## HERE'S FULL TEXT OF CALIFOR-NIA'S NEW WATER AND POWER ACT

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The street of the street of

## THE VALLEY OF BEAUTIFUL DREAMS

By ARTHUR F. THOMAS

same land just across the road to ten tried to tell you about, down in that great fog fimmed city that you call home.

You suddenly come to yourself with a snap and realize that everything is loaded and Lizzie is rearing to go. The first ten miles is a ma drace down hill over a hard dirt road that you are sure was financed and built by the tire companies, judging by the number of small sharp rocks that ornament the surface of an otherwise perfectly good road. Plunging through whitewater river at every good ford, Lizzie literally takes the bit in her teeth and lights out for the Palm Springs at a twenty-five mile clip, long before you have finished filling your lungs with the wonderful desert ozone, a ten mile strip of pavement is reached, a few minutes put you over the Southern Pacific railroad tracks and you are rounding a point of sheer granite cliffs that rise several hundred feat above the floor of the valley, around the corner you see a clump of green trees about a mile away and someone remarks that Palm Springs and breakfast are close at hand, but you find it necessary to go down there and some one remarks that Palm Springs and breakfast are close at hand, but you find it necessary to go down there and toast or a shot of corn flakes, reminding you that the wife cautified the second or third guess before you finally find out that the Springs were about seven miles away instead of one.

It has been decided to have breakfast or close at hand, but you find it necessary to go down there and toast or a shot of corn flakes, reminding you that the wife cautified the second or third guess before you finally find out that the springs were about seven miles and a stack of hot cakes a foot high, convinces him that the lure of the desert is getting into your bestow on Jim as you turn to the waiter and order ham and eggs and a stack of hot cakes a foot high, convinces him that the lure of the desert is getting into your bestown of the perfect of the desert head to loose a steady customer, before this trip is ended. If

reconding a point of sheer granite cliffs that rise several hundred feet above the floor of the valley, around the corner you see a clump of green trees about a mile away and someone remarks that Palm Springs and breakfast are close at hand, but you find it necessary to take the second or third guess before the springs were about seven miles away instead of one.

It has been decided to have breakfast ast out under the persola and ast the scraping of chairs subsides your friend Jim leans over and inquires if you will have poached eggs and toast or a shot of corn flakes, reminding you that the will the same thought your the string. The look of scorn that you bestow on Jim as you turn to the waiter and order ham and eggs and a stack of hot cakes a foot high, convinces him that the lure of the desert is getting into your blood and that your family doctor is due to loose a steady customer, before this trip is ended. If you had time to follow the canyon trail a mile or so you would find a wonderful cold stream and a wealth of fine shade, but as time is limited you can only divide your time between Mt. San Jacinto's snowy peak and a stack of hot cakes a foot high, convinces him that the lure of the desert is getting into your blad time to follow the canyon trail a mile or so you would find a wonderful cold stream and a wealth of fine shade, but as time is limited you can only divide your time between Mt. San Jacinto's snowy peak 11,000 feet almost straight overlhead and the beautiful expanse of Salton Sea stretching away 4 inless to the easter highway which is a concrete ribbon 85 miles in length; by 8:30 or 9:00 o'clock, you are passing Coachella a half in hile on your left. This district is noted for its fine dates and strong onions that grow to perfection on both sides of the highway for many 1 miles. Artesian wells furnish the life blood for this favored spot and like all other sections of Southern California it is coming rapidly to the front.

High noon lands us in Westmorland, a thriving little town in the soft

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city's dream of a metropolis fame. The railroad was branched off four miles south and El Centro sprung into being over night and has become the leading city of the valley, and is crowding the 10,000 mark in population and up-to-date in every respect. El Centro is the present terminus of the San Diego and Eastern railway and it is expected that it will shortly be pushed into this Inland Empire.

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High noon lands us in Westmorland, a thriving little town in the center of what is known as the soft land section, we decide to make the remaining eight mites into the town of Brawley for lunch. We find here a thriving city, growing like the proverbial weed. This is the native home of the festive cantaloupe, the central shipping point for more than 21,000 acres of this luscious fruit.

Ten miles south we come into interprial City, the mother town of the valley. This town had all the advantage in the beginning to become the metropolis of the valley, but was handicaped by a powerful group of men in control, who were short of vision. When Holt and associates wanted to build a superbacklessed from here to Holtand.