SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 25
“CALIFORNIA NATIONAL PARKS.
ZION AND BRYCE. BIG TREES. YOSEMITE. MT.
LASSEN. ZION. BRYCE”
1929

California!!! Will we see the Yosemite, the Big Trees, Mt. Lassen, Zion? — — —

We left home at seven o'clock, the morning cold and some cloudy, the after noon warm with the side.  

We came to new grade. We had one final way side fence at Goldrege, where "Pride" died. A cat to demonstrate she was entirely fit for the trail. All day it has seemed good to the weather along. We made 320 miles to-day and have made our first camp (No. 1) at a school house on a high bank.


At 5 o'clock Colorado's level stretched a heavy fog, settling out the land space. It must have obliterated road signs, too, for when voice began to clear about ten o'clock, we discovered we were about 40 miles off trail. Flying miles made
May 22. Camp again.

Of used to day to enjoy the lovely colors of trees and clouds, and to drink our \textit{water}. We rode a little way out of the village this morning to poke about Curio absolute and drinks of the meadow. We rode and longed about camp all afternoon. Fell narrow and so.


Leaving Colorado Springs this morning we felt we were starting West as usual. Oat the way to Pueblo, and down to Walsenburg...
showing the winding roads over which we had climbed. Then slipping down to the town of Raton on steep grades, we were off to meet the
New Mexico - long roads sliding away over the fertile
flat, empty country.

May 24. On route, New Mexico.
En crossing always there into a little red-roofed canvas cabin last night, and the narrow footpath led us up on our early this morning, but over muddy roads where we made poor time until noon. --- From Las Vegas to Santa Fe the road winds thru cedar and canyon all the way and thru interesting Mexican villages of adobe houses, where there was out with two cameras taking pictures in all directions! Along the way we stopped at an old Indian - Spanish well, said to be the oldest in America and to have been visited by Coronado in the sixteenth century. We rode but a glimpse of the ancient city of Santa Fe. Here the streets were narrow and the mestizo-line Spaniard, Mexican, and Indian. --- Three miles of pavement (as 3 miles) will take us into Albuquerque to night.

May 25. On route, New Mexico.
Albuquerque! An old town of 35,000 population. I'd like to stay a while. --- Out of our little cabin this morning I began the day with a visit to the dentists - not every one needs a dentist en route! That dead tike over we stayed about two a bit, the morning bright and clear. The Franciscan church - all Spanish, Mexican, Indian - was unique in its appropiite beauty. Some lovely paintings on the walls. --- Out of town we were soon in the "open space." All day we have followed long stretches of sage or round
cliffs red clay hills covered with
...the Indians. We Indian guards, and all along the high-
way children and squaws beg
you to buy their pottery. So
mean a living these people have,
we could never pay them the A.S.
no great gratitude for the privilege
of living here. Well, Indian life
is so interesting for fast travel
there. New Mexico.

Evening: Camp "St. Louis," No. 3. One of our "ideal camps" we
have been. Had together over most
of the United States: off the
highway, hidden, the railroad all
about, early supper, a pleasant
campfire, all by ourselves, the
wind in the trees, the stars to
shine down for us.


Evening bare. In a shabby little
building with marginally looking walls,
and a layer of sand over every
thing! We are glad to be in some
miles at Navajo, Arizona, an
Indian trading post 14 miles from
the "Painted Desert," after making
fast 60 miles out of Gallup.

Forest." The morning was cabled
with travel interesting places. First
we stopped at the "Painted Desert.
It is really a miniature Grand
Canyon - a sliver of multi-colored
sandstone 800 ft. or so above
the plain, or extends for more than
150 miles, varying in width from 14
...miles. It reached clear to the
Grand Canyon and in formation
and color is like it in mind. ---
The Bisti Field Forest we enjoyed
still more. It was unlikd what
I had imagined; the trees are
not standing as in Yellowstone,
but are fallen and the scattered
about. The origin of the Bisti
Forest is lost in the unwritten
history of Arizona. Geologists state
the Forest is more than a million
years old. These it was growing
before the Stone Age. What size of
new forest there living there - is
so interesting to speculate! Once
alive with sap-making limbers and
green leaves, they lived their lives,
died, fell, and when the centuries
are still standing was replaced by
silica and the trees became agate.
And here are thousands of people
stream with limbers and fragments of
limber and covered with chip-like
fragments. We wondered how
great an offense it is to carry
away a small one!

...After noon we made flying
miles towards the Grand Canyon,
and Camp No. 4, off the highway
in a grove of cedar in the
national forest near the Park.

