



Smithsonian Institution

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Journal, California, 1907

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[[underlined]] Catalina [[/underlined]]

[[margin]] Tales of [[underlined]] adventure [[/underlined]] [[/margin]] toward it. Then the light came out in the light house on the point of San Pedro, & H told of light house keepers being nearly blown away in getting to their towers - of a man ^ [[insertion]] who [[/insertion]] coming to relieve another & in climbing up to the tower ^ [[insertion]] holding on to iron bars [[/insertion]] had his legs blown out from under him & flapping back & forth. When he finally got in the other man dared not come out & they both stayed in without food or water till the storm subsided (the food the man had brought was blown out of his hand). He also told - on the way over - of his adventures on the ocean - of the time when he & Mr. Harriman had gone ashore and had to go back in a gasoline launch to the ship and did not know exactly where the ship was - had a very long way still to go & the waves were bad. had to be taken at just such an angle or not at all. When the sailor came up & said the gasoline was nearly gone! They all looked death in the face. Mr. H ordered [[superscript]] search search [[/superscript]] of all the cans & they got in. Another time they were blown out to sea and almost onto boat destroying black rocks. Mr. Harriman took the wheel & saved them. Then he told how Mr. H asked the Capt. of his ship what he'd rather do in all the world & when he said be master of the

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[[underlined]] Fernando [[/underlined]]

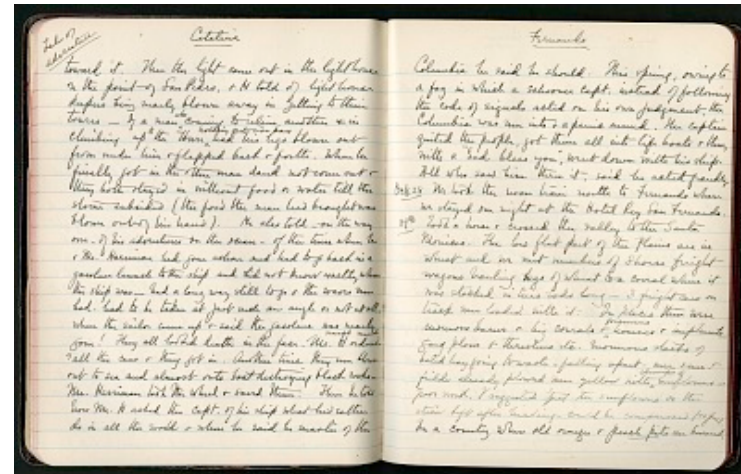
Columbia he said he should. This spring, owing to a fog in which a schooner Capt. instead of following the code of signals acted on his own judgement, the Columbia was run into & a panic ensued. Her captain quieted the people, got them all into life boats & then, with a "God bless you", went down with his ship.

All who saw him thru it, said he acted grandly.

[[margin]] [[underlined]] Oct. 28 [[/underlined]] [[/margin]] We took the noon train south to Fernando where we stayed one night at the Hotel Rey San Fernando.

[[underlined]] 29th [[/underlined]] Took a horse & crossed the valley to the Santa Monicas. The low flat part of the Plains are in wheat and we meet numbers of 8 horse freight wagons hauling bags of wheat to a corral where it was stacked in tiers rods long - 3 freight cars on track were loaded with it. In places there were enormous barns & big corrals & ^ [[insertion]] foremen [[/insertion]] houses & implements gang plows & threshers etc. Enormous stacks of baled hay going to waste - falling apart - were seen! fields already plowed were yellow with ^ [[insertion]] clumps of [[/insertion]] sunflowers - poor work. V suggested that the sunflowers or the straw left after heading - could be compressed for fuel. In a country where old oranges & [[underlined]] peach pits [[/underlined]] are burned,

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