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T. N. T. FIGHTS LABOR RACKETEERING

SHOP TALK

By RAY BROOKS

TO BE A KID AGAIN AT CHRISTMAS TIME

What would it be worth to you, Mr. Adult Reader, to be able to press a button or rub a Magic Lamp and go wishing back through the years and be a kid again at Christmas time?

What vast sum of dirty, yellow gold, would you not give willingly to be once more an unsophisticated, smiling, carefree kid who gobbled with such zest the heapin' plate of Christmas victuals Grandma set before you in that little farm house in Vermont, or Kansas, or Alabama, or Minnesota?

What limitless sacrifice would you not make to experience again the thrill of reaching up to the fireplace for your stocking, bulging with candy, nuts and the inevitable orange?

Shop Talk firmly believes you'd give your all.

And to Americans there is a kid's Christmas poem as deeply ingrained as the memories of Grandma's Christmas dinner, or the stocking jammed with sweets. You all remember it. You'll always remember it.

Shop Talk herewith reprints that poem. It isn't long. Read it clear through. It actually takes 1 minute and 29 seconds and Shop Talk guarantees it will take you back twenty, thirty, forty years in no longer space of time than it took St. Nick to dump his toys.

★

**it
was
the night
before Christ-
mas, when all
through the house
Not a creature was
stirring, not even a
mouse. The stockings
were hung by the chimney
with care, In hopes that St.
Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug
in their beds, While visions of
sugar plums danced in their
heads. And mama in her kerchief,
and I in my cap, Had just
settled our
brains for
a long win-
ter's nap.
When out
on the lawn
there arose such a clatter, I
sprang from my bed to see
what was the matter. Away to
window I flew like a flash, Tore
open the shutters, and threw up
the sash; The moon on the breast
of the new-fallen snow Gave a
luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering
eyes should appear, But a
miniature sleigh and eight tiny
reindeer, With a little old driver,
so lively and quick, I knew in a
moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his
coursers they came And he
whistled and shouted and called
them by name: "Now Dasher;
now Dancer! now Prancer! now
Vixen! On, Comet! on, Cupid!
on, Donder and Blitzen—To the
top of the porch, to the top of
the wall, Now dash away, dash
away, dash away all!" As dry
leaves that before the wild hur-
ricane fly, When they meet with
an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the
coursers they flew, With a
sleigh full of toys—and St.
Nicholas, too. And then, in a
twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each
little hoof. As I drew in my
head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound; He was
dressed all in fur from his head
to his foot, And his clothes were
all tarnished with ashes, and
soot; A bundle of toys he had
flung on his back, And he looked
like a peddler just opening his
pack. His eyes, how they twink-
led! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his
nose like a cherry; His droll
little mouth was drawn up like
like a bow, And the beard on his
chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held
fast in his teeth, And the smoke,
it encircled his head like a
wreath. He had a broad face.
and a little round belly—That
shook when he laughed, like a
bowlful of jelly! He was chub-
by and plump—a right jolly old
elf; And I laughed when I saw
him, in spite of myself. A wink
of his eye, and a twist of his
head, Soon gave me to know I
had nothing to dread. He spoke
not a word, but went straight
to his work, And filled all the
stockings: then turned with a
jerk, And laying his finger aside
of his nose, And giving a nod,
up the chimney he rose. He
sprang to his sleigh, to his team
gave a whistle, And away they
all flew like the down of a
thistle. But I heard him exclaim,
ere they drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL,
AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"**

Women Band for Industrial Peace

With an objective of maintaining prosperity in Southern California through sustained payrolls, the organization of The Neutral Thousands was started in Los Angeles during September by a group of women headed by Mrs. Bessie A. Ochs. Sponsored and directed entirely by the women of California, this group of public-spirited women set out to build in Los Angeles county, a membership roll of 200,000 women, pledged to work for industrial peace and to demand that needless industrial warfare that was forcing strikes and lockouts among peaceful workers where no labor disputes were existing, be stopped.

Headquarters of the organization have been established at 706 South Hill street, on the ninth floor of the Cutts Building in Los Angeles. During the first eight weeks of organization work, more than 85,000 women of Los Angeles county have joined The Neutral Thousands, of which 91 percent are wives, mothers or sisters of members of organized labor, and thousands are members of labor union organizations.

The slogan adopted by The Neutral Thousands is "Truth, Not Terror"—Taken from the initials—T.N.T.—by which the organization is known. From its very inception, The Neutral Thousands have waged a war of public opinion against the unscrupulous or so-called chiseling employer, against the labor racketeer who preys on labor unions, and against the outside professional organizer who has come into this community for his own selfish purpose of promoting unnecessary strikes and stirring up discord within the ranks of union labor.

Definitely advocating the principle of collective bargaining and the right of any laboring person to join any labor union he or she may desire of his own free will, but taking a firm stand against workers being forced to join unions against their will, The Neutral Thousands are conducting a widespread campaign of education and information that will permit laboring people to know and understand their full rights under the National Labor Relations Act.

In every sense of the word the T.N.T. organization is rigidly neutral, favoring no class, creed, political party or race. Membership in The Neutral Thousands carries no dues or assessments—the financial support of the organization coming entirely from voluntary contributions from those interested in the movement, and without any obligation.

Among the services offered by the T.N.T. to employes desiring information as to their rights and privileges under the National Labor Relations Act, are free meeting place for assembly, and the services of wel-informed speakers, without cost or obligation. Literature concerning the activities of The Neutral Thousands, and membership application cards are available at the T.N.T. headquarters.

Magazine Contains City Building Story

This month's edition of "Southern California Business," a magazine issued by the Los Angeles County Chamber of Commerce to several thousand business and industrial executives, contains a complete story with a picture of the Administration building and the Torrance Chamber of Commerce. Material for the article was furnished by L. J. Gilmeister in his dual role as secretary of the chamber and public relations director for the city.

