

Torrance Herald

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Southwestern Wildcat Blows Out

Santa Fe Del Amo No. 12 Proves Up Immense Acreage

Outpost on Old Redondo Road Near Redondo Bears Every Indication of Becoming Flowing Well

SHOOTS OIL TO CROWN BLOCK SUNDAY

Gradually Cleaning Itself Out, Well Is Flowing by Heads and Gaining Pep With Every Hour

Proving up hundreds of acres in Chanslor-Canfield's big Del Amo lease and surprising every operator in the field, the Santa Fe's Del Amo No. 12, on the old Redondo road, not far from the Redondo limits, blew out Sunday night and spouted oil to the crown block. The well, astonishing as it seems to operators, bids fair to be a flowing producer instead of a pumper. All day Monday this new outpost producer was flowing by heads and cleaning out gradually, displayed more pep every hour. Drilled to 3650 feet, the well blew out after being washed. Then it stopped. When tubing was pulled out it was found that the tubing was plugged. No sooner had the tubing

been removed, however, than oil painted the crown block. The crew cleaned the tubing and ran it back in the hole. Swabbed a few times, the well started flowing by heads and had every indication Monday afternoon of becoming a producer with a flow of several hundred barrels a day. Across the road Standard is nearing the production stage with Filinwood No. 1, which was down 3300 feet. The proving up of the Del Amo lease by Del Amo No. 12 constitutes one of the most important developments in the field in months. A large acreage south of Redondo road and under lease by various oil companies is now due for development.

EASTERN EDGE OF OIL FIELD IS BEING LOCATED

Three Wet Wells Provide New Formation Data

Operations in the eastern extension of the field indicate that "the edge is in sight." Three wells have established the fact that the water stratum is located at a higher level near Harbor boulevard than it is further west—a certain indication of the approach to the edge. Superior struck bottom water when Torrance No. 20 was drilled 3805 feet, and will have to plug back. The White Star Oil company's Empire No. 1, another east side wildcat, drilled to 3820 feet, will also be plugged back, and the Southland Petroleum corporation's Winship No. 1, east of Harbor boulevard, came in wet when a production test was made. The fact that these three wells struck water is not taken as proof that commercial production will be impossible in the Harbor boulevard district. The Empire well is conceded to be too far south for production. Superior is almost certain of production at No. 20, if the plugging back job is successful. Oakley No. 1 of the Consolidated Mutual Oil company, which offsets Superior's easterly outpost, is a producer.

Standard Locates Two More Wells On Kettler Lease

Convinced that Kettler No. 1 is a small producer because of mechanical imperfections in the well and not by reason of a sharply outlined zone of uncommercial oil land, the Standard Oil company has staked out two new locations on the Kettler property and will start drilling as soon as the derricks are rigged up. Kettler No. 1 has puzzled operators for some time, for excellent production has been obtained close by. When the Shell Oil company brought in Kettler No. 9 for 500-barrel production, operators became convinced that Standard's Kettler No. 1 was mechanically wrong. Now that the big company is ready to drill two more wells along the northern line of the lease, one on each side of Kettler No. 1, it is assumed that Standard has by no means given up hope for commercial production on the Leonta lease. Kettler No. 1 is now pumping 100 barrels a day, 50 per cent of which is water.

CARRIES GUN; JAILED

C. E. Atchley, 1631 Washington street, Moneta, is serving 100 days in the county jail. He was arrested by Officer Stanley Abbott Sunday afternoon when disturbing the peace. A gun was found in his possession. Judge King gave him his choice of a 100-day sentence or a \$100 fine. He took the sentence.

Observations

The President's Japanese Exclusion Somersault—Major Martin and Sergeant Harvey—French Beat Imperialism

By W. HAROLD KINGSLEY

POLITICAL somersaults never please the electorate. And the recent flip-flop of President Coolidge on the Japanese exclusion matter brought no round of applause from the voters of the Pacific coast. The day before the California primary election it was stated "at the White House" that the administration regarded the Japanese exclusion clause in the immigration bill with favor.

The next day, while California voters were rolling up a vast majority for Coolidge over Hiram Johnson, the President was waving his veto power in the faces of the House and Senate committees, urging that the exclusion provision should not take effect until Secretary Hughes could smooth out the wrinkles in the American-Japanese diplomatic fabric. Now it is hinted that the President will veto the bill on the ground that it takes effect too soon.

