CALIFORNIA - 1902

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Josephine and Malcolm Oldham 1942

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APPENDIX: LISTING NAMES OF THOSE MENTIONED IN TEXT \* P. 81

Grandma and I left Corry, January 17, 1902, for San Bernardino, California. Uncle Will and John, Papa, Mama, Richard and Mary down to see us off. Three degrees above zero that morning, with six or eight inches of snow on the level. Mary, in a fuzzy white tarn threw snow halls at my window until the train moved out. It was hard to go.

Took the Nickel Plate at Erie, when we changed from the Penn. Inez Wagner and Mr. Bliley met us there and we had about an hour with them. A few pleasant people on the sleeper that night, - one jolly little red cheeked woman’, the mother of six boys and one girl. She buttoned the numerous buttons of my shirt waist next morning. One girl had been visiting in New York and was on her way home to Oregon. She looked the western girl. A strong minded woman with glasses, and a manly stride, got on at Cleveland and went thro1 to Chicago. I think she must have been a native. The men not particularly interesting - one silly childish old man travelling by himself. Rather a good looking one near us. Saw him smile when I was expressing my candid opinion of Chicago.

We entered that city about 7:30 Sat. morning, the 18th. Went to Saratoga for breakfast and took rooms for day, table good, rooms poor. Neither of us had rested much the night before so we rested all morning. Found that we could not get thro’ tickets via New Orleans, or any berths, so gave up going by way of Illinois Central and Southern Pacific and bought tickets via Sante Fe. That afternoon tried to get in to                  ’s last matinee but as it was $1 for standing room, we went over to the Chicago Art Institute. Much smaller than the Metropolitan, New York, but some very good pictures and statuary: Wm. Chase’s Alice, Whistler’s Southampton, a Nocturne, some of Franz Hals’ and the Dutch painters, a landscape in blues of Innes’. One picture which attracted a great deal of attention was by Bennet or Benton, I think tho’ I am not sure. It was the nude figure of Truth bound and blindfolded by the silk bands of the priest, screened and hidden by pious nuns, while Ambition directed the dying of her robe in blood, in the hands of some simpleton.

In the distance the masses vainly gazed to see the truth.

The picture is of vivid coloring and very attractive. It reminds me of a recent poem - in Century, I think.

The laces and tapestries could not compare with those of the Metropolitan but there was a beautiful collection of ecclesiastical vestments. And such a lovely old gilded sedan chair of some bygone priest or bishop, covered without and within with silk embroidered in colored silks and horsehair. The central figure in the lower front was the Lamb,and on top a gilded figure of Justice blindfolded. A beautiful collection of old fans, carved and painted ivory sticks and hand painting on vellum at the top, one by Rosetti, a group of voluptious figures.

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A model of the new Chicago Post office occupies a place of honor near the entrance at present. It will he very beautiful when finished, good architecture. As we saw it, it looked to he about half finished. The great central dome has four facades, each a Greek temple in itself. The columns are fluted with Corinthian capitals.

I do not like Chicago any better than I used to thoT I have never seen much of the residence portion. Wooden walks are still to be found on principal streets and a drop from a ten story stone to a false front wooden building is nothing unusual. The bitter lake breeze was out in full force. Saw the lake front at the Illinois Central Station, a fine building. Weather in Chicago seemed like early March with us. To

Took our train about 9:15 and managed to exchange my upper berth for a }.ower. Went directly to bed and slept better than at home, feeling quite settled down to travelling.

Sunday morning ateof our lunch for breakfast, looking out meanwhile on the Missouri River, a great muddy stream, with great exposures of gray mud flats at this time of year. The Mississippi we had crossed in the night. We were still in Missouri and spent the half hour, 10:30-11:00 in Kansas City, the station full of small booths where fruits candies, magazines, navajo rugs and souvenirs were sold. Started for the Postal Telegraph office but it seemed too far with grandma a poor walker so gave it up and sent a small boy with telegram for Aunt Minnie and postal card for Papa. On the way back bought some rosey cheeked

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apples that were Just as good as they looked.

Beautiful morning, bright sunshine, air like middle March. While walking on the platform caught a glimpse of the tourist sleepers on our train. Thankful we did not take one. Hard rattan seats, numerous children and freaks. Also invalids. Saw enough\*! of the latter in Chicago station, the night we started, to give me the blues. I could have cried over one poor hoy whose gray haired mother was taking himi West - to Colorado, I presume, hut I’m afraid

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it will he hopeless. An older brother, a fine looking man was seeing them off and all tried so hard to he cheerful, hut the mother’s eyes were red. Another group I saw in Chicago were a young mother and three small children, her husband and younger sister. All of them were in the tourist car at Kansas City, I found.

About one o’clock we stopped at Topeka for dinner, had some good breaded lamb chops. If my geography is not at fault, this is the capital and the gray stone building that loomed above the level town, the capital building- a large central dome with Grecian portico front. These Kansas towns are so queer- long, straight lines of endless, dirty streets with numerous false front wooden buildings; the newer, more pretentious brick buildings; and towering over all some great, imposing public edifice. Of course there may be pretty parts to some, but most of them are so flat that the whole town lies spread out to one’s view.

I know now what "rolling prairies" mean. As far as

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the eye can reach, wave after wave of prarie, prairie, prairie - covered with 'UGd and yellow scrub grass and seldom a tree except along the dried up bed of a little stream. Sometimes, one, two or three little houses in the whole distant view, and often none. Houses of two stories are the exception rather than the rule and after I had seen numerous two storied dwellings standing, minus a roof, I understood why. I have seen beside some houses a sod covered edifice, some two or three feet above the ground, and wondered if they could be the cyclone cellars I have heard about.

Through the central part of the state were stoney farms that rivaled Hew England. There must have been miles of stone walls and th$ poorer houses in the small towns of this section\*ere built of the stohe. Yet there seemed to be considerable stock raised in this section as well as throT the rest of Kansas - black pigs seem to be the style out here. C a\*

Our passengers seemed \*/ery uninteresting at first but are becoming more so. They are developing. There is the fat old lady with the false f ront, been over the route 16 times but still nervous. Poor, sick woman with one child 18 months old aid the other a month, returning to her husband in Arizona. Too poor to have a nurse and carrying a a hr cTt<f

lunch. There is the California girl and her mother returning from Hew York. The city would be her death place she says. These and a man and woman who got on at Hutchinson together Sunday evening, certainly not man and wife fudging by the eyes she makes at him. There are no

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interesting men, except a fine looking, tall, dark eyed man with "but one arm, who occupies the state room with his wife. They are from near Wilkesbarre. She belongs to five clubs, is a L.A.R., has two silk coats with her, bub must talk, so comes out aid visits us all in turn. They are going to Mexico for a few weeks.

Our star boarder is Mrs. Robert Burdette (Bob Burdette). She’s also a public worker, women’s meetings, she goes now to Pasadena for three weeks to hold a convention.

She is a sour, worn looking woman, but she took care of the sick woman’s baby for an hour last night. When talking with her and the lady from Columbus, 0. last evening (Sunday), she said this trip across was the only rest she would get this winter. She had had only three hours sleep for many nights - every evening her meetings and every afternoon receptions. Yet she said the life had its compensations -the grasping of the hand of the people, the touch with humanity’. She may care for humanity as a whole but if for man as an individual, her face conceals rather than expresses it. Speaking of her husband, she said he was one of the few people who relied solely on his power to touch the human heart - that he had never had connected with him either vaudeville or concert. She is constantly busy with her correspondence and has her typewriter with her.

The one I like best on our car is the lady from Columbus, 0. She knows Louise Bright, one of our Painesville girls, and is a friend of her mother’s whom I have met.

She is a middle aged woman, leaving her children at home,

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to go to Pasadena for bronchial trouble, her cough is very- bad, Discovered a new man a little while ago, must have gotten on at La Junta (pronounced Hunta) this morning.

At any rate, I think he must have gotten up early, his black eyes look so cross. The other passengers I ha vs not come in contact with. There are not many more. Grandma and I each had a section all the way and are very comfortable .

(Monday, Jan. 20) All day we have been passing through Colorado - but I forgot that was only this morning. We are now in Hew Mexico. The first we saw this morning was still prairies but the grass a yellowish brown instead of bright yellow and red as in Kansas, the God forsaken.

Speaking of Kansas we came near coming im contact with another celebrity there Carrie Nation - she was there the evening before knocking cigars and cigarettes out of people’s mouths and haranguing as usual but as no one paid any attention she subsided. Head about it in the Kansas paper next morning, such a funny paper with scarcely any Eastern news, items.

Well to return to Colorado. Stopped at La Junta for breakfast but we let it go with beef tea, wafers and fruit rather than get up at such an early hour. Early in the morning the mountains came in sight, the beautiful Rockies, looming up like great masses of snowy clouds we see on the horizon at home, only not so soft in outline, jagged and roughh and rocky. The bases brown, and summits white with snow.

The Spanish Peaks were especially beautiful, like two lovely opals of the most delicate blue and white tints. For several hours we saw them except when hidden by the low

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ery and fresh lettuce, breaded veal, roast beef and duck - with not a drop of water in sight - the soup was good - piea and sherbet formed the dessert. To find all this after the desolate country we had gond thro1 and in such a forsaken place seemed like a miracle.

At our table were the conductor, the homesick California girl and her mother, the stateroom people, Mrs. Burdette, Grandma and I. Our people are still developing.

Mrs. B. I find is the President of the Federation of Women1s Clubs of California. She says that since this time last year she has seen Egypt and Palestine, Greece and Italy at their best but nothing equal to Pa&adena.

She doesn’t like to be called Mrs. "Bob” Burdette. The people in the state room are recently rich - copper mines.

The home sick California girl has suddenly become interesting. I remember vaguely of reading about Calve^ adopting some young girl with a wonderful voice and taking her to New York to study. Well, this is the same girl,

Edna Darch. Calve' found her in Los Ingeles, took her to New York, where she has studied hard, had poor health and gotten desperately homesick. Calve' telegraphed for her mother and she is taking her back for a year at home. The girl is only fourteen. She stood on the platform this morning with furs^ at her throat and muff on her hands but her head bare. I asked her if she wouldn’t catch cold and she said she seldom wore anything on her head.

The mother is a queer woman, with slightly French accent,

I think. Oh, I must add that Mrs. Burdette is wearing

a vsry pretty sill: shirt m i i,

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a very pretty silk shirt waist, a striped "brown and red design, with heavy red d lk embroidery. She got it in Egypt and says the natives wear long gowns of that material. It launders, hut is a very heavy, rich looking silk.

Passed thro1 a tiny town this (Monday) afternoon - a dot on the endless plains. The purple mountains had almost disappeared and pathle ss, treeless plains extend as far as the eye can reach. The cattle roam acrows them with no need for hams. This tiny town I spoke of was called Wagon-Mound from the mountain directly behind, which is supposed to resemble a wagon load of wool. It (the town) is huilt entirely of adohe. I had gone out on the step to see what I could see and asked the conductor what kind of people could live in those wretched hovels.

He said, TMexicans and he would show me some.1 So when our end of the train passed the station he showed me some and he side them were agroup of Indians in their gayly colored blankets and ugly painted red faces. I suppose this great plain, bordered by the purple and white mountains in the north is really the great plateau. The land is barren and desolate but, oh, the sunshine and the air.

It seems as if one could live forever in an atmosphere like this. I hope the poor consumptive I saw in Chicago is coming here. It would surely help him. And poor

Storrs is somewhere in this state.

We soon come to Las Vegas and we shall get off there.

At Raton I put Grandma on the train and ran with Mrs.

Stateroom to mail some postals and send telegrams. We had to go up stairs in the station to the tele, office and

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we had scarcely gotten down when "All Aboard" was called and the conductor hustled us on one of the tourist cars in front. Oh, those tourist cars1, babies and food. There is one girl in there who is wearing a lace jacket,trailing black velvet gown. She has bleach blond hair. Well, when I got back to our car, grandma was having a fit,TWhat would she do if I had gotten leftT, and our neighbors were consoling her.

Stopped at Las Vegas, best looking place since we left Chicago. Brick buildihgs of good size, a pretty restaurant of old Mexican architecture, built round a court. More of this delightful air and sunshine - early April-but cold breezes on the mountains.

After Las Vegas the mountains closed in around us once again (the Glorieta Mts.) and until dark we wound among them. Have seen burrows driven in threes and fours, and with horses, two and two. Passed through a region of prairie dogs, each one sitting on his own little mound, now and then running across to visit a neighbor. The soil became very red, the mt. abrupt and flat topped. For several miles a rough wagon road wound along beside us sometimes

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taking the dry bed of a stream. Beside it as it wound its way along I saw a pile of stones surmounted by a wooden cross, a lonely grave. The houses now took the color of the soil from which they are made, the deserted villages a£ the plains and rocks, falling back to Mother Earth again when left.

