter months to the study of the stage. An injured thumb forced postponement of the only battle which might have given the fans something over which to chew the fat during the winter. That was his two-tittle contest with Mickey Walker.

(Incidentally, our tip to Benny is to find a thumb specialist after this when he has any trouble with the digit.)

The featherweight division has no head—no king on which to shower glory. Large purses and big names are being made up and left the division flat when he retired undefeated a few months ago.

Johnny was a legitimate champ. But the two battles that were responsible for his rise to the throne, after 12 years of waiting, eliminated the only men capable of giving him a real battle—Johnny Kilbane and Eugene Criqui. Criqui, you will recall, brought Kilbane's long and hectic reign to an end, and 60 days later Dundee socked the title holder of France into oblivion.

Abe Goldstein, bantamweight champion, hasn't fought a formidable opponent since he won the much-tossed-about headpiece. Pete Herman and Joe Lynch, with their weird performances and juggling of the crowd, dragged the tarnished derby into disrepute, and Goldstein has made little effort to shine it up. He has licked two men since acquiring the title March 21—Charlie Ledoux and Tommy Ryan.

Pancho Villa, king of the flyweights and one of the greatest little fighters of the time, will have to be content with the smaller purses offered by promoters outside New York until his little argu-

ment with the New York boxing bosses is ended.

So figure out, if you can, when one or two of these champions will swing into action. There's only one thing sure regarding the appearance of any of these birds. That is that of John Fan will be asked to kick in anywhere from five to fifty bucks to get a look at the chipwax when it is displayed.

And things are reaching a point where the fan strains his eyes trying to see five dollars' worth of fighting in even a championship bout.

Fate is exacting.

Fate is obdurate.

Men destined to be hurled into the glare of fame over night find themselves pushed there whether they desire it or not.

Take the case of Alvin York, Tennessee mountaineer. From the pulpit and his sermons on "Thou Shalt Not Kill" York was drawn into the maelstrom of war and emerged one of the world's greatest heroes—with a record of having captured some 132 Germans single-handed.

Other men, possessing all the attributes of greatness, toil obscurely through life, grasping in vain for fame and glory. Some are dead—or not at all. Gauguin, Herman Melville, Franz Hals—the lists of writers, painters and other artists are replete with such men.

And then there is the type predestined to climb to fame through the agency of unerring toil. Brave heart they need in addition to talent.

Of this type is Walter Johnson. Johnson was simply "playing the string out" as Fate willed in the world's series, from which he emerged in the eleventh hour hero of the day.

Fans to the last man know who Johnson totted eighteen years to win the coveted honor of playing in a world's series.

Year after year Johnson pitched his heart out—carried the pitching burden of a squad of men—in an effort to have the satisfaction that goes with resting on the topmost round of baseball's ladder of fame.

Year after year Fate shook her head. "This is not the year, nor is next."

Johnson labored on. Last spring Fate whispered "Now is the time." Johnson may have heard. Perhaps not. The records show, however, that he simply pitched once more the ball he pitched year after

# SPOTLIGHT ON SPORTS

By JACK KEENE

The Sick Man of Europe had nothing on the boxing game in America as far as being ill is concerned.

A glance over the prospects of the coming months leads one to believe that only a blood transfusion can save it.

Here is the outlook: Jack Dempsey indicated that he does not intend to fight for many months when he underwent a beauty operation to improve his nose at the expense of his cauliflower ear.

He may get into the ring next Independence Day—if the purse offered is large enough to insure him extra pin money to have the nose trued up again, should Harry Willis or Jack Renault or some other licensee operate on it without a license.

Harry Greb will continue to pick up some more easy money on the strength of his middleweight title, but as long as he continues to be champ, and the division in general as regarded his title, he will look forward to it in that division.

Mickey Walker, welterweight champion doesn't care to fight the one man capable of giving him a good battle. That man is Dave Shide. Walker's reason for ducking Shide is not apparent. It is the strange little claim that the New York boxing commission has suspended him until he sees fit to recognize Shide's right to a title match.

Walker may appear outside New York—in interior shows in Cleveland and San Francisco. But these battles will be mainly exhibitions. The supremacy between himself and Shade may be settled in an open-air bout next summer—not before.

