

## OBSERVATIONS OF LENTS MAN TOURING CALIFORNIA

When we were at Sanger it was very frosty every night. This was from December 24 to January 4, 1919, and there was danger of the frost killing the orange blooms for the next crop. The trees are set 16 to 20 feet apart and are about 10 feet high on an average. Oranges sold for five cents per pound on the trees this year at Sanger. Everyone built smudges to prevent the frost damaging the fruit. They place a smudge-pot between every four trees, put in a certain amount of crude oil and when the thermometer falls to 34 degrees the lookout at the government station rings a bell and shows a red light. Then everyone takes a torch and they light all the pots in the orchard. The smoke settles among the trees and saves the fruit. This has to be done until all danger of frost is past. Some of the oranges are picked the first of December and some in February.

On going out to the flume at Sanger there are palm trees all along the avenue. They are about 30 feet high and two or three feet through. On top is a great bunch of leaves. The trunk is a kind of peth, and is no good for woods as it will not burn.

They had removed one of the top boards on the side of the flume and the little particles of ice and snow from the mountains, coming down in the flume, ran out with part of the water at this place, making a bank of snow and ice 15 feet wide and 18 feet high. Sanger is 35 miles from the mountains and snow seldom falls there. For that reason all the young people for miles came to view the snow bank caused by the water from the flume.

Along the road from here to Bakerfield are thousands of acres that they dry farm. You can see two to six teams of 10 and 12 mules in each team on the plows, with six or eight plows in what they call a gang, and the field is very often a mile wide and two or three miles long.

At Los Angeles I saw a tractor drawing two sets of gang plows, two wheat drills side by side and a harrow 18 feet wide, and when it went across the field it plowed, seeded and harrowed it all at once.

In writing about things in California I am afraid that my friends will think that I am a liar, like the young man from New Jersey. He came out west to California and wrote to his father about the climate, the big trees, waterfalls, fruit, melons, and vegetables. When the old man got his letters he wouldn't show them to his friends. One day he wrote his son how sorry he was to think he had got to be such a liar. When the young man received this letter he decided he would convince his father he was telling the truth. So he sent him the biggest pumpkin he could find and sent it C. O. D. It cost the old man \$18. He wrote back "I believe you are telling the truth about that country, but for God sake don't send any more pumpkins."

We crossed the pass of the Tehachapi range. This is where the road crosses itself at the famous loop. This range is a spur of the Sierra Nevada of California. Near the pass the elevation is 3964 feet.

On the Mojave desert we saw a beautiful lake, three or four miles to the left; water a mile wide, with beautiful trees, houses, farms and cattle. The lake looked to be four or five miles long and as blue as the sky. I said to the conductor, "Is there a lake or river over there?" He said "No, only a mirage."

While at Sanger a party of five went hunting to Tulare lake. They took a Ford and a trailer hitched on behind loaded with grub and bedding. They stayed all night, returning the next day with five or six geese, 15 ducks, 30 quail and one rabbit, making a round trip of 80 miles.

Near Kings river there were many prairie dogs or gray squirrels, and jackrabbits.

At Fresno Mr. Stormes, superintendent of the raisin association, told

me that four to 10 tons per acre of grapes was a common yield, and that he paid \$100 per ton for them. And there were a number of men whose table grapes brought them a thousand dollars per acre this year.

Near Summerland is an ancient trellised grapevine nearly three feet in diameter at its base. This is said to be the largest grapevine in the world and is 70 years old. Ten tons is its record crop of grapes.

At Cawston ostrich farm we were told that the baby ostrich, when it is a month old is as large as a turkey, and when three or four years old will produce more than \$100 worth of feathers a year. It takes six weeks to hatch the eggs and they live to be 70 or 80 years old. When they mate them they put the herd all in one field. After several days or weeks the male bird will choose his mate, then they will separate from the herd. They are then placed in a small field by themselves and are ready to commence housekeeping, and are called "newlyweds" by their keepers. If one or the other should die they will never choose another mate. The females are brown, while the males are black with white feathers on wings and tail.

At Camp Kearny it was said there were 30,000 soldiers. We saw a grand review, artillery and horses, Y. M. C. A. buildings, moving pictures and vaudeville.

At San Diego they plant potatoes in January, dig them in April; plant corn in April, gather it in September; plant cauliflower in September and harvest it in December, making three complete crops in one year.

Near San Diego we passed Roman's marriage place, the scene of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel. All of the old mission is in ruins, more or less. They charge 10 to 25 cents admittance to all that we visited.

In crossing the Sandernando range on the coast route we passed through a tunnel 6967 feet long, at an altitude of 1469 feet.

South of Los Angeles there is an oil field—oil derricks by the hundred to the left of the road to San Juan Capistrano mission, and there were many oil derricks and wells in the city of Los Angeles within a half mile of the business part of the city.

