

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT WINS CITY

Says Taste in Water Temporary; Promises Better Supply

Twenty-five years ago, before a crowd of curious stragglers, two "putterers"—the Wright brothers flew the first airplane at Kitty Hawk, N. C.

Influenza, sweeping from the west coast, eastward, has emptied the theatres of the country.

The census bureau, always delving into human statistics, released data calculated to give social engineers pause.

A man named MacCormick sat at his television receiving set in his home at Johannesburg, South Africa.

President-elect Herbert Hoover, wildly acclaimed in Buenos Aires, telephoned to Secretary of War Kellogg.

All is not serene in the always restive Kingdom of Afghanistan, where the king's army has revolted.

By a vote of 64 to 11 the United States placed its approval on the Swing-Johnson bill calling for the construction of the Boulder dam in the Colorado river.

Many years ago an 18-year-old lad got a job with the Southern Pacific Railway as a ticket taker.

Mr. William Headley of Youngstown, Ohio, paced the hall in the hospital fretfully.

Four hours drying enamel \$4.95 gal. Consolidated Lumber Co.—adv.

CHLORINE CLEANS MAINS

Supt. R. L. Heck Says Method Will Improve City's Water

ASKS PUBLIC BE PATIENT

Outlines Purposes of Chlorinators as Benefit to Consumers

That the unpleasant taste of Torrance water is due to the action of chlorine on organisms in the mains and that the condition is only temporary was the statement made to The Herald this week by R. L. Heck, general superintendent of the Pacific Water Company, owners of the Torrance distributing system.

Mr. Heck declared that the company introduced chlorine into the water at the pumping plant on Carson street for two reasons:

1.—To insure against the possible presence of bacteria in the water, a measure taken not because bacteria were present but as a guarantee that none ever would be.

2.—To clean the mains of organisms which have collected during the past ten years.

Mr. Tallon also pointed out

Relief Society Seeks Clothing Toys for Needy

Personal attention to needy families of the Torrance district is being given again this Christmas season by the devoted women of the Torrance Relief society.

Members of the society wish to announce that no person is authorized to sell Christmas trees for the society.

One Killed, Two Hurt in Crash

Farnham Martin of Palos Verdes Dies After Collision in Torrance

Farnham Martin, 47, of Palos Verdes, was fatally injured when the car in which he was riding with Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbs and daughter Laura, collided with a car driven by E. S. Leary, 214 N. Catalina, Redondo Beach, at the intersection of Redondo-Torrance boulevard and Hawthorne road.

The accident occurred at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. Mr. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs and Laura Gibbs were all taken to the Jared Sidney Torrance Memorial hospital where Mr. Martin died at 1:07 with a crushed chest.

Mr. Gibbs is suffering a serious exterior eye cut, neck, head wounds and severe bruises.

Mr. and Mrs. Leary, occupants of the other car were taken to a physician in Torrance, and then removed to their home in Redondo Beach.

In a report to the police, Leary stated that he was coming towards Torrance on Redondo boulevard, and Gibbs was driving north on Hawthorne boulevard.

When Leary found that a crash was inevitable, he slammed on the brakes, let go of the steering wheel and grabbed his wife. Her quick action on his part kept her from being thrown through the windshield, but the impact threw her against it with enough force to break it.

ENDS LIFE OF WIFE, SELF

Steel Worker Shoots Spouse and Then Commits Suicide

DEATH GRAPPLE FAILS

Woman, Shot, Strives to Prevent Husband from Killing Self

With a bullet hole through her lung, Paula Contreras, age 26, leaped from the very verge of death striving to save the life of her husband Primitivo, who, having just shot her in a drunken rage, had turned the muzzle to his own temple.

Contreras, a steel worker, was drinking last Thursday night. His 8-months-old daughter slept peacefully in her crib at the humble home in the Pueblo, 2208 203rd street.

Contreras became angered at his wife. Whipping out a pistol he shot her, the bullet piercing the left lung.

Quickly Contreras turned the gun on himself and the wounded woman, seeking to prevent the suicide, leaped up and grabbed the weapon. After the second shot Paula fell dead.

A brother, Marcelino Contreras and his wife were in the next room. They reported the tragedy to Chief of Police G. M. Calder. Contreras, still alive was rushed to the hospital, where he died before morning.

The shooting occurred about 8:30 p. m. On the first shot Marcellino rushed into the room. As he arrived the wife was striving to prevent Contreras from killing himself and Marcelino reached the couple too late.

Approximately \$30 in cash and \$11.05 in checks was obtained by a bandit last Wednesday evening, when he held up attendant Ted Troose at the Union Oil Company station at Arlington and Carson streets.

Entering the gas station grounds about 7:45 p. m. he walked over to Troose and demanded that he turn over all the money in the place.

Mr. and Mrs. Weir Atwood attended the Carthy Circle theatre in Los Angeles Sunday afternoon.

Observations

Christmas Eve, 1917—A Flock of Yank Cavalrymen—and Some Britishers—They Usher in the Day of Peace With a Fine Fight

By W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

CHRISTMAS EVE—1917.

Here once trod the feet of Caesar's legions. Here on the hilltop once stood Caesar, frowning down at the rolling English hills.

Here tonight—Christmas eve, 1917, frolic Black Jack Pershing's regulars, resting up (?) in the ancient camp of Winchester after a convoyed trip across the rolling sea.

The sun goes down in the west, its last rays lingering with a caress on the gray steeples of Winchester cathedral. It is Christmas eve.

ONE by one over the interment camp the lights come out. Toward three buildings with bright glowing windows soldiers thread their way. Officers to one, non-coms to another, truck privates to the third.