Police Hope They Won't Have to Serve Turkey

This is one story that should not be printed, according to Captain John H. Stroh of the police department.

If anyone is so unfortunate as to find himself behind the bars in the city jail on Christmas Day he'll at least be served a holiday dinner featuring turkey.

"We hope we don't have to serve any festive dinners that day and perhaps you'd better not make a story about the menu," Capt Stroh told a Herald reporter yesterday . . . "You see, if it got out that there was to be turkey and all the fixin's, we might have standing room only."

Council Buys Flood Lights; Illuminate Four Buildings

Appropriations voted Monday afternoon at the adjourned meeting of the city council were as follows: $205.79 for installation of flood lights to illuminate the fronts of the city hall, Civic Auditorium, Administration building and library; $320 for the expenses of the County League of Municipalities' dinner-meeting here last Thursday night. Part of this expense will be returned from the sale of dinner tickets to the nearly 300 attending that affair.

Prisoners May Be Rolled

WHITEFISH, Mont. (U.P.)—A new entrance with a ramp has been built to the city jail so that prisoners objecting to being placed in jail can be rolled in.

Diners Routed In Strike

CLEVELAND (U.P.)—Vandals tossed a jar of stench fluid at pickets parading in front of a restaurant, sending diners scurrying from their evening meals.

Mayor Asks Help In Listing 1937's 'Biggest Mistake'

Mayor William H. Tolson is "on the spot."

All because of a letter he received the other day from Ed Ainsworth, whose "Along El Camino Real" column is a feature in the Los Angeles Times.

Requested Ainsworth: Brief personal information about His Honor the Mayor, a report on the three greatest achievements made by Torrance during the past year and the three "greatest goals for 1938."

"Also as a novelty feature what you consider to have been the biggest mistake on the part of either your city or your administration during the past year . . . A sort of 'honest confession is good for the soul' revelation to go along with the more serious material," Ainsworth asked. The columnist intends publishing the answers to his "mayor-letters" about the first of the new year.

Mayor Tolson says he won't have any trouble listing the three outstanding accomplishments for 1937 or the three things Torrance needs most for 1938. The personal data will be easy, too.

But the "biggest mistake" is stumping him.

"I know we've made some—but I don't want to go too far because all of us interested in civic development would rather forget the things that panned out wrong. On the other hand I don't want to admit something trivial for fear someone will say that we here in Torrance are 'trying to cover up something'," Tolson grinned.

"I wonder if readers of The Herald would let me or the paper know what they consider to be our 'biggest mistake' of 1937. This is a good chance to get anything off your chest that you seriously believe was a municipal or civic misstep during the past year. I'll be glad to receive such letters or verbal reports."

Sneak Thief Grabs Valueless Purses

Someone tore the screens off several windows to ground floor rooms of the Calvert apartments, 1006 Sartori avenue, last Friday, reached in and grabbed a couple of purses, according to a report given police by the landlord. There was nothing of value in the purses.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following story was awarded first prize in 1936 in a contest sponsored by the National Editorial Association for the best story in modern newspaper form of the Birth of Christ. Donor of the prize was Justus Craemer, publisher of the Orange Daily News and a past president of N.E.A. In reproducing it, The Herald has affixed a modern headline.)

World Redeemer Born in Manger; Shepherds First to Pay Tribute

MOTHER DENIED INN'S WARMTH IN BETHLEHEM

By FRANK BRUTTO
Evanston, (Ill.) News-Index

BETHLEHEM, Dec. 25—Christ was born last night.

While thousands who for generations had awaited His birth slept and were unaware the promised Redeemer of mankind came into the world.

Not with fanfare.

Not with kingly pomp.

Not heralded by armies which so many of His people in recent years had imagined would accompany His coming to deliver them from the bondage of a foreign empire and to restore them the full glory of Solomon and his temple.

Prophecy is Fulfilled

But humbly, with sheep and goats for attendants, He was born in a stable, because there was no room in the inn of Bethlehem.

Thus the words of the Prophet Micheas were fulfilled; "And thou Bethlehem the land of Juda are not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the captain that shall rule my people of Israel."

And Mary, His mother, wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger, because it was cold in the stable. Outside the streets of Bethlehem were silent, quiet.

All day there had been clamor in the streets—for here, too, as in all of the Roman empire, people have returned to be registered in the city of their birth.

Angels Announce Tidings

Merchant princes from Achzib in Galilee and bankers from Jerusalem with their followers and bodyguards, and beggars from Samaria with their lice and rags.

All day the streets of Bethlehem resounded with the rumble of wheels and the clatter of sandaled feet.

But last night the streets were strangely quiet.

None of these merchants or bankers, or even beggars knew of the birth of Christ. They were asleep.

Word of the birth was brought to this city last night by shepherds who had been tending their flocks on the outskirts of Bethlehem.

These men brought the glad tidings, given to them, they said, by angels who said; "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

No Rooms at Inn

An angel of the Lord, they said, had appeared before them and said to them; "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people.

"For this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

"And this shall be a sign to you; you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."

And so, the shepherds said, they left their flocks on the hillside and came to Bethlehem.

(Continued on Page 3-B)

Officers to Start Intensive Pistol Training Here

A new and more intensive shooting schedule for all members of the Torrance police department was announced this week by Sergeant Ernest Ashton, who is in charge of the pistol training for local officers. Beginning Dec. 29 all officers will be required to participate in "silhouette shooting" where a target of a human figure is used.

With that as an objective for their leaden pellets, the officers will use three courses of fire. These will be: 10 shots slow fire at 25 yards, "kill shots" only to be scored; 10 shots timed

(Countined on Page 3-B)