

### ALONG ROAD TO CALIFORNIA

From page 1.

Yuma, and it was a very interesting trip. There is but one good highway across the southern end of the state and it winds around to hit the big towns. We intended to make a short cut from Gila Bend to Casa Grande and save 90 miles, but tourists coming into Yuma before we left said the 3 miles of road was almost impassable, recent hard rains having washed out the road and left bad chuck holes full of water. One man with a Buick car came in with three broken springs. Believing this was one place where the longest way around was the shortest way home, we turned north at Gila Bend and went over the Gillespie dam, running through several inches of water on the concrete apron of the dam for about a quarter of a mile. A new bridge is under construction at this point, which will be a great improvement.

The road from Yuma is a little rough for 15 or 20 miles, but the balance of the highway is smooth macadam. The country is all desert, occasionally a ranch house, but 40 miles from Yuma is the Welton-Mesa project, where water is pumped by electricity for irrigation. We saw but a few new ranches under way since we went through here three years ago. The Gillespie dam project covers 12,000 acres and is devoted mostly to cotton and alfalfa. Many cotton fields are still unpicked, and we heard that the low price of cotton has proved disastrous to all the cotton sections, from California to Texas.

The storm followed us all the way to the Rocky mountains and we did not leave it until we crossed the continental divide this morning near the New Mexico border. It has been a cold winter here so far, and no flowers on the desert, in spite of the general rains that have fallen. On our trip we have had rain nearly every day, in the country where it seldom

rains. Near one of the irrigation projects in Arizona a large sign told of the constant sunshine and "fogless country," and in five minutes after passing it we ran into a fog bank and had to turn on the lights. After we ran out of the fog it rained. Well, I suppose they will say the weather was unusual.

In Phoenix we called on Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson former Hood River residents, and Mr. and Mrs. George Smith visited them the day before, returning to Los Angeles Saturday.

We spent the night at Florence, Ariz., and left Sunday morning for El Paso. At Benson we were told that the short cut to Lordsburg was not a very bad road and it would be 85 miles farther by way of the state highway through Bisbee and Douglas, so we concluded to try it, and while the road was "rough but passable" part of the way, there were several stretches of very good road. The first 18 miles of the 116 miles of cross road was from very bad to fair, but passed through an interesting part of country, winding through rocky passes of the foothills, then out on level mesas filled with yuccas, with the chocolate colored rocky buttes and mountain ranges of the painted desert on all sides. We saw no more of the giant plants as we entered the hills, but passed great forests of those weird sentinels of the desert after leaving Phoenix. In the foothills, however, were many yuccas, with dried flower stalks rising many feet above the spiny leaves, and they must be a beautiful sight when in bloom.

The cross road reaches the state highway 18 miles from Lordsburg, and we increased our speed from 10 to 20 miles an hour to our normal gait. Lordsburg is a desolate looking little town, with no grass or trees, but an important railroad center. We had time to reach Deming before dark, and the fine macadam oad of 62 miles between the two places was a delight. Only

two small railroad stations were passed, and the desolate country in between apparently is uninhabited except for a few isolated stock ranches. There are no trees or water in sight from the highway. The road follows the Southern Pacific railroad most of the way from Benson to Deming, and goes through a much lower altitude than at Bisbee, where an elevation of 6,000 feet is reached.

El Paso, Texas, Jan., 24, 1927.

For the first time since we left home we have found real summer weather here. We left Deming, N. M., Monday morning with icicles hanging from the outdoor faucets and along the road pools of water were frozen over. While it is fair weather, all the towns around here are high elevations, El Paso being nearly 4,000 feet. However, this gives them an advantage during the summer, as it does not get so hot. Yet it prevents the winter flowers and vegetation to be seen in the southern Pacific coast sections. There is not a green thing to be seen here, and the whole town looks drab and dirty, with dust and dirt even in the main streets.

El Paso is the principal city of this section of the country, no other large city within 500 miles. One of the largest smelters in the world is here employing 1,000 men getting much of its ore from Old Mexico. In this vast range country are immense herds of cattle, sheep and goats, with this the business center. Considerable agriculture is also made possible by the Elephant Butte dam, located 100 miles north on the Rio Grande in New Mexico, which supplies 200,000 acres with water. The city has a population of over 100,000 and has been practically all built since 1881, with the coming of the railroad, four systems now coming in here. The first white man came here in 1528 and the first village started in 1632. The population is 40 per cent Mexican at the present time.

One of the places of interest is the Mexican city of Juarez, the largest Mexican town on the American border. Street cars run from El Paso across the international bridge over the Rio Grande and Americans can go over at any time without passports or interference from officials, although Mexicans coming across the border are required to have passports. The patrons of the cars are mostly Mexicans, who come across the border to do shopping or visit their many Mexican friends who are in business or employment here.