May 25. The Grand Canyon.
We arrived this morning after
a pleasant run the national
park our road high way. We
made camp and had dinner before
we set out to look at the Canyon.
There it was: Beautiful, majestic,
sublime - but somehow I missed
the thrill of our first look. 14
years ago. (Great moments in our
lives do not return) --- There
are many in movements on the
ground. We spent the afternoon
looking about and longing to go
down to the bottom of the Canyon.
And watching the sun set and
the great gorge turn from deep
gold to the rich red of the setting
sun. Longing. For me the Canyon
meant an added experience.
Camp No. 5.
May 29. Camp Grand Canyon.

While taking the River Road, this morning we decided to drive to the bottom, stay our night, and return to - narrow. We started back to camp, made arrangements to leave "Pride" with a Johnson - carrier and his wife, and dragged out blankets, camp sheet, and sup. - rent. At noon. We are off for the Great Divide.


Well, it was a great hike! Seemed miles to the bottom and a hundred and seven to the top. We are stiff and lame but satisfied.

We sat out at noon, carrying our packs, reached the Indian leader with the green trees and pleasant spring at 2:30, rested a while and sat out again over free after noon train. 4:30 to the Colorado River at 4:30, a muddy, turbulent stream raging thru deep canyon walls. Looking at the mid, while we felt we had achieved.

Train a return to the Indian leader. We grade and steep, night coming. Here we slept in this little pocket of green in the heart of the Grand Canyon. What is life lost to dreams and so?

We were up at five and after coffee out of a good old black camp coffee - pot, got out packs on, and set out for the rim. She named the river the steepy trail, and deep. Just made for long mile. Travel day after day, carrying carpenter - middle - aged ladies and awful silly men in deni chemise and gait boots! We dragged our weary legs up and down, round and round. We sat down on the rocks a little and oftener. And finally we came to the top.

After dinner we saw our Eure fixed on the mountain, and gave up, off the highway in national forest. First out side the State. "Pride" lives it true.

Camp No. 6.

We are making a start for Seattle and the California line this afternoon, after a late start out of Williams where we got supplies. Wonderful roads over desert country, the wind blowing a gale, clouds of dust and sand, cactus, desert flowers and sage.

June 1. On route.


good and California! But
some miles of harshness first. -
we were up before the sun and
out of our desert camp (No. 7) new
Seattle and on the high way by
six o'clock. We made good time
all morning for ir was cool and
not difficult travelling nine miles
of sage and sand. We made our
noon stay about just out side of
Berkeley. From here to San Bern-
ardino we had hard surfaced
roads, three miles of desert sage
and giant cactus. A beautiful
panorama opened before us from
the summit of San Jacinto.

The green sea of Southern California.

We followed the Foot Hill Road.

to San Bernardino, deciding to
got a cabin and clean up before
going into Los Angeles.

June 2. Sunday: Santa Monica.

A perfect sunny day following
rolling miles of lowland bare
orange groves to Los Angeles and
on to Santa Monica. And to our
Windsurf and Barney!

June 3. 4!5½ miles Wilshire Blvd.

At this point it did not seem real.
Barney much older, Windsurf with
the under standing bold, and the seed
gyellow cane! Sun in the palms,
hot breeze blowing fierce, the soft
cool breeze from the ocean.

We went for a long drive
this afternoon out Sunset Blvd.
following the sea side.
for many miles. "Pride" slipped in
the Pacific! Home to a long
evening to relax.
June 4. Edward and Winifred drove over deep sea fishing for the day, and I was alone getting my diary into date.

Evening: The fisherman came in at 6:30, smiling and sunburned, carrying a quagy-arsed full of fish. Halibut, barracuda and mackerel. There had been a great chill! He landed a big fin in twelve pounds halibut and had been slightly seasick. Fishing had been quite exciting. She was excited as a small boy.

June 5. Harold took us around to-day. We made a day drive we visited the three cities of Ocean Park, Venice, and Santa Monica, Hermosa, Redondo, San Pedro, Wilmington, Long Beach where we saw the old wells of Signal Hill, and called on Mrs. Forrest at "Conjus Arms.

We ran to Covington for a brief stop at the Adams', and flying kites along the beach home to Santa Monica. And after the big day we had a gay evening: "a field for" out on the palisades where a good gale swept.

One was driven to see the scenery and field did not drift off the table! The ocean was choppy and rough. As soon as the food was gone we came home to our doors and a gay evening of laughter and talk.

June 6. "Our men" went deep sea fishing again to-day. Winifred and I visited. The boys came home looking tired and subdued. Their "cattle" was good, but no big fish. At least Sam had it "out of his system" now.

