

CALIFORNIA

1902

LULA DAWSON

CALIFORNIA - 1902

by

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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 tam threw snow balls 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 thro' 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 voluptuous figures.

A model of the new Chicago Post office occupies a place of honor near the entrance at present. It will be very beautiful when finished, good architecture. As we saw it, it looked to be 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 tho' 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. Took

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

Sunday morning ate of 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

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 boy whose gray haired mother was taking him West - to Colorado, I presume, but I'm afraid it will be hopeless. An older brother, a fine looking man was seeing them off and all tried so hard to be cheerful, but 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

the eye can reach, wave after wave of prairie, prairie, prairie - covered with red 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 New England. There must have been miles of stone walls and the poorer houses in the small towns of this section were built of the stone. Yet there seemed to be considerable stock raised in this section as well as thro' the rest of Kansas - black pigs seem to be the style out here. Our pa

Our passengers seemed very uninteresting at first but are becoming more so. They are developing. There is the fat old lady with the false front, been over the route 16 times but still nervous. Poor, sick woman with one child 18 months old and the other a month, returning to her husband in Arizona. Too poor to have a nurse and carrying a lunch. *and he did not meet her!* There is the California girl and her mother returning from New 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 judging by the eyes she makes at him. There are no



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 D.A.R., has two silk coats with her, but must talk, so comes out and 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, O. 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 correspondance and has her typewriter with her.

The one I like best on our car is the lady from Columbus, O. 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,

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 have 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 New 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 in 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. Read 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 rough 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

ery and fresh lettuce, breaded veal, roast beef and duck - with not a drop of water in sight - the soup was good - pies and sherbet formed the dessert. To find all this after the desolate country we had gone thro' 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 Women's 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 Pasadena. 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 Calvé adopting some young girl with a wonderful voice and taking her to New York to study. Well, this is the same girl, Edna Darch. Calvé found her in Los Angeles, took her to New York, where she has studied hard, had poor health and gotten desperately homesick. Calvé 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~~s~~ 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 very pretty silk shirt waist, s

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

Passed thro' a tiny town this (Monday) afternoon - a dot on the endless plains. The purple mountains had almost disappeared and pathless, treeless plains extend as far as the eye can reach. The cattle roam across them with no need for barns. 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 built entirely of adobe. 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, 'Mexicans and he would show me some.' So when our end of the train passed the station he showed me some and beside them were a group 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 Sady 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

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 cars! 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, 'What would she do if I had gotten left', and our neighbors were consoling her.

Stopped at Las Vegas, best looking place since we left Chicago. Brick buildings 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 taking the dry bed of a stream. *This was The old Santa Fee Trail.* 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 of 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 I were tellin

I were talking together tonight (Tuesday) when Mrs. Burdette 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 the Holy Land. While there one is vigorously impressed with the humanity of the Savior, but not until leaving does his divinity impress one." She says the place is filthy-dirty with human filth- and altho' she wore the shortest possible skirts, it was almost impossible to keep clean. The Jews with their black curls at each 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.

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

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, more 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 improvisations, little songs of her own. Then when Calvé came to California they wrote asking if she would not hear the child. She consented, was taken with her voice, talked first of taking her to New 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. Calvé was then on a vacation and took the

child along - that was late in Nov. or first of Dec. (1902) They went to New Orleans, Florida, St. Augustine for some time, Philadelphia and Washington. Calvé taking her in her own state room. Calvé speaks no English and they could speak only through an interpreter. Calvé will say, "You English say, 'Vous hez zare?' (Who is there) Ah, the French is so much easier." The child loves her intensely. Describing her she said, "She is large 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 Calvé 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 Calvé. "Auntie" (Calvé) was so good to me. Why in one month she spent 7,000 francs on me." She told of the home for sick children she maintains <sup>in France</sup> and of how good she was to everybody. On her hand she had a large green Mexican turquoise matrix ring which Calvé 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, rather short



but of full figure. Her speaking voice is rather deep but her singing voice is soprano. She has one sister whom she says is smaller than she tho' eighteen months older and has a voice deep as a man's. They seem to be poor people - as she said, "Our home is simple but everything is treasured." Her father is English but 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 be called by her, long after she was not well enough but 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, <sup>which I did</sup> <sup>years after,</sup> <sup>I heard of her, as</sup> <sup>a concert singer.</sup>

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 brick and stone. Met the children coming home - mostly Mexicans, a few Germans. Saw one child with a pet lamb, asked her if her name were Mary but she said not. The lamb's name was Nanny. Most of the buildings are of one story, wood, adobe and brick, 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 bit of chicken doctored up like a hot tamale and cooked in a lettuce leaf. 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 daughter are very pleasant. <sup>Mrs & Miss Feagles</sup> Before I forget it, I must go back to our overland train for a moment for I fear I have slighted the fat, fussy lady with the false front. She used to trot back on an average of two or three times a day to ask Mrs. Columbus if she knew this one and that one and at last one day she capped the climax by asking her if she knew of Mrs. Fairbanks the President of the Daughters of American Revolution. Of course Mrs. C. said, 'yes' 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, "we were among so many 'extinguished' people." I wonder if the man who put her on in Chicago was her son. He was a middle

aged man with iron gray beard. *Two or three years later recognized his picture in the papers when he was candidate for vice president with Theodore Roosevelt.*

THE GRAND CANON  
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 by Mr. Muir include "Mountains  
of California" and "Our National Parks")



## THE GRAND CANYON

When I think of our time at the canyon, I scarcely know where to begin, and I'm 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. Olmstead did when young. She is 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 car. 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 pine 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 pine, 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 thro' which it passes, he wonders that there is any at all.



JOHN MUIR

Copyright, 1901, by C. F. Lummis

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

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 but 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 be in the main, an old log cabin built by 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 great gulf was silvery with moonlight but great black shadows hid the somber depths thousands of feet below. Thirteen and one half miles wide and over a

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 beautiful with lovely pink shades but still black depths 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 we didn't get rid of that cold soon he would certainly have to go back to Alaska.

Our waiter was Oscar Gardell, 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 couple 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 foreigner 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'Neil's Point three or four miles east of the Hotel, a beautiful view 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, tho' 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

on the point the clouds and mist came sweeping through the gorge and soon we saw a storm was gathering. The rest went on then, but Miss Feagle and I and the Nonenity from Chicago (she wouldn't tell her name) decided to walk back three or four miles to the Hotel. We stayed at the point for some time picking up bits of rock and watching the flying clouds go scudding thro' the chasm. We picked bits 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 rock. 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 and cedars turned to beautiful white plumes.