Mrs. Columbus (who looks forty-five and says she is

sixty) has a son of thirty two and a grandson of nine) and

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I were talking together tonight (Tuesday) when Mrs. Bur-

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dette came laughing up to us and said, handing us a February Delineator, "A friend handed me this and said I would find something interesting in it.” She had looked at dresses, shirtwaists, shoes and finally at the end found a picture of herself. It was a very good likeness. It is exceedingly interesting to hear her talk. She gave us such an interesting account of the life in Jerusalem and

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the Holy Land. While there one is vigorously impressed with the humanity of the Savior, hut not until leaving does his divinity impress one.” She says the place is filthy-dirty with human filth- and althoT !&e wore the shortest possible skirts, it was almost impossible to keep clean. The Jews with their black curls at eaeh side of the face stand daily at the ”wailing place” and wail for the coming of the new Jerusalem. She says the Arabs of today dress just as Christ did and with their short beards look not unlike Him. The well is the same at which Christ talked with the woman for there has never been any other. There the women still go in groups of three and four for the water bottle is too heavy for her to lift her own to her head where she carries it. Each helps the other in turn. The fine erect carriage of these women is due to thus carrying the water.

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As soon as I woke up this morning I knew where we were, anyone with eyes could tell. Desolate wastes of sand broken only by an occasional flat topped hill in the remote distance, an occasional Spanish bayonet for herbage- and this was the arid zone, Arizona. Miles of fence to

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keep back the drifting sand - never a house in miles except as we would - at periods sometimes hours apart - flash by a railroad boarding house - red - and three or four squalid mud huts or stranded freight cars in which the dirty Mexicans were living.

At Winona we stopped for breakfast, ipore good things in the desert - these Harvey eating houses are certainly fine. From Winona on the cedar gradually began to show on the desert, low bushes at first and later great masses of bushy trees. Then these gave way to the pines and we were once more in the mountains - the San Francisco. The air is delightful in these altitudes, but even on the plains one feels that they are high - that it is the great plateau, sky and sand and always the sky so close - depressing and impressing one might say. At

At Flagstaff Miss Darch and I jumped off for a little run, several of the passengers had a game of snow balls with the scanty bit of snow we find here in the mountains. Afterward the little girl-for that is all she is - came to my seat to talk with me. She told me how she had always sung and even at three and four years old she made little improvisions, little songs of her own. Then when Calve came to California they wrote asking if she would not hear the child. She consented, was taken with te r voice, talked first of taking her to Hew York for a concert and a little study, but finally was so pleased with her as she had been with her first letter that she asked to adopt her for five years, take complete charge of her education and fit her for the stage. Calve was then on a vacation and took the

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child along - that was late in ITov. or first of Dec, (1902) They went to New Orleans, Florida, St. Augustine for some time, Philadelphia and Washington. Calve taking her in her own state room. Calve^ speaks no English and they could speak only through an interpreter. Calve" will say, "You English say, 'You hez zare?1 (Who is there) Ah, the French is so much easier." The child loves her intensely. Describing her she said, "She is larfee of beautiful form and the loveliest neck, brown eyes but the most beautiful white skin and pink cheeks. She makes up for the stage purple about the eyes, and red on lips and cheeks, but never elsewhere, at home or on the stage. She had Edna Darch study French, dancing etc. and herself gave her physical culture (poses and expressions) and her music lesson daily. But the child is only just fourteen, she was unused to the confinement and the climate. Her eyes failed, she could not eat or sleep, she grew homesick. And at last the doctor said if she lived, she must go home. The visit to France was put off and Calve" sent for her mother. She came and already the child feels better as she gets near home.

She is to study there for a year (in Los Angeles) and then rejoin Calve". "Auntie" (Calve") was so good to me. Why

in one month she spent 7,000 francs on me." She told of

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tbe home for sick children she maintains\*and of how good die was to everybody. On her hand she had a large green Mexican turquois matrix ring which Calve had given her. About her neck she had a tiny gold chain with three Egyptian charms, strength, industry and perseverance. She is a simple, unspoiled child, light brown hair and blue eyes, ra.ther short

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"but of full figure. Her speaking voice is rather deep hut her singing voice is soprano. She has one sister whom she says is smaller than she tho1 eighteen months older and has a voice deep as a man’s. They seem to he poor people - as she said, "Our home is simple hut everything is treasured." Her father is English hut the mother German - yet I still think the accent French - and the child has little French manners. Didn’t fancy the mother, not at all like her daughter. The child is not giving up - "I’d die if I couldn’t sing", she said, "That is my life." She says she would sing and sing for Auntie as Calve wished to he called hy her, long after she was not well enough hut she loved to hear her so. She tells all this very simply. She is not at all spoiled. She told of Auntie giving her a lovely doll. Calve^ is about forty and unmarried. We exchanged addresses .and she wished me to write

and call if in Los Angeles. afhtr,48

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Well, we left all our new friends at Williams where we got off to take the train to Bright Angel on the Canyon of the Colorado. A typical western town - a good school house as is usual in all the towns of any size at all - it is made of hrick and stone. Met the children coming home - mostly Mexicans, a few Germans. Saw one child with a pet lamh, asked her if her name were: Mayy hut she said not. The lamh’s name was Nanny. Most of the huildirg s are of one story, wood, adohe and hrick, many saloons, on some of the tiny streets they have wooden walks on one side.

There is one saw mill. Had a miserable dinner at the Canyon restaurant. Only thing good was a hit of chicken doctored \ip like a hot tamale and cooked in a lettuce ]e af.

The town has two churches, one a Catholic. The whole place smells of the pines, the mountains closing in the town are covered with them. A few people from the tourist car got off to go up the canyon. Two, a mother and daught- er are very pleasant^. Before I forget it, I must go hack to our overland train for a moment for I feat I have slighted the fat, fussy lady with the false front. She used to trot hack on an average of two or three times a day to ask Mrs. Columbus if she knew this one and that one and at la.st one day she capped the climax by asking her if she knew of Mrs. Fairbanks the President of the Da.ughters of American Revolution. Of course Mrs. C. said, TyesT and then the f.f.o.l. with the f.f. said "she is my daughter in law, she married my son”. As Mrs. C. said, T,we we re among so many ’extinguished1 people.” I wonder if the man who put be r on in Chicago was her son. He was a middle aged man with iron gray beard. °y~ tU^y^e. y<Pdy^

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THE GRAM) CAROH

OF

COLORADO

Outstanding experiences:

A walk in a snow storm at the canyon - -pp. 20,21

Mr. Muir recounts his experiences - -23-28

(Books written hy Mr. Muir include TIMountains of California” and n0ur national Parks”)

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THE GRAND CANYON When I think of our time at the canyon, I scarcely know where to begin, and ITm sure I never shall end. It was the most interesting and enjoyable experience of my life and I can never be too thankful that I had the opportunity. Miss Fiegles and her mother proved delightful companions. Miss F. looked very much as Mrs. 01m- stead did when young. She iis originally from Toledo but since her father died her mother has been with her near Boston where she attended Lascelle. For the last three years she has traveled abroad - Norway, Russia, Italy,

France, English cathedral towns and Scotland. She likes Durham best of the cathedrals. Well, we took the train at seven Tuesday evening, and for the first time rode in a western chair oar. They are two reclining adjustable chairs side by side and very comfortable. As we went off straight into the lonely desert, Miss F. and I quietly confided to each other that we feared we were going on a wild goose chase. At first the desert was complete, then low scrubby pi® s were seen at intervals, and after fifteen miles or so, the ground became more broken, and we left a fiery trail of sparks through rugged country covered over with spicy cedar and piiB , ending, near the canyon in great trees of the lovely yellow pine. This one train goes up every evening and there is one down in the morning and when one sees the wilderness thro1 which it passes, he wonders that there is any at all.

JOHN MUIR

Author of ‘ The Mountains of California ” and “ Our National Parks,” who has made lasting literature out of his interpretation of nature on

its largest scale

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Until last September most of the route was made by stage from Flagstaff, driven by old Hame, a noted pioneer character whom we hoped to see hut did not.

At ten o’clock the conductor, a jolly faced Irishman, called ’The Canyon’, and Miss F. and I gave up our stand on the rear platform in the moonlight - she had gotten a cinder in her eye anyway - and climbed down among a confusion of hotel attendants.

The Bright Angel Hotel proved to he in the main, an old log cabin built bij. a pioneer named O’Neil for whom one of the points is named. This contained the office - in which the men smoke and play cards around a great drum stove while in one corner is a counter on which rests the register; and a sitting room with an old brick fire place, Indian rugs on the floor and walls; baskets, pottery, dried yucca stalks and bits of mineral and rocks making a curious collection. Twenty odd willow rockers may be drawn in a circle about the fireplace and a piano in one corner seemed strangely out of place.

We got our keys, registered and were shown immediately to our rooms in the cottage, one of two long, low buildings at a short distance - these two on the edge of the canyon. - The rooms were plainly furnished, each with a.tiny wood stove but the beds were very comfortable. After getting somewhat settled Miss F. and I went out to view the canyon by moonlight. The grea.t gulf was silvery with moonlight but great black shadows hid the somber depths thousands of feet below. Thirteen and one half mile s wide and over a

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mile in depth. It made one shiver to think of sleeping on the edge of that great chasm. We did not stay long as we wished to see the sunrise next morning,

.That sunrise was be ant iful with lovely pink shades but still black dep-ths for the sun did not reach them until higher in the skies. Breakfast was had in a dining hall built adjoining the log cabin, a very good meal, A Mr,

Snyder and Mr, Muir were new arrivals also, and ate with us. Mr, Muir laughingly said that if he didnTt get rid of that cold soon he would certainly have to go back to Alaska,

Our waiter was Oscar Garde11, a very interesting man.

He was a native Swede and ugly enough to be attractive, I wish I knew his history. - He had been in Alaska a ccuple of years ago and intends to be in the Yellowstone in the summer. The hostess said he explored the canyon every day when his work was done, and was a superior man. His English was not such as a foreighner would pick up among the people, but was that of a man who had studied the language, better than that of the average American.

After breakfast we drove to O’Heil’s Point three or four miles east of the Hotel, a beautiful tfiew looking down the canyon to the west. The tints were almost opalescent there, fading from pinks and reds to palest greens and blues and creamy white far out on the horizon. The river, tho1 165 feet wide at this place could barely be seen in one or two places. It is full of whirl pools and rapids.

In the afternoon, we drove to Rowe’s Point and there I saw the grandest view of all my life. As we stood there

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on the point the clouds and mist came sweeping through the gorge and soonawe saw a storm was gathering. The rest went on then, hut Miss Feagle and I and the Nonenity from Chicago (she wouldn’t tell her name) decided to wall: hack three hr four miles to the Hotel. We stayed at the point for some time picking up hits of rock and watching the flying clouds go scudding throT the chasm. We picked hits of grease wood, cedar, mistletoe, and cactus, the latter I filled my fingers with for I had taken off my woolen gloves to fill with lock. Well, the storm soon came, great feathery masses of flying snow flakes which soon filled the canyon making a great wall of shifting whiteness. The ground quickly covered and the pines aid cedars turned to beautiful white plumes.

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We followed the edge of the canyon for some distance hut in hunting specimens, gradually wandered away until all at once we began to he puzzled and perhaps a little frightened, hut as soon as we found the canyon again, we were all right. It must he x dreadful to he lost on thd great plateau, miles upon miles of rocky, barren country covered with low underbrush and often none at all.

We walked considerably further by following the canyon so closely hut we didn’t know just whenethe wagon road was and didn’t think it best to go too far out of our w ay f

to find it. We walked the length of Point and had

a beautiful view of the canyon in the storm. This point is a narrow tongue, the path sometimes not more than four or

.five feet wide - extending out into the danyon. We wouldn’t

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have missed that walk for anything hut we were sights when w got hack to the hotel - white with snow and our feet, stockings and skirts plastered with red sand, the snow and dry earth making a delightful paste. We did not waste much time cleaning up - too much to see for that. We gave our rubbers to the chambermaid (a stumpy little Jap - he was such a funny object the first time I saw him, sheets over one arm, a pail of water in the other, and skippity-hopping down the veranda ahead of me.)