Benny Leonard will devote his winter months to the study of the stage. An injured thumb forced postponement of the only battle which might have given the fans something over which to chew the fat during the winter. That was his two-tittle contest with Mickey Walker.

(Incidentally, our tip to Benny is to find a thumb specialist after this when he has any trouble with the digit.)

The featherweight division has no head—no king on which to shower glory. Large purses and big names are being made up and left the division flat when he retired undefeated a few months ago.

Johnny was a legitimate champ. But the two battles that were responsible for his rise to the throne, after 12 years of waiting, eliminated the only men capable of giving him a real battle—Johnny Kilbane and Eugene Criqui. Criqui, you will recall, brought Kilbane's long and hectic reign to an end, and 60 days later Dundee socked the title holder of France into oblivion.

Abe Goldstein, bantamweight champion, hasn't fought a formidable opponent since he won the much-tossed-about headpiece. Pete Herman and Joe Lynch, with their weird performances and juggling of the crowd, dragged the tarnished derby into disrepute, and Goldstein has made little effort to shine it up. He has licked two men since acquiring the title March 21—Charlie Ledoux and Tommy Ryan.

Pancho Villa, king of the flyweights and one of the greatest little fighters of the time, will have to be content with the smaller purses offered by promoters outside New York until his little argu-

ment with the New York boxing bosses is ended.

So figure out, if you can, when one or two of these champions will swing into action. There's only one thing sure regarding the appearance of any of these birds. That is that of John Fan will be asked to kick in anywhere from five to fifty bucks to get a look at the chipwax when it is displayed.

And things are reaching a point where the fan strains his eyes trying to see five dollars' worth of fighting in even a championship bout.

Fate is exacting.

Fate is obdurate.

Men destined to be hurled into the glare of fame over night find themselves pushed there whether they desire it or not.

Take the case of Alvin York, Tennessee mountaineer. From the pulpit and his sermons on "Thou Shalt Not Kill" York was drawn into the maelstrom of war and emerged one of the world's greatest heroes—with a record of having captured some 132 Germans single-handed.

Other men, possessing all the attributes of greatness, toil obscurely through life, grasping in vain for fame and glory. Some are dead—or not at all. Gauguin, Herman Melville, Franz Hals—the lists of writers, painters and other artists are replete with such men.

And then there is the type predestined to climb to fame through the agency of unerring toil. Brave heart they need in addition to talent.

Of this type is Walter Johnson. Johnson was simply "playing the string out" as Fate willed in the world's series, from which he emerged in the eleventh hour hero of the day.

Fans to the last man know who Johnson totted eighteen years to win the coveted honor of playing in a world's series.

Year after year Johnson pitched his heart out—carried the pitching burden of a squad of men—in an effort to have the satisfaction that goes with resting on the topmost round of baseball's ladder of fame.

Year after year Fate shook her head. "This is not the year, nor is next."

Johnson labored on. Last spring Fate whispered "Now is the time." Johnson may have heard. Perhaps not. The records show, however, that he simply pitched once more the ball he pitched year after

ment with the New York boxing bosses is ended.

So figure out, if you can, when one or two of these champions will swing into action. There's only one thing sure regarding the appearance of any of these birds. That is that of John Fan will be asked to kick in anywhere from five to fifty bucks to get a look at the chipwax when it is displayed.

And things are reaching a point where the fan strains his eyes trying to see five dollars' worth of fighting in even a championship bout.

Fate is exacting.

Fate is obdurate.

Men destined to be hurled into the glare of fame over night find themselves pushed there whether they desire it or not.

Take the case of Alvin York, Tennessee mountaineer. From the pulpit and his sermons on "Thou Shalt Not Kill" York was drawn into the maelstrom of war and emerged one of the world's greatest heroes—with a record of having captured some 132 Germans single-handed.

Other men, possessing all the attributes of greatness, toil obscurely through life, grasping in vain for fame and glory. Some are dead—or not at all. Gauguin, Herman Melville, Franz Hals—the lists of writers, painters and other artists are replete with such men.

And then there is the type predestined to climb to fame through the agency of unerring toil. Brave heart they need in addition to talent.

Of this type is Walter Johnson. Johnson was simply "playing the string out" as Fate willed in the world's series, from which he emerged in the eleventh hour hero of the day.