We followed the edge of the canyon for some distance but in hunting specimens, gradually wandered away until all at once we began to be puzzled and perhaps a little frightened, but as soon as we found the canyon again, we were all right. It must be a dreadful to be lost on the 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 but we didn't know just when the wagon road was and didn't think it best to go too far out of our way 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 canyon. We wouldn't have missed that walk for anything but



have missed that walk for anything but we were sights when we got back 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 morning's 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 angles 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 each 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 softened 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

'willows' - they said. Considerable prospecting is done down there - these two were after copper, but 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 after we did. He said he had 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 fossil 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 being 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.

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 has traveled in a great many countries, but 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 best 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 like 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. Not 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, *the trails out-lined in snow.*

Next 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 Colorado 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 beard, 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, "I'm no professor - tho' 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 began talking 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 staminate flowers beneath the branch and the pistillate above  
*only in standing beneath does one see the beauty*

so that only in standing beneath does one see the beauty of their flowers, The cones when formed are very large. "Fire," he said, "is 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 slow, gentle smile and said he liked to talk when people were interested, "but not for 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, but of snow, compressed and hardened. "The glacier is God'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, but a splinter holding them".

Along the edges of the glacier are horse shoe shaped cracks caused by the more rapid movement of the central mass. These rivers of ice, like any other river find their way to the sea. At the sea's 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 by 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 berg within the bay a-nodding and a-dancing as if to welcome the new bright glistening berg just born". And down the coast a great deep waye is sent so that every berg is signalled by a tremendous roaring and splash-

ing.

One night, after a hard day's 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 and the Indians preferring to sleep in the boat, tho' 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 on the 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 number 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 down, he spied what seemed to him a splendid slide clear to the bottom. It was pretty steep, but after 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 thro' the air there came the most unearthly cry, the wickedest that one could well imagine. Along all day, and hearing

no sound at all, he was more than startled, he was frightened. He hardly thought it was Indians but looked about in some dismay, where there on an icy crag above him he saw - a raven! 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 natural splendors - 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 scientist, full of sweet humor, never bitter, he seems to have absorbed all that is best and sweetest in the world of nature that he loves. His science has not turned him atheist as it does so many. Speaking of animals, the talk having turned that way, he said, "You say an animal is 'almost human' - 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 taking the train for Denver, Mr. Muir leaving for San Francisco, 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



bandanna handkerchiefs. Well, as I started to say, Mr. Coast gave us his section and was very kind, gave me some strychnine for my ears for they troubled me as we came down off the elevation. And the young man across exchanged sections so that we might be more comfortably located. Our dinner was at Winslow and supper at the Needles (near the jagged mountains of same name) but we 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, and in lovely California, January 24th, 1902.



THROUGH THE PASS AND INTO CALIFORNIA



Interesting experiences:

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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 Cajón 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 surrounded us on all sides but the west, the Arrowhead and Cucamonga to the north and northwest, Mt. Harrison, Mt. Gorgonia or Old Grayback 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, just back of Colton rises plain, practical Old Slover, with her marble 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, but larger, thick and glossy, with a spicy 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 palm 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, and 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 I've seen, cedars which grow broad and spreading like our pine, cotton wood and a tree I haven't learned the name of 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

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  
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*Orange Orchard.*

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The navel oranges predominate. Many seedling orchards have been cut back 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 scented. The grape fruit takes its name from the manner in which it grows. It also 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 and 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 back almost to the stalk. Now (April 4th) they are just getting green. Loquats are a queer fruit, looking something like a May apple but 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 south, the water is just about steaming hot, dark brown in color and sulphur is the chief mineral. The odor, much 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 small boys. In the grounds are a band stand, dancing pavilion, and pond where mud hens swim in the warm water, and a person can go rowing if he chooses. Electric cars run out.

The roads throughout the 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 regular as chess men.

San Bernardino is one of the oldest towns in the state. Long ago, the Mormons starting out from Salt Lake were bidden to go until they found the sign of the arrow - there they were to settle. They went to the southward and after many weary weeks, came to the arrow head high on the side of the mountain, <sup>a landslide probably</sup> 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 Massachusetts) has been taken off, forming Riverside County. Before that the county was larger than all the New 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 New 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 a little meat inside tasting like a smokey raisin. In some of the shops men were at tables playing fan tan with their



large dominoes, and through rear doors, one could see the low wooden benches 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 candy and Mr. C. bought me a Chinese hat. Couldn't get into the Joss House, a queer, little brick building at 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 New Year's 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 gell!", in the most astonished voice. That was when Kitt was visiting us. Our laundry man is Quong Woo.

I think the western merchants consider an easterner or tenderfoot, as so much prey, and to be plundered if possible. They can spot him every time; why, I don't know, unless it is that most easterners dress more quietly as a general thing. I have never known a time when you asked a merchant for "ten centsworth 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 came in, pennies were unknown 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 difference between the western man and the eastern, but I think the western girls are not quite so pretty. They have not as good complexions and are inclined to squint, the bright sun accounting for both perhaps.

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 train brings 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 entirely 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 became of the poor young fellow we saw in Chicago only too evidently a consumptive starting for the south.

Our little "Joss House" as we call it, is on Court Street, in sight of the Court House. It is a tiny cottage but large enough. We have five rooms, two bedrooms. Many of the houses out here are but one story. They say they are cooler, high ceilings, but 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 smilax are starting and we have a great many seeds up (April 17th) and expect soon to have plenty of flowers. We have set out rose bushes and a pepper tree in the front, and in the back, peach, cherry, loquat, 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 cushions, 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 be 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 on the trees, but 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 dragged along by a couple of attendants. He had been for a walk and didn't want to go in again, poor man. After leaving the Asylum that day, we drove on beyond Highlands to Mr. S.'s ranch. Mr. S. and his <sup>evy</sup> mother 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 didn't

have a horse unfortunately, but has been very kind. Had  
 an oyster supper with him one night and dinner at the  
 hotel another. A few nights ago Mr. G. and I drove out  
 to his ranch and as he wasn't 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 dream-



Magnolia Avenue

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have a horse unfortunately, but has been very kind. 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 wasn't 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 red 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 house!)

When we first came out, we drove one day to Redlands, and, of course, to Smiley Heights, <sup>Saw</sup> but 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 Valley 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

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

Another day, Kitt and I took the train over and saw something of the town, a very pretty place but too new for my taste. It has a very pretty library, red brick, Mexican architecture, we were in it as Miss H., Kitt's 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 stock. 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 "lemon 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 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¢!

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 certainly deserves its fame with its beautiful row of graceful peppers down the center and stately palms and towering eucalyptus on either side.

Near the end of the car line is a small zoo - the monkeys of course interested us most 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. W

We also took the car to Victoria Hill in the other direction, but there was nothing in particular to see. I bought 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 as 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 Noy's 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, but it was gone - of course, I have regretted it ever since.