By the time we were somewhat dried and cleaned the storm was half over and then it was that we saw the canyon at its greatest beauty. Out at Rowe’s Point when the storm was coming up, we had seen a great contrast to the morning1s opalescent tints, deep rich terra cottas, reds, pinks, browns, greens and yellows, - and now those lovely shades still predominated but softened, toned and veiled with lovely misty clouds. Standing at the hotel, one is directly opposite the Bright Angel Creek which meets the Colorado at right angle s there. The Colorado Canyon at that point runs from east to west and from the west those flying masses of soft white clouds came sweeping up the canyon, a thousand feet below. Through each crack and crevice 3ach smaller gulf and canyon, it floated until each deep hued dome and spire, each monument and dome, stood out in somber yet rich colors against a softoaed background of purest white. Down there hidden under the mist in the blackest depths was the miner’s tent we had seen in the morning, a tiny white speck against a background of green - the

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Twillows1 - they said. Considerable projecting is done down there - these two were after copper, hut one had dislocated his shoulder in a landslide and the other was staying above while his partner went to Williams - 65 miles- to have it fixed. Iron also is found there. At some distance from Bright Angel are remains of Cliff Dwellers and at B.A. itself, are some of their stone houses. Oscar was going to meet us but in some way missed us, coming in just dfter we did. He said hehad finally found our tracks and those of some coyotes which were following us. There are deer up there, antelopes and wild cat. Oscar gave me two or three fosffil shells as I had found none myself.

That night we all gathered about the fire place and Mr. Snyder came in and talked to us. I wish I could remember all he said. He thought the canyon was caused by a great upheaval. I do not agree with him. I think these volumes of water coming down from the rainy regions above, to these lower, arid regions of the south gradually cut its bed down through the rock to its present position, leaving perpendicular walls for the reason that in this land of no rainfall, there would be no water falling over its edges to wear those walls away. No water is contributed here but all comes from above. The same phenomena is seen in each tiny stream and rivulet of this region today. Each has its tiny perpendicular wall, there be'ng no water flowing over its edges to wear the banks away.

Mr. Snyder, who is a mining man from Denver told us so much of the beauties of the Yellowstone that I am crazy to see it.

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It takes its name from just one place where the river’s walls are of the richest yellow stone. The geysers are of the most wonderful coloring he said, It is all under government control, a soldier being stationed at each point of interest. He hastraveIdd in a great many countries, hut considers the Yellowstone the most beautiful spot of all. One can buy his ticket that way - about fifty dollars through by stage - taking about a week. Summer is the be£t time to go. Mr\*

S. told me if I went home by way of Salt Lake City, to watch just outside, for the old lake shore, plainly seen on the left hand side, a thousand feet above.

He gave us such an interesting description of the Sahara, which is far different from what I supposed, much likee the desert here, he says. It is not a great plain entirely covered with sand as I thought, but covered in large part by great flakey, flat rocks yellowish brown and brown, with here and there through the desert great streams and currents of sand, shifting but keeping much the same position. Hot flat, but broken with hills, just as it is out here. Occasionally low scrub and here and there several feet apart, a flower. He talked until late that night, telling us many interesting things, and every now and then we ran out to see the canyon, for the sky had cleared, the moon was bright and only down in the chilly canyon were the last soft clouds still floating'trills ouJ^/tn eS cn s nov/ .

Hext morning we saw another sunrise and as I watched it, Mr. Muir came up. He said he has seen one other storm there, but not as fine as this. I shall always remember the Coloradfo Canyon for two reasons. First, for the canyon

and second ‘because of my meeting Mr. Muir. He is the man who discovered the Muir glacier of Alaska, and for whom it is named. A lovely old man, reminding me of grandpa, though not so large in "build, iron gray hair lying about his neck and gray heard, his eyes blue and childlike. He must be some sixty five or seventy years old. He lives not far from San Francisco, the University Club will reach him. I believe he is a widower, and one of his daughters, Wanda, is in the University of California. Helen,”his little girl”, is at home with him, she is sixteen. His university was at Madison, Wisconsin. When I addressed him once as Professor, as I had heard him called, he waved his hand depreciatingly and smiled, ”No, no”, he said, ”ITm no professor - thoT I might have been. I’ve had offers of chairs in the colleges, but, although I’m modest, I want to be something greater than that. We have too many professors in colleges, I want to be in the field.” I shall never forget our talk with this lovely old man.

All morning he talked to us as we rode back to Williams, answering any questions I wished to ask. He told us of the volcanic mountains about us on all sides, and of the low pine trees thro’ which we were passing, of their edible nuts. ”The Indians always have one meal a day of these pine nuts,” he said, ”They commence early in the morning and eat all day.” From speaking of the pines he b egan t alking of what he calls his garden - the mag-coniferous evergreens extending from California to Alaska (Aleutian Islands) 2000 miles - all with a red blossom, and all blooming about the same time, the ^tajo^nat£„ fl owers b eneath the branch and the pistilate above

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so that only in standing beneath does nne see the beauty of their flowers. The cones when formed are very large. "Fire," he said,,Tis the great regulator of forests." In Alaska there are two principal trees both evergreens. One holds its seeds so tightly that not until after the fires have disappeared, does the cone give them up. The other tree is found only on the heights where it has been driven by fire. There is some timber and some chance for grazing as in places the grass is knee deep. For reference as to the mountains and scenery of this western section, he gave us the names of "Mountains of California" and "Our National Parks", his own books. Writing, he hates. "They call a man’s books his works", he said, "They are right - it is work." Many of his articles have been in the Century and Atlantic, but always at their request. "I used to think I would write when I could do nothing else", he said. His journey to the canyon was because the Century had requested an article upon it. I shall watch for it.

At last I had an opportunity to ask him to tell me of the glaciers of Alaska. Mr. Snyder laughed, but Mr. Muir smiled his sL ow, gentle smile end said he liked to talk when people were interested, "but not fa? the public", he said. "I tried once, got frightened, and never will again." Oh, if I could tell of the glacier as he did. To begin, he asked me if I knew what a glacier was. I said I wished he would tell me. "You know the tiny snow flake", he said, "the lovely flowers of heaven? It is they that cause the

glaciers." He told of how they fall on the mountain top

until they slide down, take on motion and "become - not a river of ice, hut of snow, compressed and hardened. "The glacier is God1 s great instrument of "beauty, making the hills and dales," said Mr. Muir. Once started, it grinds its way along over the rocks, the plains and hills, striking at times a solid granite or other rock, making a greater resistance, and there the glacier humps or rises, causing wedge-shaped crevasses, the edges rounded, making it exceedingly dangerous, for one misstep and the fall is to the depths "below. Mr. Muir would cut grooves in each edge of the crevasse for his sled, and then edge his way across like "two pieces of wood partly chopped apart, hut a splinter holding them”.

Along the edges of the glacier are horse shoe shaped cracks caused hy the more rapid movement of the central mass. These rivers of ice, like any other river find their way to the sea. At the seaTs edge, the Muir Glacier rises some two hundred feet, a wall of clear crystal, while its depth in the sea is eight hundred feet, making a solid mass one thousand feet thick. There it cracks off, piece hy piece, one every six or eight minutes, I think he said. There is a crack, a plunge, and a roar as of thunder or cannon, heard at great distance in the arctic stillness. "Down into the sea it goes, and up again, starting every herg within the hay a-nodding and a-dancing as if to welcome the new bright glistening herg just horn".

And down!the coast a great deep waye is sent so that every herg is signalled hy a tremendous roaring and splash-

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ing.

One night, after a hard day1s work in these regions,

Mr. Muir and his Indian followers found it for a time impossible to find a landing place as the shore plunged perpendicularly into the sea at every point they tried.

Finally they succeeded end the Indians preferring to sleep in the boat, thoT the ice made it dangerous, they put up a tent for Mr. Muir, and he lay down on the rocks to sleep. "Not as soft as the spicy pines", he said.

But his usual sleeping place in those regions is the cold ice. "Sweat all day, and sleep onthe ice at night," he said, "that cured my grippe." Well, they thought the tent a safe distance from the water, but in the night while Mr. Muir slept, an icy wave plunged over him, tossed his tent over, and soaked him to the skin. "The new berg sends you greeting'," said the Indians.

Once when on an expedition with a humber of scientists, Mr. Muir started on ahead to find the best way among the cracks and crevasses of the glacier. All day he had been upon an icy hill taking note of the country and hearing not a sound to break the frozen quiet. Just as he started dwwn, he spied what seemed to him a splendid slide clear to the bottom. It was pretty steep, but a,fter studying it a bit, he started down. "And what did you slide on?" I asked. "Oh, anything," he said, "Feet, arms, legs or any part of my body, and sometimes every part divorced." He got to the bottom with a rush, and lay there stunned and trying to collect himself when thro1 the air there came the most unearthly cry, the wickedest that one could well imagine. Along all day, and hearing

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no sound at all, he was more than startled, he was frightened, He hardly thought it was Indians hut looked about in some dismay, where.there on an icy crag above him he saw - a raven I black and greedy and " looking him over with the eye of a connoisseur”•

Mr, Muir is very much alive to the beauties of all nature, ”It seems to me", he says, "that all wonderful naturslu&plendors - like the canyon, give off great rays of beauty,"and he almost wishes that he were some creeping animal that he might stretch his full length upon Mother Nature’s lap, and absorb those rays with his whole being. A dear old man and a wonderful scholar and scient ist, full of sweet humor, never bitter, he seems to have absorbed all that is best and sweetest im the world of nature that he loves. His science has not turned him athdist as it does so many. Speaking of animals, the talk having turned that way, he said, "You say an animal is ’almost human1 - Why shouldn’t it be?’ It has a backbone, very much like ours, its heart is much the same - and the good God made us all."

Well at Williams (miserable little town) we all separated, Mr. Snyder takingthe train for Denver, Mr.

Muir leaving for SanfFrancisco, and the Feagles and ourselves going on to San Bernardino. As we got off next morning, we had little time to become acquainted with our new car, but those we came in contact with were very kind. Mr. Coast, a landscape artist got off at the Needles to sketch, where we saw some fat Indians mostly barefooted, and one woman with blanket made of four

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bandanna; handkerchief s. Well, as I started to say, Mir.

Coast gave us his section and was very kind, gave me some strychnine for my ears for they trou&led me as we came down off the elevation. And the young man across exchanged sections so that we might he more comfortably located. Our dinner was at Winslow and supper at the Needles (mear the jagged mountains of same name) hut w e were too dizzy to eat.

Next morning we awoke in the deep snow of the San Bernardino Mountains, and in a couple of hours were in the valley, snd in lovely California, January 24th, 1902.

THROUGH THE PASS AND INTO CALIFORNIA

Mr. L.T s ranch -------- -p. 38

Picnic at City Creek Canon - - - 42-44

Reception at Judge Boyd1s- - - - - 45 Dance at Hotel Stewart with Mr. L.-46 A case of mistaken identiy - - - - 46

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First impressions of California are not always what one expects. The morning of our first appearance in California we were deep among the snows of the San Bernardino Range. Cutting our way through Ca^n Pass, we entered the valley "below and were in Southern California, a dreary drizzling, chilling landscape on that early morning of January 24th, 1902. A lovely winter, Californians called it, "but we who expected sunshine failed to appreciate it.

Two months of rain and then we truly found a land of sunshine and of flowers. The unusually (?) wet winter "brought a lovely spring, and even the foothills looked green. Mountains surroundeAis on all sides "but the west, the Arrowhead and Cucamonga to the north and northwest,

Mt. Harrison, Mt. G-orgonia or Old G-rayback and Mt. San Bernardino to the east, "beautiful San Jacinto rises misty and opalescent in the southeast,- the loveliest of dream mountains as she soars above the plain, and to the south, 3ust "back of Colton rises plain, practical Old Slover, with her mabble quarry and cement works. These mountains vary in height from Slover, the lowest, to San Jacinto, the highest.

There is a great variety of trees and I thought at first that I liked best the graceful drooping peppers with their fern-like leaves and roomy, spreading branches; but the towering eucalyptus, swaying in the breeze have a strange fascination for me. The leaves are somewhat like

the willow, hut larger, thick and glo#%, with a spieey fragrance. They wave in languid trailing branches above the clean, new-scaled bark. The palms grow large and when old, the thick trunks are enormous, formed by the cutting away of the old leaves which turn yellow,and when untrimmed form a thick thatching down its sides. The date palsm grow like an immense pineapple or like a large and graceful, drooping fern.

The cotton wood throughout the country were merely stumps with an ugly knot on the end, some eight feet high when we arrived in winter. Every year they cut the poor things back like that, ai d every spring they send forth new branches only to be cut down at the end of the season again,for firewood. They do that also with other trees, the eucalyptus, etc. A California load of wood is one of the sights of the state, I think. They take an ordinary delivery wagon with shallow box, some six or eight inches deep and lay in carefully, tiny nubbins of cotton wood, roots or Cyprus wood. Never by any chance does a piece project above the top, and for this load of wood we pay about $1.50.

The principle shade trees are the eucalyptus, palms, peppers, umbrella trees, granilla, like an Eastern thorn ITve seen, cedars which grow broad and spreading like our pine, cotton wood aid a tree I haven’t learned the name cf yet. It is covered with "peanuts", we call them. Then there are so many fruit trees, the vast orchards of orange, lemon and grape fruit. Generally, the orchard will be

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principally orange with a few lemons and grape fruit.

The oranges are chiefly the two varieties, navel and seedlings. The largest trees I have seen are not quite as large as a large apple tree, generally running smaller.

