

**Eighteen Bids
On Viaduct Job
For La Tijera**

Eighteen bids, the most received on any viaduct job for months, were received by the board of supervisors late Monday on the proposal to construct the grade separation for the new La Tijera boulevard northwest of Inglewood.

The low bid of \$30,253, by J. E. Burrell and E. S. McKittrick of Huntington Park, was under submission today by the county road department, and probably will be awarded late this week or next Monday. The second low bidder was R. R. Bishop of Long Beach, at \$30,726.

Highest of the 18 bids was \$41,440. The viaduct is to carry the new diagonal traffic artery, connecting Sepulveda boulevard with Stinson avenue, over the tracks of the Inglewood-Venice line of the Pacific Electric railroad.

COUNCIL ALWAYS AGREES
DAMARISCOTTA, Me. (U.P.)—Few towns can equal Damariscotta in the peacefulness of municipal affairs. Not a dissenting vote was cast at the town meeting this year, every one of the nine men and one woman candidates being elected to office on the initial ballot.

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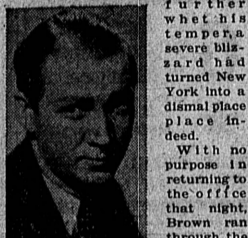
FIRST CHAPTER of "I'LL TELL THE WORLD"

The Romance and Thrills of Newsgathering for the United Press

A Novelization of Universal's Screenplay of the Same Name

Written by Lincoln Quarberg and Frank Wead. Adapted by Dale Van Every and Ralph Spence.

Two weeks of rapt attention to the colorful details of a sensational murder and kidnaping case in a dusty, overheated courtroom had put Stanley Brown in a melancholy mood and now that the jury was locked up for the night he felt the need of relaxation and pleasanter things. But, as if to



BROWN (Lee Tracy)

Further what his temper, a severe blizzard had turned New York into a dismal place indeed. With no purpose in returning to the office that night, Brown ran through the names and numbers in his vest pocket address book and chose one which promised a sympathetic welcome. Brown had met many girls in his years as a journeyman newspaper correspondent. Tonight he wanted companionship; a girl not too talkative yet sufficiently analytical to realize that his mood needed gayety and sympathetic guidance to a happier frame of mind.

Lucille Sherwood was just the girl for his mood, Brown thought, and a phone call brought an enthusiastic invitation. Stanley could accompany her to a formal dinner party at the home of friends and then instead of going to the theatre, as was the program, they might be excused and return to her Park Avenue apartment to relax, listen to the radio, dance a few rounds, perhaps, and talk about brighter days. Lucille was lovely indeed; she was the best topic Stanley could imagine and the early evening passed hurriedly. The dinner was an exquisite affair, but not boring, even though donning his full dress was an effort and stubborn shirt studs threatened to spoil the pride in his smart transformation.

Lucille was diplomatic in her excuses and the dinner hosts proved to be a middle-aged couple with gracious understanding. Snuggled to his shoulder, Lucille made the taxi ride downtown pass rapidly, and in no time at all they were side by side on a cozy parlor lounge reeking their cigarette



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ashes into an onyx receptacle simultaneously.

"Well, Mr. Cross Patch, you certainly are congenial," pouted Lucille, dropping her cigarette into the tray. Stanley nodded. His mind was far away and his efforts to be fully considerate of his charming friend were admittedly a failure.

"Sorry, Lucille," apologized the very blond young man who was the fastest talking reporter on

the evening dress accentuated her trim, graceful figure, the low cut back and extremely low neck revealed skin that had had more than ordinary delicacy.

"Well, Mr. Sleepy Head, a penny for your thoughts," Lucille said, interrupting his appraisal.

"Lady, if you paid me a penny for my thoughts right now you'd owe me a million dollars. Lucy, you're just swell and you're a sweet kid for having me here."

The cocktails were poured, their glasses touched and as two hands lowered them to a mantelpiece, Stanley's lips sought Lucille's. In a moment they were whirling about the room tightly embraced as they fox trotted to a hot tune from the radio.

"Heaven on earth, I call it man!" ventured Stanley in his best imitation of a Cockney, "and the heaven in me arms is you."

"The music and the cocktail had warmed things quite a bit. They

were dancing again. His arms held her close, her soft cheek rested against his and with each measure of the music it became more obvious that at last Stanley Brown was again the dynamic, boyish chap this girl liked more than she cared to admit.

At length they returned to the lounge and lighted fresh cigarettes. His arm stole about her shoulder and they cuddled to each other.

"I'm afraid you're spilling me, Lucy. Mrs. Brown's little boy, Stanley, kinda' likes this cozy little nest. The fire is inviting, the cocktails are exhilarating and—the decorations are something to write home about. Would that pound Hardwick fall into a faint if he could see me now, all relaxed and safe from the cruel, cruel world in the arms of a beautiful girl! Wowie, would he burn up if he knew I really had shore leave!"

"I haven't seen you for a month of Sundays, Stan. I should think you'd earned a little rest." Her arms went about his neck and Stanley kissed her cheeks and lips as he tossed away his cigarette and held her a little tighter.

Lucille began to hum, ever so softly—"love is the sweetest thing"—and as she looked up at Stanley he made a funny face as his high collar choked him, bending low to kiss her inviting lips.

Like a shrill siren the phone

rang. Both Stanley and Lucille sat bolt upright.

"Say, now little love bird, don't tell me that's your husband coming home unexpectedly from Denver," Stanley exclaimed humorously.

Lucille was puzzled. Then her expression changed to one of anger.