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 Holland's 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, back 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 were 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 recrossed the swift little stream - small though it is, a rarity for this country - and finally decided on a camping place beneath some trees. Then we unloaded, unharnessed, and proceeded to explore. Rocks and sand everywhere and

sand everywhere and yet there were many bushes 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, nine or ten inches long, darting away at our approach. We had not gone far when the road came once more upon the stream. What could we do? The stones were pretty far apart for jumping and grandma could not jump anyway. Finally Mr. C. had a bright idea. He went back some distance to where the carriages were, got one and 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 back 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 grandma's 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 and recrossing the stream, and finally solved the problem by climbing up the cliff with the water on one 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 its 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 Hanzaw", 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 revolutionary 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 Boyd's for the new Re~~c~~tor 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 dinner!"

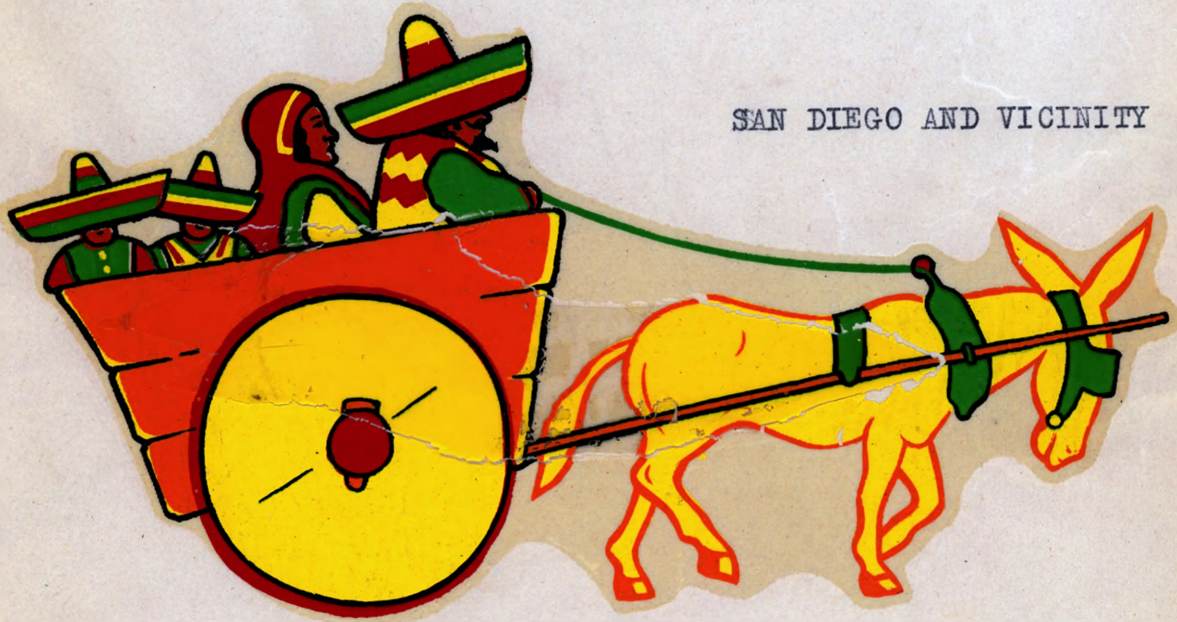
Took refreshments with Mr. H., his daughter, and Miss Nellie whose grandmother was an Indian. She has been a beautiful girl, but the Indian blood is beginning to tell, losing her form, and the heavy shuffling walk becomes noticeable. All the Indian, Mexican and even the Spanish women grow fat and greasy, 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 indispensable fur edged, jetted black velvet cape.

Had a delightful evening the second week following Easter. About twenty of the society men of San B. gave

a lovely little dance in the ball 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.'s, she, acting as chaperone. Mable 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 he went by alone, stopped, raised his hat and spoke. Then I thought after all it must be Mr. B., so I answered 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.

SAN DIEGO AND VICINITY



Vividly portrayed incidents:

At Ramona'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

The D.'s, proprietors of the hotel, have been very kind. Have been their guest at dinner, and Mrs. D. 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 M<sup>eredeth</sup>, Helen P<sup>orter</sup> 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 blossoms, and altogether am getting very well acquainted and am very happy. (Apr. 18. 1902)

Left San Bernadino Apr. 21, 1902 for San Diego. At Orange, where I changed, met Miss and Mrs. Feagles 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. Cozts, 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 name was Christina. Mr. Cozts is son of the Senora in Ramona, slender and fallow, 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, unbusiness-like, 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 Guajome 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 everywhere about the country alone, if no escort was at hand.



But the Señora 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. Señora de Corta (Morano) was very much hurt at Mrs. J.'s publication of Ramona giving in such detail the description of her family and home. Asked if the Señora's character was truly outlined, Mr. Corta said, "In her sternness of command and generous hospitality, yes; not otherwise." To illustrate her character, he gave this incident. It was



When he and his friend of the side down by the will the two boys ap cheer. This wa of the Señora. next day, Mr. made any show o but she simply thought.

But to return to the scene of the next day, Mr. made any show o but she simply thought.

But to return to the scene of the next day, Mr. made any show o but she simply thought. Mrs. Corta 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 enough to lift an umbrella, and the sun smiled out between. Indeed all the desert and hill-sides smiled for they were bright with their little "tidy tips", "cream caps" and "baskets of sunshine". Great waving masses of mustard lifted their heads higher than one's head and the air was sweet with

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 Cozts (Monno) was very much hurt at Mrs. J.'s publication of Ramona giving in such detail the description of her family and home. Asked if the Senora's character was truly outlined, Mr. Cozts said, "In her sternness of command and generous hospitality, yes; not otherwise." To illustrate her character, he gave this incident. It was 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. Cozts 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. Cozts 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 enough to lift an umbrella, and the sun smiled out between. Indeed all the desert and hillsides smiled for they were bright with dear little "tidy tips", "cream cups" and carpets of "sunshine". Great waving masses of mustard lifted themselves higher than one's head and the air was sweet with

the song of the meadow lark and the softer note of the wood  
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 Across the hills we drove and entered a country not  
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 crumbling walls and a badly dismantled altar, where a till



*Ruined Arches, San Luis Rey.*

a few faithful  
 all coming of the  
 with sandals  
 San Luis  
 missions, the  
 roof has been a  
 basin and at the  
 an immense stone  
 are the four  
 churches. These  
 Santa Cruz,  
 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  
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 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

the song of the meadow lark and the softer note of the wood dove (majel) for which Alessandro named 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 occasional coming of the priest, by rail and carriage and not with sandalled feet across the golden desert land.

