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in town-by miles*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY  
(California)

**The Hermiston Herald**

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**"TIN CAN TOURISTS" TERRIFYING CALIFORNIA**

The following from the Literary Digest, gives an idea of the great influx of tourists into California:

With "their household goods piled high on the little car, their children tucked in unbelievably small places, and the dog riding joyously on the running board," innumerable penniless invaders are swarming into the Golden State. Their capital, we are told, "consists of a dirty dollar bill and a dirty shirt, and they have no intention of changing either." To California's dismay, "the light of conquest shines in their eyes." As Margorie L. Poole informs us in the New York World, they "expect to pick golden oranges from convenient groves and to find the acquisition of gold as easy." Indeed—

These successors to the covered-wagon pioneers are responding to a call directed to their more prosperous brothers. The California of Bret Harte is ever before them, and they see shining pictures of their triumph out where even the "persecuted Chinamen became wealthy in a few years."

How rude the awakening. How quickly the light of anticipation is replaced by that of desperation. They find that oranges aren't given for the asking, that they are "four bits a dozen," that work is scarce, the influx of skilled men having caused the supply to far exceed the demand, and that men in nearly every trade are working for half the scale, and glad to get that.

Of course the advertisements aren't false. There are opportunities in California, and fortunes are being made every day, but not by these "Flivver Magellans." Oranges are given away, but in the expensive inns where great baskets of them stand ready for the tourists who are glad to pay for these courtesies. Gold is still being taken from the mountains as in the days of Bret Harte, but the operations are directed by million-dollar corporations. There is land to be had for a few cents an acre, but who can carry water in a barrel thirty miles and still find time to "dry farm."

It is true that "not all of the autoists are penniless," but—

Those with capital really add to the hardships of that class. The wealthier arrive in larger cars, with neatly packed suitcases on the running boards and large trunks strapped on the rear. They stop at the auto camps along the way, but call at a hotel occasionally for a "real rest."

Arriving in Southern California, they take a small apartment "not nearly as nice, you know, as our place back home." They drive to the various places of interest, seeing the missions, venturing over the bor-

der to Tia Juana, driving into Yosemite and to the Big Trees.

With the approach of the rainy season they find that traveling has lost its flavor, and they return to the apartment. "Father" becomes restless. He has spent active years directing his own business or following a trade, and the placid sameness of the days bring a restlessness. He wanders about the streets seeking companionship and some diversion for the hours. He finds a court of picturesque bungalows under construction, and becoming interested offers to help with the painting. He explains that the money "doesn't mean much to him," but he hates being idle and will be willing to work at a reasonable figure, which usually means about half scale.

Naturally this single offer wouldn't flood the labor market, but there are thousands of "fathers" in every profession who are doing the same thing. The flivver tourist finds that his expected place has been usurped, that the man to whom "money doesn't mean much," but who "has to keep busy," is given the preference.

As the writer points out, "these two are not the only types of visitors California has," for multitudes "come from all parts of the world with well filled pockets, who revel in the sunshine during the winter months, enjoy the sports in the mountains, the beautiful inns, the golf courses, the excellent roads and the happy holiday spirit that pervades—for those with money." But these, naturally, "have little in common with the invaders," who "face nearly as many difficulties as the pioneers of the covered wagon days." The writer continues:

Selling their property in their home town, they take the proceeds which they feel sure "will be more than enough until Harry can get work in California," and blithely begin the long trek. They have a "good" second hand car, four new tires and an extra that "hasn't been used much." The machine is bulging with clothes, provisions, camping equipment and bits of bric-a-brac with which Elizabeth just couldn't part. From a brace on the top swings the canary cage, a constant menace to the heads of the passengers and the dog is provided for because "the children would miss him so much."

Amid the cheers of the neighbors who in their innermost hearts envy the adventure, the start is made. But soon unexpected expenditures arise. The gasoline supply must be replenished at stations to which the fuel is hauled over miles of desert road, and it is appalling to find that the prices range from 50 cents to \$1.00 a gallon. Perhaps an axle crystallizes and then the family must camp in the heat of the desert, where it often reaches 118 degrees, while a passing motorist carries word to the nearest garage thirty miles away. The towing charges are beyond belief, and the automobile parts are much higher than in the home town.

