

**INTERESTING LETTER
FROM CALIFORNIA
El Monte, California,
Oct. 23, 1923.**

Dear Friends:

I believe I promised to write you and tell you of the pleasant and delightful times I am having in this land of sunshine and beautiful flowers.

First and foremost, the wonder of the mountains, which, it seems to me, God made to be a haunt afar from man and fit only for the wild beast of the forest. The grandeur and sublimity grows upon one with each succeeding visit. When I see the heaps of stones piled high upon each other with some standing apart like sentinels, others lying upon each other balancing and forming towers, spires and domes. I believe a gentleman who remarked, "I guess God has given this region over to Satan to do with as he pleases," was just about right.

At Sandstone we crossed the Continental Divide, going from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope, shortly after to plunge thru a long tunnel. Later on from the mountainside, and after nightfall, we catch sight of the lights of Butte, which is indeed a beautiful sight. Arriving at Butte at about 7:45 P. M., we went to a hotel for a good night's rest, leaving next morning at 8:30 for Poocatello.

In the vicinity of Blackfoot, beans and peas are raised for seed. We saw loads of sacks, as well as stacks of them, being carried to a large warehouse where they are sorted. In threshing (by machine) the unripened seeds are crushed. These must be separated from the good seed. The sorting is done by women who make from thirteen to eighteen dollars a week, and as the work lasts from early fall until March, they make quite a goodly sum.

The sorting is done in this way: The seeds are run thru a chufe grooved on either side with velocity regulated to suit convenience and speed of the sorters, who brush aside the broken seed where they run into a separate bin.

After a couple days of rest at American Falls, (where it rained all the time,) we, Frederika Behm, Mother, who is eighty-two years old, started for Los Angeles via Salt Lake City. As we had only a short time at this place we went up to the Temple grounds and walked around. Salt Lake is about nineteen miles out and the Union Pacific follows the shore instead of crossing over as some railroads do.

One cannot drown in Salt Lake but they can strangle. If you swallow five gallons of water you would have one of each.

There is a rocky island in this lake where once were many buffalo. Just a few weeks ago Jack Dempsey with a party went over there hunting and he, with two others, brought in buffalo.

Later we passed thru miles and miles of desert in the southern part of which were many free cacti. And I thought what a wonderful sight it would be "when the desert blooms" and I went to a dance and stayed.

Saturday evening, Frederika and Zig came out and we all went to a dance and they stayed over night. Then we all, two auto loads, went to Long Beach, driving through a perfect fairyland of flowers—fields of asters, red, yellow, pink, purple and white—roses and cosmos, etc. The palm drives over Signal Hill, where within the last two years old derricks have been erected, and standing so closely together that they are almost touching each other sentinel like, guarding the gate way to the beach. Here is the most valuable oil well in the world, a gusher which throws up 20,000 barrels a day.

Today we visited the alligator farm where over 1,000 alligators from the baby, eight inches long, to one 350 years old and weighing from 800 to 1000 pounds or more, are kept. They begin laying eggs at the age of 20, and lay all their life. Not one a day but from twenty to sixty-five according to age once a year. They heap a mound of leaves in which they deposit their eggs, then they bring them to the pool and cover this with mud with their hind feet. The heat causes fermentation and after sixty days they hatch. During all this time the mother alligator watches beside the mound and kills everything that comes near. When the little ones emerge she takes them on her back and carries them to the pool where they are left to struggle along by themselves.

Alligators from seven to fifteen years make the finest leather and

after they are forty the hide is nearly useless. As the weather warms up in the spring they begin eating very lightly, becoming ravenous during hot weather, but partake of no food during the winter.

The feeding is an interesting sight. Large pieces of meat are thrown in. A number of gators make hold and begin rolling over and over, in this manner twisting off pieces of meat which they swallow whole.

Sunday we went through Laurel Canyon, stopped under a large tree and ate our lunch of sandwiches, potato chips, pickles, cheese pie, and cold water, and believe me, we all had fine appetites after our drive through this beautiful place.

Last night we drove to Pucatto where we purchased walnuts for ten cents per pound and lemons three dozen for 25 cents.

Have been to Grauman's Million Dollar Theatre where we saw Lloyd Hughes and May McAvoy in "Her Reputation." Here they have a wonderful orchestra with Herman Heller as director.

Well my arm is getting tired and no doubt you are too by this time, so I will close.

Mother is well and we are starting for American Falls Sunday next and I go from there to Portland for a short visit. Am having a swell time but also thinking of home.

Affectionately,
Mrs. Jennie West.

Poultry bought and highest prices paid.—M. Grigsby.

L. Amundson was a visitor in Coopersdown Saturday.

Dr. C. L. Brand, of Cooperstown, was in Binford on professional business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Buchhoff departed Tuesday for their winter home in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Mrs. Oscar Idsvog and Mrs. Theo. Kjetelson of Cooperstown, came up Tuesday to remain all week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Baker and daughter, Vivian, of Fargo, were over-Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Newgard.

C. J. Krogløse left on Sunday to go to Minneapolis, after spending several days here visiting friends and relatives.

Do you need any toilet creams, face powders, hand lotions, canines, stationery. If so, we have them.—Anderson's Pharmacy.

A. D. Shaw arrived home Friday, from Elbow, Canada, where he had spent several months with relatives, and taking in the threshing.

Matt Berge arrived in Fargo Saturday and was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Ogen and Miss Sondra. They returned Monday.

The Trinity ladies aid will meet in the church parlors on Wednesday, Nov. 7, with Mrs. Oscar Greenland and Mrs. Dora Bakken as hostesses.

Miss Pearl Peterson, Miss Susie Shaw, Miss Florencia Greenland, and rural teachers from this vicinity are attending teachers' institute in Coopersdown this week.

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