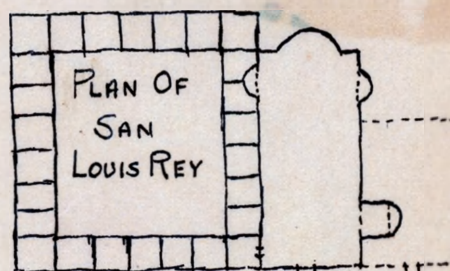
San Louis Rey is better preserved than many of the missions, the main church still stands, though a new roof has been added. At the entrance is the holy water basin and at the left, a tiny room, the baptistry with an immense stone fount. Down either side of the church are the fourteen stations of the cross as in all Catholic churches. These pictures were brought from Baltimore by Senora Coutts, 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

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 Saviors. 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 resemble the paintings of that date, especially those of the Spanish school. At either side of the chancel steps, 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 chapel which had been walled up from the rest of the church. Little but the altar is left. To the right of 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 wretched 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.

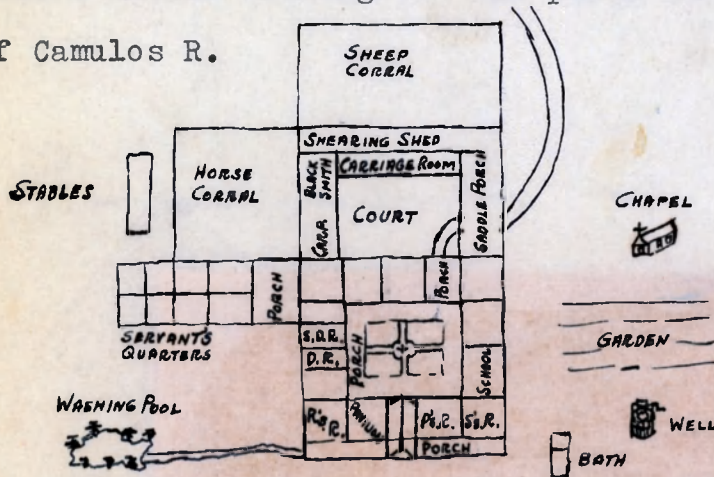
This plan shows only the immediate grounds. The mission owned considerable property and remains of the old walls can still be seen, weatherbeaten and lumpy, for as soon as the plaster is off them decay sets in and the adobe - mud, sand and straw - soon returns to mother earth again. The mission's time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



From San Luis Rey we drove on across the country to Guajome Ranch, the former home of Mr. Court'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 Court lives in part of the house but much of it is empty and neglected. The house was originally built by Senor Courts as a fortification during the early



troubles. (I think they must have meant the Mexican War.) This may not be exact but it is nearly so. In almost all cases it tallies with Helen Hunt Jackson's description but she changed a few minor points after she and the Senora became estranged. The porch for instance is that of Camulos R.



We drove in past the sheep corral and the shearing shed where Alessandro 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, Mr. Con<sup>u</sup>ts 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 but 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 servants' porch, its opening being in another room marked X.

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 (beans), 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 Courts family, and the Senora was happy for she loved the society of young people. The

The servants' 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 servants' and the family's.

Our 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 Senora's 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. Courts and his son, Willie, who is staying at the ranch and "Touts", Cave Courts' son, a handsome little Spanish boy of perhaps fifteen, very lovable. His father was away in 'Frisco. Rough fare but wholesome was on the table, great steaming dishes of peas, beef, biscuits and the inevitable frijollas. Of the ranch hands only Sharky, the irrepressible



had anything to say. He was a young German gardener named  
 Waitz. 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. Combs, Willie, Touza, Sharky and  
 our party all gathered about a big fire in the old pavilion,



*Ruins of Mission at Tala.*

where we told stories  
 his guitar and sang  
 we stepped out  
 and down, between  
 across by the town  
 fancy those  
 with only the moon  
 But we came  
 rooms. Mrs. F. and  
 wife Miss A. and  
 room had a door on  
 elled door to the outside  
 on the door! It was a little creepy to say the least,  
 off there in a 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 hast-  
 ended our sleep was the fact that breakfast was at 8 o'clock.  
 and fell; we were up at 8:30 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.



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. Coxts, Willie, Touts, Sharky and our party all gathered about a big fire in the old pavilion, where we told stories and conundrums, and Willie Coxts 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. Mrs. F. and daughter slept in the Senora'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 pan-elled door to the outside and neither curtains or locks on the doors! It was a little creepy to say the least, off there in the 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 hast-ened our sleep was the fact that breakfast was at 6:00 clock.

and Well, we 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 Warner's Ranch where they have always lived for years. A resurvey has decided they have no right there and the man who has it (Warner's) 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. Samon's, 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-

their back one turns to older Spain and earlier still,  
 those bells rang once in quaint old Belgium; for now  
 at least the lettering has been deciphered and it is  
 thought Spanish wars robbed Belgians of these bells.  
 The Pale bell tower stands in the grave yard, the  
 resting place of Indians and Mexicans. Children's toys  
 strewn their graves, a tin goat, a doll, a bit of bright  
 blue glass; on the housewife's grave a mixing bowl or  
 a tin pan; a favorite cup on another grave, or the lamp  
 by whose light they died.



Home of Pachango Indian and Pelo Mar Mountain

the mountains. Indeed wild flowers were in abundance,  
 and where we found one new to us we gave it a name our-  
 selves. A shrub 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 Pachango  
 Valley among the pitiable huts of the Pachango Indians,  
 made of twigs and trellis, a light plastering of mud,  
 two rooms to a house, the cold ground their floor.

ther back one turns to older Spain and earlier still, those bells rang once in quaint old Belgium; for now at last the lettering has been deciphered and it is thought Spanish wars robbed Belgians of these old bells.

The Pala bell tower stands in the grave yard, the resting place of Indians and Mexicans. Children's toys strew their graves, a tin goat, a doll; a bit of bright blue glass; on the housewife's grave a mixing bowl or a tin pan; a favorite cup on another grave, or the lamp by whose light they died.



From Pala we drove up the lovely canon through which Alessandro and Ramona escaped when they eloped. We saw the spot by the spring where they stayed three days. No 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 shrub 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.



*Cactus in the desert.*

Mr. Coats of course speaks Spanish which was a great help to us as we did not get beyond "Adios" and "Buenos Dias". 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 of the house was shelling 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 'had promised them all to the school teacher for \$1!" and she would not break her word.





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  
 tules (cat tails) built about a little court in which  
 was the dancing platform.  
 Just before dark we reached Temecula and spent the  
 night, pursued by fleas but only the first taste - on  
 the part of the fleas - as we found later and to our  
 sorrow, these from the Indian reservation.



San Diego Mission  
 (Founded, July 16, 1769)

through Rainbow and Red Mountain Ranch, and the beautiful  
 Ritchie's grove, principally live oaks, forming arches  
 above the narrow road. Wild and eastern. Passed Fred  
 Fox's home. Passed through Treebrook 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. Combs. They had just returned from a  
 camping expedition and their well equipped covered wagon  
 stood near their door.

