

# Trip to California

Mr. W. H. Congdon in his humble way will try and tell us of his trip to California.

Have you ever promised yourself a vacation and looked forward for the time to come when you will be on the way and that in a short time you will be able to visit some of your dear friends and relatives, then all of a sudden things change and you find that you can't possibly make the trip and are disappointed and feel bad to think that your one hope is scuttled then it all changes and you find you are going at last (Oh what a grand and glorious feeling)

### My first trip to San Francisco.

We left Portland at 11:45 a. m., on July 20th. I will first tell you of some of the luck we had on our way down. The first was a detour, leaving Portland, the rest of the day was peace and harmony things went fine and we made Eugene at 6 o'clock, then we had lots of sun so we started for Roseburg, where we landed just before dark, went to our hotel and had a fine room and in the morning after a delicious breakfast we left at 8:15. The roads were good and we made good time, until all of sudden bang! went a tire. Well it's take off your coat and get busy. We were soon on our way again and about 11 we stopped to make a pot of coffee and eat our lunch and then on until we passed Grants Pass we began to ascend.

The mountains and all of the roads we ever saw they take the bacon. Crooked is no name for them it was impossible to see a car in some places, and there were lots of them too, for not greater distance than two rods one had to watch his step but after we crossed the line and began to descend the California roads were a little smoother but continued to be crooked, but the scenery was wonderful. We climbed to the height of 7,000 feet but the road for the mountain top is the id. They are building a new road a fine the roads that are the new are about 40 feet wide and the concrete about 24 feet. So you see when the road is completed it will be a beautiful trip. Well we landed in Crescent City about 7 p. m. Tuesday night some what fatigued. Ate our dinners and took in the movie show. Crescent City is right on the ocean. We started out again at 8 in the morning and was making good time for gravelled roads and ascending on a strap Hill we got another blow out. Got her fixed up again and started out. We made Grants Pass about 11:30 and had lunch, but the rest of the party did not. We crossed the Klamath river in the

strap. Before we left Revere we had our tube fixed up and we started out and before we got to Arcata we got a nail, then the crew put in the tube we had fixed and started to pump it up, but lo and behold there was another hole in it and would not hold the air. Then we had a car and went to the next garage and got it fixed up and had to hire a car to bring us back to our car and we got her lined up again and so we started for Eureka, where we stopped for the night at the hotel. The meals are seldom equalled and Vance. We had a fine place to stop never excelled. We had ordered a new tire and was to start at 6 a. m., but the tire man had made a mistake and sent a tire one-half size to large. So we were delayed two hours before we could get out of town. We finally got started and got going nicely when we ran up against cave in where men were working so we went back about a mile and filled up on coffee and sandwiches. We were delayed an hour at this point, then when we got to Willits we took on some ice cream and sodas pulled up to a gas station to fill up on gas and my gawd! we had a flat tire. Ran the car into the garage, got her righted up again and the way we stepped on her was not slow. It was then getting late in the afternoon and we were figuring on San Rafael for the night but we had gone about a mile when bang! went the same tube again. The garage man put it in so that it was pinching and a hole wore in it then we put on the new tire and then we went hell-t-poop but only made Cloverdale. It was then dark and it was 35 miles to San Rafael and the roads were strange and crooked so we decided to stop with Dad Snider, so we ited up for the night and in the morning we made the final dash and we landed in Sausalito at high 12 sharp and as luck would have it, the boat was there and we drove on and closed the gate so we could not back into the bay for we had had enough of that kind of luck well when we got into Frisco the driver got a little mixed and ran

into the Flat iron building and broke off the handle and we had to fix that and after we had our lunch we started to take in the town, my son was out on the road bringing in a train of Knight Templars. We started for Golden Gate park and in passing a car we swerved and hit the gate and tore off the hinges and of course we had that to fix but out side of that we had no trouble.

Well the next morning my son came in with that horrible bunch of Knight Templars. Then and there we lit out to see the city, we took in the Golden Gate park right but kept away from the gate for it is no small job to put a pair of hinges on that old gate. The park is beautiful, full of chipmunks to a polar bear. One thing that I saw was the wild ducks and geese and swans coming in to the little lake in the park and they will follow you around for something to eat. There is a very large collection of all kinds of paintings and Indian relics from all parts of the world. One can not remember a hundredth part of what he saw then We took in the legion of honor building and there we saw many beautiful sights. Then the next day we drove to Palo Alto and took in the large college buildings and its ground. They sure are some grounds and on our way back we stopped and had lunch with Noah, but not the old man Noah, but this Noah came from Eathopia, but he sure has a fine place and serves delicious meals all southern style. Then we took in the cement plant. The cement is made from sea shells and they claim to have shells enough to last for many years to come, then the salt plant and the maynesia plant and by that time we were getting tired and so started for the city, ate a good dinner and took in a good show. I came to do this old town and its great white way. It is glorious and expensive, but we should worry for Jones pays the freight. At last the time came for us to start home again, so on a Thursday morning we started out. It was fine until we crossed the Sacramento river and from there on it was very warm, a hot wind was blowing when we got to Sacramento, at 2:30 we were all but roasted and on our way to Sac