At Summerland oil is pumped from beneath the ocean. Here there is a perfect forest of derricks. Wharves are built far out in the ocean, with derricks on both sides. The oil is pumped into great tanks where they can load a large train of oil tank cars at once.

The real estate agents of Los Angeles are wide-awake. As soon as we registered at the hotel they hunted us up, gave us free tickets and an auto ride of 30 miles, dinner and free lecture of the resources of the country. There were four auto loads of 48 persons to the auto, from every state in the union, and they sold a number of lots. They claimed this way of advertising was better than newspaper advertising as it brought them in touch with the newcomer to Los Angeles.

At San Jose (pronounced San Hossay) we could see Mt. Hamilton. It is 4440 feet high. Here is located Lick observatory. The great telescope has a lens three feet in diameter, the second largest in the world. Round trip from hotel at the base of the mountain is \$3.

Street cars charge five-cent fare in all the cities and towns in California except San Jose, where they charge six cents.

At San Francisco we were told that the Spring valley waterworks in this county supply the greater portion of the water used in that city, and the dam which holds the water is one of the remarkable things of the world. It is 265 feet high.

The Golden Gate received its name from the golden red glow of the Oakland hills back of the city of Oakland at sunset.

At Los Angeles there are some very steep hills in the city, and we saw a number of boys with sleds coasting down without snow, and having great fun.

J. H. L. MAYBEE.

Mrs. John Porter, of Eighty-first street and Sixty-sixth avenue, is reported quite sick from bronchial trouble.

## RATHKEY SAYS HE IS TIRED OF LOOKING AT GERMANS

The following letter was received by Dr. David Nelson from Fred L. Rathkey, 314th engineer train, A. E. F., and will be of general interest to Herald readers:

Bitburg, Germany, Feb. 2, 1919. Dear Friend Doc: Will drop you a few lines to let you know I am fine and dandy, all but my finger and my hearing. I can't hear hardly a thing at times and my finger is pretty bad also. I haven't been sick since I've been in the army, which is not bad considering how a person has to stay out in the rain and cold at times.

The folks told me about John being sick and I am sure glad that he is well again. I am glad he is married and happy. I wish I was home now myself as I need a rest and I am sick of looking at the people of Germany, as they are so far behind the American ways of doing things. I have seen all the war I care about for awhile and would like to get back to my wife again. Don't know when I will be home but I suppose some of the Lents boys will be home before I am. It is cold here at present but not as bad as it is some years, I am told. I have seen some country since I've been gone, and when I get back I can tell you a few things about war. Will close for this time. Good luck to you and all.

WAGONER FRED L. RATHKEY.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORS HOLD BUSINESS MEETING

The Christian Endeavor of the Friends church had their monthly business meeting and social at the home of the pastor, Miss Terrell, last Friday night. There was a goodly number in attendance, several visitors being present, as well as some of the honorary members. The society voted to go to the Old People's Home at Woodmere every Sunday afternoon for a song and prayer service. A letter was read from Harry E. Tamplin, who is in Friends reconstruction work in France. After the business session adjourned a very enjoyable social evening was spent. Miss Isler and the Misses Goldie and Alice Carr had carefully arranged for this part of the evening, which consisted of games and a musical program, interspersed with readings. A guessing game of advertising pictures started things going. Piano duets were rendered by the Misses Carr and by Kenneth Tamplin and Goldie Carr. Piano solo, Lois Barker. Vocal duet, Mrs. B. Barker and J. S. Fox. Piano solo, Martha Isler. Readings, Mrs. J. A. Dunbar and Miss S. Johnson.

## LIEUTENANT BENTON L. YOST IS NOW HOME FROM FRANCE

Lieutenant Benton L. Yost, company E, 6th battalion, 20th engineers, arrived home March 5 after being discharged from the service. Lieutenant Yost was engaged in forestry work in France with the 20th engineers, which is a forest regiment engaged in cutting timber for war purposes prior to signing of the armistice. Prior to enlisting Lieutenant Yost was manager for the Morrison Lumber Co. at Tremont station. His home is at 7604 Fifty-seventh avenue, S. E.

W. C. T. U. Mt. Scott W. C. T. U. meets next week on Tuesday, 2 p. m., with Mrs. Schupp, 6220 Ninety-second street. Subject, "Purity" and mothers meeting. Our county president, Mrs. Gilbert, of Albina, will be present, but the main trend of the meeting will be general discussion among ourselves. Mrs. R. N. Shinn is to favor us with one of her fine readings. At 3:30 Prof. Hershner will give a talk on "How the Christian Women of Lents can help the Schools." This is a timely question, one the christian community needs to consider at this time. All mothers of school children are urged to be present. Bring the little ones and come along. The place of meeting was changed from that on the calendar on account of the assigned hostess being away.