Let us give the President the benefit of the doubt to which his exalted position is entitled and assume that this subtle flip-flop was not based on political trickery and for political purposes.

Let us, however, take note that in the conference with newspaper correspondents the day before the California primaries the President refrained from discussion of the date on which the exclusion provision would take effect.

The big news of that conference was that the President favored Japanese exclusion. No conditions were set forth.

Of course the President's managers can still say with truth that the administration still favors exclusion, but that the date on which it takes effect is objectionable for diplomatic reasons.

But the American people do not like that sort of business where men in high office are concerned.

If the President intended to object to the matter of the date, he should have said so the day before the California primaries.

The whole business was unfortunate—most unfortunate.

MILITARY rank means nothing at all when two men face death side by side. That was established in France when buck privates saved the lives of majors and sergeants assumed command over the heads of lieutenants.

It was established again when Providence, strength of body and the high morale of the American army fliers cheated death in the bitter cold of the Alaskan peninsula—when Major Frederick Martin and Sergeant Alva Harvey, after their plane crashed into a mountain-side, battled the elements for ten days—and won.

When names of service men are mentioned in official dispatches it is military practice to place the name of the highest ranking soldier first.

But note the wording of the message from Major Martin: "Neither Sergeant Harvey nor I was hurt."

In that bitter, blinding fight Major Martin and Sergeant Harvey forgot all about rank. They were just two men sharing a common peril. Army post second lieutenants who are a bit too anxious about those salutes will do well to digest Major Martin's message and to remember that shoulder bars and chevrons rate equally beyond the boundaries of human safety.

SLOWLY but certainly European dreams of imperialism are fading. In England liberals and laborites join hands and cancel Great Britain's plan for a naval base at Singapore. And now the French people deliver a landslide in favor of Poincare's opponents—a vote interpreted correctly as opposed to the French imperialistic action in the Ruhr.

With the French left wing in power and MacDonald as premier of Great Britain, it seems probable that the Dawes recommendations will receive the support of the two strongest European nations.

It seems probable also that some of the nationalistic selfishness of both nations will be removed, to the resulting benefit of all the world.

The selection of MacDonald in England and the defeat of Poincare in France indicate what has generally been accepted by thinking people of all time—that the common people of any nation harbor no dreams of empire, that their ambition is for peace and the pursuit of happiness.

The thought seeds sowed by Woodrow Wilson during and just after the war took root and now are blossoming.

If true representatives of the people of the world hold the power in all nations, world peace will yet be assured.

P.-T. A. NOTICE

Mrs. Graham of Los Angeles will be the speaker of the afternoon at the regular meeting of the Parent-Teacher association Wednesday, May 14, at the high school.

Mrs. Graham's subject will be "Homes of Yesterday and Today."

ENTERTAINS FOR MRS. FESS

Mrs. A. B. Shriner of Arlington avenue entertained at luncheon Wednesday in honor of the birthday of Mrs. J. H. Fess.

Places were marked for the honoree, Mrs. George Watson, Mrs. W. C. Von Hagen, Mrs. John Guyan, Mrs. F. L. Parks, and the hostess.

WATER SUPPLY OF TORRANCE IS HIGHLY PRAISED

Jessup Reports to Trustees After Study of Conditions

CONTAINS SULPHUR

Healthful Properties Are Pointed Out by City Engineer

Torrance water is exceptionally pure and healthful.

This was the report made to the board of trustees Monday night by J. J. Jessup, who has just completed an investigation of the city's source of water and the distributing system.

The city engineer said: "As you know, our water supply comes from the Dominguez Water company's nine pumping wells. None of these wells is shallower than 900 feet. Logs of the wells show that several impervious structures exist between the surface and the 900-foot level, so that contamination of the supply by surface waters is impossible.

"The water is pumped into cement-lined reservoirs, which are clean. A certain amount of vegetable growth does exist on the bottom of these reservoirs. The reservoirs are not covered and at certain times of the year the vegetable growth is abundant.

"Some of this growth becomes detached and finds its way into the pipes. But it is by no means unhealthful.

"Torrance water is really wonderful. It contains a large amount of sulphur, which makes it unusually desirable for drinking purposes. People go miles to get sulphur water on account of its health-giving properties. We have it right in our city supply.