Juarez is unlike the Mexican towns. While there are many Californians. While there are many saloons and gambling houses, yet real business overshadows amusement. Here one may see the natives as they live in their own country, with their various occupations. The poor classes live like Indians in squalid adobe huts, children, dogs and cooties playing around in the dirt, and the whole place has a dirty and shiftless appearance. The main streets have many beggars, mostly blind men and women, presenting a pitiful appearance, while they hold out their hands for coins. The public market is an interesting place, with its many stalls con-

taining foodstuffs, with peppers and hot stuff in large proportions. Most of the apples and oranges on display were culls. After a trip through the place one would hesitate to go into a native place to eat, and more likely would lose his appetite for a real American meal. Stalks of sugar cane are for sale at many of the outdoor stands, while curious looking cakes and candies tempt the native appetite.

Most of the elderly and some of the younger native women wear the Spanish manilla over their heads, or a scarf of black shawl. The fashion of painting lips and cheeks is also indulged in by the younger women and girls, and some of them present a striking appearance, more hideous than beautiful.

We had a good road out of Deming for about 40 miles, then it ended abruptly when we reached another county, and it continued rough until we reached the Rio Grande. It was a desolate, desert country, with but a few small stations along the road and no farming except for an occasional small place where there was a little water. Not a tree or vegetation of any kind except the desert mesquite and cactus. Occasionally we

would see a few cattle. When we crossed the Rio Grande, however, all was changed, as we were then in the irrigated country. Most of the farmers were plowing, but we saw several fields of very fine corn still in the shock, and many cottonfields still standing. From there into El Paso a paved road helped us make up some of the time lost on the 20 miles of rough, chunky, worn-out road west of the river.

#### Library Benefit Tea

Monday afternoon, February 14, there will be a library benefit tea at the J. W. Greenman home, to which every woman in Vernonia, who is interested, is invited. Bridge and "500" will be played between the hours of 2:30 and 4 p. m. There will be a nominal charge per player and reservations may be made by calling 274 or 252.

From 4:15 to 5:15 there will be a silver tea, the proceeds of the afternoon going toward the public library fund. It was wholly impossible for the committee to send out invitations to all, but we wish to emphasize that everyone interested is urged to attend.—Library Board.

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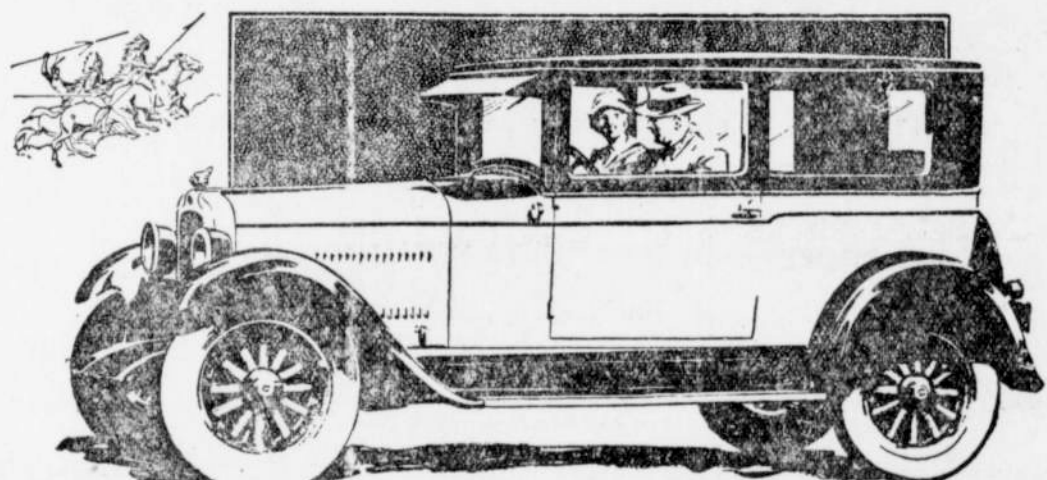
SLUGAR, Pure Cane 10 lbs. (limit) .....	63c	CITRUS POWDER 2 pkgs. for .....	45c
PEACHES, large tins, 3 tins for .....	69c	OLD DUTCH cleanser 3 cans for .....	25c
PINEAPPLE, large tins, bro- ken sliced 2 for .....	39c	PEANUT BUTTER, per pound .....	19c
HONEY 10 lb. pails .....	\$1.49	RAISINS, 4 lb. pkgs. Sun- maid seedless raisins .....	35c
SYRUP, Skaggs cane and maple, 5 lb. tin .....	79c	FIGS, in sweet syrup 2 cans for .....	45c
HONEY, in comb 2 combs for .....	45c	5 lb. box fancy chocolates for .....	\$1.39
PRUNES, fresh dried 4 lbs. for .....	25c	SNOWFLAKES, family size .....	53c
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