The seedling is the prettier tree, four or five feet of trunk: "being visible while the navel grows close to the ground.

The navel oranges predominate. Many seedling orchards have been cut bach and grafted to navels. The orange blossom is a waxey white blossom of delicious heavy fragrance, filling the whole country with its odor. The leaves are shining, glistening green. Those of the lemon are slightly more yellowish, while the blossom is pink tinted underneath,and also sweet sdented.

The grape fruit takes its name from the manner in which it grows. It sfLso is a citrus fruit, but grows in heavy clusters of eight and nine golden balls, weighing many pounds. We never see the large ones in the East. So few could be packed in a box that it does not pay to send them. It is the same with the largest oranges, and they do not ship them. Another orange I do not remember « seeing at home is the St. Michaels - little St. Mikes, they call them, a tiny seedling, but very sweet.

There are also great orchards of apricot, almond and peach, a lovely garden of white, pink aid peachy pink blossoms in early spring. Walnuts also are raised to considerable extent and the many vineyards are a queer sight in winter. They look like inverted roots

with never a leaf of green. They keep them trimmed hack almost to the stafk. How (April 4th) they are just getting green. Loquats are a queer fruit, looking something like a May apple hut with large seeds. The tree is fair sized with large, thick leaves. Camphor trees grow here and of course, they like to tell the tourist that you tap the tree and put your bottle to the hole.

Throughout the valley there are hot springs, artesian

wells and mineral water. The best are at Urbita, a mile \* 7

south, >the water is just about steaming hot, dark brown in color and sulphur is the chief mineral. The odor, mueh like rotten eggs is almost sickening at first, and to drink the water was more than I could do although it is considered very beneficial. I would not bathe-\* in it at first but when I finally did, found the water very delightful and the skin like velvet afterward. The bath house is built with the private bathing rooms about the

great pool. In the pool is a slide, the delight of the

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small boys. In the grounds are a band stand, dancing pavilion, and pond where mud hens Bwim in the warm water, and a person can go rowing if he chooses. Electric cars run out.

The roads throughoutthe country are fine, being oiled; nasty for about a week, but after that as good as asphalt. Most of the roads run directly east and west, north and south; in fact, a Californians idea of beauty • seems to be the checker board variety. The orchards are as straight and reguDa r as chess men.

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San Bernardino is one of the oldest towns in the state. Long ago, the Mormons starting out from Salt lalfe were hidden to go until they found the sign of the arrow - there they were to settle. They went to the southward and after many weer^ v/e^k^ the arrow hea<i high on

the side of the mountain^ and here they settled. Today San Bernardino is a town of about six or seven thousand.

It is the county seat of San Bernardino County, the largest in California. A small slice (larger than Massachussetts) has been taken off, forming Riverside County. Before that the county was larger than all the Hew England states. A fine courthouse is in the center of the town, where it does not show to the advantage it would have in grounds of its own. Electric cars run throughout the town and to Colton, Redlands and Riverside. It is on the Santa Fe but the S. P. is convenient at Colton.

The population consists of white, a few negroes, Indians, Mexicans, Japs and Chinese, the latter in considerable number, the southeast portion of the town being Chinatown. We were down there on Chinese Hew Years. The shops were stifling, filled with the heavy incense and crowds of people. They call upon each other and leave their cards, little slips of red paper with their names printed in black Chinese characters. They sell funny little bits of dried meats and queer candies, sugared cocoanut, and citron in long shavings; and then funny nuts with round, papery, pimpled brown shells and alittle meat inside tasting like a smokey raisin. In some of the shops men we re at tables playing fan tan with their

large dominoes, and through rear doors, one could see the low wooden tenches or "beds where they lie and "hit the

pipe”.

Everywhere were Chinese lillies and many of them had a sort of niche trimmed up with "banners and queer heathenish looking things. We got some dandy and Mr. C. "bought me a Chinese hat. Couldn11 get into the Joss House, a queer, little "brick building a t the end of the street.

In front of it was a sort of furnace where they burned their offerings or receipted bills, as each Chinaman is supposed to have every bill paid on Hew Yearfs Day.

The Chinese have gardens in the country and peddle vegetables every morning. Our man is named Charlie, he says. He seems to have taken a particular fancy to me.

I suppose he likes blond hair, and manifests it by asking all sorts of funny questions, such as: "How old you?", "When you mally?", "When you get mally?". The first morning he saw us altogether, he leaned way over and peered at us and said, "Heap much lady, heap many gelli", in the most astonished voice. Thatw as when Kitt was visiting us. Our laundry man is Cuong Woo.

I think the western merchants consider an easterner or tenderfoot, as so much prey, and to be plundered if possibl.e They can spot him every time; v/hy, I donTt know, unless it is that most easterners dress more quietly as a general thing. I have never known a t?me when you asked a merchant for "ten cents worth of this", that he ever went back for more. I am afraid short measures and high prices are characteristic of the westerner.

Until the revenue stamps c me in, pennies were un- Ipiown here, and I notice now that every item in my accounts ends in a cypher or a five. Gold and silver is used entirely, paper money being seldom seen. I notice no particular differencehetween the western man and the eastern, hut I think the western girls are not quite so pretty. They have not as good complexions and are inclined to squint, the bfxght sun accounting for both perhapcs.

One of the saddest sights of the southwest, is the lonely, homesick consumptive, generally sent too late, only to die among strangers. So much better to die at home in comfort, and if a quicker death, so much less pain. They are looked upon with disgust out here, rather than with pity, and one can scarcely blame the people who have this lovely country, when every trainbrings new consumptives to be taken into hotels and homes, a menace to the health of all who come in contact with them.

One poor boy from St. Paul could scarcely stagger across the hotel office when he arrived. Each afternoon he would drag himself out with his camera and returning sit by the fire in semi stupor. He stayed a few days, then went on a few miles to some people he knew, and in a few days was dead. I was so glad he did not die entire ly among strangers. We sat one afternoon talking in the office of two men. One, Mr. S., I knew was a consumptive, but the other Mr. R., I thought was simply

Rheumatic. Three days from that Mr. R. was dead, the

worst form of consumption, the one without a cough. I often wonder what hecsme of the poor young fellow we saw in Chicago only too evidently a consumptive starting for the south.

Our little T,Joss House” as we callit, is on Court Street, in sight of the Court House. It is a tiny cottage hut large enough. We have five rooms, two bedrooms. Many of the houses out here are hut one story. They say they are cooler, high ceilings, hut only one story. We have a large cedar in the front yard which gives good shade and a madeira vine at the veranda, sweet peas and smil- ax are starting and we have a great many seeds up (April 17th) and expect soon to have plenty of flowers. 7/e have set out rose hushes and a pepper tree in the front, and in the hack, peach., cherry, loquot, blue gum, pepper and eucalyptus. Our little sitting room is quite a curiosity shop - mostly Chinese. The prettiest corner has a couch with many bright cusions, and overhead a mammoth Chinese parasol and a lantern.

One morning Aunt M. came up and said Mr. L., a wealthy orange rancher whom I had met, would he up soon to take me out to his ranch. So I got ready and he soon appeared. It ’was a lovely morning late in January, the lovely pink peppers were still nn the trees, hut there were no flowers as there had just been a heavy frost and actually a little snow. Mr. L. had coal baskets down the rows between his trees for he had had fires, and so saved his fruit. Many of the orchards were badly frosted.

Mr. L.’s ranch is about five miles out, toward Highlands. It is in excellent condition and shows good care and careful cultivation. Along the road runs the irrigation ’'.ditch and bordering the orchard is a row of five peppers. Back from the street, Highland Avenue, stands his little cottage in the orange grove. I sat in his kitchen doorway in the sunshine and ate oranges, the first I had ever picked - while Mr. L. got our dinner, as his housekeeper was away. It was so funny to see that great big man paring potatoes and cooking meat.

After dinner I helped him with the work, and then played cribbage.

After a while, he harnessed the horse again, and we drove up to the Asylum, near Highlands, a beautiful building in lovely grounds, but .little appreciated by the inmates who generally sit staring hopelessly from the windows. Once I saw such a fine looking old gentleman being drag ged along by a couple of attendants. He had been for a walk and didnTt want to go in again, poor

man. After leaving the Asylum that day, we drove on

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beyond Highlands to Mr. S.Ts ranch. Mr. S. and hismother are from Boston. She has been out about a year and soon returns. Such a sweet old lady with gray hair and brown eyes, and the son, I like too. He loaded us down with oranges that day and another time, put a whole box in the carriage. We returned through Highlands, a village of the orange regions.

Another time Mr. L. took me to Rialto, also an orange town, but to the west of us. After that he didnTt

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hare a horse unfortunately, hut has been yery hind. Had an oyster supper with him one night and dinner at the hotel another. A few nights ago Mr. C. and I drove out to his ranch and as he wasnTt home, used his ladder to help ourselves to the roses growing over his house. Also picked orange blossoms - by moonlight.

The whole country is sweet with their fragrance, a wonderful springtime to me. And the roses - I never dreamed there were such roses - great heavy heads, too full of sweetness to uphold themselves, such delicious burdens of the most exquisite pinks and creams; and fed and white and yellow ones. Many of the groves are bordered by them, and we always consider those next the road our own. (n.b. We forgot to put away Mr. L.’s ladder that night, and left it standing against the house1.)

When we first came out, we drove one day to Redlands, and, of course, to Smiley Heights, little except a few pansies, daisies, verbenas, phlox etc. as that was just after the frost. "Quite unusual" of course as that is what Californians always say when anything disagreeable occurs. If it rains for three or four days at a time,

"very unusual", "quite exceptional", but if the sun shines, "yes, just our usual weather." Well, Smiley Heights was not at its best, but we shall see it again some day. It is really the wall of a canon with the lovely Redlands Talley with its golden orange orchards on one side and down the precipice on the other, the desert in the original. Smiley Bros, took this height and have made a wild, luxurious tangle of all kinds of vegetation. I

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long to see it now that the roses are in "bloom.

Another day, Kitt and I took the train over aid saw something of the town, a very pretty place but too new far my taste. It has a very pretty library, red brick, Mexican architecture, we were in it as Miss H., KittTs friend is one of the librarians.

My first visit to Riversidewas with Kitt. We took the camera one morning and took the motor over. In the morning, we went down to the little park (this was in March) and took a few pictures. There is a bed of giant cacti, some almost like trees, others like great barren trunks, some twelve feet high. There were great beds of pansies and one beautiful fragrant bed of purple and white stobk. Next we went in. search of a restaurant, sat down in one and found they no longer served dinners. The waitress came up and said TTlemon ice or vanilla ice cream”, but as that didn’t sound very filling we moved on to the California Cafe, I think it was. There we met an acquaintance of Kitt’s who took dinner with us and’

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talked about all the bon ton dining there and about their high prices, until we wondered if our purses held enough. The dinner cost 35^1

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We went about the stores a bit. They have some pretty good ones, and then took the car out to Magnolia Avenue, passing Chinatown with its queer signs on the way. Magnolia Avenue certaihly deserves its fame with its beautiful row of graceful peppers down the center and stately palms and towering eucalyptus on either side.

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IT. i Sear the end of the car line is a small zoo - the monkeys of course interested us most 9 and the Indian School is also there. Several new buildings of plaster, mission style were just being completed. On either side of the beautiful avenue are extensive orange groves with lovely homes among them, I liked Riverside, it did not seem so glaringly new. It is the county seat and it was here that the navel orange was first propagated from grafts imported at Washington from Brazil. The man who first tried the experiment is in the poor house, but the two original trees still stand and millions are made annually from their offspring.

We also took the car to Victoria Hill in the other direction, but there was norh^injin particular to see.

I bourght an Indian waste basket that I fancied for Papa, that day, and a Chinese lantern for the "Joss House".

The day Kitt left us, I decided to go a s far as Los Angeles with her and to spend the day there as her train did not leave until evening. Went down on the S.P., passing through San Gabriel and close to the mission. It is fairly well preserved. Arrived in Los Angeles, Kitt had some business to attend to and I spent that time in the curio stores, the one on Fourth opposite the Van HayTs is very good. Picked out a natural wool Indian rug that I fancied, but when I brought Kitt to see it later, in the day, she preferred Germantown, and I was too tired to know what I wanted so left it. Next day,

I sent for it, tiut it was gone - of course, I have regret

ted it ever since

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Went into the S. P. office to see about Kitt’s berth that she had telephoned for. It had not been reserved and she had to take an upper. Went to Holland1s little restaurant on Spring St. for dinner, good food plainly served. Afterward went through some of the stores on Broadway, very good. A lovely city, wide streets, fresh air, no smoke.

Took the car out to East Lake Park, passing through the oil district. After that portion of the town had been settled and pretty cottages and many more pretentious homes built up, oil was discovered there and now it is a perfect forest of derricks. Front yards, baclf yards, everywhere they have sprung up. They lost their homes, but were undoubtedly well repaid. Kitt left in the middle of the afternoon and I did not stay late either, but took an early train home. We caught a glimpse of Chinatown with its queer signs and characters just after leaving the station, a fleeting glimpse of the Joss House.

