

Her Dreadful Past

The Amazing True Story of a Girl Patricia

PERHAPS you recall reading in the newspapers the case of Gretchen, the girl who poisoned her father—and then, at her trial, refused to utter a word in her own defense. You read of her conviction and incarceration. There, apparently, the story ended. But really it was only the beginning of one of the most amazing human dramas ever enacted.

In prison Gretchen performed her duties in utter silence; nothing interested her; she kept to herself; an outcast branded for life.

Then Mary Howard came to the prison to teach. Her heart went out to the little daughter of the

slums. She tried, by kindness and encouragement, to make Gretchen feel that she was not a pariah but a girl like other girls.

At first Gretchen feared and distrusted her; but later with her head in the kindly teacher's lap, her body wracked with sobs, she told for the first time the dreadful story which, had she told it to the jury, would probably have resulted in her acquittal.

The complete story of the events leading up to her dreadful crime, her trial, imprisonment, eventual parole, and the glorious success she is now making of her life, is entitled "Out of the Slums" and appears in July True Story Magazine—now on sale.

Partial Contents
Things No Woman Can Stand
Three Loves
Men Are Like That
The Sin That Found Him Out
The Marriage Bargain
I Played with a Boy's Love
—and several other stories

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Madame X Inspects Columbia Plant and Pens Impressions

By MADAME X

Being a female, and being impressionable, I soaked up a lot of dope going through the Columbia Steel mill the other evening. Having said appointment at between 1 and 1:30, I being punctilious as all females always are, chose a happy medium of sauntering in at 1:15. No one about in the employment office, where I was to meet said gent to escort me through said plant, but two of the opposite sex squabbling over who mixed the time cards. This is the night crew—no this is the day crew—no they're mixed—what'dja mix 'em for?—I didn't mix 'em?—you mixed 'em—no I didn't, I never mix anything, you did it. And so on through the night.

Well, here comes the guide—am informed that the class with which I am to go through is advancing on mass. Guess I'll take a peek. Suffering catfish! All males—a class in materials of construction from the University of California, Southern Branch. Look something like high school students—wonder if they'll ask any dumb questions? Well, here we go—hope I don't spoil the trip for the struggling undergraduates!

Ge, they've got a pile of stuff around here—bet it goes all over the world. Here's the galvanizing process—where they put the frost on the sheet steel—boy, that's pretty stuff those sheets of steel are dipped in. Looks like it was alive or something prettier—what's prettier than silver? If those sheets didn't get all frosty after they're rolled out, I'd surely want everything I own galvanized. Even jewelry—it'd knock your eyes out. Ge, that guy that's inspecting them after they're finished must have good eyes—he throws out lots that I can't see anything wrong with. Wonder if they really throw them out? Did I hear someone say they remelted them? Seems a shame they'd do that, I can't see anything wrong with them—bet there's a lot of people that would just as soon have that kind as the ones that have absolutely perfect frosting on them—what's the frosting anyway. Who can tell if they have one little bad spot on them after they get on roofs—or do they use things like that on roofs. I must be dumb. Here's what our guide calls the permanent wave machine—where they get all crimped.

Piles and piles of iron angles—wonder why they have so much of it piled up—can't they sell it or something? Mr. Taylor just said they make 80 different angles here—suppose that is where these sharkster lawyers are forever getting new angles to bring up at these big trials. Says the Columbia Steel makes articles as small as they are forced to and as large as they are able to—Isn't that cute?

Now we're headed out and beyond—out to the junk piles. Here are the remainders of many a good car, all ready to begin life anew by being melted over and becoming something else. An overhead crane rumbles and everybody ducks—it's only carrying the biggest magnet you ever saw. There it goes, sweeping the train tracks, which have become littered with junk. Down it swoops—malls and iron posts, and everything in reach begins jumping up to meet it, then when it has a load it runs up to the top of the pile and drops it in place. Intrusting indeed!

Up some stairs to where the metal is being heated to a white hot pouring heat. Brawny men—bathed in sweat, are tending the furnaces.

The metal is almost ready to pour someone anybody is busy. Chemicals scientifically weighed and measured, and put aside to throw into the "ladle"—this to purify the metal and separate it from the slag.

Down the stairs again to wait five minutes and see the big event. Gaining a point of vantage, we all look around. Molds being pre-heated—about 12 connected with a master mold and all filled at once. The guide said each mold held 1400 pounds of metal.

Ge, look at those men dig—one digs down some coals from the furnace into the trough, and the other one scoops them out.

Here comes the metal—in a tiny stream at first, then grows to the full width of the trough. What I'd brought some dark glasses—that's the prettiest sight I ever saw, but boy it's hard to look at long.

Brilliant, golden, and beautiful, with sparks flying, reminding one of a huge 4th of July sparkler. Now 50 tons of metal are in the ladle—the waste spilling over the side into a couple of pots. Seems incredible that this beautiful liquid spilling over the side is of no use—that it will become a dirty gray when cold.

