

Hills in 'Frisco Would Raise Your Hair Says Stouffvillite

Cliff Salmon
Bellingham, Washington,
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Hi! Folks!
Here we are almost to the Canadian border, and many miles north of Old Ontario. It is not generally realized, on either side of the line, that a substantial chunk of the U.S.A. is really north of the Toronto area. Stouffvillites and Corontionians are southerners compared to the population of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, etc. If you draw a line straight west from Toronto, you will hit a point on the Pacific coast of Oregon, very close to the border of California. I've had a lot of fun with this fact talking to American friends who think Ontario is synonymous with ice, snow, and polar bears.

Here, it is raining cats, dogs, and buckets—and has been 90 percent of the way up the West Coast. So our sightseeing has been at a low ebb. I suppose you folks will have heard of the flood conditions out here in your newspapers. Well, so far we have managed to avoid floating and strange to say, there is less mud outside our trailer door than there was in many other places to the East. We hear that Vancouver has been having quite a time of it, and sure hope that when we get there tomorrow that the water will be under control. We aren't due to be on the ocean till Dec. 22nd!

Well, to continue on about our trip, we left Los Angeles on Nov. 12th and after gassing up and checking over all running equipment we followed north on the coast highway. This took us, once again, through Santa Monica, the spot where we first saw the Pacific Ocean. Further along we saw, or rather went through the famous Malibu Beach area. We couldn't see much because, in this area, the beach seems to be all private property and fenced in. For miles there is hardly a beach lot that has not been built on. We had lunch on the sands near Ventura—in our bathing suits, while the kiddies played at the water's edge. By 4 p.m., we had found a trailer park in Santa Barbara, and after dinner went for a drive around the city. Santa Barbara is a very beautiful place, and in our estimation represents Southern California at its best. The "atmosphere" of the town was so pleasant in more ways than one. People didn't seem to be in a hurry to get someplace, as in L.A. It seemed restful to us here after the merry-go-round in L.A. And the air was the kind you wanted to take big lungfuls of—a treat to us after the "smog" in L.A. which at times made your eyes smart.

Before taking off on Sunday morning, we visited the Santa Barbara Mission, and took some pictures. We landed there as the folks were leaving church. Along the side of the building, under a covered balcony, quite a crowd was gathering. This included several of the Franciscan brothers dressed in their distinctive brown robes. We went to have a look, and found the people buying choice fruits, scrumptious-looking home-baking, flowers, beautifully designed children's clothes, etc. We bought some cakes which we enjoyed very much.

Apart from really lovely ocean scenery, the trip from Santa Barbara to Pismo Beach was uneventful. We passed through several nice little towns, each with its quota of pretty homes, schools, stores and parks. We stopped to search for sea shells on a piece of beach that was close to the road.

Pismo Beach is a quite spot. It

is the home town of the biggest and best clams in the world, or so we were told. We found a trailer park, called the "Seafarer" which was located right on the beach, and was one of the nicest parks at which we have stayed. At Pismo Beach, the beach itself is exceptionally wide, even at high-tide and is never without clam fishermen. The technique seems to be to prod the sand every few feet with what looks like a hay fork. If you hit a clam, you dig and that's all there is to it. No hooks, no line, no rod, and no bait. Sounds like a cinch, doesn't it? Not being clam-lovers, we contented ourselves with collecting used shells. Some of these will eventually make the trip East, if the Canadian border authorities don't confiscate them. A clam shell is a natural ash-tray.

An interesting chap lived in the trailer next door. He was an electrical engineer in the Philippines, and was unable to get his family out ahead of the Japs. So they were interned by the Japs for three years at Manila. He also was addicted to Kodachrome film and had a projector. So we spent the evening in his trailer screening his pictures and ours.

The next hop was to Old Monterey, famous in song and historical romance. We spent three days here, and visited most of the historic sites. The city fathers sure have played their advantage to the hilt—and they certainly have built it up into a major tourist attraction. We were in Robert Louis Stevenson's house, which incidentally, was just recovered from private hands this month and opened to the public. We also saw the first and oldest theatre in California, which is still used for putting on old-fashioned plays. A novel feature of the town is the way they have laid out the route for doing up all the historic spots. A broken orange line down the road leads over five miles of this scenic route. And it doesn't matter where you start in, so long as you follow through to where you began. They call this "The Path of History."

According to reading material furnished, Monterey Bay contains a greater variety of sea life than any other waters in the world. We visited the famous Fisherman's Wharf to have a look-see, and came home with fresh salmon to cook for supper. Also, we took a picture or two of the sail-boats which were there in hundreds.