One Sunday morning we got up early took a basket of lunch and started for an all day’s picnic in City Creek Canon. Aunt Minnie drove grandma and Mr. C. and I overe in the other carriage. We drove beyond Highlands and then turned to go up the canon, an opening between the mountains. I wouldn’t have called it a road myself, great boulders lay in it as broad as the carriage but the wheels had to straddle them for there was no other way. We crossed and re crossed the swift little stream - small though it is, a rarety for this country - and finally decided on a camping place beneath some trees. Then we unloaded, unharnessed, and proceeded to explore. Rocks and c over;- . here and

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sand everywhere and yet there were many hushes and blossoms. Last year’s flower stalks of the yucca shot up everywhere eight to twelve feet high and here and there a new one had begun to grow. Stretched on the rocks lay large grey lizards, ninfetofct^n inches long, darting away at our approach. We had not gone far when the road came once more upon the stream. 7/hat could we do? The stones were pretty far apart for jumping and grandma could not ^ump anyway. Finally Mr. c. had a bright idea.

He went back some distance to where the carriages were, got one m. d came pulling and jolting down the road. At the stream he took off shoes and stockings, helped grandma in the carriage and then the fun began. In the middle of the stream the carriage stuck, neither way would it go, and there sat grandma in state, while Mr. C. pulled and labored at the thills. Well, finally, his efforts were rewarded and she was safely across, then he ran over, picked up Aunt Minnie and carried her over while I climbed over the baclp of the carriage and down the front. When we came back, I managed to jump the stones.

Then we had lunch and, oh, but it was fine, only we managed to spread grandma1s rug just over an ant hill so that she was soon alive and lively with ants.

After dinner we left grandma under the trees while we went on an exploring expedition up the canon. We jumped stones and walked logs until we were tired, for the trail kept crossing afid re crossing the stream, and finally solved the problem by climbing up the cliff with the water oneone side and the perpendicular cliff on the

other. We went a considerable distance up the canon and retraced our steps. On the face of the walls above us, grew clumps of maiden hair fern where there was apparently nothing but rock to grow from. Wild black berries blossomed over the cliff beside us and here and there we saw the small wild golden rod of California. Strange that it is no larger here where the golden flowers and the purple predominate.

And then we came to where the canon’s walls grew wider and at last widened out to give a glimpse of the beautiful valley with iits rich cultivation below us.

We reached the bottom once more by following what looked as if it might have been an ancient landslide, now overgrown and green.

The rest of the afternoon we had a shooting contest but as I had never had a rifle in my hands before,

I did not even hit the target, but hit the tree upon which it was, and close to it, too, seven times out of ten. We got home that evening just at six, our carriages filled with wild flowers of all kinds, dressed hurriedly and went to the hotel for dinner.

During the winter, we went quite often to the theater. Went to "American Girl","Faust", and "Octoroon" while Kitt was here, cheap company but pretty good. Also saw "Way Down East" while she was with us. It was very good. Later saw "Rupert of HinzaW", pretty good, but "Nathan Hale" by Howard Kyle was fine, haven’t enjoyed a play so much since I saw Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood was in Flower". It is the pathetic revolution

ary story of the life and death of Nathan Hale, the patriot

and spy. Florence Smyth as Alice was very sweet. In fact, there was not a poor one in the company.

Attended a reception one evening at Judge BoydT s for the new Redtor and family (mother and two sisters, shabby, genteel). Went with Mrs. M. as Mable had another engagement that night. Helen P. was there and quite a number of others whom I knew. Miss Lawson, whose grandfather was the S. B. Indian agent in Ramona, a very sweet and pretty girl, and some others. Bessie H. played the violin beautifully all evening, a good instrument.

Her father was there, too, and we talked a good deal about his son who is at Annapolis. He told how "Stan” had gotten up and made the announcement, "Gentlemen, I have the honor to announce that we have apple pie for dinnerI"

Took refreshments with Mr. H., his daughter, and Miss Nellie whose grandmother was an Indian. She has been a beautiful girl, but the Indian blood is beginning to tell, losing her form, aad the heavy shuffling walk becomes noticeable. All the Indian, Mexican and even the Spanish women grow fat and greasy, but one might think it almost worth while if one could be as beautiful as some of them are as girls. The men grow thin and dried up. But, oh, those velvety almond eyes of the Mexican girls, their beautiful olive complexions and their jet black hair - if only they would not persist in wearing the indispensible fur edged, jetted black velvet cape.

Had a delightful evening the second week following

gave

Easter. About twenty cf the society men of San B

a lovely little dance in the hall room of the Stewart.

I went with Mr. L. of Redlands. He has a dry goods store there and a branch here. We all went from Mrs. M.Ts, she acting as chaperone, liable went with Percy N.. I like them both so much and Mrs. M. has been so good to me.

Had a fine time, for a full programme always insures that No refreshments except punch, and home about midnight.

One man I met and liked very well, I will mention, Mr. B., because of a funny little incident that happened soon after. I was sprinkling with the hose in the front yard one morning, had on a big blue gingham apron and gingham oversleeves when a man passed who somewhat resembled Mr. B., although I thought smaller. He passed a second time, both times with another man, and I suppose I\* looked rather intently at him because he looked at me as if wondering whether to speak, and I was wondering if it could be Mr. B.. Finally the third time hewent by alone, stopped, raised his hat and spoke.

Then I thought after all it must be Mr. B., so I ansv^er- ed him. He talked a little while and then I commenced to congratulate him, as he had just passed his exams and been admitted to the bar. He looked rather blank and I asked him point blank if he were not Mr. B.. He said "No.", and I asked who he was and he said his name was Potter. I said, "Then I have made a mistake, I have not had the pleasure of meeting you. I beg your pardon." He murmured something about meeting so many people, raised his hat and went on. Since then I have

been trying to find out who Potter is.

Vividly portrayed incidents:

At RamonaT s home ------- -54

The Indian School- ------ -62

Pt. Loma Light House ----- -63

Theosophists home- ------ -63,64,65

Los Angeles Fiesta ------ -66,67

Luncheon at College Club - - - -67,68 The Angry Schtchman and family -70 A cross saddle mule ride - - - -76 A day at Fresno ------- -80

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The D.’s, proprietors of the hotel, have "been very- kind. Have been their guest at dinner, and Mrs. H. had us up one evening in the ball room to dance to Pianola they were trying. Works very well. There were about twenty of us.

Mrs. B. who lives at the hotel took us out for a lovely drive to highlands one morning, and one day when I was in the office came long and said I could have her horse any time, so as Mrs. G., wife of Judge G. happened along later, we thought we would have a ride. Called the stables up and was informed the horse was not in working order! So Mrs. G. and I have still to have our ride.

Mable Mr, Helen P? and I spend evenings with each other occasionally. Mable sometimes brings P.M. but often they come separately. Mrs. S. and her son from Highlands have been in, brought me orange bloBSoms, and altogether am getting very well acquainted and am very happy. (Apr. 18. 1908)

Left San Bernsfoino Apr. 21, 1902 for San Diego.

At Orange, where I changed, met Miss and Mrs. Feagle s- and Miss Adams. After leaving Orange, our way lay through great walls of golden mustard and soon I had my first glimpse of the Pacific, clear and green with the white surf “breaking on the shore. At Oceanside, we left the train and were met by Mr. W. B. Coitts, drove to his home where his pretty little Spanish wife received us, making tea and serving it while we ate our lunch at her table. Afterward she took us upstairs to her invalid daughter, a sweet, little, dark eyed hunchback. She makes Spanish drawn work embroidery. Her hame was Christina. Mr.

Coitts is son of the Senora in Ramona, slender and sallow, a typical Spaniard, who has seen better days. He says Philipe of the story could not be traced, but he himself seemed much like that character, dreamy, unbusinesslike, unambitious. He and his brother, Cave, were educated in Kentucky and his stories of his college days in the south are very interesting. He must have been a gay cavalier in his day, and still likes a pretty girl and a good time. In the days when Mrs. Jackson (Miss Helen as she preferred to be called) was staying with his mother at Guajotme Ranch, he and his brother with all the men of the region were very much fascinated by her. She was about forty and very charming, rode her horse eveipvhere about the country alone, if no escort was at hand.

But the Senora was very strict and when Mrs. Jackson traveled from Mexico alone with Mr.-- , that capped the climax and Mrs. J. was no longer welcome at Guajome Ranch. Senora de Courts (Monno) was very much hurt at Mrs. J.Ts publication of -Ramona giving in such detail the description of her family and home. Asked if the Senora1s character was truly outlined, Mr. Couts said, TTIn her sternness of command and generous hospitality, yes; not otherwise.” To illustrate her character, he gave this incident. Itwas when he and his brother Cave were young men, a girl, a friend of the family was visiting them. One day she was down by the willows, when from the shrubs on either side the two boys sprang upon her and kissed her, one on each cheek. This was, the sight that met the astonished eyes of the Senora. It was sufficient. The girl went home next day. Mr. Coitts said if she had boxed their ears or made any show of opposition it would have been different but she simply laughed. Very unmaidenly, the Senora thought•

. But to return to Oceanside which we were about to

leave. Mrs. Coats lent me a shawl and even offered her

jacket to Miss Adams with true Spanish hospitality. As

we drove through the country that first afternoon, there

were a few light showers, but scarcely enoughtto lift an

umbrella, ajid the sun smiled out between. Indeed all the

desert and hillsides smiled for they were bright with

dear little T?tidy tips”, ”cream cups” and darpdts of

”sunshine”. Great waving masses of mustard lifted them- ■gg^ves higher than oneTs head and the air was sweet with

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the song of the meadow lark and the softer note of the wood dove (majel) for which Allessandro nsmed Ramona (Mayella).

Across the hills we drove and entered a country not unlike Madison Co., N. Y. Descending a hill we saw far off through a group of trees the ruins of the old San Louis Rey Mission, pitiable like all these old missions, bringing down from its far off old time glory, only the crumbling walls and a sadly dismantled altar, where still a .few faithful Indians and Mexicans gather at the. occasion- al coming of the priest, by rail and carriage and not with sandalled feet across the golden desert land.

San Louis Rey is better preserved than many of the missions, the main church still stands, \* though a new roof has been added. At the entrance is the holy water basin and at the left, a tiny room, the baptistry with an immense stone fount. Down either side of the church are the fourteen stations of the cross as in all Catholic churches. These pictures wereb roughtfrom Baltimore by Senor^ Cotfts, I think. At least he or his wife gave them, and also the picture of the sacred heart, although he was not a Catholic. Wooden benches across the cold stone floor form the only seating and they are without backs. As we stood at the steps of the altar, a brown robed monk entered from a room on the left, knelt for a moment before the altar, then passed out at the right.

There is an altar on the right to the Virgin, and on

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the left one to St. Francis. The monks who gave their lives to these missions were Franciscans. St. Francis being distinguished by nail prints through his hands, like the Saviofs. There were three images on the principal altar the central one being St. Louis of France and the others, if I remember rightly, St. Francis and the Savior. They are carved wood enameled, Spanish work, brought over at the time of the founding of the missions. They resembld the paintings of that date, especially those of the Spanish school. At either side of the chancel stops, hanging upon the wall, are old paintings thought to be by Murillo. The walls of the mission'are decorated in bright colors, having been done by the Indians at its completion. The old bell sockets are still in the facade and at one side is the old cemetery. From there we entered a ruined"1 chapel which had been walled up from the rest of the church. Little but the altar is left. To the right bf this is the most peculiar little stair case in the wall. It winds up until it gets above the altar where there is a little

window. What it could have been for I can’t imagine. It

does not look at all like a pulpit for it is only a tiny

window in the wall. The pulpit in the main church is entered by a winding stair just at one side of the altar to St. Francis.

To the left of the church, the walls being continuous, were the dwellings of the Indians and Mexicans who gathered about the mission! The ruins can still be seen, the walls some four feet thick. They were built about a large square

court, a covered porch “being continuous about the four sides\* Some of the arches remain and the paved flooring\*

In the court they held their games and sports. Scarcely can one “believe that once these walls were teeming with the busy lives of the Indians happy and peaceful in the care of the monks. Today the hills are still peaceful and sunny, but the white man owns them while the Indian is driven from ranch to ranch, from poor land to worse until in the wrtetched poverty of the present he has long ago forgotten those old happy days of the mission fathers. They are only golden stories to be dreamed of by the old.

This plan shows only the immediate grounds. The mission owned considerable property and remains of the old walls can still be seen, weatherbeaten and lumpy, for as soon as the plaster is off them decay sets in and the adobe - mud, sand and straw - soon returns to mother earth again. The mission1s time is short.