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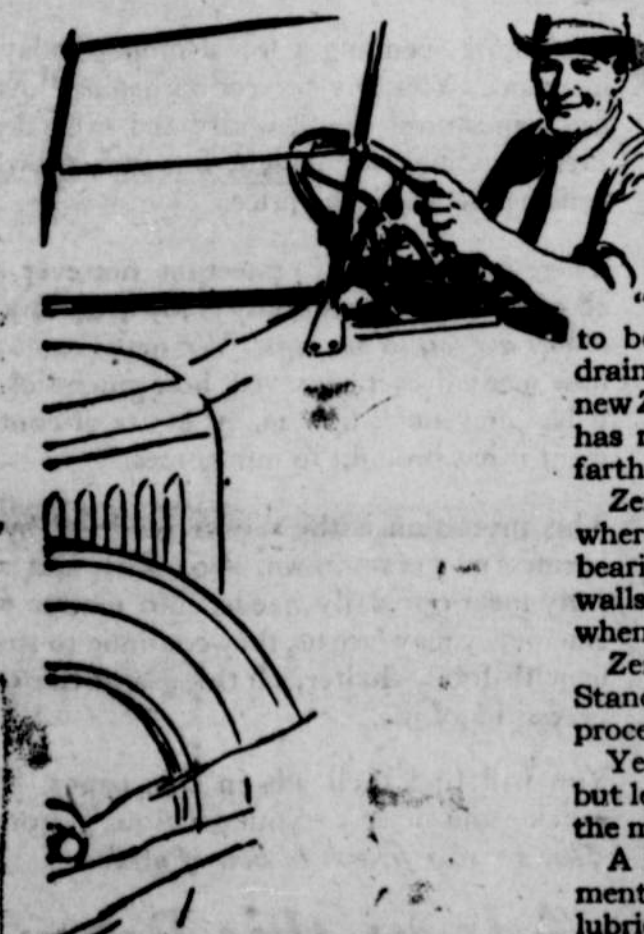
going north we crossed what is called the Causway, over the gale basin. This great yalo basin is over a marsh land and unites the east and west sides of the Sacramento valley, the yalo basin is a vast marshy district extending from a point fifteen miles north of Mayrsville south for a distance of over 120 miles. the basin is flooded annually for a period of from 6 to 8 months and prior to the construction of the trestle in 1916 the capital city was practically isolated from the market center of California, by vehicle as only during the summer months was the land dried out sufficiently to permit travel by what was known as the tald jake road. We hunted up my people in Sacramento, I have a sister and my brother who was killed in 1910 by his engine going off the Frathes river bridge, killing him and the train dispatcher and his family and we were treated royal (why go to Canada) At 5 a. m. we started out again and made Rosewell for breakfast and had breakfast with a lady who runs the hotel that I knew 40 years ago and it was hard to make her believe that I was the original "Bill" We had a little visit and started again, it was very warm from there to Dunsmore It is a beautiful valley with thousand of acres of fruit. We got to Dunsmore for a 6 o'clock dinner and started again at 6:25 with the Shasta limited and beat her to Hornbrook by 30 minutes, in fact, we never did see her again. We made Grants Pass for lunch and Eugene for dinner and pulled into Portland the same night making 422 miles in one. Not so bad

for a 7 year old Buick. "My chamber maid was young and fair, She opened my door to give me air, And I big, fat and strong Hoped out of bed and followed along. She turned her head and winked at me And I felt like a squirrel in a chestnut tree." I punched myself and found I was dead and closed the door and hoped back to bed, and when I awoke to my surprise, the sun was shining in my eyes, I raised the window and opened the screen and found it to be but a foolish dream. Shakespeare. I went to lodge one evening and on returning home we were running a little late and the boy was stepping on her and a lady wished to get off. The conductor rang the bell and she got up just a little too soon and the car lurched to one side and she fell and landed square in my lap, she could, but blush and said oh! excuse me but I came right back at her and said that all right lady I am from Vernonia and naturally my age is against me. We visited the assembling plant of Henry Ford this night. The Ford company has started and industrial farm and will raise only squirrels, these squirrels will be educated a la ford institute. Each purchaser of a new Ford car will receive two squirrels to pick up the nuts in the trail of the car, it might be of some interest to some to know that the largest ferry in the world runs between Oakland and

Frisco, it is 325 feet long, carries 75 machines and 5,000 passengers. The S. P. has 6 boats and there are several others making a desperate effort to handle the crowds, last year there were 57,000 passengers who crossed the bay. Between Frisco and Oakland I had a good job offered me on one of those larger boats as ankle inspector, but I turned it down for I was afraid it might ruin my eyes but I gave them the address of Wm. Pringle and I think that "Bill" would be the right man for the place for I have noticed he likes to look at pretty ankles. We all enjoyed our trip to Oakland but they can't hold a candle to the Oregon climate and we were all glad to get back home once again. So thus endeth our last and impressive trip to the land of the home of the lemon and the prunes.

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