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Just before dark we reached Temecula and spent the night, pursued by fleas but only the first taste - on the part of the fleas - as we found later and to our sorrow. *These from the Indian reservation.*

Next morning we drove out to Wolf's store (Harzell's) and saw the graveyard where Ramona waited while Alessandro 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 old fellow - I think he was a Frenchman - who it was discovered had forty nine children in the different Indian schools. His last Indian wife - his widow - hoeing in the garden as we passed his ranch. *Never turned her head.*

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. Coats. They had just returned from a camping expedition and their well equipped covered wagon stood near their door.

in addition as they are today. But the Romans of the  
should have their rich lands taken from them to be left  
wonder Mr. Jackson was indignant that the Indians

A wonderful trip, through a beautiful country. No  
also came back to the ocean, and to Oceanide.

The latter had her first glimpse of the sea, and so we  
over the trail travelled by Altagiro and Ramona when  
from there on down the valley our first day nearly

La Pilla 87



Before we could stand on a slight hillside where the

We drank from an olla (olla) in the depths of the mine  
and took me to get a drink as I had said I was thirsty.

Now - above, like a stone - and Mr. Costa helped me out

On the way, we soon came to a beautiful old ranch  
river dammed up.

at last, and I think it really only the Santa Margarita  
and passed down by the Santa Margarita Lake, through

Reminded me the noise which had enjoyed a good long

Reharnessed the horses which had enjoyed a good roll and passed down by the Santa Margeretta Lake, unusual sight, and I think is really only the Santa Margareta River damned up.

On the way, we soon came to a beautiful old ranch house - adobe, like Guajome- and Mr. Courts helped me out and took me to get a drink as I had said I was thirsty. We drank from an olla (~~olla~~ *oyia*) in the depths of the wide porch. The house stands on a slight hillside which has been walled 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 O'Neil of San Francisco. 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 pim, 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



story was a fabrication pieced together from many sources. It is true Senora de Courts 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 Diego, roomed at <sup>the</sup> New York (the Misses Wells, prop.). Took our meals at the Manhattan restaurant. Spent first day there at La Jolla a delightful change. Gathered 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 'our own risk' 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 'the woman in white'. It was beautiful down there beneath the cliff with the surf roaring through the 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. Damp masses of sea weed lay here

and there, and crystals of salt showed on the rocks  
 where the morning's pools had been. How lovely it  
 must be to spend a summer on the coast.  
 Next morning we drove into the country to the old  
 San Diego mission. Very little left but the facade.  
 We saw the olive press that the monks once used, and the  
 old olive orchard which is still there. Two palms stand-  
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 A prickly thorn is found there as at many of the mis-



*Point Loma.*

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and there, and crystals of salt showed on the rocks where the morning's pools had been. How lovely it must be to spend a summer on the coast.

Next morning we drove into the country to the old San Diego mission. Very little left but 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. A prickly thorn is found there as at many of the missions as they generally planted it because it was thought to be the same thorn that Christ's 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 in the garden. Wonderful expression of agony and pleading, done by the monks soon after the mission was established. We saw some of the girls making drawn work. How indignant the M.S. grew as we talked of the wrongs of the Indians, and how sad she 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 beach. 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 been set between Pt. Loma and the fort further in. He took Miss F. and ~~me~~ clear into the lamp, just 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. Tingley'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,  
Just rest assured we'll think of you  
And silently in thoughts express  
Best wishes for your happiness."*

*Christmas and New Years Greetings From*

**MR. AND MRS. A. M. DREW**

*Two-Fifteen Blackstone Avenue*

*Fresno, California*

1934-1935

64a





The Perfect Bridal Veil  
Yosemite Valley  
At Flood Tide  
in 1880

*Bridal Veil Fall 900ft*

*Greeting Card*

Great business abilities should admit 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 \$15 a day) - so they manage to be pretty ex-  
 ceptive. (It is all a great force, here)



Dobe House  
 under Pepper Tree.

but the children are kept in school as they believe that the parents should be free  
 for better (?) work than training children, and that  
 the children's minds should expand unbiased by the opin-  
 ions 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 was two days. They  
 have many Cubans. Mrs. T. recently bought the San Diego  
 opera house. There was great objection, so she leased

great business 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 N.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 was two days. They have many Cubans. Mme. T. recently brought the San Diego opera house. There was great objection, so she leased





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! 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 beautiful 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, just over the line but of course we had to go and smuggle in drawn work etc. from the curiosity stores there, for that is about all there is to the village; pretty Mexican girls in the store. Don't know when we were inspected, didn't see anyone and didn't pay any duty. Got pretty drawn work for very little. Saw the boundary statue between U.S. and Mexico. Returned by Sweet water Dam. Don't 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 Diego going on our way to Los Angeles as far as Capistrano.

There saw Father O'Keefe 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, quaint old panelled doors and wooden shutters at the windows. The front porch on an old garden, immense old geraniums. The bees in the midst of them grew too familiar. I think some boys had angered them. After several attempts at remaining we were altogether routed when one stung me on the cheek. Another got after me but Mrs. Mendolsohn of the Mendolsohn House there knocked it off. We rested in her rooms until train time and then went on that evening to L.A. where I left Mrs. Feagles and daughter and Miss Adams and went to my Aunt's <sup>Rachel</sup>.

The first evening we went down to see the fiesta illuminations, the opening night, brilliant lights and gay flags and the Spanish colors green, red and yellow everywhere. Next day was the Elk's comic parade, men dressed, painted and wigged to represent girls, etc. Next day, Friday, May 2nd, was the beautiful floral parade. One trolley was covered with 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. Lower, 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 asleep when they 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 bridle and trappings. Of course we were covered with confetti, but that is to be expected and everybody is good natured.

Saturday A.M. went to call on Edna Darch. 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-Newfoundland dog Teddy. She seemed very glad to see me.

At one met Carolyn McQ. and attended a luncheon given by the College Women's Club at their rooms in the Shakespeare House, just completed on Figeroa St., after architecture of Shakespeare's house. Comstock School of

Comstock

Expression upstairs, women's Shakes, club and Coll. club  
 downstairs. Many clever women there - and beautiful gowns.  
 Met Miss Adams of Hill House. Many bright toasts, over 30  
 colleges represented. Met one very pleasant little woman,  
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Monday was out Figeos again to Presbyterian Church to



Smiley Heights  
 near Redlands.

going through Pasadena (or... forgot to say I was out  
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 got to the foot of the incline that morning my courage  
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 the grade is about 62 feet. This led from Radio Canyon  
 up to Echo Mountain and then we took an electric car that  
 whirled us around through space until we were at Alhambra  
 Tavern and only 2 1/2 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 re-wound about the mt... when it came to

Expression upstairs, women's 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 Middleberger's, Cleveland. Has a private school in L.A.

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

Monday shopped all day, Tuesday attended E. Darch'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. Darling. 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.

