

# Torrance Herald

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## Girl Fights Four In Death Frenzy

### WOMAN'S CLUB WILL SELECT CANDIDATES MAY 22

Primary Election Of  
Organization Is  
Scheduled

### MUSICAL PROGRAM

Public Invited To Con-  
cert At High  
School

Business of importance and the primary election, at which the candidates for office are nominated, will be the essential features of the next regular meeting of the Woman's club, Thursday afternoon, May 22.

The program will be given in the evening of the same day. Two artists—Van de Berg, pianist, and Campana, baritone soloist—will entertain the members. The club women generously desire to share this wonderful music, so they are extending a cordial invitation to the public. There will be no charge for admission.

The meeting will be held at the high school auditorium at 8 p. m., Thursday, May 22.

### AUTO THIEVES VICTIMIZE TWO TORRANCE MEN

H. W. O'Brien's Car  
Stolen; D. C. McBain's  
Goods Are Taken

Automobile thieves and strippers were busy in Torrance Wednesday night.

H. W. O'Brien reported to police that his Chevrolet touring car was stolen from in front of his home at 938 North Arlington avenue.

A lap robe, overcoat and cigar lighter were taken from the Cadillac owned by D. C. McBain, while the car was standing in front of his home at 715 Cota avenue.

Chief Anderson today urged motorists to lock their cars before leaving them parked and not to leave robes and coats on the seats.

Instructions have been issued to all policemen to be on the lookout for night prowlers.

### Sten Peterson Now With First National

Sten Peterson, formerly of Oakland, Neb., is an addition to the staff of the First National bank here. Mr. Peterson is experienced in the banking business.

Mr. and Mrs. William Page of Arlington avenue plan a week-end trip to Camp Baldy.

### ROOM FOR RENT?

Peace and quiet reign in the Torrance calaboose.

No conversation filters through the cracks in the door that separates the land of the free from the room of the imprisoned.

The drone of prisoners' voices is not to be heard.

There's nobody in jail.

For four long months the lockup has been populated, sometimes densely. But Thursday morning dawned without a man behind the bars.

The jail is numbered among the "empties."

### TORRANCE MAN IS HONORED BY SO. CAL. BUYERS

James J. Byrnes Elected President of Purchasers' Association

James J. Byrnes of the Union Tool company is newly elected president of the Southern California Purchasers' association. This organization is pledged to buy Southern California products whenever possible. Mr. Byrnes is head of the purchasing department of the Union Tool company.

### Veteran Vagrant Seeks Safety In Shoestring Strip

Tom Connolly, reputed ex-soldier, but known in police parlance as a "panhandler," was apprehended a few days ago as a vagrant and ordered by Judge King to depart from Torrance. He did. He went as far as the shoestring strip. He was taken into custody again Wednesday night by Los Angeles officers on a vagrancy charge. Connolly, according to police, is a wanderer who proceeds from community to community, using his record of service and membership in the American Legion to assure him of alms.

### Slight Showings Of Gas and Oil Struck At Western Wildcat

Slight showings of oil and gas have been encountered at the Chanslor-Canfield Midway Oil company's Francis No. 1, Western avenue wildcat, which is now down below 3000 feet. The showings, however, are nothing to create any excitement, at the high levels at which they were encountered, according to field representatives of the company.

### Mrs. James Jones Granted Divorce

A divorce was granted Mrs. Pauline Kelly Jones from James W. Jones by Judge Summerfield yesterday. Mr. Jones was formerly a real estate man of Torrance.

### Observations

The Women of Akron—Our Doctors—The Handicap of Politics—Is Spanking Too Old-Fashioned?

By W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

AKRON, Ohio, provides the latest example of what woman suffrage has accomplished. A fight between the city administration and the traction company lasted for six months. The city insisted on a 5-cent fare. The company wanted 6 cents. The company's franchise was cancelled and street cars stopped running. Buses took their places. Transportation facilities were poor.