Fans to the last man know who Johnson totted eighteen years to win the coveted honor of playing in a world's series.

Year after year Johnson pitched his heart out—carried the pitching burden of a squad of men—in an effort to have the satisfaction that goes with resting on the topmost round of baseball's ladder of fame.

Year after year Fate shook her head. "This is not the year, nor is next."

Johnson labored on. Last spring Fate whispered "Now is the time." Johnson may have heard. Perhaps not. The records show, however, that he simply pitched once more the ball he pitched year after

ment with the New York boxing bosses is ended.

So figure out, if you can, when one or two of these champions will swing into action. There's only one thing sure regarding the appearance of any of these birds. That is that of John Fan will be asked to kick in anywhere from five to fifty bucks to get a look at the chipwax when it is displayed.

And things are reaching a point where the fan strains his eyes trying to see five dollars' worth of fighting in even a championship bout.

Fate is exacting.

Fate is obdurate.

Men destined to be hurled into the glare of fame over night find themselves pushed there whether they desire it or not.

Take the case of Alvin York, Tennessee mountaineer. From the pulpit and his sermons on "Thou Shalt Not Kill" York was drawn into the maelstrom of war and emerged one of the world's greatest heroes—with a record of having captured some 132 Germans single-handed.

Other men, possessing all the attributes of greatness, toil obscurely through life, grasping in vain for fame and glory. Some are dead—or not at all. Gauguin, Herman Melville, Franz Hals—the lists of writers, painters and other artists are replete with such men.

And then there is the type predestined to climb to fame through the agency of unerring toil. Brave heart they need in addition to talent.

Of this type is Walter Johnson. Johnson was simply "playing the string out" as Fate willed in the world's series, from which he emerged in the eleventh hour hero of the day.

Fans to the last man know who Johnson totted eighteen years to win the coveted honor of playing in a world's series.

Year after year Johnson pitched his heart out—carried the pitching burden of a squad of men—in an effort to have the satisfaction that goes with resting on the topmost round of baseball's ladder of fame.

Year after year Fate shook her head. "This is not the year, nor is next."

Johnson labored on. Last spring Fate whispered "Now is the time." Johnson may have heard. Perhaps not. The records show, however, that he simply pitched once more the ball he pitched year after

ment with the New York boxing bosses is ended.

year. Not as good as he hurled in one or two of his halcyon years a decade ago. But Fate was smiling this time and his victories weren't wasted.

Then came the world's series. Fandom to a man wanted Johnson to win the glory that was his due. Fate only laughed and said "Wait."

Johnson pitched his heart out in the first game of the series, only to see his efforts wasted.

Came the fourth game. Johnson once more pitched his arm and brain against the Giant crew and lost. Fate laughed again.

Then came the seventh and deciding game of the series. Three pitchers chosen by Manager Harris of the Washington team took their turn in the box, only to fall short of demands made. Then Harris signaled for Johnson.

Fate, sitting in an unreserved seat in the back row, leaned forward in her seat and whispered "Now."

Those four innings that Johnson pitched are history. Three hits in four innings. These hits scattered so that they were wasted as far as results were concerned. Five Giant batters—pawns of the so-called MASTER MIND—turned back with foolish mien.

Credit—and well earned—for the victory that gave the world's series to Washington went to Walter Johnson, has come into his own, as Fate has decreed.

Other men, possessing all the attributes of greatness, toil obscurely through life, grasping in vain for fame and glory. Some are dead—or not at all. Gauguin, Herman Melville, Franz Hals—the lists of writers, painters and other artists are replete with such men.

And then there is the type predestined to climb to fame through the agency of unerring toil. Brave heart they need in addition to talent.

Of this type is Walter Johnson. Johnson was simply "playing the string out" as Fate willed in the world's series, from which he emerged in the eleventh hour hero of the day.

Fans to the last man know who Johnson totted eighteen years to win the coveted honor of playing in a world's series.

Year after year Johnson pitched his heart out—carried the pitching burden of a squad of men—in an effort to have the satisfaction that goes with resting on the topmost round of baseball's ladder of fame.

Year after year Fate shook her head. "This is not the year, nor is next."