R. E. Thomas has returned to his old position with the S. P. railroad company.

## NEW MANUFACTURING FIRM OPENS AT GRAYS CROSSING

A new manufacturing firm, under the management of O. Voss, has just commenced business at Grays Crossing. They expect in time to supply the entire country with a long-needed device for fastening stovepipes together and securing them in flues and to stoves, abolishing the danger of fires from falling pipes. It does away with all wire fasteners and hangers from the ceiling, and will be a great help to house cleaners, as the pipe can be removed and taken out of the house without soot or dirt falling on the floor. This device has the approval of everyone who has tried or seen it, and the price is within reach of everyone. This firm expects to add other lines in the near future. General jobbing work is done in connection with the device.

## PERKINS IS TO CODIFIED PORTLAND CITY LICENSES

Adopting the Los Angeles system as a model, Portland city licenses will be codified for the first time, according to the announcement of City Commissioner Perkins. The arrangement will save hundreds of dollars to the city, it is said.

In the past Commissioner Perkins maintains the city has been defrauded out of great sums of money by failure of the licensing system now in vogue to show correct data and lack of proper inspection. A pool hall, for instance, would be paying a license for 10 tables; two more would be added and the city would know nothing of the change, and the arrangement of the license system, it is said, made it difficult to check up.

Under the code, records can be maintained in such a way that all places can be properly watched and the policemen will be deputized as inspectors. They will inspect the first stories of all places within their respective beats. All the higher stories can be handled by the regular city license inspectors, it is claimed.

## MRS. J. F. NELSON GAVE BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR FATHER

A birthday party was given in honor of L. Blaufus, of Lents, February 27, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Nelson. Mr. Blaufus passed into his seventy-fourth year and is as young and active as a man of 50. The afternoon and evening was spent in playing 500. A splendid chicken dinner was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. H. B. Gray, Mrs. George Rall and Miss Leona Nelson. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Blaufus, Mr. and Mrs. Nickelson, Mr. and Mrs. George Rall, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Gray, Mrs. Rockan, of Roseburg, Mrs. R. Larsen, of Omaha, Neb., Mrs. Robert Larsen, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Nelson, the Misses Leona and Luella Nelson, Helen Gray, Genevieve Rall, Master Albert Larsen and Richard Nelson.

W. F. Sines was very agreeably surprised a week ago last Monday, the occasion being his birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Sines took dinner with their daughter, Mrs. Pfouts, and while they were away from home a number of friends and neighbors gathered at the home and had taken possession when they returned. Mr. Sines was the recipient of many handsome presents. An enjoyable evening was spent during the course of which a luncheon was served. All departed at a late hour, wishing Mr. Sines many more such birthdays. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Markle, Mr. and Mrs. Keikenapp, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Sines, Mr. and Mrs. Steffy, Mr. and Mrs. Pfouts, Mr. and Mrs. Edward, and the Misses Laura Keikenapp, Iva Markle, Nona Cook and Clovis Sines.

Mrs. R. McKinley and daughter, Claire, left for Hermiston, Ore., last Friday. Mr. McKinley had preceded them and they will make their home there.

Grandma Spring is confined to her bed at the home of her son, George Spring, on Ninety-second street. It is hoped she will soon be able to be around again.

Mrs. Charles Christensen returned from her southern trip Friday.

## TAMPLIN NOW ENGAGED IN RECONSTRUCTION WORK

Following is an interesting letter from H. E. Tamplin, who is engaged in reconstruction work in France under direction of the Friends church:

January 9, 1919.

Dear Father and Mother:

Well, I arrived at Bordeaux New Year's day; had three hours to see the sights, then took the train for a 300-mile ride to Paris; arrived there on the 2nd, then we had to leave for Ornavs the 5th. It took us two days to get passports examined, bread tickets, etc., then we had all day the 5th to see Paris. But it is as large as New York in area so couldn't see much of it. All the streets have such French names I can't tell what they say, and the streets run all directions and I can't talk French enough to ask where such and such a street is, so I dared not go far from the hotel for fear I would never get back.

Of course the sun and everything is in the wrong direction, and the boat still rocks and the train still moves. An American soldier told us everything is done backwards in France and I think he was right. Any way I find that the keys to the doors turn backwards and you have to turn them clear around twice before you can unlock a door.

Well, I didn't see much of Paris. I decided to wait till I learned the French lingo before I attempted it. But one of the boys and I got into the big Ferris wheel, which is higher than any of the buildings in Paris. I went up in it to see the city but it was raining and we couldn't see far. Then we saw the Eiffel Tower but could not go up in it as the government keeps it wireless there.

The buildings here are old stone and cement buildings about as old as the world, and look it.

I believe Paris and its railroads must be the same today as they were 1000 years ago. They are so far behind the times that they will never catch up, and all the people live where their parents and grandparents used to live in little old stone houses.