They are the British army canteens. Over the breeze floats the pungent aroma of ale. Strains of rough, male music drift through the camp, its swell in volume, as though the voices of the singers had been somehow stimulated.

The rangers of the British garrison and the visiting American army are celebrating Christmas eve.

STEP into the door of the non-coms' canteen. It is quite obvious that the chevroned gentlemen of the two armies have not mixed. Every table is either all-British or all-American.

The British are well-groomed soldiers. The brass buttons on their jackets glister. Their boots are well-polished. Their caps sit jauntily on their heads.

The Yanks, not yet accustomed to their overseas caps, and having been hastily equipped for overseas service at the port of embarkation appear less trim than the Britishers.

But this difference seems to detract little from their devil-may-care flamboyance. They lift their flasks with a flourish. Cavalrymen of the regular army, they take no lip from any man.

THE boys at an American table strike up the classic, obscure chant of the engineering corps. Other Yanks at other tables pick up the strain. The canteen roars with the lusty song. Britishers sit quietly by, politely listening. When the song is finished there is strong applause.

A red-faced sergeant with ribbons of India campaigns on his jacket leads off with an equally unprintable song about Tommy of Singapore.

It is the Yanks' turn to listen and applaud. The song business becomes quite a game. The Yanks burst forth with "Frankie and Johnnie." The Britishers shout their appreciation and counter with a British barracks ballad.

MUCH ale is consumed. The songs grow louder, the friendly spirit of rivalry between the British and the Yanks take on a sharper edge.

Soon men at various tables begin shouting jokes and chaff at one another.

Some wag of the Yanks asks a big Britisher if he knows what A. E. F. stands for and the Britisher says he doesn't, whereupon the Yank in stentorian tones cries, "A. E. F. Means After England Failed." A roar of Yankee laughter shakes the room.

An air of tenseness fills the whole canteen.

ANY old-timer who has soldiered "internationally" could have told you the certain climax of such a gathering. Mix soldiers of almost any two nations of the world and throw in copious quantities of alcoholic beverage and you have a perfect recipe for a free-for-all fight.

It comes about an hour after the A. E. F. jibe.

Santa Is Coming To Party Tonight

Community Tree Ready Near City Hall as Rallying Point for All Boys and Girls of Torrance

OUTDOOR DECORATING MOVEMENT POPULAR HERE

Lights Sparkle Along Streets; Charitable Societies Say No Needy Persons Will Go Without Christmas Joy

With Santa Claus scheduled to appear at the Torrance annual community Christmas tree tonight where he will give a present to every boy and girl, and with churches, civic and charity organizations busy with Yuletide activities, the people of Torrance today tingled with the Christmas spirit.

Homes are bright with Christmas trees. Many residents this year have joined the movement for outdoor Christmas decorations and along Torrance streets at night colored lights wink a merry message to passerby.

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IT is sock, sock, sock. Men hit the floor with dull thuds. The swish of wallops on the nose is like a steady tattoo. Haymakers, uppercuts, straight jabs fly through the air. Fifteen minutes like a battle rages and blood drips to the floor. The canteen looks like a lumber-camp salon at a fighting pay night.

THE British contingent murmurs approval. "And what in the hell do you know about it?" demands the Yank, a bow-legged top kicker. "You settin' here in Winchester with a war goin' on across the channel. With regiments like your goldbrickin' in England it ain't no wonder you had to call on us to come over and win your war for you. I've heard a lot of lip in this joint about fightin'. But I ain't seen nobody start nothin'.

THE Britisher leaps to his feet. No sooner is he up than he catches one on the end of the chin and down he goes again.

NO other signal is needed. In every part of the room Britishers and Yanks alike go into it, each choosing his nearest opponent. Tables topple over. Flats swing. Chairs spin across the room. Flasks fall to the floor. About evenly divided the representatives of the A. E. F. and the British garrison plunge headlong to the fray.

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They are still wildly at it and enjoying it immensely when a British officer strides through the door and shouts, "TENSHUN."

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Next Sunday the Church school will hold the "Manger Service," each member of the school bringing either some used toy in good condition or a new one which will program follows:

SANTA COMING TO TORRANCE

Business men of Torrance received a wireless from Santa Claus yesterday noon announcing that the jolly old fellow is coming to Torrance for two days.

"In response to your annual request I will be in Torrance Saturday afternoon and evening and all day Monday. Tell all the children to come down to your fine Torrance business district and I'll have something for them. I'm mighty busy these days but I wouldn't disappoint the boys and girls of Torrance, no, not for anything in the whole world. I will arrive shortly after noon on Saturday."

(Signed) SANTA CLAUS.

Volunteer firemen, who annually sponsor the community Christmas tree with the assistance of the Chamber of Commerce, have their big tree in place and tonight will be the rallying point for all the boys and girls in town.

To offset the disadvantages of chilliness at the party the firemen have arranged for a great hot fire to keep the little folks warm. It will be guarded by firemen.

Music will be furnished by the Torrance High School band. After the program Earl Conners is going to give the band a free banquet at his cafe on Cabrillo avenue.

Charitable organizations announce that no needy family will be neglected this year; that the joy of Christmas will spread its warming influence to every home, no matter how humble.

The Torrance Relief Society is preparing baskets for the needy and so is the Salvation Army.

Downtown stores, open now each evening, are daily thronged with shoppers. The Buy in Torrance movement has not only stimulated Christmas buying here but has encouraged merchants to lay in larger and more varied stocks of Christmas goods.

Churches in the city today announced special Yuletide services and Christmas programs for the children.

Next Sunday the Church school will hold the "Manger Service," each member of the school bringing either some used toy in good condition or a new one which will program follows:

Santa Claus Will Be Downtown in Torrance Saturday--Monday