Johnson labored on. Last spring Fate whispered "Now is the time." Johnson may have heard. Perhaps not. The records show, however, that he simply pitched once more the ball he pitched year after

ment with the New York boxing bosses is ended.

So figure out, if you can, when one or two of these champions will swing into action. There's only one thing sure regarding the appearance of any of these birds. That is that of John Fan will be asked to kick in anywhere from five to fifty bucks to get a look at the chipwax when it is displayed.

And things are reaching a point where the fan strains his eyes trying to see five dollars' worth of fighting in even a championship bout.

Fate is exacting.

Fate is obdurate.

Men destined to be hurled into the glare of fame over night find themselves pushed there whether they desire it or not.

Take the case of Alvin York, Tennessee mountaineer. From the pulpit and his sermons on "Thou Shalt Not Kill" York was drawn into the maelstrom of war and emerged one of the world's greatest heroes—with a record of having captured some 132 Germans single-handed.

Other men, possessing all the attributes of greatness, toil obscurely through life, grasping in vain for fame and glory. Some are dead—or not at all. Gauguin, Herman Melville, Franz Hals—the lists of writers, painters and other artists are replete with such men.

And then there is the type predestined to climb to fame through the agency of unerring toil. Brave heart they need in addition to talent.

Of this type is Walter Johnson. Johnson was simply "playing the string out" as Fate willed in the world's series, from which he emerged in the eleventh hour hero of the day.

Fans to the last man know who Johnson totted eighteen years to win the coveted honor of playing in a world's series.

Year after year Johnson pitched his heart out—carried the pitching burden of a squad of men—in an effort to have the satisfaction that goes with resting on the topmost round of baseball's ladder of fame.

Year after year Fate shook her head. "This is not the year, nor is next."

Johnson labored on. Last spring Fate whispered "Now is the time." Johnson may have heard. Perhaps not. The records show, however, that he simply pitched once more the ball he pitched year after

ment with the New York boxing bosses is ended.

So figure out, if you can, when one or two of these champions will swing into action. There's only one thing sure regarding the appearance of any of these birds. That is that of John Fan will be asked to kick in anywhere from five to fifty bucks to get a look at the chipwax when it is displayed.

# Torrance THEATRE

Every evening at 6:30, and 8:30. Matinees, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays at 2:30. Prices—Adults 25c; Children under 12 years, 10c.

## TODAY and TOMORROW "TURMOIL"

A swirling, rushing drama, made from Booth Tarkington's great novel. Featuring George Hackathorne, of "Merry-Go-Round" fame; Eileen Percy, Eleanor Boardman, Pauline Garon, Eddie Hearn, Emmett Corrigan.

See "Turmoil." It's human and packs a wallop

"Nerve Tonic" Latest "Telephone Girl" Comedy

BE SURE PAY DAY! PAY DAY! PAY DAY!

TO COME We're giving a pay envelope to every patron—and there'll be money (not stage money)—real money in every envelope. Some will receive good pay—and one will win a Grand Prize, will receive foreman's wages. Get in on this!

W E D.

## He's back! Bill Farnum's Back!

THURSDAY and FRIDAY

We've all been waiting for he-man Bill Farnum, and here he is, direct from Grauman's Metropolitan, in his first Paramount picture.



A lot of comedy on this program, too, with Al Christie's "Footsie Woostie," and Felix the Cuckoo Cat—but above everything else you'll want to see

## A Great Program Coming Saturday

We can't speak too highly of Saturday's program; it's excellent for young folks and folks who stay young. There'll be a "Fortieth Door" episode; a Secrets of Life subject, "The Butterfly"; a Burlington "Travelogue," and a rollicking, dashing, thrilling, laugh-inducing feature—

Reginald Denny in "The Reckless Age"

**ANNOUNCING OPENING**

**THURSDAY October 23**

SERVICE WITH COURTESY AND GOOD MERCHANDISE WILL BE OUR MOTTO

**OUR LINES**

ART GOODS  
PHONOGRAPHS  
RECORDS  
WOMEN'S EXCHANGE

—Everyone is invited to our opening, whether you purchase or not—we want to meet you.