June 7. Our route: 20 Balboa field. Goodbye to Santa Monica and "our cattle." We were on our way by Carver "beach" flying "kiteing" our way out of Los Angeles environs towards San Fernando and the highway north. Out of the residential district which extended for miles. We gradually entered the semiarid range, range which we would for fifty miles, reaching an elevation of 4,000 ft. Higher ranges of velvet brown peaks and lovely valleys of bosky shades,
June 5. We are camping this afternoon near the entrance to Sequoia National Park, waiting until tomorrow to see the Big Tree. For more time, (price must remain true) rain is a lovely jay, wooded places all about, a rushing mountain stream within earshot.

June 6. Saturday: A day in Sequoia National Park. We will not forget our visit to the "Big Tree," but to witness if it are indeed his own little ones. We made a day of it, and early in the evening we climbed to the Giant Forest and returned to camp late at night. Some how it did not strike these great trees were growing upon the upper slopes of the Sierras, more than a million sequoias, but those they are all John

again was no beauty fully said: "the
first to feel the touch of the very
beneath of morning, the last to bid
the rain good night." Before three
four men were one band.

The General Sherman Tree is 36.4 ft.
in diameter, 279.9 ft. in height.
the oldest and largest living thing in
the world. Red velvet back - the
loneliest dark at 8 o'clock bed now.
Ask all about and once more trees.

so trees, once trees were growing
through all the age of Greece and
Roman civilization, before the pyramids
were built on the Egyptian earth,
before Christ was born in Bethlehem;
stillly, glorious, living million years! We all are little in Giant Forest.

took a drive to see other trees, this
a mile mile climb to more Roche,
while we climbed the "Stair way of
a Thousand Stairs" to enjoy a quiet
panorama of the Sierra Nevada.

more Roche is a quiet monolith, at
its base the Kaweah River, almost a
sheet drop of 7,119 ft. -

Home to camp after all this.
June 10.

Grant National Forest.

At early and off our rain-washed roads to visit the big trees. We followed a densely wooded high-
way through forests of pine, cedar, and fir, climbing to heights not seemed to have any, where we saw into
a deep fog and fell over a narrow road round and round with only the tips of trees visible above the
cloud-felled water below. On the
Pine a fine shine and the glorious
regained! Although only two square
miles in area, Grant contains a
magnificent group. The most notable
are famous "General Grant Tree",
and called the nation's "Chief and
Tree"; but not the most
beautiful, for it is called the "California Oak"standing somewhat apart in all its
majesty. The summit, its perfect symmetry,
its glow of red, is most fantastic, some-
what lessened than all the rest.

As we turned and spent the
afternoon walking down to the
Fresno Valley below, growing warmer

as we doubled back and lost for
miles down to the flat country
of groves and vineyards - this
Fresno of '1910', and to Camp
No. 10.

June 11. Yosemite! The incomparable Yosemite of our dreams!!! A mile
from our camp looking out over
the meadow- like floor of the
valley to the majesty of those gray
granite walls, the sun dropping
delighting the specifice, works
and seemed too gently to immensity,
so romantic suggestion in a land
of enchantment. ---

A few
days Yosemite Valley must in
some sense become "ours" and we
will feel in fact what John Muir felt when he said of
Yosemite that it contained: "two
of the most songsful streams in the
world; immemorial lakes and water-fall; and underneath silence! Above
the meadow forest, the left footed granite
down, the steepest ice- sculptured
canyons, the longest crystaline
Pine trees, and many mountain peaks soaring into the sky twelve and thirty thousand feet, arrayed in fern covered and aging pinnacles grouped partially separated by streams and one evergreen and autumnal trees; gardens on their sunny slopes, and meadows with daisies down their long white slants, cat-naps soaring gray and foaming in the cool and rugged gorges, and glaciers in their shadowy recesses, working in silence, slowly converting their sandpiles; nests - born lakes at their feet, blue and green, free or entombed with drifting ice bays like miniature Arctic oceans, shining, rippling, calm as stars.

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We followed magic roads into Yosemite: shining pavement, winding serene, sunny, following the tumbling waters of the Merced River, our only guide, the gigantic walls of the Valley coming into plains of view, "El Capitan" first, glimpsed of waterfall falling over the rim.

June 12, Yosemite National Park.

