SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 37
“TO CALIFORNIA BY PLANE,”
1951
Oct. 13. Really not quite well to-day but
thought I would go to work all day. Went over the
whole house sweeping and dusting. Brought
things in from outdoor, too. Took the whole
day for I went slow. I suppose was
careful of my eating. Just give over this.

Oct. 14. Sunday: It has been a long day. I
was taking my breakfast before six o'clock. After
morning work one of the way, I got out my
nice luggage and spent most of the morning
pooling. I went happened by over the noon
hour and met every one about "Rosie" and a
old him. Seemed to see in good spirits.

Yvon Harrington the phone (from one of town)
that he would see me Tuesday morning. There
is no one quite like him! Mid-afternoon
I went over to Jeanne's for supper. So
it has been a long day.

Oct. 15. For a long time I counted months,
then weeks, now hours. Just hours until 3
am in Santa Monica, California -- with
Winnie's! Most everything is done now.
I have placed a call to Pittsburg, Kansas
to talk to Margaret. "Rosie" goes to the
Humane Society in the morning. (that is the
only sad spot I have) now comes over in
the morning, too. Jeanne's guard is the
airport. It is all like last year.

The day of days.

I am on my way to California, it is now 8:30 p.m. There is a blue gelatin haze over the checkers landscape, but it is not cold, glad it was not hanging in my face. A day of steady drizzle all the way.

The flight is hourly a moment of the sky. We are climbing to 15,000 feet, non-stop to Los Angeles. We are only the night away and the time.

Sante: We are half an hour’s flight from San Francisco and waiting.

But I am on my way.

4:00 p.m. Time has changed. The landcape has grown gray. Flying is now quiet. The west wing from 1st class coffee and we sandwiches. I feel revived. Of the clouds and the clouds of a big ship.

We are a little time in finding Winfield. But 4:00 p.m. at 1110 East Steele, Santa Monica. We have talked until midnight.

5:00 p.m. We are out of Nebraska. This is Swingland, 10th minute from Winfield, the blue distance in the first glimpse.

Oct. 17. Santa Monica, California.

This is a new world: The ocean, the blue sky, the golden young sun. ———
We took a long walk to stay along the ocean front. The Pacific was a vast sea of mist with only quiet ripples. At first we had a big rodeo dinner and home to rest after a huge indulgence. We rode and rode and rode and ate in between.

I feel this is something that in California.

Act 2. To see the Big City. We left home early for a 10 mile bus ride into Los Angeles. Two chances to arrive at the commercial center lost it was continuous city all the way. By dinner time we could find nothing but a middle one of the city I had visited in the past so nothing new or seen or taken on with political appearance. In fact it was that we arrived about noon at an old Mexican mission with a quaint street of Mexican stores. There was a lot of Mexican food of some kind.

Wine, a large Cali pizza, beer at the Mexican plaza, and all stuff quiet cool in the air. After a few souvenirs in the big stores we still had home in Santa Monica. The city was lost as we were prepared to come back to the ocean front with cool sea breezes and soft shadow over snow white. Now it must rest a little and then for a long drink of 70 miles this evening close to

Riviera.

Act 3. Riviera, Cali.

We stopped in Vice came for the last night and we arrived early (2 a.m. beautiful morning over California's finest high way). Six hours furnishing a check way for hundreds of cars travelling from 60 to 80 miles an hour, crowded cars at Phillips salt. A side trip (plus with stopovers) and when I arrived in one squat I am among at the seat an mysteryed Big day with the boys from California. The boys came from Santa Ana. Then we spent the after noon seeing something of Riviera and especially the famous Rivamare from it's visit collector & a glimpse of the Pacific where the large ships were laid. All of all. The next day to Santa Monica was uneventful (niche of my being on site at ease) until in Santa Monica where we ran into a small fog and had quiet a time back 11110 Dale Ridg.
After dinner we went right down to the movie theatre, of course, while the ship was at anchor. Lloyd's connection with the movie industry in Hollywood has been very close and even before the war he had bought a theater. He calls it "Shebaum" and has given him an in the movie business. One day he showed me a picture he had taken of a movie set. He showed me some of his pictures and told me about the people he knew there. He said, "In Hollywood, everything is glamorous."

On Monday the drive to the beach was wonderful. We went south to the Hollywood hills and Hollywood Beach, then north to the San Fernando Valley. We had a fine view of the valley. Of course, we passed many of the movie studios, and at one point I had a chance to see some of the old movie sets. We saw a lot of old movies and famous stars. It was a beautiful day, and we enjoyed the drive very much. We had some time to spend at the beach, and we spent it swimming and playing in the sand. We saw some of the old movie stars, and I was very excited. It was a great day in Hollywood, and I will never forget it.
After dinner we went down to Sante Fe. (I would go again some day to see the Pueblo Indians and the missions.)

After a wonderful dinner we took a long drive seeing some of the various sites of the region. We visited the Sante Fe plaza, and one of the big pueblos that looked like a medieval city of the old school. We went back to Santa Fe caused by the moon rise.

The ocean was a shining gray with the full moon, and then the little twinkling lights of a fishing boat in the distance. 10 p.m. or so.

Oct. 24. We left Santa Fe and rode life early all day. We reached the Red Rock Reserve about 2 p.m. from Steamboat Springs. (We wanted to see these rocks.) We went into the town and took a dinner. We went out to dinner and water at Steamboat Springs.

Oct. 25. The end of this wonderful trip to California is in sight! Do day went to Santa Fe for lunch. Reached the city about 2 p.m. and had a good dinner and stayed over night. We then went to the Carlsbad Caverns and saw the bats. We returned and stayed here and had a good dinner.

Oct. 26. In flight. Reached Carlsbad in the evening. I wish we could have finished breakfast. It is a very beautiful morning — up here.

The Airmen: "The correct time is now eleven o'clock. We are flying at 360 miles per hour, location over Albuquerque, New Mexico."
For some time I have looked down on a vast field of white clouds, like banks of snow. Above there is only sunshine and blue sky.

Denver, Colorado, 12:30.

Annihilation of time! We have dropped down from dense fog into a gray land of mist and drizzle. Leaving Denver we flew at 11,000 ft.

3:00 P.M. (And this is Lincoln time.) We are on the last leg flying a little late.

Now very dense fog.

Omaha. A gray, chilly day well one bil-

like California! I have quite a long wait-

for a plane to Lincoln. (What a completely

uninteresting part of the country to

dive in!)

Home. When I got off the plane there

wasannie standing in the rain wait-

for me. David came over, too. Had built

my fire. "Rosie" will come home in the

morning. So am home.

Oct. 27. The old order started up. The day

gray and wet. I have completely unpacked

and put away. "Rosie" sleeps. There is full

evidence she has a difficult time. I can

only take good care of her now and hope

she is all right. Mostly she needs rest at

to be warm and clean.