One family limped across the Mojave desert on two bare rims after seven tires had blown out. John hadn't learned that on the desert one carries a minimum amount of air, because of the heat expansion and that drivers of experience rest during the day and travel during

**WEST END FARMERS**

Have learned that The Herald prints the best butter wrappers. We have the large size, 9 by 12 inches. Our prices are—

- 100 for \$1.25
- 200 for \$2.00
- 300 for \$2.60
- 500 for \$3.75

Many are buying them in the larger quantities, but we are here to serve you all. If you want only a few we have them without the name. These we sell as follows—

- 12 for 10 cents
- 30 for 25 cents
- 62 for 50 cents
- 100 for 80 cents

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**HERMISTON HERALD**

**Special To Close Out!! IMPLEMENTS**

**Johnston Mowers**  
Was \$105.00, Now \$65.00 Cash

**John Deere Mowers**  
Was \$105.00, Now \$90.00 Cash

**John Deere Hay Rakes**  
Was \$65.00, Now \$52.50 Cash

**Side Delivery Rake**  
Was 135.00, Now \$60.00

**One Ford Delivery Car Cheap**

**Two One-Horse Cultivators**  
At less than wholesale

**Jumbo Dain Buck Rake**  
Second hand, \$45.00 Cash

**One Dain Senior Stacker**  
Used One Year, \$125.00 Cash

**MANY OTHER ITEMS**

**The Farm Bureau will handle repair parts for Johnston Mowers when we leave here**

**SAPPERS INC. HERMISTON OREGON**

portation facilities from the tract where the little house is situated become a factor in the problem of job hunting.

When things seem blackest there is an attempt to sell the home to obtain the equity and promised profit, but the "bottom has dropped out of the boom"—temporarily of course. The payments must be met or their shelter will automatically return to the real estate company. In desperation the man turns to the employment agencies, known as "slave markets," where he finds long lines ahead of him. With a stifling of pride he determines to go to work with a pick and shovel. He finds that there are thousands of Mexicans who fill this need and that the Japanese and Hindoos are hired exclusively, in many sections, to pick

the oranges. Eventually his name goes to swell the files of the social worker, or his family is the subject of one of the daily appeals in the local papers for help for "a deserving family, stranded by unusual circumstances."

How does the incursion of "tin can tourists" affect the native Californian? Thus, we are told:

Because of the man who is willing to work for half scale, the native laborer faces the same discouraging facts that confront the flivver tourist. He must work for what he can get or go into the northern part of the state where the invasion seems not to have reached such proportions.

To the property owner the situation is lamentable, for he is called upon each year to provide more and

more school facilities for the children of the floating population who share in no way the burden of the taxes. California's standard of education is exceptionally high and it costs an astonishing amount to maintain the standard.

The boosters who are backing the advertising campaign are appalled at the results of their labors. Their arguments have been successful. Their pictures have been painted in living colors. They have attracted thousands of people. But with the thousands who have come to invest, to make fortunes in the new country, to take advantage of the openings which are offered, there has rolled into the State, on flat tires and nicked rims, the flivver tourist horde and California is facing the problem of utilizing its newest acquisition.

the cooler night.

Surmounting these difficulties they eventually arrive in the "promised land." The tiny fortune has dwindled rapidly en route but it seems to be sufficient until work is procured. There is a frantic hunt for living quarters while the family resides in an auto camp at 25 cents a day.

Then a smooth tongued realtor informs them that a little bungalow "out where property values are bound to rise within the next year" can be bought for "\$200 down and

the rest like rent." So—

To buy seems the only sensible thing, and most of the precious capital goes toward the first payment on "their own little home."

By this time search for employment has become serious, the situation assuming its true proportions. The lack of factories where skilled labor is needed is suddenly discovered. A week's work here and there keeps the pantry partially stocked, but the instalments on the house are piling up. The flivver is sacrificed to save the home. Inadequate trans-