

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 2

**“CALIFORNIA
AND
THE WEST”
1909**

Aug. 10. The planned - far day has
come! We start west at six o'clock
to-night. Will get in to Denver
to-morrow morning. It is to be
a long trip! I hope we have
a safe journey and lots of good
times. It is nearly noon. I have lots
to do yet. Farewell to Lincoln!
Off for the coast!!! Good-bye.

Aug. 11. Denver, Col. Arrived here at
8:15. Was feeling fine after a good
night's rest and a pleasant run. We
secured a room first, then planned
our trip further. We spent all the
morning and until three this afternoon
sight-seeing. The City Park is nice
but not like St. Paul & Minneapolis parks.
Then we visited the Colorado State
Capitol. The building itself is very
beautiful, the most interesting feature
is the museum - here the many
beautiful ore mines of the state and
the relics & remains of the Cliff-dwellers.
We climbed to the dome and viewed
the Rocky Mts. in the distance. At three
we had dinner and went home to rest.

At six we were off again. Took a street-car ride seven miles out to Uni. Park and back. Seen the sun set behind the distant mountains. It is nine o'clock and here we are safe home. The first day of our trip over.

Aug. 12. A great day! We started on the Moffet road trip this morning at 8:30. A clear beautiful morning. It is needless to try to describe the trip thru the mountains. The great bold cliffs, the pink granite, the mountain streams, the tunnels, the little lakes, the snow that never melts and the thunder storms. We stopped at Corona, elevation 12,000 ft, for two hours. We climbed to the top of the nearest mountain and ate our lunch with snow covered peaks at our back and a big thunder storm in front. The trip home I cared less for as I was ill. Reached Denver 7 o'clock. Came to our room, put up a lunch and packed our traps. We leave for Salt Lake City in the morning.

Aug. 13. On the train: We left Denver at nine o'clock. Had a pleasant run of 75 miles to Colorado Springs where we arrived at twelve. We reached Pueblo, a dirty, smoky, smelting city, about two. The afternoon was warm but we had pleasant traveling companions. Then, too, everyone was anxious, expectant, - waiting for the Royal Gorge! We passed thru this wonderful place between three and four o'clock. Out on the open observation car we dashed thru the great opening thru the Rockies. The great craggy mountains rose hundreds of feet on each side the pass, the blue sky above, the mists, the dashing mountain stream along our course. It was dramatic, wonderful! A slight rain was falling which obscured the color effects of the stone deposits but one can not conceive of its being more gorgeous. After leaving the Gorge, it was cooler. For miles we travelled thru the foot hills. We stopped at Salida, a queer, but picturesque little town

completely surrounded by mountains, about six o'clock for supper. The long evening passed quickly with a big frolic on the train: fun over a newly married couple! I slept well.

Aug. 14. Salt Lake City, Utah. Reached here some after five this afternoon. This morning's ride was anything but pleasant: from six o'clock until long after noon we crossed miles and miles of western desert, sage brush, cactus, with now and then a gaunt coyote or a prairie dog. At twelve we stopped at Stelper (so called because our train puts on another engine here) for our dinner. The scenery as we neared Salt Lake was slightly better. But we had a good time anyway: our car was a jolly crowd. We met people from Ariz., N. Va., Minn., Mich., Wash., Iowa, Neb., & N. Y. We exchanged cards and ~~trinkets~~ of us came here and put up at the same hotel. We spent the evening bumping around. The city is packed with tourists and the U. S. R.

convention. We are at "The Luxor."

Aug. 15. Sunday: We do not like this Salt Lake City! At ten o'clock we went out to Saltair. The lake is clear and beautiful. Edw. enjoyed a bath in salt water! We returned to the city at two for dinner. Then we went to the big Mormon Tabernacle to service; we enjoyed the discourse on Mormon doctrines. At four we came back to our hotel and just missed the gentle rain which is now falling. I am glad for it will cool the air for to-night. We leave here 8:15 this evening.

Aug. 16. On the Train: Such a dreary journey! All day we have been riding thru a desert of sage-brush, cactus and sand. Over seven hundred miles of this thru Utah, Nevada, and part of California. I grew so nervous over it all! The seedy old farmer from Indiana as a travelling Californian, was a poor exchange for the gay crowd of tourists

we left in Salt Lake. We reached Las Vegas at o'clock, the first big center after leaving Salt Lake. At one time we were running over three hours late but we made a part of it up. I grew sick and tired as night came on. No more jounies over the San Pedro road for me! We reached Los Angeles at 10:30. Went to the Rosslyn Hotel.

Aug. 17. Los Angeles, Cal. Our first day in this sunny land of roses! I awoke greatly refreshed, spent the morning in our room here at the Rosslyn, and after lunch started out to "look". We first visited the Causton Ostrich farm, a short run on the electric cars from the city. There was much to interest us here: the giant birds themselves, some weighing over three hundred pounds. They can run 40 miles an hour; kick harder than a mule; live to sixty years of age; the male bird sets on the eggs 16 hours out of every 24; lay 15 eggs then set; bird has its

full size at eight months; first plucked at nine months and every nine months after; live on hay and grain; can eat 3 doz. oranges one after another without stopping; the male bird is black, the female gray; tail and wings only are plucked; there are 350 birds on the farm, some valued at \$2,000 a bird. The place itself is most beautiful: a wealth of flowers, tall palms, shady walks, rustic seats. We sat under the orange trees and felt life might well be dreamed away in the soft warm air of balmy California! At four o'clock we returned to the city and took a street car ride into the residence part of the city, here we were most charmed with the real California bungalow. At six we had dinner, then spent the evening seeing the city by electric lights.