We made a 20 mile drive this morning covering the floor of the Valley, returning to the pleasant cool of our camp about two o'clock. The Yosemite Falls, were lingered longest at, really three falls in one, the great fall of the Valley. At a greater distance away Pillar Falls, a tiny silver thread against the gray, 1,617 ft. in a straight fall nearly the times as great as Bridal Veil (620 ft.) in a filmy cloud of spray and
morning — sunshine. Then three
more miles in comparative silence:
"El Capitan," 3,604 ft. — we are in
down the "Sentinel Dome."
"Cathedral Rocks," "Half Dome."
"Clouds Rest." Gray granite giants
for ever guard this pleasant
meadow. — — — — — - We gal in a
bit - wind, ready for a quiet after
noon in camp.

June 13. We left "Glacier Point -
9 miles - a good trail and steep.
arrived at the hotel at 10:30. When
we joined the marvellous façade
of El Capitan are rocks away
to James and Gimblett, "Nevada" and
"Vernal Falls," and down into
Yosemite Valley. 244 feet - labor, a
sheet drop to the green velvet
meadow. — — — — — On sleeping with
the altitude we had a high - flight
during. Then down trail, but
sunshine. Walt in 3:30 wind and
warm. — — — — — - broke camp and
said good - bye to "Yosemite Valley."

June 14. On route, arrived at "Bullion
Flats," nice to have "Pride"
with us again.

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June 15. On route. Sacramento to
Red Bluff.

Well, after a short rain, we
are in the hills now. It looks
like rain, but
Red Bluff.

Well, after a short rain, we
are in the hills now. It looks
like rain, but
Red Bluff.

Our car with its little brown dog, Atchuck, from the side has looked out upon varied scenes. The world was a continent of snow, but though some were still green! We were cold and the turned and down a point. All morning we followed wool roads over the forest, sometime rain turning to snow as we gained higher altitude, the grade more steep and uneven as we went on. After about 10 miles of hard going we arrived at "Mt. Lassen". Suddenly we stood out. We sat inside our tent. What if we do not get a glimpse of Mt. Lassen? We have come so far to see it, too. (End No. 16.)

June 17. We see "Mt. Lassen."

For many years we will wear the day's experience with delight. A 14 mile, all day trip with saddle horses, took us into a winter fairy land of ice and snow. We climbed Mt. Lassen, the second couple on the trail this season. A few feet of snow had fallen in the last three days. The trail was steep and uncertain and long before we reached the base of the peak was entirely lost in a wall of snow. The trees hung with crystal, the sun dazzling bright, the wind icy. Our guide rode ahead, pointing with trained eye the trail out while the horses could go; passing over drifts fifteen ft. in depth but solid enough to hold us up. The last two miles was a wall of loose snow, the horses sliding against the side in its depths and finally when they began to break through and floundered to their bellies, we got off and walked on rather feverish. We
East mile. Returning we again walked over the west flanks.

It is interesting to know that Lassen Peak has been quiet for a period of about 200 years. Then in the spring of 1914 started a series of comparatively small eruptions. Since a more vigorous activity in 1915 it has remained relatively quiet. From time to time now the volcano emits quantities of steam and smoke. Yet Lassen River is at an altitude of 10,460 ft.


Red Bluffs - back to Lassen mouth.

We get out of "Lassen National" late after noon determined to drive down to Warner altitude. With the rain dripping and the roads muddy dry the highway looked flat, so flat, we made to hide and camp off (No. 16) off the right way. A nice night in live oaks and tinned roads, warm and quiet...

So-day - sunshine and lovely.

Highway! Too good we straight away!

We are just flying. Sacramento shanty o’clock where to make dinner just we were returning to Santa Monica for a final visit with them.

June 19. On route out of Camp (No. 17)

At Red Bluffs - Warner - Fresno, where we stopped for dinner - Bakersfield at four o’clock. Then the straight away for the mountains over the "Grape Vine" - scarce velveteen, cliff, climbing to cool breezes after a long hot day of motoring. We made Camp (No. 16) mid way, near the summit.

June 20. On route.

Half length thru the San Fernando Valley all morning. Always long miles getting in. Finally the cool ocean feeling! And we were at "our fellow" again in time for luncheon. They gave some nice time near the first visit! This of the noon Equinox and we went down to the beach for a dip in the Sacfie. 
June 21. Dr. and I went to-day alone in Winfred's home with "Pike" and the cats. Dr. was having a quiet time. Winfred & Edward went deep sea fishing.

Evening: Our fishermen home nicely and thrilled! Edward's largest fish was a 16 lb. redfish, but he saw a 300 lb. sea bass landed on their boat.

June 22. Edward and I were off to spend the day in Los Angeles. We enjoyed the usual good time fishing around to gather - longing past - sand, little animal, and man. Nothing but getting the thrill of big city girls.

