Torrance Herald

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TWENTY-THIRD YEAR—No. 30. TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1937 $2.00 PER YEAR — SINGLE COPY 5c

R. R. WORKER ENDS 51 YEARS OF SERVICE

SHOP TALK

By THE STAFF
Pinch-Hitting for Vacationing Ray Brooks

"Let your conscience be your guide" was the only instruction given to the following contribs who eagerly accepted the invitation to "out-Brooks Brooks" in his own pillar this week. Herewith their MMS:

This is a tale of vengeance. Bright and early Monday morning, glaring across my desk and yours I addressed your vacant chair, Ray Brooks, and lifting my good right hand I vowed: "Henceforth and until we move in, I'll plague that guy Brooks to discretion with home-building data. R-r-revenge is sweet!"

For many a long weary month and for weeks thereafter I took your verbal gymnastics without (well, maybe one or two) a murmur as you proceeded with the construction of your home. Now it is my turn and I'll "build" you to tears with MY home construction reports and conjectures! Using you as my sole victim I may escape losing all my friends by boring them with "Now, the contractor says—."

I'm glad your week's holiday is about up because I'm starving my soul for lack of audience. Next Monday morning when you again climb up on our shelf I'll have lots of "building stuff" to tell you and you'll take it—or else. Then I'll go out and collect some more information and some more and some more—just to get even!

—Mike Straszer.

HELPING TRIXIE

All right, Mr. Ray Brooks, since you're on your vacation and have left the job of constructing your pillar to the inept mercies of the rest of the force, here's one for you: The first thing I did, after making out the pay checks and a few other odd jobs last Saturday morning, was to take your dog Trixie home. Trixie, poor lonesome soul, doesn't understand about this vacation thing, especially when she isn't taken along, and she came down here looking for you.

She moaned and she yowled, and ran up and down the stairs, tried to get into every passing car and so, to save you from a sad home-coming with no Trixie there to welcome you, I loaded her into my car and drove out. But, embarrassing to relate, I with my mind on tax reports and bills to make out, failed to notice that I turned a block too soon and so I unloaded your dog at the wrong house. I hope that when the occupants of that house came home they were not too much worried about that blue shirt being on the floor of the garage instead of on the rack where they left it, for I spent five minutes trying to make Trixie understand that it was your shirt and that she should take care of it until you got back.

She seemed to me to be an awful dumb dog for she flew out of the garage and sped down the block. A man across the street finally enlightened me that I was in the wrong garage, and was my face red! Apologies to the folks at 917 Acacia street, and I hope that dog stays home 'till you get back.

—Lute Fraser.

TOMMY AND BILL

Ray has given about everybody else in town, at one time or another, some "pub," as we newspaper folk term gratuitous publicity but he has never mentioned a couple of guys who I believe deserve a big hand. They are Tommy Turner, who has worked for the city for seven years, and William Laven, who has been a city worker for 12 years. They are manning the "pick-up" truck which gathers refuse paper from the downtown district starting at 5 o'clock each morning.

Turner is foreman and Laven is his helper. The latter is now enjoying his first vacation with pay in 40 years! Turner recently returned from his paid holiday—the first in 20 years! He is a member of the Legion post here and served as bass bugler on the drum-and-bugle corps for many years.

Tommy and Bill, always courteous and attentive, are a distinct credit to the city and its street department. They are always willing to do a little extra work as they tour the alleys collecting paper. So give them a boost, sez I.

—Bob Lewellen.

ALL IS SERENE

It's awfully nice and quiet at The Herald office this week with the clatter of hoofs, shuffling of chairs, slamming of doors and banging of telephone

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New Liquor Sale Ruling Explained

A new ruling has been adopted by the State Board of Equalization, governing premises where liquor is sold at retail.

The rule requires all retail licensees to post a sign on their premises warning patrons that selling or delivering alcoholic beverages between 2 a. m. and 6 a. m. is a misdemeanor and selling, furnishing or giving away alcoholic beverages to persons under the age of 21 years is also a misdemeanor.

Minors are also warned of the risk they run in purchasing or consuming liquor, the sign being required to carry the following information:

Defines "Minors"

"Any minor who purchases alcoholic beverages is guilty of a misdemeanor. Any minor who consumes alcoholic beverages in any on-sale premises is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Under provisions of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Act, which governs the sale of liquor in California, minors are considered to be all persons under 21 years of age.

Minors who are married are not exempt from the requirements of the law and are subject to arrest if found consuming or purchasing alcoholic beverages. A married person under 21 years of age is still a minor so far as the Alcoholic Beverage Control Act is concerned.

Alleged Bogus Salesman Is Arrested

Several months ago Postmaster Birda Paddock began receiving complaints from Lomita friends that they had been bilked by a traveling salesman for a correspondence school course who claimed he was recommended by the Lomita postal head.

"Miss Paddock sent me to see you" was his introductory remark to a "high-pressure" sales talk in which the correspondence school canvasser claimed his correspondence instruction would "lead to a government job with a good salary."

Hunt Successful

The Lomita postmaster indignantly denied she had ever endorsed any instruction-by-mail and asked The Herald to publish a story warning people in this area from entering any negotiations with a man claiming to carry such recommendation. Then she notified the postal authorities.

Investigators probed the stories told by irate "subscribers" to the course and began a hunt for the salesman. This week Postmaster Paddock learned that the postal sleuths had been successful and had apprehended the alleged fraudulent salesman. He is now awaiting Federal court action. His "school," Miss Paddock learned, operated from Detroit and had a postoffice box in Los Angeles.