Aug. 16. To-day we took the Ballou Route excursion, a scenic trolley trip of 101 miles of sight-seeing in an

observation car with a guide. We visited 10 Beaches, 4 cities, and rode 36 miles along the Ocean Shore. I will try to describe this great day's experience:-----
 We left Los Angeles at 9:10 A.M., a short run brought us to the Ocean where we followed the shore for 9 miles. The Pacific! The great blue ocean, at last! The snowy sea gulls! Who would not be wild over it all?
 We passed Manhattan Beach and had our first stop at Redondo between 10-11 o'clock. This place is an attractive sea-side resort with shipping interests; immense bath house; auditorium and pleasure pier. From here we went to Moonstone Beach where every one got off and looked for moon stones. Edw. found three small ones. We then retraced the Ocean side of 9 miles and stopped at Playa Del Rey, where we had dinner in a big auditorium dining-room whose windows over look the white-capped sea. Off again! We spent an hour at Venice from 1-2 o'clock. Venice is one of the most completely equipped amusement and pleasure resorts on the Pacific coast.

It is an interesting place with true American arched drive ways, colonades, and oriental exhibits. We first took a ride on a miniature train thru the bungalow section of the city, then we visited a \$20,000 Aquarium, where one might well spend a day looking at every species of sea fish and shells. The big sea lion was interesting, too. We next went to Ocean Park where we were all given a free ride on a 4 built car over the ocean. Our car then went out on wharf 47,000 ft. long into the ocean at Port Los Angeles. From here we passed thru Santa Monica, up Ocean Avenue, noted for its beautiful residences which overlook the ocean. Our next stop was at the National Soldiers' Home. The spot is ideal; the grounds cover 760 acres; there are 3,000 inmates. The park is one big garden. The hospital alone can accommodate 600. There are 2,000 buried in the cemetery. We also admired many beautiful birds at the Soldiers' home. From here we passed thru Beverly Hills and the oil district.

We passed immense bean and tobacco fields, big lemon and orange groves. The last place of interest visited was Hollywood, the garden spot of Calhenga Valley and a beautiful suburb of Los Angeles, with its old pepper-avenues, beautiful homes and tropical grounds. The population is 5,000. We reached Los Angeles at 6 P. M. feeling one could not see more in one day.

Aug. 19. Started out again early this morn. We took a car for Pasadena. About 45 minutes run brought us there. We spent two hours waiting for an auto, but none came, so finally disgusted at having wasted so much time, we took the car and went back to Los Angeles. At 12 o'clock we went out to Long Beach. After dinner we took in the sights of the place. Long Beach is probably most widely known of a sea-side resort of the West Coast. It has many attractions, 2-mile of concrete walk along the beach, free concerts, dancing and surf-bathing. Thousands are enjoying themselves here the year round.

We rented suits and went out into the surf. I waded out into the Pacific trying to appear as if I were an "old timer" but I lacked the tan and sunburn. It's just fine, the waves come rolling and tumbling all capped with foam! They dash over your head and nearly take you off your feet. We stayed in as long as we dared then went up on the beach and sunned ourselves in the hot sand. Later we dressed and went over to see the Virginia Hotel, one of the best on the Coast. A beautiful place with a great wide porch over-looking the blue ocean, and always fanned by warm gentle sea breezes. We reached Los Angeles at 6 P. M., had supper, and at 8:00 started out to see China Town. There were about a dozen in our party and a guide. Taking the trip at night, to say the least, is weird. I enjoyed it, but do not care to take it again. We went down long poorly lighted streets, up narrow dingy allies, up rickety stairs, into queer little shops! China Town here is not underground.

It covers an area of 10 square miles, with a population of between 7,000 and 8,000, exclusively Chinese. The guide explained the life and habits of the Chinese, their religion, marriage and funeral ceremonies, beliefs and societies. We visited the Foss House, where the shrine is valued at \$30,000, with carving which took one man 10 years to do. We went into the Chinese Masonic Temple where the enrollment is 11,000. We visited clubs, stores, shops and restaurants, - everywhere the oriental life is lived as if in a foreign land. At one little restaurant, which was really considered "small", we were served chop-suey and tea in real Chinese fashion. We reached our room between eleven and twelve o'clock. I was dead tired.