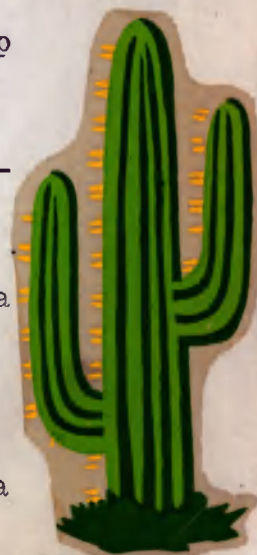
Met Jennie, <sup>cousin</sup> at noon for lunch and visited her school in afternoon. They examine, promote and graduate twice a year in L.A. Thursday Auntie and I went up Mt. Lowe going through Pasadena (oh, I forgot to say I was out there and made a couple of calls one morning). When we got to the foot of the incline that morning my courage almost gave out, it seemed to go straight into the air, the grade is about 62 feet. This led from Rubio Cañon up to Echo Mountain and then we took an electric car that whirled us around through space until we were at Alpine Tavern and only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  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.. When it came to

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 same 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 several 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 Windsor, Casa Palma closed. We were at Riverside a couple times, went to Glenwood Tavern. Drove out the beautiful Magnolia Avenue.

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 Allentown, Miss Kline and Mrs. Massey and the latter's daughter and her husband, a very young couple.

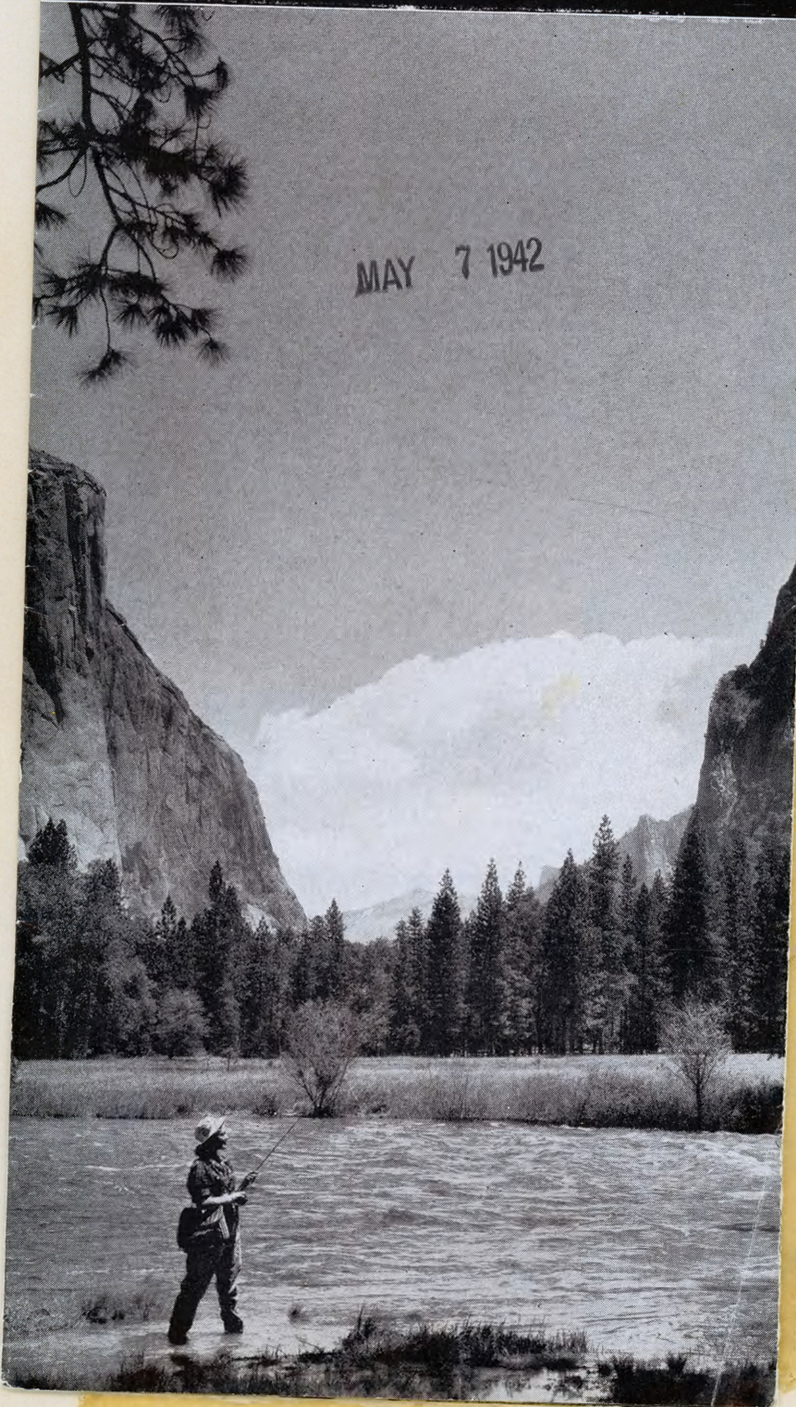
The Mojave Desert I enjoyed although it was like passing through the fiery furnace, yet there was quite a



70a

# Yosemite

NATIONAL PARK



8.5" Folded Brochure  
16" x 17" Opened

breeze across it. *Cacti* 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 before taking the "Limited" (the fast mail coach) through to the Park. All at once 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 around 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, dusty 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, pock 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 way 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 beautiful blossoms that the county takes its name. The lillies are white, lavender and yellow, while down in their delicate 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

the stately pines. How I love them. The straight white pine, the sugar pine with its cones fifteen and eighteen inches long, but most beautiful of all the mottled yellow pine, marked like ~~and~~ 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.

Next 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, Ill. and his son, both very pleasant

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 Grove. 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 big 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 stage as we were leaving. The cones are small, hard and close, not more than two or three inches long. The bark 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 see 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.

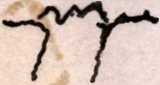
He measures about 20 ft. in diameter, one hundred four around and 204 feet high. His branches are six feet in diameter, the size of the trees beside him. This tree is not the tallest - there is one 324 feet high, but it is by far the most impressive. One feels very insignificant standing beside them, throwing one's 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 and four horses passed. That was an act of sacrilege, nothing less. And 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.

Next day, Thursday, we had a beautiful early morning

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 early spring. For some reason we weren't inspired at Inspiration Pt. I prefer the view from Artist's Point. It gives the same general view of the Valley, but from a closer standpoint where one can realize its immensity more fully. Yet the full realization does not come until one has entered the 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 like this  with 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 beauty of Cathedral Rock and Sentinel 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, North Dome and the Half Dome with beautiful Clouds Rest loom loftily. On

76a



Lottie



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 the 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.