We went back to the hotel and had supper, then went to the depot in a subway, just like those in New York but not so well ventilated; and such slow trains. While one of these subs is getting started the New York train would be half a mile on its way. Of course, women run the cars here, so that may be the reason. If they run over anyone here they sue your parents or relatives for damages, because you should have kept out of the way.

When we came to Paris the Red Cross brought us to the hotel in an auto truck. They smashed into an auto ahead of us, and one hit us in the rear and smashed his radiator. But the fellow in front of us had no right to be in the way, so we hit him; and we had no right to be in the way so the car behind smashed into our rear. But none of us stopped to see what was wrong; as long as a car will run they run. There is no speed limit here and so the autos go just as fast as they dare, and believe me, you got to run for your life sometimes to get across a street.

You see some strange scenes on the streets sometimes, such as a cart with a donkey and cow or ox hitched to it, or a dog or a man. I think any kind of an animal they can pick up usually does. I had to laugh when we landed at Bordeaux, for the first thing we saw was a small donkey pulling a cart with the aid of a dog, which was harnessed up under the cart. He was pulling hard and was sure doing his bit. Sometimes a man will pull his own cart with the aid of a dog.

We left Paris January 5 at 8:30 p. m. for a 200-mile trip to Ornavo.

Little Evelyn Richen, 1½-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Richen, of east of Lents, was buried at 2 p. m. Tuesday. Services were held at Kenworthy's and interment was in Mt. Scott Park cemetery.

Mrs. Ada Smith, wife of Edgar Smith, of 6633 Ninety-second street, died March 3. The body was shipped to Walla Walla, Wash., Tuesday night for burial. She leaves, besides her husband, a little daughter four years old.

Traveled all night on a train without a sleeper, and got to Besancon about 7 a. m. It was raining to beat the band and we had to search around to get a breakfast. We had to wait all day here for the train to take us on to Ornavs and we didn't get any sleep the night before and no place to rest now, so we bummed around and felt bitterly disappointed because we had to stay here all day before we could get out to Ornavs and the end of our journey. But we got a breakfast of scrambled eggs and hot cocoa and then the clouds cleared away and we went out to see the sights. When we saw the greatest clock in the world and found what a beautiful place we were in, with the mountains all around us and some great historic things to see, and the clouds rolled away and let the golden sunshine reach the land we were glad we had a day before us to see the sights.

Then we went up on one of the mountains and saw the forts and the great walls around like a city. It was grand. We could see all over the city and country from these walls. The French people treat us fine and respect us, and try to help us understand them.

After this glorious trip we went into the city again. The church bells were ringing and the U. S. army band was playing in a park. They were playing some of our national hymns and songs and crowds filled the streets and others were in windows and doors and porches listening to the music. We went to one of the big churches, as it was Sunday evening.

Then we went to the depot and caught the train for Ornavs, and arrived there late the next evening. Walked a mile to the camp where the boys bunk. We room in a three-story building. It is better than I expected. There are 60 boys here, four boys to the room.

They gave us all the next day in which to rest. We were glad we were at the end of our journey as we were tired of traveling.

I am now working at the factory where they make portable houses. The first thing they put me at was sawing notches in foundations. I worked three days at this, then they sent me over across the river to the sash factory, as they are short-handed there.

One evening one of the boys in my room asked me if I wanted to spend an evening with him visiting some French girls, so I went along. There were two girls and their mother and brother. One of them could talk English enough to understand me. They had lots of fun laughing at me try to talk French.

They served coffee which tasted like burnt wheat and so bitter I could hardly drink it, and no milk in this country.

Sugar is scarce. The Com. only allows a cube of sugar every other day so we haven't enough to sweeten our coffee. They have some stuff they call coal tar which has a sweet taste, and we use this in our coffee. But they allow us to buy syrup of our own. They will order a gallon a month for each of us at 60 cents a gallon, and we can also get a pound of chocolate a month for 50 cents through the Y. M. C. A. Chocolate creams cost eight cents apiece, so I don't buy any. They give us 30 francs, \$6, a month to buy these things or anything else we want.

I am well and enjoying myself and a year will pass quickly. They give us three weeks' vacation in the summer if we promise to stay the year out, and \$60 to pay our expenses. I think I will try to spend mine in England if I can get someone to go with me. Your loving son,

HARRY E. TAMPLIN.

Fred Kundret, of 6915 Forty-third avenue, died Sunday, March 2, aged 83 years. He leaves his aged wife and two daughters, Mrs. Leabo and Mrs. Emma Fitzgerald, and a son, H. G. Kundret, all of Portland. He was buried at Mt. Scott Park cemetery Wednesday at 2 p. m.

Eureka Rebekah lodge No. 178 will entertain Mrs. Burke, president of Rebekah assembly of Oregon this (Friday) evening. A banquet will be held after the business session.