Benefits from Fed. Pension Plan

Out at the Pacific Electric shops last Friday afternoon a man who appeared about 50 or 55 years of age took off his overalls, washed up and, after a short exchange of greetings with his fellow-workers in the electrical department, walked to his modest little home at 1403 Amapola avenue. He did not return to work Monday and thus began a well-earned rest.

That man, hale and hearty and much younger looking than his 70 years indicate, is Virgil D. Hollister. He was retiring from active service after giving 51 years of his life to railroad work. Today he is engaged in doing odd jobs about his home and his adjoining property, secure that his pension under recently-enacted Federal railroad legislation will permit him to enjoy some of the things he has always wanted to do.

These are not many nor are they dreams-about-to-come-true of greater home comfort, travel and other luxuries. Hollister and his devoted wife intend "just to take things easy, see some friends in other parts of the country" and, perhaps, raise a few chickens. He has always wanted to become a chicken fancier in a small way.

Loves Southland

"I'd like to have a few hens and a rooster or two of good stock," he told a Herald reporter this week. "But I won't go into the 'chicken-raising business' because I can't kill them. I prefer them as pets."

Hollister began his half-century of railroad work in his home town of Binghamton, N. Y., August 1, 1886. He was a baggage man for the Delaware and Lackawanna there for 14 years. In 1903 he came to California to work for the Southern Pacific as check clerk in the Los Angeles freight house. After five years at that, job he went to Seattle and worked two years in the baggage office of the King Street station.

Returning to Southern California—"the northwest is grand country and I want to go back there again—but I love California"—Hollister went to work for the Pacific Electric in 1910 as a trainman. On October 19, 1911, at Santa Ana he was married, his wife being a native of Oneida, N. Y. They were boy and girl sweethearts "back home" and Mrs. Hollister's mother always considered "Virgil" as "her boy."

Receives Passes

In 1919 he left "the road" and started working in the P. E. Shops here as an electrical ma-

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RETIRED

VIRGIL D. HOLLISTER
. . . 70 but looks 50

Law to Require Lowering Light Beams at Night

A new state law, effective August 27, requires that headlight beams be depressed when approaching within 500 feet of an oncoming vehicle at night.

And if you fail to obey the vital regulations when driving on city thoroughfares or open road, it is further observed, you may well anticipate the traffic patrolman's siren and his citation and resultant penalty.

While many motorists have adopted the practice of dipping or deflecting lights upon meeting other cars after dark as a matter of "Golden Rule" courtesy, the Legislature this year made it mandatory if the car is so equipped.

Until August 27 use of passing or lower beams remains voluntary, but autoists are urged to acquire the habit in preparation for the closely approaching time when failure to dip lights will be a law violation. This courteous act makes driving at night more pleasant and less dangerous.

S. D. County Fair Opens Saturday

Next Saturday's the big day at the new million dollar grounds of the San Diego County Fair at Del Mar. Every department reports "standing room only" in the eight exhibit buildings and three giant tents which will house between 23,000 colorful displays from all parts of Southern California. Everything is in readiness for the hordes of visitors who are expected to come from eight surrounding counties that will be represented by exhibits in every department. Record crowds are assured plenty of things to do and see both day and night.

The grounds will be open at 10 a. m., each day to and including August 15, and a continuous program will be spotted by free entertainment acts, horse racing, special events, and open air band concerts. The spectacular night show in the huge arena of the grandstand, which will be presented by the Palomar Riders, will be a pageant depicting early California days. Visitors should come prepared to spend the whole day.

Take Watermelon Thumpers' Advice: Plink (No), Plank (Nearly), Plunk (Ah!)

Watermelon thumpers need a strong forefinger and a keen sense of hearing to tell whether a melon is green, half-green, ripe or over-ripe.

That is the concensus of some of our best melon-consumers, a survey conducted by a Herald reporter this week revealed. He sought the opinion of scores of residents observed purchasing citrullus vulgaris to be found in local markets.

The experts—those whose acquaintance with watermelons dates back to the days when they used to swipe them out of farmers' fields at the risk of a charge of buckshot thru their nether garments—claim that the following formula is generally infallible:

Thump with forefinger — the middle finger is unreliable.

If you thump and the melon goes "plink"—it's green. If it goes "plank" it may be half-ripe. If the sound is "plunk" with a slight roll to it, buy—because there is a melon ready to eat.

If you thump and the sound is "garrumph"—a groan—let it go. The subject is over-ripe.

As in all rules, there are exceptions and fine points to those pointers, Torrance melon connoisseurs hasten to add. The finest point is to thump with the forefinger and thump hard. A half-hearted thump simply won't do.

Another melon-tester's advantage is in knowing the kind of watermelons. Some of them, it seems, have tight rinds and won't give a "plunk" when they are ready to eat. Such melons should be eaten when "plank" answers your thump.

And last, but by no means least—a melon should be cut length-wise, never across its middle. Just why this division is preferred by epicures is hard to determine but the local survey showed by the "long-slicers" get more enjoyment out of dodging the seeds than the "middle-men."

Redondo Babies Lead Arrivals at Hospital Here

Eight new babies, five of them claimed by Redondo Beach parents, arrived during the past week at Jared Sidney Torrance Memorial hospital. Two local families received additions. They were:

A son to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Serban, 716-C Amapola, on July 29.

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, 2215½ Andreo avenue on Monday. Wilson is employed at the Columbia Steel plant.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ingram, he is an El Segundo police officer, welcomed a daughter Tuesday.

The future residents of Redondo Beach are:

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Allen, born Sunday.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Howell, born July 28.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hoyt, born Tuesday.

A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Luther, born Saturday.

A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Paine, born Wednesday.