Next 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 again 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.'s son of Quincey, Ill. 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 Lottie! always hungry, occasionally stopped to nibble on the very edge! 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 'letting go' 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 snowball 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 the 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; Past dear El Capitan then along the Cascades. Close to the stately cathedral saw the Widow's Tears now almost dried and then came to the beautiful Bridal Veil as it sways its lacy length across the cliff; "Spirit 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, walked 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 o'clock call. Breakfast at 5:30 and took the stage at 6:00 leaving alone as my party were going on to 'Frisco. 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 passing with another stage where it was necessary to grind the wheels along against each other, the men from each coach pushing against the opposite side. No margin could be allowed as it was sheer cliff up on one side and down on the other. Made short stop at Wowona, lunched at Ahwanee, at Raymond for dinner. Boarded our sleeper and went to bed.

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 were 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 county 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.

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 a funny town with forests of sign boards extending across walks and making a veritable avenue down which we walked. They were putting in new trolley 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 asked if we wished to be shown about. He said he was a Mr. Drew, a lawyer. He and Mrs. Jewel entering into conversation, she discovered that she had known him as a boy back in Illinois. Then he couldn't 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!!) and seated 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.

*corresponded with him intermittently until about 1940 when he died.*

We were driven to call on Mrs. Brew and then for a beautiful drive through the vineyards (most of our vines come from this place) and past beautiful country houses with great hedges of many colored clematis. Finally stopped at a large winery and sampled several delicious wines. They make wine and brandy with soda and baking powder as by products.



which we inspected. passing orchards of met us at the beginning with and I laughed she like all of at once. That Whitney towered did arrive at I have parted. I have Back to San friends and then my tickets bought for them to visit Portland I was

*In Travelling Coat!*

suddenly recalled home. My mother was ill but fortunately recovered and I had a few more happy days in the old home, where in 1902 I married Frank A. Biley of Erie, Penn. and removed to that city. We have two children; Josephine who with her husband made this book for my pleasure: and Frank Dawson Biley.

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 wine and brandy with soda and baking powder as by products. Then drove on to a fine dairy which we inspected. Then drove back again to the town passing orchards of fig, almond and apricots. Mr. Drew met us at the train. We were put aboard and so the day's beginning with so little promise closed. How Mrs. Jewel and I laughed when we talked it all over that night and she like all old ladies was ready to begin match making at once. That night we watched the sunset and saw Mt. Whitney towering in the distance. Next morning we really did arrive at Los Angeles and there Mrs. Jewell and I parted. I have never seen or heard of her since.

Back to San Bernardino, 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 suddenly recalled home.

*My mother was ill, but fortunately recovered and I had a few more happy years in the old home, where in 1905 I married Frank A. Biley of Erie, Penn. and removed to that city.*

*We have two children; Josephine who, with her husband made this book for my pleasure: and Frank Dawson Biley.*

THE



END

Lula Dawem  
her book.

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*introduced the Japanese exclusion act  
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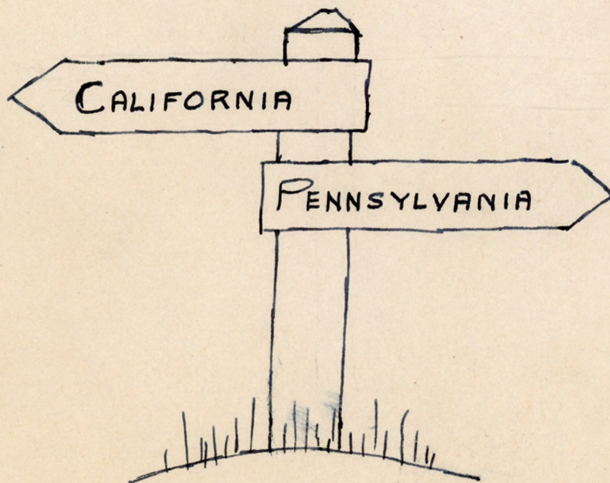
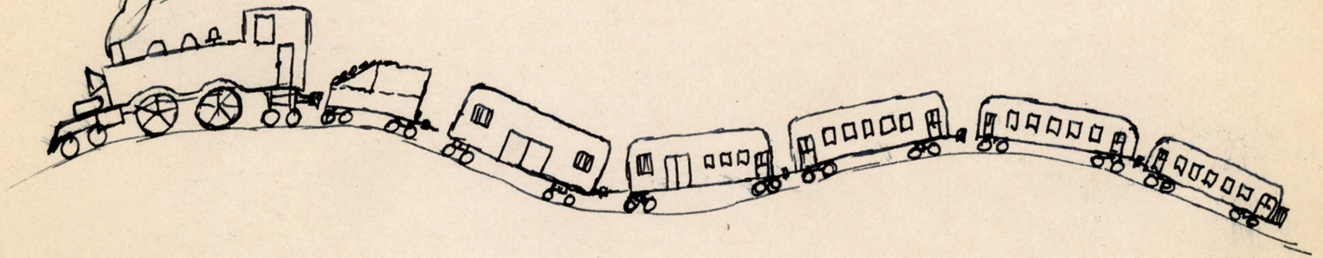
plateau-like mountains intervening.

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 top 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.