Then the women took a hand. A gigantic mass meeting was held. As a result hundreds of enraged housewives stormed the city hall. Speakers demanded that the traction tangle be straightened out "right now."

In the face of this determined delegation, the city hall politicians quailed.

A hurried conference between city officers and traction company chiefs resulted that afternoon in a compromise. The 5-cent fare with a 1-cent transfer charge was agreed upon.

The street cars were running next morning. Women did in one day what politicians couldn't accomplish in six months.

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PHYSICIANS in convention at Los Angeles hear much about the necessity for improvement of understanding between patient and doctor. This desirable consummation may be reached, according to the physicians themselves, by continued betterment of the service which doctors have for sale.

We really understand very little about the wonderful machinery of the human body. Yet we have progressed far in the past fifty years and are progressing each day still farther. To the medical profession goes all credit for lowering the infant mortality rate and increasing the longevity of the race.

But the doctors themselves will tell you that the world has barely started on its quest for medical knowledge.

Daily in small and great laboratories all over the world great and important discoveries are being made. The physician who does not study every day is lagging behind the parade. In no other profession is it so important for a man to study continually.

The frankness of the discussions at the Los Angeles convention is refreshing in these days of almost universal self-satisfaction.

Doctors are examining themselves. Many good physicians will become better physicians if they follow the advice put forth by leaders of the profession as reported in the Los Angeles papers.

The medical profession is one of our most important. But, like the other professions and sciences, it has a long way to go yet.

The college from which your doctor received his diploma is not as important as the amount of studying he has done since he graduated. Beware of the physician who "knows it all." Better have faith in him who tells you frankly that no doctor can cure every ailment that assails the human body.

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THINGS are dull on the New York stock market. The Gotham-exchange is the accurate barometer of American business. But the dullness now prevailing is significant of nothing but the fact that this is presidential year.

Since 1912 the political situation has not been as uncertain as it is today. What with oil scandals, Veterans' bureau disclosures, and Shipping board probes, national politics are in a turmoil, which is reflected in all business.

Every presidential year the same condition prevails. Once every four years the country must shoulder its way through a big political campaign.

We should elect our presidents for a longer term and stipulate that they serve for a single term only.

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BISHOP JAMES CANNON Jr. of the Methodist church tells the House Judiciary committee investigating bills to legalize the sale of 2.75 per cent beer that there is more immorality than drinking among the younger set.

"Our young people are allowed to do things that would not have been tolerated a few years ago," said the bishop.

If what he says is true, and it probably is, the blame rests with the parents who have allowed outside interests to usurp the authority of the home.

It is not easy for the parent to win against outside attractions, but some of them are doing it.

Too many mothers and fathers believe that spanking is old-fashioned.

### Torrance Waitress Swallows Poison; Struggles To Die

Crazed With Determination To End Life, Mrs. Hazel Cowan Fights Off Husband, Policeman, Doctor

### REFUSES TO TAKE EMETIC, ANTIDOTE

Half Hour Struggle Ends In Favor Of Life And Woman, In County Hospital Will Recover, Report Says

Drinking a bottle of deadly poison, Mrs. Hazel Cowan, 25-year-old Torrance waitress, battled desperately Tuesday night against her husband, a police officer, another woman, and Dr. J. S. Lancaster, when they attempted to administer an emetic and antidote.

Crazed with a determination to die, the frenzied waitress, well known by diners in local restaurants, fought with abnormal strength against the four persons who stood between her and the death which she sought.

Finally overpowered and weakened after the half-hour struggle, Mrs. Cowan relaxed. The emetic and antidote were administered, and she is now at the county hospital in Los Angeles with better than an even chance to live.

The events which led the waitress to seek solace in suicide are clouded in mystery. Friends assert that she has repeatedly declared her intention of doing away with herself.

During a discussion with her husband at their Sartori avenue home at

midnight Tuesday Mrs. Cowan suddenly became excited, according to one version, and declaring that she would "trouble him no more," ran to the bathroom and drank a quantity of poison.