**Torrance Art Shop**  
Next Door to Beacon Drug Store  
1601 GRAMERCY AVE.

**Order Dump Truck And Ford Car For Street Department**

The board of trustees last night authorized purchase of a Chevrolet dump truck and a Ford runabout for the use of the street department. The Chevrolet truck, with six speeds, will cost \$918. The Ford will cost \$495.

**Who Says Modern Girls Cannot Cook?**

Little Miss Doris Wood-Milburn of Andreo avenue prepared a surprise dinner Saturday in honor of Mrs. Phoebe Milburn's birthday. A beautifully decorated birthday cake was a feature of the dinner. Places were marked for the honoree and Mr. Milburn, Mrs. Charles Oxley and Mr. and Mrs. William Oxley, of Huntington Park, and the little hostess.

**WILL SEW ALL DAY**

The Ladies' Guild of the Central Evangelical church will have an all-day sewing at the Guild hall on Wednesday, Oct. 22.

Wednesday night is Pay Day at the Torrance theatre. Come early.—Adv.

**Service YOU'LL LIKE AT OUR STATIONS**

**GAS OILS GREASES**

Tires Accessories Polishes Truck Tires Grease Racks

**PALMER SERVICE STATIONS**  
Cabrillo at Border  
Carson at Arlington

**RADIO—**

Atwater Kent 5-tube set.....	\$ 90.00
Five tubes.....	20.00
45-volt "B" battery.....	7.50
6-volt 80-A.H. storage battery	18.50
Atwater Kent speaker.....	22.50
Cash or Terms	\$158.50

**De BRA RADIO INSTALLATIONS CO.**  
Vonderhabe Bldg., Phone 73-J.

**YES, WE DO DO IT!**

We fight old H. C. L. to a finish, save you many dollars on your monthly meat bill, yet give you wholesome quality. We've solved the problem through efficiency.

**"We do it—try us"**  
Market No. 1  
**ROCK BOTTOM MARKET**  
Daley Store  
L. OTT, Prop. Torrance

**HOME BEAUTY PARLOR**  
1809 Arlington  
Phone 119-M  
Residence of Mrs. Laven

**TORRANCE FEED & FUEL**

Phone 116 1803 Cabrillo, Torrance

Free Delivery

Grain Coal Wood Hay Poultry Supplies

**HUDSON-ESSEX Sales and Service**

1610 Cabrillo, Torrance Phone 250

GOOD USED CARS FOR SALE

**COLES VARIETY STORE**

Says give your COUNTRY, PRESIDENT and the FLAG a square deal. Give your CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, MERCHANTS, MINISTERS, CITY, a square deal. Give your WIFE, and FAMILY, LODGES, a square deal and what you sow, so shall you reap. Buy your goods at COLES VARIETY STORE and get a square deal. Try it. Money back if you want it.

**STATIONERY and Supplies for OFFICE, HOME & SCHOOL**

Do you have to hunt for a piece of paper and an envelope, also a pen and ink when you want to write a letter? Most people do. Why not come in and get a box of real fine paper and envelopes to match and a supply of pens, pencils and ink? The amount the outfit will cost you in our store is small.

Our line of Stationery includes everything for office and school use—just the kind you want and need—always at lowest prices. Own a good fountain pen—it is a great convenience.

Come to Us FIRST

**TORRANCE PHARMACY**  
MALONE BROS.  
Torrance, California  
Phone 3-J

**VIVID COLORED DRAPERY AT SIDE IS UNIQUE TOUCH**

This simple evening frock of flesh colored satin is embroidered with crystal beads. A vivid coral colored drapery at the side is at original touch.

**AMERICAN FRUIT MARKET**  
Carson at Gramercy

**FOR YOUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY**

We will have  
Fresh Pumpkins — Fresh Fruits — New Season's Nuts — New Season's Stuffed Dates and Figs — Everything you require in our line will be here

**FREE DELIVERY to Any Part of City**

**VAN'S WINDOW CLEANING SERVICE**

House—Store—Office

Reasonable Rates by the Month

Phone 157-J 1509 Cabrillo  
TORRANCE

**Torrance Plumbing Co.**  
PLUMBING AND SHEET METAL WORK

AGENT FOR  
Ward Floor Furnace  
SEWER PIPE, DRAIN TILE AND TERRA COTTA