"Of all the nerve—who could be calling me at this time of the night?"

The bell rang again—and again. Lucille rose and approached it like a gladiator about to strike with mallet flat. "I'll take the receiver off the hook and forget it."

Brown's interest was becoming more and more manifest. Indeed, his nerves were a-tingle and as the instrument buzzed a fourth time he reached for it. Lucille clasped the transmitter tightly.

"Oh, no you don't!" she commanded.

"But, Lucy—it must be important."

ant. Maybe it's the boss; maybe something's up! Let me answer it!"

There was a struggle and Brown finally got the receiver to his ear and his lips to the mouthpiece.

"Yes, hello!" he answered (assuming the tone of a butler). Then, after listening intently for a moment, hung it on the hook without comment.

Lucille glared at him.

"You're not going down to that office tonight!" She emphasized her words by shaking Stanley by the shoulders.

"But, baby—" he pleaded. "The biggest story of the year has just broken and the boss wants me to leave town in a hurry. I gotta go. I just gotta go, honey. I hate like the devil to run out like this, you know that. Say, I've got feelings too, remember. I asked to come up here. I'm not running out on the best time I've had in months but, gee, peaches, I just gotta go—the old man's in a lather." And Stanley began putting on his coat while Lucille merely stared at him with hands on her hips and her right foot tapping against the carpet as if trying to put her thoughts into telegraphic code.

"Stanley Brown, you poor goof, if you walk out now I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"Now, listen, sweetheart, I know I'm nuts, but I'd be as daffy as a loon if I stayed here, any longer, knowing what the old man's cooking up for me down there. There's fifty million people out there that want the answers in their morning papers and some guy has got to dig 'em up. Honey, I'll sneak out for an hour and as soon as I get out of the huddle with the boss I'll hop a cab and come right back."

Stanley's prolonged kiss prevented Lucille from speaking her mind. The outer door closed and as Lucille buried her head in a sofa cushion Brown was at the curb hailing a taxi.

Downtown on East Forty-Second Street, the United Press offices were a typical beehive of activity.

Brown walked between long rows of teletype machines which brought to their experienced operators and attendant editors news flashes from all parts of the world.

Hardwick's office was at the extreme end of the large, busy room. The "big boss" of this gigantic world circling news-gathering agency had won his spurs after many years of thrilling exploits, and ceaseless efforts to seek out the facts and get them on the telegraph wires ahead of his rivals.

Middle aged, raised in a high pressure business that demanded quick wits, clear minds, determination and devotion to duty, Hardwick knew the needs of his service and he knew the men whom he commanded. It was said that "the old man would give you the shirt off his back but when there was a rush job to be done he wouldn't tolerate laziness or interference."

Tonight Hardwick was unusually impatient and the staff knew

of the high winds, wrote down the names of a few northern towns, scratched his head, pulled his hat down tightly, tied a knot in his muffler and buttoned his overcoat as he hurried to the elevator, leaving the noise of the staccato-like telegraph machines with their endless stream of news matter behind.

Passing under the Hudson in the tube, Brown made up his mind that the strong winds had not blown the big dirigible out to sea; but rather into the thickly wooded districts of Northeastern Canada—a newspaper man's hunch. Fifteen minutes later he was in a radio equipped cabin plane winging its way through the clouds with the millions of lights of Manhattan six thousand feet below.

"Well, it's about time, you tow-headed song-and-dance man," Hardwick barked as he saw Brown coming through the door. "We've got the year's biggest yarn here in the shop and you suddenly go to the opera. Stan, we haven't a minute to waste. You've got to get on this one hot and heavy right now. Here it is—a navy dirigible is lost in the blizzard after a test flight at Lakehurst. The navy can't find it and there is no trace of the ship. Stan, there's a real yarn for you. You've got to find that dirigible and get me the first news about it and you've got to do it on the run—starting now!"

"But, chief, look at me! I can't go out looking for a dirigible in soup and fish and besides that phone call broke up the happiest evening I've had in a year. Can't you give a guy a little break and let me take after this thing in the morning?"

Brown knew he would eventually lose the argument but he had courage.

"Stan, I'm not arguing with you; I'm telling you. This story won't wait. We've got thirteen hundred newspapers out there on those wires hungry for news of this dirigible. They're not interested in your dress suit nor your romance. This isn't a routine job. That dirigible is the pride of the nation and this storm's the worst we've had in years and you're the fellow that can dig out what we want to know about it. And, if it'll make you any happier, let me tell you that Briggs of Confederate Press is on board the dirigible and if you don't hop out of here in a minute he'll make you look like a second rate cub with his story."

"Yeah, but where am I goin'? Where is this doggone gas bag?"

"You're smart enough to find that out, Brown. I've got a plane warming up over at Newark; pilot's name is Thorpe. Work out your plan on the way across town and wire me the minute you land." And, with this explanation, Hardwick pushed Brown out of the office.

Brown walked briskly toward the closest phone but before he could dial Lucille's number Hardwick was yelling at him to get going. He dropped the receiver with a muttered oath. First he got weather reports and checked the direction of the storm and the country that seemed in the path

TORN TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY—WITH A STORY WAITING!



A DATE—AND A BIG STORY! While the general offices of the United Press in New York City hummed with extraordinary activity because a Naval dirigible had broken away and was drifting northward over the continent, Stanley Brown, newspaper correspondent (below) was trying to decide whether to continue his rendezvous with a charming brunette or answer a telephone which would send him after the lost "gas bag."

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