The rumble, the traffic, the ships - the teeming Los Angeles of wide such fast roads! What a pleasant day we had! We revisited memories of the old "Pikelet" by being out running true but the little did mean! Why do any? We came home with a new feeling a different route. A big dinner and a jelly evening. What a fun day & pleasant...
June 26. En route to Nevada.

The hottest day we ever lived through! Walking three direct counties all day in a temperature of 120°. We dined off two boxes at Las Vegas.

On the village green we rested until after dark. Then on again. The heat intense, no vegetation, the road a white trail over red baron hills to long, long, mesas. At times the wind came in shuddering heat at if from a fire. A long day from from in the morning to long after dark.

June 27. En route to Zion.

We had a "star light" camp (No. 29) again last night in a little cove of Arizona. All was up this morning before the sun came over the ridge.

A long, hot, ride but not so bad as yesterday. Met with some cooling cottonwoods and glistening water in irrigation ditch. Running along the streets. We ate our lunch by one of them, a white pig in a nest by your enthralling us! We should get into Zion by mid- after noon.

Evening. Zion National Park.

Again from the floor of the canyon. I lift my eye to the red walls of Zion. It is so close, so shining, so magnificent!

Camp "Zion" (No. 29.)

June 27. A morning ride seeing a bit of "Zion." Three are half hour or five miles of highway to get to winding road thru the Canyon. The walls rise from 1,500 to 2,000 ft. Some time called "a auremille stone in one." At times walls rising in successive layers of sand and shale, and lime stones, colored like a Roman scarf, far flung in gay, gorgous sides, and above the red in startling contrast, white and gray! And all along the walls ever queer & springing from every crevice. A magnificent Zion.

We set out after lunch for an 86 mile drive to Bryce Canyon. We left the state highway at Cedar City and then began a long 20 mile climb to Cedar Breaks.
June 28. Morning:

We arrived at Bryce Canyon this morning; a great amphitheater extending three miles in length to two miles wide, down a thousand feet into spine and white sandstone, filled with myriad of fantastic figures—smeared, spires, tumbled—a countless army of eroded pinnacles. A gorgeous spectacle! Fantastic and startling beauty! Called a "Cathedral Canyon" sometimes; and again "The Sliced City," with towers and fortresses and stubbled, and pinnacles a thousand windows!

June 29:

We begin to realize the complexity of having acquired a little land. Some 1200 miles from our home! I arrived here this morning with him on my lap, and after we made him a battle out of a medicine dropper, he revived. I feel he will soon fully become a sheep, a sheep of Park Avenue! But he is so small, following us about, and drooping down to sleep near pride. He should be called "Bryce."

June 30. Afternoon.

We caste a long hike along the rim of the canyon to view its gorgeous array from as many points as possible. Still is like never better than this one out from our "Bryce Canyon." Those Rockies with uncleared abandon! It is no use; it can only live on the walls of memory. Of how fine a thought that these walls are never filled with pictures! There is always room for more!
June 29. On route.

We are about 70 miles from Salt Lake City this evening, camped (No. 29) in a village square, the town bands about to begin a Saturday evening concert. A long day of motoring brought us here, over excellent roads and good scenery. One of "Baby Hands" is a bit fattening — so are half in claid to get him a home in this sheep country.

June 30. Sunday. Salt Lake City.

After finding a good home for our well fed sheep, we rolled into Salt Lake City this morning, and spent a pleasant day here visiting Frank and Goldie. They are the same fellows. Have a nice little home and a friendly dog.


After a long day of motoring through the wide sage fields of Wyoming, we are camped (No. 26) on the Green River this evening.
A green Wyoming than I could recall. Good roads and cool out of
the wind. So high we did not know when we made the Continental
Divide and were sliding down the
eastern slope. Next evening there
were rays in the sky. We made camp at an elevation of
4746 ft. and made camp (No. 26) where
in two days camp fires to chase
mosquitoes, and then we started
around quickly all evening for fear
the queen bite sound off in the
grass might be a rattlesnake! So
the motto of our camp were files
of roasted melon: "The banquet of
the gods."
July 5. A delight on our home coming to find Peggie ill. I knew all when I looked in her eyes. A hundred steps to day putting away things not my only real concern now. Our hearts heavy with regret to have brought all this to "Lady Peg."

July 6. Our dear man took Peggie to his hospital this morning. I am afraid she can't get well! I drove down town for groceries this after noon. Then we had supper at Rudgie's. Poor little Peg!

July 7. Sunday: Edward worked all the yard all day - such a perfect weather! I served a regular old-fashioned Sunday dinner in the dining-room. I hope Peggie can get well and come home!

July 8. Keeping busy but Peggie uppermost in my mind. She is very sick, love holding her arm. I got cleaned up at Thompson's.