Mr. Cowan called the police, Dr. Lancaster and a waitress from a local restaurant. Officer Clarke responded to the call. Cowan, the officer and the waitress attempted to persuade Mrs. Cowan to swallow the whites of eggs. She refused. When persuasion was of no avail they sought to force the egg whites into her mouth. A thrilling encounter ensued. Dr. Lancaster arrived and assisted the other three in their attempts to save the woman's life. Still resisting with amazing physical strength, Mrs. Cowan battled against the four. Finally she relaxed and took the antidote and emetics.

Waitresses who know Mr. and Mrs. Cowan are particularly reticent about discussing the case. They assert, however, that Mrs. Cowan repeatedly told her husband that some day she would commit suicide.

### "IN THE GREASE"

Notes Gleaned While the Oil Editor Bumps Around Proven Territory

The Chanslor-Canfield Midway Oil company has two more wells close to production. They are Torrance No. 51, one location north of Torrance No. 8, and Torrance No. 56, in the southwest corner of the Torrance lease.

Dominguez No. 2 of the C.-C. M. O. is standing cemented at 3290 feet. The rig for this well stood idle for almost a year before drilling operations were started. Dominguez No. 1, near by, is making about 15 barrels of heavy oil a day.

The Standard Oil company showed some speed going in on the Sentinel Joughlin lease in the eastern extension. The company is running four strings on this property already.

Marble Lease No. 5 of the Standard Oil company is down 3842 feet and will be on production this week.

Offsetting Chanslor-Canfield's Del Amo No. 12, Standard's Ellinwood No. 1 is down 3500 feet.

Drilling below 3400 feet, the Standard Oil company's Weston No. 1, on Weston street, Lomita, is being watched with interest.

Shell's Dolores No. 1, east of Harbor boulevard, is down about 3000 feet.

The Shell company is rigging up standard tools at Kettler No. 2, deep test well on the east side. The fourth cement job was unsuccessful and the company is going in with cable tools in an effort to locate the difficulty.

The Shell company is preparing to swab Kettler No. 10 for production. This well is not far north of Standard's Kettler No. 1, which operators do not regard as a final test of this territory.

(Continued on Last Page)

## BILLY WHISKERS - By Frances Montgomery

Billy Whiskers, you remember, had joined the Billy Goat Regiment as their mascot.

Now if you want to know a secret I will tell you one. That very night, just as the village clocks were striking twelve, the whole regiment broke camp and silently marched to the sea, where they as silently climbed into small boats and were carried out to where a big transport was awaiting them.

They were on a secret mission and no one was to know the time or place of sailing until the very minute the order to march came. And when it had once been given, the men stepped as lightly as they could, never speaking a word. And had anyone chanced to see them slipping through the night, they would have thought they were a company of deaf mutes they moved so silently, with never a word spoken, no band playing or banner flying except the flag at the head of the regiment.

When morning came the village knew for the first time that the soldiers had been sent abroad, probably to France to face the Germans, who were trying to fight the whole world and make the German Kaiser emperor over all, even to our free-born American citizens. Of course, Americans didn't want an emperor, king or any persp to rule them, so they had

to fight for freedom and the freedom of the nations in Europe as well. And all this secrecy had to be so that the Germans would not know when they were sailing and try to blow up the troop ships with their submarines.

The regiment had been on the ocean and out of sight of land for two days, and Billy and the soldiers had gotten their sea legs and were getting used to being in such close quarters when a great commotion was caused on board by the sighting of a submarine coming straight toward them.

It was within striking distance when volley after volley of shot was fired on it from the submarine chasers that Uncle Sam had sent out to protect and convoy the big transport vessels.

Such excitement you never saw, and Billy, for one, never wished to see it again. For no one knew what minute the treacherous submarine would slip under the waves and drive a hole in their vessel without warning.

Billy strained and strained his eyes to see what the soldiers were watching so intently, but all he could see was a small object that looked like a pipe sticking out of the water, bobbing up first here, then there. Being a goat, he did not know the pipe-like thing was the periscope of a submarine.