From San Louis Rey we drove on across the country to

G-uajome Ranch, the former home of Mr. Coistt’s mother (the

Senora Moreno). It consists of three thousand acres in a

beautiful, rolling country. Owing to the way in which

the Senora left her property, the administrators have

never settled up the estate and the heirs can not obtain

anything. Cave Co#ts lives in part of the house but much

of it is empty and neglected. The house was originally JuiXt by Senor Cotfts as a fortification during the early

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troubles. (I think they must have meant the Mexican War.) This may not he exact hut it is nearly so. In almost all cases it tallies with Helen Hunt Jackson1s description hut she changed a few minor points after she and the Senora became estranged. The porch for instance is t of Camulos R. sh^p

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We drove in past the sheep corral and the shearing shed where Allfessandro worked, and entered through the saddle porch, and found ourselves in a court on one side of which was the carriage room and on another the horse shoeing room and the carpenter shop. In this court,

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Mr. Conts said, he had seen as many Indians lying asleep as could lie on the ground. His father was a good friend to them. "You must not steal", he would say, "when you wish food come to me". And they would come, whole tribes at a time. He was a man who never commanded twice hut yet generous and'.hospitable, he would kill seven and eight steer at a time and have them prepared for the Indians. They were roasted in an immense oven built out on the servants1 porch, its opening being in another room marked 2.

Having left our horses in the care of the men, we passed through the covered porch where the old Indian

woman used to sell frijollas (leans), and entered the ■beautiful inner court, catching our first view through a net work of pure white Cherokee roses which climbed just there on the porch which forms a broad covered walk about the four sides of the court. Down these galleries and across the walks which intersect at right angles at the fountain, they danced in those old days. A violin, a guitar, men and girls from the neighboring ranches, the eight happy brothers and sisters of the Coots family, and the Senora was happy foi\* she loved the society of young people.

The servants1 quarters were interesting. The women were all shut in one room at night, as their best servants were always running away and getting married. They used to have over a hundred servants. The food was prepared in the kitchen in the servants quarters and passed across the porch to the two dining rooms, the servants1 and the family1 s.

Out evening meal was one to be remembered. We all sat at one long table in the family dining room, not in the style of the Senora1s time for the Mexican laborers sat at one end, next came the housekeeper and her husband in the center, and over at one end Mr. Coats and his son, Willie, who is staying at the ranch and "Touts", Cave Conts1 son, a handsome little Spanish boy of perhaps fifteen, very lovable. His father was away in 1 Frisco. Hough fare but wholesome was on the table, great steaming dishes of peas, beef, biscuits and the inevitable fri- jollas. Of the ranch hands only Sharky, the irrepressible

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had anything to say. He was a young German gardner named Waltz. The Mexicans for the most part ate in silence "but cast covert glances at our end of the table for a woman is rather a novelty in those parts. (We had made ourselves look as well as possible under the circumstances, I remember. Miss F. and I had put red roses in our hair.)

After supper, Mr. Courts, Willie, Touts, Sharky and our party all gathered about a big fire in the old pavilion, where we told stories and conundrums, and Willie Coats played hiw guitar and sang for us. As we separated for the night we stepped out into the beautiful moonlighted court. Up and down, between the sweet roses and the orange blossoms , across by the fountain and back again, one could almost fancy those Spanish boys and girls were dancing once .again) with only the moon and the stars to look down overhead.

But we came back to prose again when we entered our rooms. LMrs.F. and daughter slept in the Senora1 s room while Miss A. and I were in the old school room. Our room had a door on the court and window and glass panelled door to the outside and neither curtains or locks on the doors! It was a little creepy to say the least, off there in ta, country almost devoid of inhabitants, in a house full of Mexican laborers. However, the thought did not disturb us as much as we were tired and sleepy and our beds comfortable. And another matter which hastened our sleep was the fact that breakfast was at 6:oT9lockT an? Wellyewer were up at 5:30 and before seven were on

our way, a glorious morning, the air sweet with the scent of the wild flowers and the song of the meadowlark

Young Waltz had appeared with a fine horse and runabout and wanted me to ride with him that day. The road was fine for the rain had settled the dust. Passed through the Montserrott Ranch which the commissioners have selected for the Indians who are being driven off tamer’s Ranch where they have always lived for years. A resurvey has decided they have no right there and the man who has it (Warner1s) is going to make a good thing out of the fine hot springs there. These hot springs have been of great benefit to the Indians and they have been very generous, but American greed has taken it from them. The Montserrott Ranch is a miserable piece of land, not fit for a burro to graze upon.

Arriving at Pala we stopped at Mr. SamonTs, a small store and house, the only one in the region. (Intended stopping for the night, but Indian cook sick and thus could accommodate us only with luncheon, a very good meal. Mrs. S., a very pleasant woman, likes hunting, has two sweet little girsl. The only lithia mine in the United States is on the mountain just behind the house. (Got a specimen. Mr. Blakeley just bought an interest in this mine).

Little left of the mission. Same general plan, interior dirty and dismantled. The bell tower is separate. The wonderful tone of these old mission bells cannot be reproduced today. Their clear soft tones bring back a long forgotten past. The willing Indians subdued by the Spanish fathers, those brown robed monks, and far-

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ther "back one turns to older Spain and earlier still, those Bells rang once in Guaint old Belgium; for now at last the lettering has Been deciphered and it is •thought Spanish wans rolled Belgians of these Bldlhells.

The Pala lell tower stands in the grave yard, the resting place of Indians and Mexicans. Children’s toys strew their graves, a tin goat, a doll', s lit of Bright Blue glass; on the housewife’s grave a mixing Bowl or a tin pan; a favoite cup on another grave, or the lamp By whose light they died.

Prom Pala we drove up the lovely canon through which Alessandro and Ramona escaped when they elped. We saw the spot By the spring where t.ey stayed three days. ITo wonder she wished to live there always. It was the most Beautiful ride, winding zig zag up the mountain side, following the old perilous trail. Down to the canon Below dropped the mountain sides, covered and softened By the Blue-gray, gray-Blue lilac, the Beautiful wild flower of the mountains. Indeed wild flowers were in abundance, and where we found one new to us we gave it a name ourselves. A shrul with Beautiful drooping, white Bells we called mission Bells, and one with little pink flowers along its stem, we called china cups.

At last we reached the heights and there Beyond us

were the snow covered San Bernardino Mountains once more

and Beautiful San Jacinto. Soon we were in the Pichango

Valley among the pitiable huts of the Pichango Indians,

made of twigs and trellis, a light plastering of mud, two rooms to a house, the cold ground their floor.

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Mr. Coats of course speaks Spanish which was agreat help to us as we did not get beyond "Adios" end "Buenos DifcsTt. They seemed half afraid of us and clasped their children in their arms as soon as we came in sight. On the floor of one hovel sat an old woman, blind, a few dirty rags about her. When she heard Mr. Coats speak, and knew who he was, she said, "I nursed his mother when she was a child". She was over a hundred years old. They had a beautiful little child at that place and when I told the mother so, she smiled, and seemed to understand although she spoke no English.

At another house we asked the age of a child which looked to be two or three. It had quite a braid of hair.

The mother said,"One year." The girls are as mature at twelve as ours at eighteen. Some of them are beautiful especially those with a little white blood, as one family > we visited who were French and Indian. At one hut a girl was making drawn work. They were taught that at the missions in the old times. One woman was making a basket, piercing the holes with an awl, then slipping through the reed which was kept covered with water in a jar.

An old woman on the other side c£ the house was shellihg acorns in a basket and sifting them up in the air to let the wind blow away the shells. We tasted them, but thought they would make very bitter food. Tried to buy a basket of them from one who made them, but she Thad promised them all to the school teacher for $1,.» and she would not

break her word

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We also drove down to a place where the Indians

collect in the summer and dance and have a good time

generally. It consisted of little huts of reeds and

tutles (cat tails) built about a little court in which

was the dancing platform, J

Just before dark we reached Temecula and spent the

night, purused by fleas but only the first taste - on

the part of the fleas- as we found later and to our sorrow. 7 r\*.\*eY'ir\*\*rs\*K.

Kext morning we drove out to Wolf’s store (Harzellfc) and saw the graveyard where Ramona waited while Allessand\*? ro went to the store with his violin. Only a single cross beneath the trees marked the place. It is now a barley field. Returning we passed, on a hill top, the grave of the o3\*i fellow - I think he was a Frenchman - who it was discovered had forty nine children in the different Indian schools, Eis last Indian wife- his widow- hoeing in the garden as we passed his ranch. A/\*^

Returned to Oceanside by way of Free brook, passing through Rainbow and Red Mountain Ranch, and the beautiful Richie’s grove, principally live oaks, forming arches above the narrow road. Wild and eastern. Passed Fred Fox’s home. Passed through Freebrook and ate our lunch beneath the live oaks (the leaf resembling a small holly leaf) near the spring on the place of Percy A. Johnson, a cousin of Mr. Cottts, They had just returned from a camping expedition and their well equipped covered wagon stood near their door.

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Re harnessed the horses which had enjoyed a good roll and passed down by the Santa Margeretta lake, unusual sight, end I think is really only the Santa Margaretta River damned up.

On the way, we soon came to a beautiful old ranch house - adobe, like G-uajome- and Mr. Coats helped me out and took me to get a drink as I had said I was thirsty.

We drsnk from an olla ia) in the depths of the wide porch. The house stands on a slight hillside which has been waL led about at the base. A flight of stone steps leads up to the entrance, and over them is an arch with a ball above. Everywhere is a profusion of geraniums and roses. Immense stables lie to the right and back of it. This is the old ranch house built by Don Pio Pico, last governor of California under Mexico, now occupied by Richard 0TNeil of Sanfrsncisco• The latter is very wealthy. We saw great stacks of alfalfa upon which he probably expects to make considerable, some of it, several years old. Alfalfa has to be planted only once in three years I think it is. Lost of money in it. That with their barley hay, the pirn, hay.

From there on down the valley our ride lay nearly over the trail travelled by Allesandro and Ramona when the latter had her first glimpse of the sea, and so we also came back to the ocean, and to Oceanside.

A wonderful trip, through a beautiful country. No wonder Mrs. Jackson was indignant that the Indians should have their rich lands taken from them to be left in squalor as they are today. But the Ramona of her

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story was a fabrication pieced together from many sources\* It is true Senora de Cogts had a very beautiful Indian maid at that time. She is now living with her husband at San Jacinto. He is on the water ditch. She was much loved by the family.

Leaving Oceanside we went to San liego, roomed at New York (the Misses Wells, prop.). Took our meals at the Manhattan restaurant. Spent first day there at La Jolla a delightful change. G-athered little shell fish and barnacles on the honeycombed rocks as the tide receded.

The tiny pools were alive with darting crabs.

Saw Cathedral Rock that morning and in the afternoon were able (Mrs. F. and I, at Tour own risk1 as the sign board said) to go down into one of the caves where

there is a rock resembling a statue and an opening whose ♦

outlines against the sky is called Tthe woman in white1.

It was beautiful down there beneath the cliff with the surf roaring througlfithe cave. Other caves further up, we were not able to enter as the tide was not far enough out.

Such beautiful clear green water with gold fish darting through it and the floating sea gulls and pelicans overhead. All day they sailed up the coast to their rendezvous on the cliffs and at night sailed back again, while far out beyond, the seals barked and tumbled on the rocks as the waves broke over them. Some of the sea shells were beautiful, although small, and I found one tiny Abalonian. Lamp masses of sea wee# lay here

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and there, and crystals of salt showed on the rocks where the morning1 s pools had "been. How lovely it must he to spend a summer on the coast\*

Next morning we drove into the couiitry to the old San Diego mission. Very little left hut the facade.

We saw the olive press that the monks once used, and the old olive orchard which is still there. Two palms standing near are some one hundred and thirty two years old.

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A prickly thorn is found there as at many of the missions as they generally planted it because it was thought, to he the same thorn that ChristTs crown was made of. There is an Indian'"school there, and I certainly think the Catholic Schools are better for those people than the government schools. They do not attempt to educate them beyond their station. They keep their old content.

They sang for us in such peculiar drawling voices with the most serious little black faces. The dear old Mother Superior was one of the sweetest women I ever met. She showed us the chapel where they have a couple of fine wood carvings;-two small carvings of Christ at prayer #

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in the garden. Wonderful expression of agony ahd plead-\* ing, done by the monks soon after the mission was es- tablished. Y/e saw some of the girls making drawn work.

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How indignant the M.S. grew as we talked of the wrongs of the Indians, and how sad ^he seemed when we left.

Tears came in her eyes as she took our hands. "The partings are so sad", she said, "But we can all meet in

our home above."

In the afternoon we took the ferry to Coronado, Disappointed in the hotel, got some pretty shells on the leach. Next day drove through Old Town. Saw the little chapel there, and to Pt. Loma.