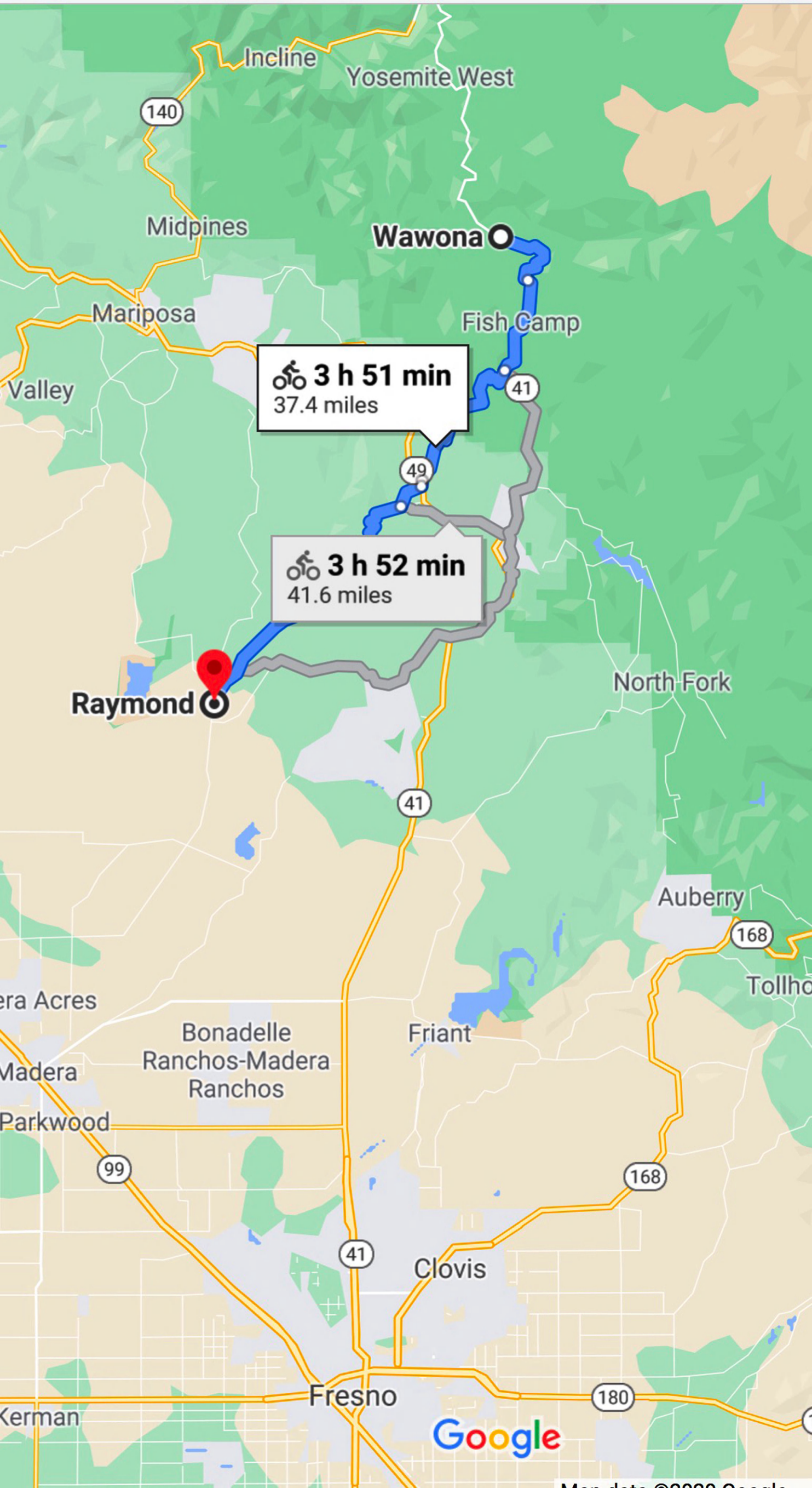
From Trinidad on, we commenced our ascent of the mountains in good earnest our highest point being at Raton Pass just over the line in N. Mexico, some 7608 feet above sea level. At that point we entered a quarter mile tunnel. We scarcely moved up the mountain side, and often saw our two engines puffing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

Thro' Colorado and N. 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, N. Mex. There we took dinner- and a very good one too. I was even hungry enough to begin on raw oysters. We had lovely cele

BY THE WAY







**🚲 3 h 51 min**  
37.4 miles

**🚲 3 h 52 min**  
41.6 miles

**Raymond**

**Wawona**

Fish Camp

North Fork

Auberry

Tollho

Friant

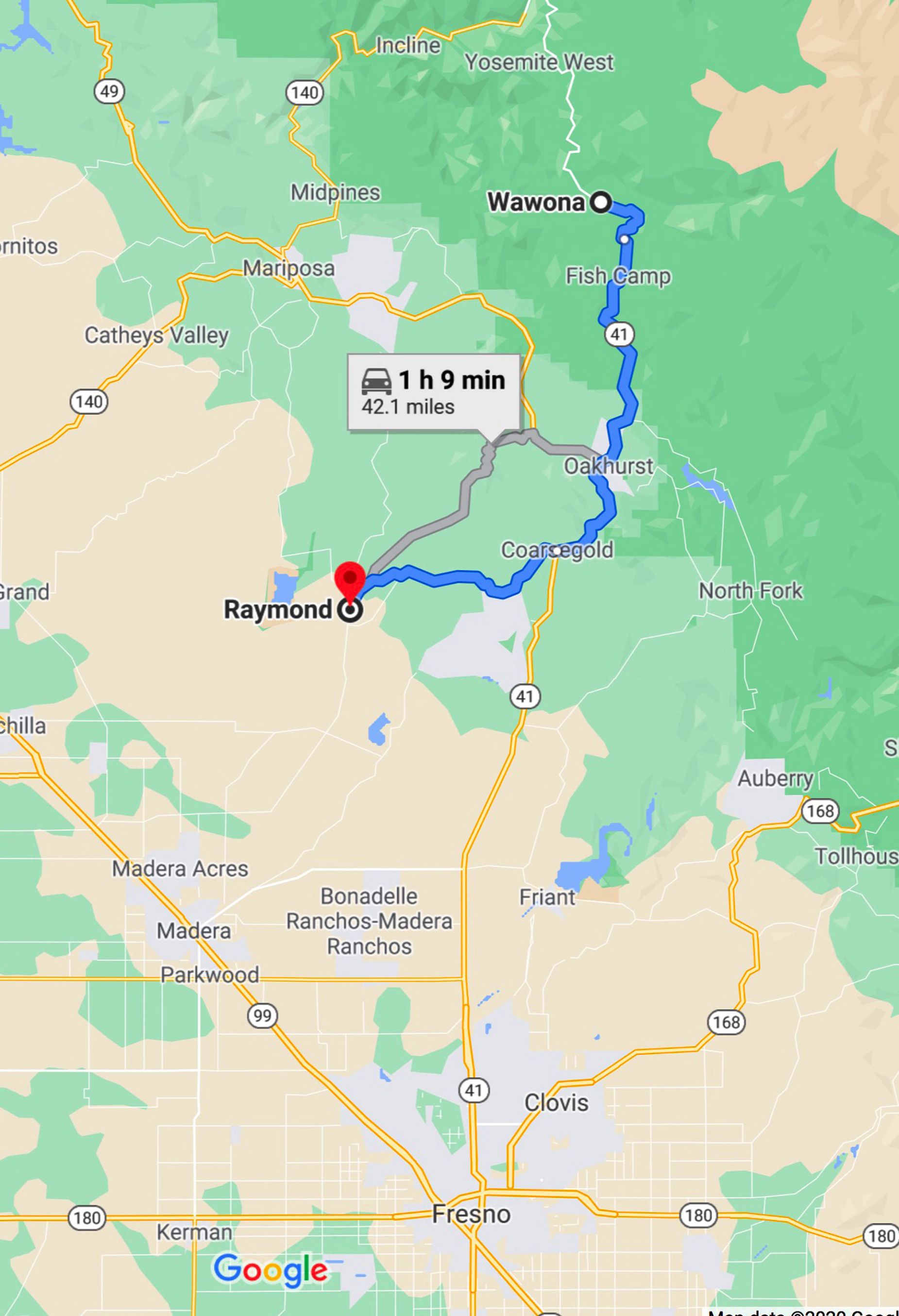
Bonadelle  
Ranchos-Madera  
Ranchos


Clovis

Fresno

Google

Map data ©2020 Google



 **1 h 9 min**  
42.1 miles

**Raymond**

**Wawona**