

INTERESTING NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA

Writes the Times an
Account of Their Trip —
On Way Home.

El Monte, Cal.,
Jan. 15, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Since we last wrote you we have traveled 1950 miles from American Falls, Idaho, to Los Angeles, California, through some as pretty scenery as it could imagine. Some of this we passed through in the night but as we will return as far as Portland over the same route, will time our return so as to go over the line in daylight that we passed through coming down in dark.

We had intended to take inland route from here to Portland through Sacramento but have learned that a great deal of this route runs through the desert so decided to return via coast line.

We left American Falls in the evening as the line from there to Huntington lies through a sagebrush plain which is not at all interesting.

There was very little of interest until after we reached the Columbia river at Umatilla, Oregon. From that city to Portland we followed the Columbia river a distance of 190 miles. About 50 miles of this with the beautiful Cascade mountains on the other side of the track, rising a sheer precipice several hundred feet above us, their fir clad summits above the clouds and their numerous waterfalls bounding and leaping among the rocks and trees making a scene both pleasing and picturesque.

Across the river we saw on the Washington side the line of "North Bank", or Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway stretching away like silver ribbons among the hills and disappearing into the numerous tunnels. From the car window at one time we counted the mouths of five tunnels.

When we reached Portland we found the city of roses in the embrace of King Frost. Her streets are narrow. Riding in street cars the posters and ads in show windows appear only two or three feet from your eyes. Yes our first impression of Portland was anything but pleasing, and as the weather was so cold and dreary were unable to get around very much and saw nothing to dispel our first impressions.

From Portland we came south to Oakland, only stopping a day at Eugene, Oregon. There was snow all the way except along the Columbia river until we got to within 200 miles of San Francisco.

Some of the things worth mentioning on our way down the coast was the Sierra Nevada mountains which are so steep as to require three great engines to haul the trains up her

sides and we wound around her peaks with the track sometimes in sight many feet above us and again, looking down on the other side of the pass we could see the tracks several hundred feet below us which we had passed over.

Mount Shasta too was visible only to timber line, her summit being shrouded by mist. Sisson, the little hamlet at the foot of Mt. Shasta, where tourists start to climb the mountain, is twelve miles from its summit. Little Shasta, or Black Butte, is also an extinct volcano and its crater was plainly discernable from the train. Shasta Springs, the beautiful, we reached after dark but that did not hinder us from getting a little pail of its health giving mineral water which we all tasted. Mrs. W. face has hardly straightened out yet and Harwell remarked "It would kill a cow." We much prefer Binford water.

From here we could see no more until we reached the ferry across the Sacramento river to Port Astor, a few miles from Oakland. This ferry is the largest in the world. There are six railroad tracks on this ferry and our long train was taken across in three sections.

We reached Oakland at 8 a. m., in a rain and remained two days, but were unable to get around any on account of cold and wet. It snowed about 3 hours the second morning which melted at once in the valley, but Berkley Hills were still white when we left for the south.

Leaving Oakland at 7 a. m., we reached San Luis Obispo at 6:30 p. m. and remained until midnight but this is the poorest lighted city I ever saw for a city of its size, so we did not try to see anything there. We reached Los Angeles at 9 a. m. Saturday and came to El Monte at once and have put in our time visiting Rueben Knapp and family since, most of the time. Sunday we all went to Long Beach and spent the afternoon on the beach. While there we saw a whale that had been killed the day before just outside the harbor. It was a small one, they say, measuring 36 feet in length and was considerable higher than my head, and weighed about 25 tons.

Yesterday we drove about 25 miles visiting Monrovia and Pasadena and drove through miles of walnut and orange groves. We certainly enjoyed this drive. We also had the pleasure of eating oranges right from the trees in our cousin's orchard at Monrovia.

We start on our return tomorrow evening. Will visit an old friend at Los Angeles over night and start from there Friday morning.

As ever,
W. E. West.

For Sale or Trade—Model 41, five passenger Rambler touring car, in good running order, with good tires. Model F, five passenger Buick touring car. Has been overhauled, repainted and fixed up in good shape. —Binford Auto Garage.