"I believe that the objectionable but by no means unhealthful features of our water supply are due in part to the sulphur odor. If the reservoirs were covered the vegetable growth would be eliminated. It will not grow in the dark."

City Hall to Move To Store Building

In order to provide adequate quarters for city officials and city records, the board of trustees Monday night voted unanimously to lease the store at 1215 El Prado street from A. H. Bartlett for one year at a rental of \$75 a month. The city will have an option to extend the lease, if desirable. The city hall will be moved into its new quarters next month.

"SPARKY" PLUGS IN

"Sparky" Probert works at the Torrance Pharmacy—that is, he draws down a pay check every so often. They do say, however, that "Sparky" spends most of his time tuning in on KGO, trying to get his sweetie in Oakland.

TWO PROMOTED AS ENGINEER J. J. JESSUP RESIGNS

City Engineer Retained as Advisor and Consultant

HOBSON RETAINED

Gascoigne Is Street Superintendent in New Arrangement

J. J. Jessup went off the regular payroll of the city of Torrance last night, when he resigned his present position and became city engineer in an advisory and consulting capacity.

He retains the title of city engineer, but will serve the city as special advisor and as consultant on public improvements.

The trustees voted to pay him 6 per cent of the cost of public improvements and 4 per cent of the cost of paving Western avenue for completing the task of inspecting the construction work and preparing the assessment rolls.

O. J. Hobson was appointed assistant city engineer and building inspector at a salary of \$225 a month.

William Gascoigne was appointed street superintendent at a salary of \$200 a month.

Mr. Jessup's salary as active city engineer was \$300 a month.

Under the new arrangement the city saves money. Mr. Jessup's compensation in the future will be included in the cost of public improvements and go on assessment rolls.

Miss Helen Neill Leaves for Europe

Miss Helen Neill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Neill, who is a student at Mills college, Oakland, has left for Europe with a party of eight of her classmates to be chaperoned by their history professor, Dr. Louise Mackey. The party will sail from New York on the Majestic and tour France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, England and Scotland. They will spend one month in Paris attending summer school at the University of Paris.

L. W. Sykes of San Francisco was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Paxton.

HEY, STRAW!

Have you parked that old felt hat in the closet corner? Have you doffed your winter lid for the new proper straw?

Today is Straw Hat Day. Yep. If you haven't got one, step out and shine.

Torrance men's shop windows are displaying all the snappiest styles, gray, coarse straws, fine straws.

Don the millinery, men.

BILLY WHISKERS - By Frances Montgomery

Billy had started off for the camp, when some boys saw him and started throwing stones at him. Billy immediately stopped and butted them all into a mud puddle.

"I'll teach them to throw stones at an inoffensive goat!" and Billy trotted on down the street. But everywhere he went, people stared at him or else threw things at him, until he was thoroughly disgusted, and he determined to hurry out of town and get to the camp as soon as he could. He thought the soldiers would be glad to see a red, white and blue goat.

He was within half a mile of the camp when he met a man driving in to town with a wagon filled with garden truck, chickens and eggs. He had a heavy load and was beating his half-starved horse with a cruel whip and calling to his bulldog to bite the horse's leg.

Now if there was anything Billy could not stand it was injustice and cruelty to animals. So when he saw the poor old horse patiently taking the whipping and doing his best to pull the overloaded wagon he made up his mind that he would punish the man for whipping his horse. He had just come to this decision when the man spied him and called out: "You are a pretty looking sight, you are!"

And Billy baaed back (though the man could not understand him): "You will be a prettier one before I get

through with you! And your dog, too, if you set him on me."

"Sick 'em, Nick sic 'em!" called the man to his dog, who flew out from under the wagon and came bounding at Billy in a very confident, pert way. Billy stood still, as if he were too frightened to move. Then when the dog was within three feet of him he wheeled and kicked the dog head over heels, sending him rolling over and over in the road. And while he was rolling Billy trotted off after him, so he could give him another butt when he tried to get up.

With a howl of anger and pain the dog got to his feet and with tail between his legs was going to run to the man for protection, when Billy made a bound after him and butted him twenty feet down the road.