The lighthouse not quite as I imagined, about six feet in diameter, entirely of steel, it is 90 feet from sea but stands on slight headland. The keeper^ a typical old salt. In the wonderful reflectors of the lamp one could see all about the coast. San D. has a wonderful harbour, almost land locked. Coronado is situated on the broadened end of a long and slender peninsula enclosing the harbour and called the"silver strand”. The keeper,told us in a thrilling whisper how at the time of the Spanish war, eighty mines had 1 ~ been set between Pt. Loma and the fort further in. He took Miss F. andTjfi^clear into the lamp, ^ust room between the oil and the reflectors. The oil is strained something like eight times.

I forgot - when going over, we visited the celebrated home of the Theosophists, Loma Homestead, all, of course, under the head of Madame Tingley. They have selected this place as scientists tell them that it is the oldest created portion of the earth (?). One enters through an Oriental gate and immediately a trumpet is sounded warning of your approach, and at every building you are met and shown about. They invite the public, yet at the same time endeavor to throw a mystery over everything they do. Everything is -under Mme. Tingl6yT s

control and it seems remarkable that men of wealth and

"The world's at home on Christmas day And human hearts are light and gay As thoughts go out to those held dear Whose memories bestow much cheer, And so before the day is through, fust rest assured we’ll think of you And silently in thoughts express Best wishes for your happiness.”

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great busihess abilities should submit themselves entirely to this woman. She must have remarkable ability. Their religion teaches the great brotherhood of mankind, pure unselfishness. They extend a hand to all mankind and invite tourists to stop visit and meet them (at the rate of $12 and $14 a day! - so they manage to be pretty exclusive, for all that). It is all a great farce, here a wealthy financier, tooting at his flute ("developing unknown talents”(Mr. Paterson of IT.Y.)), and there a retired millionaire making a garden, and all with the same set smile of unalloyed happiness (?):. Their main building is built about a great dome in the base of which are all the desks of the different offices, and on the walls numerous mysterious, weird pictures in fantastic frames.

In the reception room are many beautiful treasures of the Orient, in fact everything is very Oriental for the religion itself is for the study of the ancient beliefs and mysteries with Mme. Blavotsky as the foundress. The little homes or dwellings are patterned after ,the Indian bungalow, but the children are kept separate in the school as they believe that the parents should be free for loftier (?) work than training children, and that the children’s minds should expand unbiased by the opinions of the parents,- which means that they wish them under control of their own teachers at as early an age as possible. The youngest they took waB two days. They have many Cubans. Mme. T. recently bought the San Diego opera house. There was great objection, so she leased

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it to the old manager for three years. We were told at the Homestead that in three years they expected to put people from their own dramatic school on the stage I Meanwhile Mme. T. holds Sunday evening talks at the theater. They are a very exclusive set of wealthy people for the most part, affected of speech, the men all dressing in a sort of riding costume with leggings and riding the finest of horses. But they have certainly chosen a heautiful spot for their home, high on the cliff above the Pacific and it may well be old as they say, for it is crumbling and rotten, worn in great gulfs and canons until there is barely room for the carriage trail at times.

Sunday we did nothing, too tired, and Monday we went through the usual farce, the trip to Tia Juana, Mexico,

3ust over the line but of course we had to go and smuggle in drawn work etc. from tie curiosity stores there, for that is about all there is to the village; pretty 'Mexican girls in the store. Bon't know when we were inspected, didnTt see anyone and didnTt pay any duty.

Got pretty drawn work for very little. Saw the boundary statue between U.S. and Mexico. Returned by Sweet water Bam. Bon1t know why they built such an immense dam out here for surely it will never be filled. The bottom barely covered now. Stopped at Olivewood for luncheon. It is a pretty ranch owned by Mr. Kimball who gave us orange blossoms and roses. Next day left San Biego going on our way to Los Angeles as far as Capistrano.

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There saw Father 0TKeefe at the old Mission, the main part which must have been very "beautiful was destroyed "by earthquake in 1812, Plan much like other missions, "beautiful corridors or porches, columns joined "by arches.

Heavy seats of "brick and wood "built on inner porches, u ' quaint old panelled doors and woo den ^shutters at the,win- dows. The front porch on an old garden, immense old ^er-, aniums. The "bees in the midst of them grew too familiar\*.

I think some "boys had angered them. After several att^pts at remaining we we re altogether routed when one stung me on the eheek. Another got after me "but Mrs. Mendolsoh^

of the Mendolsohn House there knocked it off. We rested

\* r v

in her rooms until train time and then went on that evening to l.A. where I left Mrs. Feagles and daughter and

'RjLC.h'B}

Miss Adams and went "to my Aunt^s.

The first^evening we went down to see the fiesta illumination Si the opening night, "brilliant lights and gay flags and the Spanish colors green, red and yellow everywhere. Hext day was the ElkTs comic parade, men dressed, painted and wigged to represent girls, etc.

Mext day, Friday, May 2nd, was the beautiful floral parade. One tallyho was covered v/ith scarlet geraniums with the girls in scarlet and "black, another, the prettiest there, I thought, was a mass of yellow mustard with the girls in yellow directory gowns, "black hats, powdered hair and patches, and carrying long ebony canes. Mrs.

Lowe ,'\* President of the Federation of Women\* s Clubs which was meeting there at the time was all in gray, and her victoria covered with dusty miller and heliotrope, white

horses, the outriders dressed in white and attached ‘by- long pink satin ribbons. One tallyho was white carnations and represented a yacht with all the girls in yachting costume and a dear little sailor boy at the helm. One of the few carts had a bower of flowers in which two tiny children clung to a swing, one almost a sleep when t hey passed us. The Chinese had a fine exhibit, the float of children being especially interesting in their gorgeous robes. Little floats with men apparently balancing girls on slender bars at arms length were -unique. The serpent was of course the great attraction as it wiggled and squirmed its great length down the street supported by great numbers of Chinese. The fine horses were a great feature, ridden both by men and women. One old Spanish grandee had a wonderful silver btidle and trappings. Of course we we re covered with confetti, but that is to be expected and everybody is good natured.

Saturday A .1C. went to call on Edna Larch. Saw her go through her morning physical culture and fence with her sister who is much smaller although older. Edna is developing wonderfully under these exercises which she always takes in the open air behind the house. She is very fond of her pair of white fan tails and her immense Bernard-Hewfoundland dog Teddy. She seemed very glad to see me.

At one met Carolyn McQ. and attended a luncheon given by the College WomenTs Club at their rooms in the Shakespeare House, just completed on Eigeroa St., after architecture of Shakespeare1s house. Commocfc School of

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Expression upstairs, women1s Shakes, club and Coll, club downstairs. Many clever women there- and beautiful gowns. Met Miss Adams of Hull House. Many bright toasts, over 32 colleges represented. Met one very pleasant little woman, Miss French, first graduate of Miss MiddlebergerTs, Cleveland. Has a private school in L.A.

Sunday was out Figeroa again to Presbyterian Church to hear Robert Berdette speak - good speaker, poor voice. Saw Mrs. Burdette at distance.

Monday shopped all day, Tuesday attended Ev Parch\*s fencing club of six girls and teacher. Met a Mr. Woodward I think it was whose brother is a brother in law of Wm. Barling. Wed. went out to Med. College. Saw lots of nice pickled specimens and a beautiful body on the dissecting table. Looked like so much meat.

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Met Jennie/tat noon for lunch and visited her school in afternoon. They examine, promote and graduate twice a year in L.A. Thursday Auntie and I went up Mt. Lowe

When it came to

going through Pasadena (oh, I forgot to say I was out there and made a couple of calls one morning). When we got to the foot of the incline that morning my courage almost gave out, it seemed to go stmight into theair, the grade is about 62 feet. This led from Rubio Canon up toV&eho'Mountain and then we took an electric car that whirled us around through space until we were at Alpine Tavern end only 2i more miles of trail to the top. At times as we came up we could see four tracks below us where we had wound and rewound about the mt..

taking the trail, I walked about 2/3 of the way, but as I am always dizzy in the mountains and had had nothing to eat since early morning thought it best to descend as lunch was with Auntie at the other end of the trail. Went far enough however to get a magnificent view of the valley, the ocean beyond and the Catalina Islands. Enjoyed the Bame view in more comfort from the porch of the hotel at Echo Mountain where we spent a quiet hour -there- later in the afternoon. Next day packed up and came home and proceeded to rest up in preparation of my next trip. Had had simply a fine time.

For the next two or three weeks did little but mend, except when I ran off for a day now and then with Mr. L. We took severl lovely drives to Redlands when Smiley Heights were covered with roses. I am not sure which I prefer, the luxuriant profusion of trees and flowers on. the one side or the wild beauty of the desert on the other. We lunched at WindBO, Casa Palma closed. We were •at Riverside a couple times, went to G-lenwood Tavern.

Drove out the beautiful Magnolia Avenue.

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The last Monday in May left for Yosemite via Los Angeles where I got my tickets. Rather interesting trip up. Passed a place Just out of L.A. where they raised doves. Saw thousands of them. Fell in with some pleasant Pennsylvania people from Allentnwn, Miss Kline and Mrs. Massey and the latter1 s daughter and her husband, a I very young couple.

The Mojave Desert I enjoyed although it was like passing through the fiery furnace, yet there was quite a

"breeze .across it. Cd:ct> grow tree-like there with great hairy "branches. They were as thick as an orchard and as large as apple trees.

Arrived at Raymond, via S.P. where we had "breakfast. One funny thing happened there. A red headed Scotch family (father, mother, several sons and daughters) were hurriedly eating "breakfast "b ef ore taking the "Limited" (the fast mail coach) through to the Park.

All at once word was word was sent them that their coach was ready. The father grabbed all the luggage he could carry and the children followed with the rest while all made a frantic rush around the house in search of their coach. Our whole train load were standing a?-» round waiting to be told what to do next, and thinking we also were wanted, the whole crowd made a mad rush out of the house, around the veranda and suddenly found ourselves at the kitchen door where the mad Scotchman had led us before he and we discovered our mistake. We ended our exciting chase with a general laugh but the Scotchman never smiled but finally found his coach and departed.

I had met the Feagles at Raymond with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenny. We had a coach for eight so took in Miss Cokrane of Almont, Mich., a pleasant girl who came up in my car from L. A..

Then commenced our long, dusts'- ride from Raymond in the morning to Wowona at night. Such dust I never saw elsewhere, and as most of the road was upgrade, our stage even with its four horses made very slow progress.

The sun was "burning hot. Passed through Grub Gulch, a miserable little village, squatting in a valley "between hills, poet marked with old abandoned gold mines. Up further in the mountain where the fragrant pines begin is a large lumber camp. They have a novel wsy of transporting their produce. A water flume supported on a trestle winds its way through the valleys from the mill to its terminal some fifty or sixty miles away. Down it at times are sent as much as 250,000 feet of lumber in a day. But even if the way was hot and dusty, the road was lined with the long and slender white blossoms of the wild buckeye while in the grass nodded the delicate Mariposa lillies on their slender stems. Mariposa is Spanish for butterfly and it is for these beauti ful blossoms that the county takes its name. The lillie are white, lavendar and yellow, while down in their deli cate cups are colored mottlings and markings (in the white lilly a rich red predominates) softened and feathered over like the wing of a butterfly.

Ahwanee, our luncheon stop was a green spot in the desert, a pretty little white hotel with drooping trees and rose bushes. On the verandas were great, hollowed, flat stones filled with water on the surface of which floated soft leaved blush roses. In the darkened dining room were vases and Indian baskets filled with the dainty California wild flowers, the most beautiful and the most fragile in the world.

A little more heat and dust beyond Ahwanee and then

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the stately pines. How I love them. The straight white pine, the sugar pine with its cones fifteen and eighteen inches long, hut most beautiful of all the mottled yellow pine, marked like an£, alligator skin, black and brown mottlings outlined in yellow, while the green pine needles droop in plumey brushes from its branches. And the dogwood, great sketchy sprays outlined against the pines; not bushes but trees with the blossoms as large as one’s palm, white and occasionally yellow, splashes of color from the great Artist’s hand.

Wowona (meaning deep little valley) we reached just at evening, a white hotel in the small green meadow between the mountains. The South Fork of the Merced flows through and one hears always the roar of the little falls across the valley. As we descended from our stage, we had the usual greeting of the Yosemite route, a vigorous brushing from a half dozen feather dusters in the hands of as many servants. Had our dinner and the first of the fine mountain brook trout which we enjoyed throughout the trip. Hotel full but had comfortable room in cottage.