The huge overhead crane carries the ladle of metal over to the molds and men open the tap and the metal starts on its way to an eventful life.

Into a dog trot again, and over to see where these molds of cold metal are reheated and stretched—I say stretched, because watching them being run through some rollers and become longer and longer gives the impression of being stretched. Verre, intrusting indeed! Machines with brains, and quick, skilled men do the work.

Well, here we are back where we started from and I know all about metal now, I guess. Haven't I seen it all? When you think of all the things that are made from that bunch of glowing, sparking metal, it takes your breath away. Wouldn't our town be famous, if people only realized how many of the things they see and depend on every day were made right in Torrance?

Bet it is a lot of bother to make tiny things—all this machinery is so huge. Gosh, this gravel's hard to walk in—what I'd brought my brogans—bet I don't have any leather on my heels tomorrow.

So this is the rolling mill! Men of steel—wasn't that a movie?—well if those men aren't made of steel that are juggling that white hot metal around, they must be asbestos. Look at those two men send those two little pieces of flaming metal through the rollers. One stands on each side and they keep the two hopping through the roller—what if one of them would miss? Ugh! I'd think those tongs they handle them with would get hot after awhile.

They're not very accurate—this is one place where a mistake is made—see that fat man?—he would take a lot of practice to catch a piece of hot metal going plenty per around a roller and throw it back without hitting anybody.

And there's a man bending a long hunk of it in the middle—ye gods! he put his foot on it—don't suppose it hurt, for he's going on as calmly as ever. Oh, he's wearing asbestos shoes—a foot thick—I'd want a full suit of asbestos on if I had it to do—first thing I'd do would be stub my toe. Ugh—I'm burning now from the thought of falling flat on it—needn't worry, though—probably wouldn't have time to feel it if something like that would happen. So awkward men that are! Didn't realize there were so many men so accurate and wonderfully trained as there are here—they know their business, and HOW!

Everything electrical—cranes, furnaces, rollers, and every imaginable contraption is run with electricity—wonder what their electric bill is every month?

Darn this place is big—of course I'm awfully proud to think we have something so large and well known as this is, but when one goes around the place in a dog trot for an hour or so, one begins to look for something else to ride on.

Two warehouses—built to hold the "patterns" for people's orders. Wish they'd invite us to peek in there, I'd like to see a "pattern."

The gang has stopped—the guide is explaining something—largest electric furnace—world. The noise in that place is deafening—can't utter make out if he said we were coming to the largest—one of the largest, or what—said it would be too noisy to tell us in there. Yes, it is too noisy in here—hope we don't see any mice—too noisy to yell.

Here's said electric furnace. It's big all right—even something to swallow your gum about, only I swallowed mine some time ago. Wonder what it heats—too much racket to ask him here.

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Ted Lewis and His Merry Clowns Return to L. A.

"Is everybody happy?"

If not, don't swoon or drop off in a dead faint for there is hope left—Ted Lewis, the gay, jazzy brogan—but I don't have any leather on my heels tomorrow.

So this is the rolling mill! Men of steel—wasn't that a movie?—well if those men aren't made of steel that are juggling that white hot metal around, they must be asbestos. Look at those two men send those two little pieces of flaming metal through the rollers. One stands on each side and they keep the two hopping through the roller—what if one of them would miss? Ugh! I'd think those tongs they handle them with would get hot after awhile.

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TORRANCE NOTES

Mrs. Ed Kelley of Long Beach, formerly of Torrance, was the guest of Mrs. F. L. Parks Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferrie of Wilmington were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Freeman a week ago Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bertelson spent Decoration day at Alhambra and visited Forest Lawn cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Parks and son Jimmie were at Fontana Sunday.

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ALMOST ALWAYS because the lettuce was wilted and unappetizing. Serving salads with the lettuce crisp, firm and deliciously cold, even though the lettuce may be a week or more old, is so easy and simple we want every housewife to know about it.

Lettuce is 94% water, 2% sugar and starches, and the remaining 4% of its content is made up of fiber, ash, protein and fat. The secret of keeping lettuce fresh and unwilted, and providing the appetizing chill so tempting to the palate, lies in preserving its natural crispness, which is done in the following manner:

Hold the head under the cold water faucet until it has been thoroughly washed. Shake it gently, allowing some of this moisture to remain. Do not break the heads up into leaves, or pieces, but place them whole in a dish or pan and cover tightly. A glass jar with a screw lid or an empty Crisco or similar can will serve for the purpose. Place the container under the cold air vent in your Ice Refrigerator. Here it will accumulate a delicious coldness and its natural moisture cannot escape. Do not prepare the salad until just before serving. Remember that the temperature of your home and especially your kitchen will soon warm the lettuce, thus ruining all your precautions.

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