

## A Letter from Mr. Phelps.

To my Sandy friends:—

As I promised to write again after the Fourth and it is now some time after that date, I guess it is up to me to make good.

Our field meet on the Fourth was a great success and, while we did not break any world records, we had nearly every line of athletics represented on the field as well as some that were very amusing. One was new to me and so I will have to describe it as well as I can.

It was a shoe race. The contestants stack up their shoes about three hundred yards from the starting point and then line up in their stocking feet. The shoes are thoroughly mixed and then the word "go" is given. Each man as he arrives at the stack of shoes grabs at a pair and maybe you think there isn't a mix up with each trying to get a pair of shoes. If they are not his shoes he throws them away as far as he can and grabs for another pair that he thinks looks like his. The air fairly showered shoes and they kept traveling. Some were over a half a mile from the starting point when I last saw them and I doubt if some have found their shoes yet. When a fellow is fortunate enough to find his shoes he must put them on and lace them up and run for the starting point. It was the most comical affair I have ever seen.

The Red Cross had booths of cake and candy and soft drinks and ice cream which were sold out in short order, the boys being very liberal towards anything connected with the Red Cross.

In the afternoon we had a splendid baseball game between the marines and the navy. The marines won.

In the evening we went to Vallejo and took in a show and bought candy and ice cream and at 11:30 we were back in quarters and in bed which ended my first Fourth in the navy.

The following week end we got extended shore liberty, which commenced at 4:30 Friday afternoon instead of 4:30 Saturday afternoon and ended 11:30 on Sunday evening and on pay day we got an extra twenty-four hours which is called pay day liberty. I went to San Francisco on mine and saw what I could of that city. Frisco is about two hours from here by boat and quite an interesting trip if it was warm enough so that one could stay out and see everything, but the wind drives one in very soon.

One can expect wind here every afternoon regular and as a rule it comes with some force.

Frisco for some unexplainable reason was a disappointment to me and we have more pretty, fresh-looking women in Oregon to the square inch than they have down there to the square yard. The fact of the matter is that I really could not judge their complexions on account of the coat of paint. Everybody does it. I saw more stout, gray-haired women in short, gay sport suits than I thought possible in any place. They certainly do not intend to get old down here if colors, short skirts and paint have anything to do with it. I am not exaggerating when I say that the most of the short skirts only come about an inch below the knee.

Golden gate park is a large and fine park and I expected to find a great profusion of beautiful flowers, trees and shrubbery and while there is shrubbery everywhere, there is no great variety and the sameness gets monotonous.

The park is about five miles long and one wide and a swell drive way the whole length of it. There are all sorts of amusements provided for the young folks, such as boating on the lakes, goats hitched to carts, burros to ride, merry-go-rounds, etc. There are base ball parks and tennis courts for the older people also a fine band program every Sunday afternoon. I enjoyed the museum which is situated about the center of the park in a very fine building. Nearly every century is represented there in some way and the historical section of the state is fine. One could easily spend a whole day here alone to do everything justice.

The conservatory while not very large has a fine collection of palm ferns and beautiful foliage plants. There was a collection of orchids that was fine and I suppose many were rare and costly specimens. One cannot but wonder at nature's handiwork when you stand before a collection of that kind and see with what dexterity she has wielded the

paint brush and what beautiful combination of colors she has chosen and what fantastic shapes she has moulded but all graceful in their way.

The Cliff house was a great disappointment. I expected to see a very artistic building on the chateau or castle order, overhanging the ocean and in a profusion of flowers and every convenience for getting there easily, but as a matter of fact it is just a plain eating house, with all kinds of little shops and shabby looking places flanking it.

The Sunday crowds buy fruit and candy and throw away the carriers when empty, consequently the streets and walks look as dirty as most places do during a fair.

They have very wide streets and some very fine business places but while the place is a great deal larger than Portland the latter makes a better showing in proportion. I think Portland has newer and more up-to-date street cars than they have here but they cannot equal Frisco when it comes to hills. On many streets cable cars are used. The service seems to be good and the conductors are very courteous.

I fully expected to see wonderful markets especially of fruits but I can buy better oranges in Sandy and just as cheap. I did not see any big display of fruit like you do in Portland and their strawberries certainly don't equal ours. My dreams of California have been great quantities and kinds of cheap fruit but I don't find it.

I wish I could send you a few of the potatoes we get, why our poor ones are better than their best. We are getting lots of fine canteloupes now but the prices range about the same as up there.

You will think I am prejudiced and probably I am. Wish you could look in on us—some family—150 to the floor. Some are reading, some playing cards, others playing pranks, some sewing, some studying, some sleeping, in fact there is nearly every thing going on.

The first thing we get to doing is cleaning up and a record is kept of each man's bath and washing, etc. We have tables on which to scrub our trousers but wash our underwear by hand. The trousers and coats are soaped and scrubbed on a table with a stiff brush. We don't know what a wash board is. Each section is furnished with an electric iron. With us cleanliness is next to Godliness.

Must close for the present with best wishes.

Wm. H. Phelps.

## THE BLUFFS

The W. F. Severin and A. C. Baumback families enjoyed a trip on the Columbia Highway last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Becker motored to the Dalles last Sat. and visited until Mon. at the home of the latter's brother.

Fenton Dunn is visiting at Troutdale for a few weeks.

Miss Emma Schwartz spent last Fri. in Portland.

Miss Anna Haley came out from Portland for a few weeks visit with her sister Mrs. Severin.

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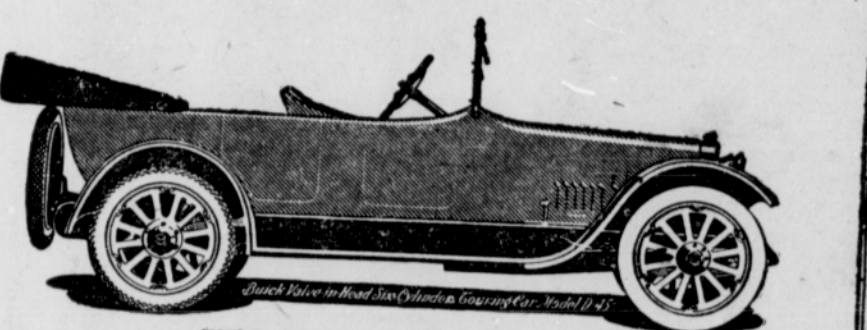
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## LODGE NOTES

Sandy Masonic Lodge A. F. & A. M. No. 158 meets the third Tuesday of the month. Visiting Brothers invited to attend.

R. I. Anderson, W. M.  
J. D. Brchant, Secretary

Odd Fellows Lodge meets every Monday evening in their lodge room on Main St. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

John Kieseker, N. C.  
R. S. Smith, V. N. G.  
A. C. Baumback, Sec.

Order of Eastern Star No. 125 meets the first Wednesday of every month.  
Mrs. L. Townsend, W. M.  
Ed. Bruns, Secretary.

The Sandy Rebeckah Lodge No 193 meets twice a month—the second and last Thursday in the Odd Fellows hall, Main St.

Mrs. J. Scales, N. G.  
Mrs. R. S. Smith, Sec

The Sandy Grange meets the second Saturday of the month in the Odd Fellows Hall.

F. W. Canning, Master  
James Bell, Secretary

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