Hext morning up early but couldn’t persuade the

proprietor to start us much before ten. The Washburn

brothers (?) who own the Wowona and Sentinal Hotels and

the stage road, are very smooth and suave but one gets

very little satisfaction from them. We finally started,

however, the stage holding beside our own party, Judge Barrion of Quincy, 111. and his son, both very pleasant

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people. Our entire drive that morning lay through the pines, the dogwood. In the eight miles, we ascended three thousand feet. I do not think that the trees at first impressed us with their size. We had come to take as a matter of course trees five and six feet in diameter. And then one has always a mistaken idea of Mariposa Big Tree G-rove. Mine was of a dense forest both of large and (6 ft.) trees, the sunlight filtering softly down upon the pine covered ground. Not that the hig trees are pines. The tree have been called the Sequoia for an Indian Chief, and the foliage somewhat resembles the cedar, only not so flat and is somewhat plumey like the pine. Mr. B. secured me a piece, jumping off the sta&e as we were leaving.

The cones are small, hard and close, not more than two or three inches long. The hark is reddish brown and of rather a coarse velvety appearance. It is sometimes as much as two feet thick at the base of the tree.

When really into the forest and close to the trees, one begins to realize their size. We first clambered out to inspect that famous fallen one we s ee pictured so much both with the troop of cavalry upon it and the coach and horses. The amusing part of the latter picture is that the coach was an undersized one, raised by pulleys. We like everybody else expected to drive up the log as the people in the picture appear to be doing.

However it is plenty large enough, as it takes a ladder of considerable length to climb up its side.

"Old Grizzley" was indeed wonderful, and well named.

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He measures about 20 ft. in diameter, one hundred four around and 204 feet high. Eis branches are six feet in diameter, the size of the trees beside him. This tree is not the tallest - there is one 324 feet high, but it is by far the most impressive. One feels very insignificant standing beside them, throwing oneTs head back as far as possible in vain attempt to see the top where it loses itself among the branches. Yet with all their size, they are shallow rooted, and have no tap root at all. Many of the trees have been burned somewhat at the base, leaving a triangular scar, and giving the tree the appearance of a mighty tent. Such an opening has been widened and cut completely through the tree Woroma, and through that our stage load an frur horses passed. That was an act of sacrilege, nothing less, ind those miserable little labels on every tree\*. How trivial the names of statesmen or of states compared with the majesty of these trees. Three thousand years ago they stood on that same mountain. What passed beneath them then? We picnicked beneath them.

Returning we took a view of the sky through the "telescope” one of the big trees, the heart of which has long been burned out, being completely hollowed while its foliage is still green. Stopped and ascended Wowona Pt. - a fine view of the mountains and valleys.

.Hext day, Thursday, we had a beautiful early morning

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ride across the mountains through the pines. We saw no deer though they had recently been about. They were rapidly retreating with the snow, for up here we found it was

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early spring. For some reason we werenTt inspired at Inspiration Pt. I prefer the view from Artist1 s Point. It gives the same general view of the Valley, hut from a cle-

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ser standpoint where one can realize its immensity more fully. Yet the full realization does not come until one has entered tie valley.

Continued three years later

The YoSemite proper is a valley at most some twelve miles in length formed by the abrupt dropping of the face of the plateau, a distance of some three thousand feet,

giving a formation somewhat

numerous waterfalls tumbling tempestuously down its cliffs and floating away in vapory nothingness before reaching the distant base; while through the valley flows the clear waters of the Merced River along its crystal bed of crumbled granite.

Each peak and crag of these beautiful cliffs is distinctive.One soon learns to know the stately beuty of Cathedral Rock and Sentinal Point nearby, then come Union Pt., The Three Old Maids, Three Bros., and Glacier Point with its overhanging rock. These to the right as one enters the valley, while in the background, the Washington Column, Agassiz Column, Horth Pome and the Half Pome with beautiful Clouds Rest loom loftily. On

the left side of the valley Eagles Peak is distinctive and last - the first in beauty - loyal El Capitan stands guard at the left of the valleys entrance.

Arriving that day in time for lunch, we were soon refreshed and ready for a stroll about the valley, our initial visit to the YoSemite waterfall. This descends the 3000 feet of cliff in three grand leaps, the first of rocket like velocity, the second a tumbling cascade, and the last a swift but sure descent into the valley proper. About its base in great profusion lie great fragments of tbe granite cliff rent perhaps by frost and earthquakes. Early spring still lingered in the valley, though the last of May and profusions of sweet white violets provided us with flowers to wear to dinner that evening.

An "Excellent dinner, too, I remember, especially the fine large mountain trout from the streams about the valley.

Hext A.M. we were up at sunrise and drove three or four miles to Mirror Lake, small but a gem set in the shadows of the jagged peaks. Again and again the sun would reappear from behind those peaks, each time brilliantly reflected in these clear waters which produce a- gain the gigantic scenery which surrounds it.

From there we drove to the Happy Isles where a new experience awaited me, a cross saddle ride. Most of us had Spanish mules. Mine was named Lottie, I remember and on the whole behaved pretty well. I thoroughly enjoyed the cross saddle as soon as I became accustomed to it for it certainly is far superior to the side saddle for comfort both of rider and beast.

As my party expected to make a longer stay in the valley than I did, they were not taking the trail that day so that Judge B.Ts son of Quincey, 111. was the only one I knew who took the descent that A.M. 'The trail started out mildly enough. It wound up and down past Washington Column along the face of the cliff which dropped in sheer descent a couple of thousand feet below, and straight and sheer above. The trail at its widest was three or four feet wide, but often a mere foothold, and Lottie1, always hungry, occasionally stopped to nibble on the very edge I Half way up we came to the beautiful Vernal Falls with its green waters, and just above^ the gem of all the valley to me, the Nevada Falls, hurling fleecy balls of foam across the cliff. At this point several of the party turned back, but unfortunately I was too proud, Unfortunately because from that point on it is less beautiful scenery and I was certainly less able to appreciate it. I grew so tired that only the knowledge that Tletting go1 meant death on the cliffs below kept me in the saddle. On finally reaching our destination, Glacier Pt., they lifted me off and I simply fell onto the veranda of the little hotel. After lunch I revived somewhat, sufficiently to snowfrall with Mr. B., but I!m afraid I was too tired to appreciate that wonderful view across the valley, at our feet and the vast plateau beyond.

We took a shorter trail back but a very difficult one, in some places the angles being so sharp that tie mules hind feet would be on one turn and his front ones

on the next. After passing this point I was so weary I had to walk a mile or so. But cross saddle riding is all right, though I wouldn’t advise 14 miles of it on mountain trails as a starter. This was Decoration Day, 1902. Next day I was a wreck, could scarcely walk, and stairs were an agony. It was a rainy day with clouds in the trees about us. Spent the day buying photos and writing letters.

The next day, Sunday, walked that morning to Mirror Lake and back, eight miles. In the afternoon took a 17 mile drive about the valley. Miss Emma Thursby, the singer, was one of our party. She wore upon her bodice a Maltese cross of silver and blue enamel which the Czar of Russia once gave her with the request that she pass it on to the singer most deserving.

We drove past the Yosemite Falls that afternoon and beside the foaming rapids of the South Fork of the Merced, past the Ribbon Falls and the Maiden’s Tears - streams of soft vapor; £&st dear El Capitan then along the Cascades. Close to the stately cathedral sa.w the Widow’s Tears now almost dried and then came to the beautiful Bridal Veil as it sways its lacy length across the cliff; ,TSpirit of the Evil Winds” the Indians called it and that spirit • seems to linger in the fiery rainbow which plays across its trailing ends as the late afternoon sun attempts to penetrate its folds. Next day a little rest, waited about the valley through the meadows, out to Bridal Veil again. Discovered the deep red blossoms of the pine which Mr.

Muir had told me of.

Next morning wakened and arose at 4:45 which was fortunate as they failed to give me my five oT clock call. Breakfast at 5:30 and took the stage at 6:00 leaving alone as my party were going on to 1Frisco. Had engaged box seat on mail stage. Driver very kind, piled up the express and mail for me to rest my feet upon. Finest ride in all my life. Seventy miles in one day of the most wonderful mountain staging. Used 24 horses in relays on our trip out. Made one dangerous pasing with another stage where it was necessary to grind the wheels along a- gainst each other, the men from each coach pushing against the opposite side. Ho margin could he allcwed as it was sheer cliff up on one side and down on the other. Made

short stop a Wowona, lunched at Ahwanee, at Raymond for

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dinner. Boarded our sleeper and went to ted.

The experiences of the next day were of the most unexpected nature. Awakening in the morning and supposing we were nearing Los Angeles, found we w ere still far north at Fresno where they informed us, without further, excuse, we would lie until evening, It seems they were in the habit of making this little stop. Well, I ordered my breakfast, ate leisurely and by the time I had finished found that beside myself there was only one passenger left aboard, a little old lady, a Mrs. Jewel, whom I had seen at the hotel in the valley. Neither of us knew much about the town except that it was a countyy seat but I said since I must stay in Fresno I proposed to see something of the place. On that the old lady Jumped up and said she would come too.

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First we made for a livery stable but on finding that if we drove our own horse it would cost us only $4.00 an hour for a vehicle, we decided to walk, and

we started out to find the court house. It was such

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a funny town with forests of sign boards extending a- cross walks and making a veritable avenue down which we walked. They we re putting in new trolly cars but the old ones were certainly a joke, regular tubs, as broad as they were long. Well, we found the court house a very good building and were walking about in it\* when a gentleman approached us and a§ked if .we wished to-be^ shown

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about. He said he was a Mr. Drew, a lawyeij^ He and Mrs. Jewel entering into conversation, she discovered that she had known him as a boy back in Illinois. Then he couldnTt do enough for us. We were taken and introduced to Judge Austin, later went down town for lunch where he left us in the parlors promising to return later and show us about. He soon came back bringing Prof.

Elliott, Superintendent of Schools at Selma, saying he would look after us as he himself found it would be impossible to get away. Prof. Elliott excused himself for a few minutes but shortly returned with a fine team of horses and a rubber tired carriage (sent with the compliments of the Fresno Chamber of Commerce I \) and sea,ted in it a Mr. Sinclair who also went with us. He was an entertaining man, very good looking. His father was a Presbyterian minister and had once been in Titusville, Pa. Mr. Sinclair

was a Yale man

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We were driven to call on Mrs. Drew and then for a "beautiful drive through the vineyards (most of our raisins come from this place) and past "beautiful country homes with great hedges of many colored oleanders. Finally

stopped at a large winery and sampled several delicious

wines. They make wrine and brandy with soda and baking

powder as by products. Then drove, on to a fine dairy

which vie inspected. Then drove back again to the town

parsing orchards of fig, almond and aprocots. Mr. Drew

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met us at the train. We were put aboard and so the dayT s beginning with so little promise closed. How Mrs. Jewel and I laughed whenwe talked it all over that night and she like all old ladies was ready to begin match making at once. That night vie watched the sunset and saw Mt. Whitney towering in the distance. Next morning vie really did arrive at Los Angeles and there Mrs. Jewell and I parted. I have never seen or heard of her since.

suddenly recalled home.

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Back to San Bemsndino, a few weeks more among my friends and then with trunk packed for the Catalinas, my tickets bought for Frisco via water, intending from thence to visit Portland and the Yellowstone, I was

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8

plateau‘like mountains intervening

At Trinidad I Jumped off for a few minutes walk - a low adobe built town, generally left in the rough mud but sometimes plastered smooth. These with a half a dozen better buildings comprise most of these towns. At Trinidad a mountain with flat topped peak loomed immediately in the background. The cross man with black eyes told me that the founder of that town with his daughter once held a small fort on that Jagged ibop against attacking Indians. One path only led up the mountain. Talked with a small boy on a flea bitten burro. He said it went when it felt like it. He was a small Chicagoan.

From Trinidad on, we commended our ascent of the mountains in good earnest our highest point being at Raton Pass Just over the line in N. Mexico, some 7608 feet above sea level. At that point we entered a quarter mile tunnel. We scarcely moved up the mountain side, and often saw our two enginres puffing around the curve ahead. My head began to feel as though affected by a heavy dose of cuinine. Scrub oak and pine dotted the mountains here and there but most were bare. Thro

Thro1 Colorado and H. Mex. we have seen but little water and the tiniest streams cut perpendicular walls for themselves. Cattle, horses and burros roam the plains, which extend for miles with never a tree to be seen. The brown grass looked dry and worthless but is the food of the cattle. But the plains did not appear until after we left Raton, IT. Mex.

There we took dinner- and a very good one too. I was even hungry enough to begin on raw oystefcs. Y/e had lovely cel&

Incline

Yosemite West

Midpines

Wawona

Mariposa

Raymond

ra Acres

Vladera

Parkwood

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c& 3 h 52 min

41.6 miles

Au berry

Tollhc

Bonadelle

Ranchos-Madera

Ranchos

^ii res no

Friant

Clovis

Google

rnitos

Catheys Valley

Incline

Midpines

Mariposa

Raymond

Madera Acres

Madera

Bonadelle

Ranchos-Madera

Ranchos

Yosemite West

Wawona

Auberry

Tollhous

Friant

Parkwood

Clovis

Kerman

^ii

resno