While Billy was punishing the dog, the man had gotten off the wagon to come to the dog's assistance with his long whip. And he was just whirling the lash around his head to give Billy a stinging blow when Billy slipped under the lash and butted the man squarely in the stomach, sending him up on his wagon, where he landed in a tub of eggs, breaking dozens of them. And while he was trying to get out Billy quickly walked to the horse's head and said: "My friend, don't act so afraid of me. I am not going to hurt you. I simply have been punishing the man and his dog for abusing you. And my advice to you

is that, the next time he hits you, you exert your strength and give him the surprise of his life by not taking his beatings so patiently. Just rebel against his rough treatment and kick yourself loose from the cart and run home, or run away with the wagon and upset it in a ditch and spill out his things."

"I should like to do what you suggest," replied the horse, "and I have thought of it many times, but I dare not. He would be so angry he would kill me."

"Oh, no, he would not! He would have more respect for you, and would stop overloading the wagon. Just try it once. For if you don't you will die from starvation and overwork. Better die in a hurry by being killed than to slowly starve to death."

Billy went a potato on Billy's side. The man had gotten out of the tub of eggs and was throwing potatoes at Billy.

"Oh, you have come to, have you?" baaed Billy. "I see you are ready for another butt through the air. Just hit me with another potato and see where I land you this time."

The man was too furious to stop throwing things at Billy, much to his sorrow afterward, for he picked up an egg and threw it, which mashed on Billy's forehead and ran into his eyes.

This was too much, and with a bound Billy was on the wagon, butting

the man into a pulp, and just then the old horse got up courage to begin to kick himself loose. The harness, being a jiffy he was loose and running snorting down the road.

Just at this time a farmer came along with a load of hay, and seeing the horse running away and a big half goat butting a man to death, as he supposed, he grabbed his pitchfork, slipped off his load of hay and ran to drive Billy away from his victim. Seeing him coming and not wishing to have the pitchfork run into him, Billy gave the man an extra parting butt and jumped off the opposite side of the wagon, running into the thick woods beside the road. When he saw the farmer was not following him he stopped to peek through the leaves to see how nearly dead the man was, and he heard him groan:

"Oh, my back! It is broken! Oh, my stomach! It is mashed! Oh, my neck! It is cracked! Oh, oh, oh, I am a dead man all over! Just you wait until I get my gun! I shoot that blamed goat full of holes and beat him to a jelly. See if I don't."

"Yes, just wait until you get me, old man, before you plan what you are going to do to me!" and Billy once more started to find the camp.

He kept in the woods until he was out of sight of the farmer and truckman, and then he came out on the road and ran as fast as he could

until he came in sight of camp.

The men's duties being over for the day, the soldiers were sitting around the campfires, smoking and telling stories about what they were going to do when they reached the front, when they heard one of the sentinels call out:

"Who goes there?"

The next minute they heard a shot and a big animal of some kind bounded into their midst. This scattered the soldiers in all directions, for they could not tell in the dim light what kind of an animal it was.

One thought it was a young cow, from its horns. Another a bear, from its long hair, and a third was sure it was a huge dog.

Bang! went another shot in their midst, quickly followed by the sentinel on a run.

"Here, stop your shooting! You'll kill one of us!" called one of the soldiers.

Luckily for Billy, the sentinel was one of the poorest shots in that regiment, or he would have been a dead goat and this story would never have been written.

Billy was about to take to his heels for home when from all directions came soldiers on the run, attracted to the spot by the firing. What was their surprise on arriving at the campfire to find only a huge Billy goat instead of an enemy!

"Well, if it isn't the goat that was marching in the parade this morning!" exclaimed one of the soldiers.

"Sure enough, it is! I'd know him anywhere from the flag painted on his side."

"I'll tell you what, boys," said another. "Let's keep him for our mascot! The Billy Goat Regiment will sound fine—for aren't we out for the Kaiser's goat?"

"Sure we are!" said another.

"Now fill your lungs and give three cheers for our new mascot!"

And as if Billy Whiskers knew what they were talking about, he baaed as loudly as he could as long as the soldiers cheered. This of course pleased the men, and they cheered:

"Bah, rah, rah! What's the matter with Billy? He's all right!"

And from that day forward Billy stayed with that regiment and was known as their mascot.

For several days they watched the papers to see if anyone advertised for a lost goat, but no one did. Then to make sure they were not carrying off someone's valuable goat, they put an advertisement in the papers, saying where an extra large goat, pure white and answering to the name of Billy, could be found. But no one came to claim him.

[Friday Billy starts for France with the regiment.]