There was seldom a time of day or night that they did not see the periscope of a submarine or hear the shots from the armed vessels that were escorting them.

One day in particular stood out in Billy's mind, and that was the day a submarine sneaked up so close that when our boats shot at it the shot barely missed the side of the vessel. Billy was on. It was so close that it sent up a spray in the air and when it came down it drenched everything and everybody on deck.

"Gee, I wish I was on shore! I can't say I enjoy this kind of warfare. I'll take my chances on land any day, but not water for me! The walking is not good, and only a fish could reach shore, the distance we are from land. And there are two other things I don't care to think about. One is that if we are shot and blown up I shall come down in hash, and it won't be good hash, either—there will be too many hairs in it. And the other is I don't think I should enjoy being swallowed alive by a big sea monster or nibbled at by the little ones, who might take a bite out of me here and there if I was too large to swallow whole. Yes, I certainly wish I had stayed at home with Jamie and not gone to war. As for Nannie, my dear, sweet little wife, she will cry her eyes dim until my return. I

do hope the old crow I sent her with a message telling her where I was going won't forget to deliver it! I certainly intended to sneak out of camp some night and go home and tell her I was going to war, and for her to go and stay with our children, and grandchildren until I came back, so she would not get so lonesome. But who would ever have thought that a whole regiment of soldiers could break camp and slip off so quickly in a night? I am sure I never did. And when we started I thought they were only practicing a night attack on an enemy. I never dreamt they were going on shipboard!

"Well, I am here and must make the best of it. I guess I can stand it like a man if these fine fellows can look so cheerful and keep up their courage when they are leaving home, family, friends and sweethearts behind. There is one thing I am going to like about it, anyway, and that is the excitement, with something doing every minute.

"Hark! I hear a terrible buzzing overhead like millions and millions of bees. But I cannot see a thing, and the sky is as bright as day, with the moon silencing everything. Ha! ha! the soldiers have heard it also and are running for their field glasses." Plunk! went a whistling sound in the water, followed by a terrible spray

going up hundreds of feet in the air. "A German Zeppelin dropping bombs on us!" called out one of the soldiers.

"I guess we are destined to feed the fishes," replied his comrade. "What with submarines and Zeppelins, we haven't much chance to reach shore without a mishap of some kind. That Zeppelin took a long chance to venture so far out to sea, though, for we must be a long way from shore."

However, they reached their destination without a single mishap, for though the Zeppelin dropped many bombs, not one of them hit a single ship.

"My, but I should like to go up in one of those big Zeppelins," said Billy. "It must be great to ride through the clouds inside something like that. Much nicer than riding exposed to the weather in an aeroplane. I'll never forget how cold I got when riding across the continent from New York to San Francisco in an aeroplane once. I wonder what all the soldiers are doing on one side of the vessel, starting in one direction. Guess I'll go see."

When Billy drew near enough to hear what was being said, he found out they were waiting for the first glimpse of land, for they had been told it might appear any minute and they all wished to get sight of the shores of France as soon as they

could, for they had heard that France was to be their destination.

"I see land! I see land!" called a soldier.

"No, you don't. That is only a cloud that looks like a rocky coast," said another.

"Let's ask the captain of the vessel. He'll know," and away hurried one of the soldiers to find out for sure, but he had scarcely left when the first mate of the ship came along and said that it was really land they saw.

Then three cheers went up from many throats to welcome the strange land that was to be their home for many months, and the resting place for many of them forever.

In three hours from the time they sighted land they were safely ashore. The tugs had come out and towed them into the harbor. As they landed they were greeted by cheer upon cheer and nicknamed Sammies on the spot, meaning Uncle Sam's sons. As they left the wharf they saw many German prisoners at work, who stared at them with sullen looks, while the excitable French people showered them with flowers and threw kisses at them to show their delight at having a new army come to help them.

[Next Tuesday new adventures will start for Billy in the new land.]