

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Sam Drennan's Six Weeks of Sight Seeing.
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Our genial fellow-townsmen, "Sam" Drennan, returned on Saturday evening from a six weeks trip in the Eastern States, having been absent from his Santa Cruz home exactly forty-two days. Mr. Drennan went out with the Knights Templar, of which order he is a member, and attended the St. Louis Conclave. He enjoyed his stay there, and, of the reports of extortion and lack of hospitality circulated by some San Francisco papers, he says he says emphatically that he saw nothing of it, that he was well treated and happy, even the weather being propitious save for one rainy day in St. Louis.

"What sort of weather did you have during the rest of your journey?" asked the reporter.

"Genuine California weather," was the reply. "The mildest and most beautiful autumn days, a real Indian Summer wherever I went.

From St. Louis Mr. Drennan went to his birthplace, Springfield, Ill, which city he had not seen for twenty years. His brothers and sisters, all prosperous and wealthy farmers, reside in the vicinity, and he spent eight days in inspecting the rich farming country, thriving villages, and the beautiful city itself. Said the gentleman, "We all know and keep track of the wonderful growth of Chicago, and I don't hesitate to say that the whole country within a radius of two hundred miles improves and grows in the same ratio. I shouldn't have recognized a single town or village with which I was familiar twenty years ago, so great had been the changes."

In response to a question as to the methods of farming, Mr. Drennan replied, "The vast expanses of land which were formerly low and marshy, breeding the dreaded chills and fever, have been tile-drained after the most approved European methods, and this has rendered them far more productive than the old prairie lands; they are devoted to wheat and corn of which vast crops are grown, and to pasturage. As soon as cultivation stops, clover and blue grass at once spring up, being native and self-seeding and making the finest pasturage."

Mr. Drennan devoted a Sunday to Chicago and the inspection of its marvellous growth. As one item, he noted in sight of the Illinois Central depot at least one hundred solid acres of cars. He took the Michigan Central and Grand Trunk lines eastward, crossing at Niagara, and peeping at the beautiful city of Buffalo; then on through the exquisite autumn scenery of the Genesee and Mohawk valleys to New York City. Here four days were busily passed in taking a thoroughly good look at that large eastern village.

"I made for the first elevated railroad that I saw," said Mr. Drennan, "which happened to be the Sixth Avenue. On this I rode out to Harlem, a distance of eight miles, and I was told by those well posted that in the course of that one ride there were within my view from that elevated road, ten thousand buildings in course of construction." He was fortunate in the possession of a

well-posted acquaintance, who kindly acted as his guide, and he thoroughly "took in the town." Brooklyn, Coney Island, Greenwood Cemetery, Central Park, with its wonderful museum, the theatres, and magnificent hotels engaged his attention.

The next stopping point was Boston, big, flourishing, with its beautiful and finely finished suburbs and air of prosperity.

"But," said Mr. Drennan, "the old part of the city, which is also the business part, has the sharpest angles, the narrowest streets, the crookedest alleys, the worst encumbered side-walks, and the smallest window-panes of any place in America. It is exceedingly inconvenient for business, and, at certain hours of the day, you have to turn edgewise to get through the crowd. Here's another thing: although the ladies of New England are very nice they are not nearly as fine looking in face or figure as our California ladies."

Through Massachusetts and New Hampshire to way down east in Maine Mr. Drennan travelled, and here, as everywhere in this extended journey, he found evidences of a prosperity quite as great as at the west, and nowhere were the people poor or suffering. Five hours were spent in Philadelphia, driving through the main part of the city, with its thousands of pleasant homes; then on to Washington.

Said Mr. D.: "Our national capital is the grandest and most beautiful city I ever saw, or ever expect to see. The residences of the foreign ambassadors and senators, the government buildings, the broad and well kept streets, combine to make it a perfect city. I had no special acquaintances, but I talked up to anybody I saw and asked any question I liked, invariably receiving a courteous reply and all the information I desired. In fact, through all my trip I received nothing but the kindest courtesy, which I don't think could be equalled or even approached in any foreign country. I was, too, asked many questions when it was found I was from California, and I can tell you I gave our glorious state a good name wherever I went." From Washington, over the Baltimore and Ohio road, past Harpers Ferry and John Browns old fort, and through the valley of the Shenandoah and West Virginia, he went to Cincinnati, then on to St. Louis once more and Kansas City which he believes to be the most prosperous and thrifty of the many growing cities he saw.

The return via the Denver and Rio Grande was unapproachably fine, but as it has been much written up we will not describe it. While in the Wahsatch mountains Mr. D. had the pleasure of meeting on the train Gov. West of Utah, a fine-looking, broad-chested man with a high forehead. "Through him," said Mr. Drennan, "I had the pleasure of sending my regards to my old friend and townsman, Judge Zane, who is making things so uncommonly tough for the much-married Mormons." The return home was made, like all the journey, without accident and with nothing to mar the great pleasure of the extended trip. Mr. Drennan returns with as great a love as ever for Santa Cruz and California, but with an enlarged view of the greatness and prosperity of the nation at large.