While staying at Monterey, we took in the "17 mile drive" and ended up at "Carmel-by-the-Sea." About half way in the drive, there are some "Seal Rocks," to be seen off shore. We heard them barking long before we came to the spot. The noise never stops. The rocks at this point are literally covered with seals. Some were cavorting about in the lagoon between the beach and the rocks, but we couldn't coax one of them close enough to have him pose for us.

Carmel is positively the quaintest town I have ever been in. Almost every home and building has been designed to be different from the usual. The town is built on a hill overlooking the ocean and a beautiful beach. The sand on this beach is the whitest I've ever seen. We had lunch here and all took off our shoes and went for a walk barefooted. The kiddies spent about an hour collecting sea shells. Then we watched the sun sizzle into the ocean before starting for home.

On the way north again on Nov. 17th we ran point blank into one of the most mysterious and unexplained things. About 8 miles from the town of Salinas, there is

Child's Foot Injured in Helping Santa



Anxious to aid Santa Claus during his annual parade through Newmarket, Terry

Gorman, six, left, tried to help Santa's carriage up hill, had foot run over. But now Terry

is the envy of brothers Johnny and Peter, since Santa paid him a special visit at his home.

a place called "The Wonder Hill." And it is well-named! We are still wondering! We went to see and to debunk—we left scratching our heads for the reasons why. Old Man Gravity, who is normally considered a constant, at this one spot in Monterey County is acting very queerly indeed. There is an "affected area" about 100 feet in diameter. They have installed two cement blocks at the edge of the area, one just inside and the other out. The guide has a spirit-level and proves to you that the blocks are both the same height, which they certainly are. Then Doris stood on one, and I on the other, facing one another. Don't think I'm lying or crazy, but lo! and behold! she was taller than I which all of you know just isn't so. Then we switched, and I was so much taller than she that it

wasn't a bit funny! With this for a starter, we went on to see the rest of the demonstrations. It got worse and worse. To stand feeling comfortable at all, we were standing at an angle of 45 degrees with the outside world—all of us, the children, Doris and I and the guide. There was a large iron weight hanging from a rafter in the ceiling of a room. Now everybody knows that any hanging weight can be pushed in any direction with equal pressure. This one didn't though. One way, it was like pushing feathers—the opposite way, my whole weight could hardly budge it! The weight was hanging by an ordinary piece of cord which I examined—after which I wondered whether I should go and be examined myself! The experience didn't have much

effect on me, other than upsetting my confidence in my reasoning powers. But it made both Doris and Peter quite sick at the stomach having everything around them so topsy-turvy. To some extent, it was like being aboard ship—only with the motion constant in one direction, if you get what I mean. That the direction in this case was not "down" as it is every place else I am positively sure of. But why it is so is quite beyond my comprehension. The guide told us that a famous physicist from a neighboring university visited the "Wonder Hill" a short time ago, and when asked for comment he replied "take me to a psychologist!" The story goes that the owner of the property wanted a cabin built on this hill not knowing its screwy properties. The carpenter went to

Uxbridge Man Found Not Guilty

A verdict of "not guilty" was returned by a jury at General Sessions court in Whitby last week following hearing of evidence from two crown witnesses in a theft charge which had been preferred against Clifford Rodd of Uxbridge. Judge D. B. Coleman instructed jury that there appeared to be insufficient crown evidence to proceed with the trial.

Crown evidence in the case was adduced by Alex Talli, K.C. The investigating constable was Frank Godley, O.P.P. Rodd was defended by A. W. S. Greer, K.C.

Austin Husband, 23, of Uxbridge told the court that on the night of April 29 last, he was coming home with a party from the "Drive-In Theatre." After leaving highway No. 12 he had a flat tire and had to stop. Being unable to make the repair then, he hailed a passing car and drove into Uxbridge. Returning to his car next morning, he found that his car radio, antenna and rear view mirror had been removed.

Subsequently, Husband saw the accused in Uxbridge and saw his mirror in Rodd's car. It was found that Rodd resides close to where the car had been parked on that night and upon investigation the radio was recovered.

work, but before long nearly drove himself crazy. Everytime he had something erected vertically, it fell over! (I am enclosing a little pamphlet we got at this place which you can read over.) I should also mention that even the trees on this patch of land were growing out on an angle. After this experience, we were glad to drive on through a familiar world and find a trailer park near Santa Clara.

Here we ran into fog and rain—and it has been fogging and raining most of the way ever since. There were some occasions when the sun brightened the sky accidentally, and if it happened to be near anything photogenic, we snapped a picture. We had a look around 'Frisco—saw the docks (continued on back page)

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