Aug 20. Started out this morning to see Pasadena. Not to be disappointed! Reached there some after ten, a big red sight-seeing auto waiting to show us around. Pasadena has a population of 35,000; it is world-famed for its beautiful residences. One street has on it the

homes of 25 millionaires. I never saw such beautiful homes! Such flowers, such groves of oranges, such avenues of pepper and palm! We were taken thru both the business and residence districts. We saw the home of James A. Garfield's widow and the old lady herself just driving in. We visited the famous "Busch Garden" - the sunken garden - covers an area 152 acres, built at the cost of \$175,000. Pasadena is indeed beautiful! We left the auto at the District Farm and took the street car back to the city. We had dinner, and at 1 o'clock, boarded an electric car - "Seeing Los Angeles." We travelled 40 miles with a guide, visiting both the business and residence district. Los Angeles has, as compared with Pasadena, a less beautiful residence section. Population 320,000. - It has 1,000 miles of street railway; 170 churches; I should judge 500 (?) saloons; 84 public schools with 42,000 school children; one University, and 16 parks. We learned lots of interesting things about the city.

We visited the largest Pigeon Farm in the world. There there are 125,000 pigeons; they eat three tons of grain daily; and 40 dozen squabs are killed every day. It was a wonderful sight!

We next visited Eastlake Park. It is beautiful, but we only had time to see the Zoo. We then went over to the Alligator Farm, a short distance from the Park. Alligators are raised here. They have between 10+12,000. One old fellow is over 200 years old, and weighs 521 pounds. In one pen were 200 baby alligators. All around it was a novel sight. Got back to the city late, had supper, and spent the evening in our room. We leave here for San Francisco in the morning.

Aug. 21. On the Train: Left Los Angeles at 4:00 A.M. Will reach San Francisco at mid-night to-night. We passed some big bean and beet fields this morning. From eleven o'clock for several hours we followed the ocean. This afternoon we passed thru beautiful mountain scenery. I slept some in spite of myself.

We were both very tired all day but the journey was pleasant thruout. Arrived here took a cab for a hotel.

Aug. 22. Sunday. San Francisco, Cal.

We have spent rather a quiet day here to-day. I am so thankful for the rest. We slept late, had a late breakfast, and I spent the morning writing my journal up to date. At two o'clock we went down town to see the sights. In our walk we came across the depot where we could take a steam boat ride, so we did. The bay was clear and calm. We had supper at five and expect to spend the evening here in our room at the Hamlen. We must write a lot of cards. We have experienced a great change in the weather since leaving Los Angeles. Here it is cold and the wind blows a gale. San Francisco is a big real city. Evidence of the 1906 earth quake everywhere. We have only to look out of our window to see ruins every way. I like the city better than Los Angeles, but I am afraid the climate is not good. Good-night.

Aug. 23. A big day. We took the Balloon Trip. We left 789 Market Str. at 10:00 A.M. with party and guide. We were first conducted thru the U.S. Mint, being permitted to see how our gold and silver money is made. There are only four mints: one at Wash., one at Salt Lake, Carson City and this one here. We were next taken to View Point where we got a panoramic view of the city. So near this point we passed thru what is known as the Mission District, the part of the city entirely destroyed by earthquake. The earthquake occurred April 18, 1906 at 5:30 A.M. In less than 36 hours the city was afire. Six square miles or 407 blocks burned. There were 28,000 buildings destroyed, at least four fifths of the city. The fire broke out in 300 places at once, for the wind blew 40 miles an hour. \$700,000,000 insurance burned. The loss is estimated at \$9,000,000. From here we went to Golden Gate Park where we spent three or four hours. In this park for over 14 months the earthquake sufferers lived. Golden Gate

is the third largest park in the world. The park was the gift of a Mr. Sutro, a widely-known California philanthropist. It is entirely artificial, was once a salt swamp. Every tree has been planted, every rock laid. The park is about 40 years old. It covers an area of 1,030 acres. We stood on a tree stump 4,600 years old and heard many interesting things about Golden Gate Park. After a little lunch we visited the Buffalo Baddock, Bear Den, the Children's Playground and went thru the Museum. Before the Museum stands a Palm valued at \$13,000. The Museum was established in 1893. The art gallery and its fine work in statuary, was the best thing in it. We next stopped at the Japanese Tea Garden, an exquisite little garden, rich in flowers and real oriental arrangement. Edw. and I sat on the shore of Little Stone Lake while some of the party drank tea. From here we could see a great cross erected in commemoration of the first landing on California soil and also the place where Sir Francis Drake

first held religious services in the state. So the north was Strawberry Hill named by Mr. Sutro himself. We left the Park at 3 o'clock going direct to the Ocean. On the way we saw the old Water Wind Mills which supply Golden Gate with water. At the Cliff House we stopped long enough to see the Seal Rocks, and admire the big waves that come thundering in here. We next went to Sutro Heights, the unsettled estate of the late Mr. Sutro, valued at \$35,000,000. It is a beautiful spot: flowers, statuary, shady drives and miles of ocean where we can watch the great liners all day, as they come from all parts of the world. En Route to the city we passed the Mill Rock Light House near where 10 years ago the Opio sank with the loss of 140 lives and millions of dollars in oriental silks. Not a body was ever recovered, not a board of the great ship ever seen again. The Golden Gate, which is a body of water four miles long, connecting San Francisco bay and the ocean, is deep, - many places it is

unfathomable. The sun sets here are rare but can only be seen during the months of Jan. & Feb. A certain Father Serra named the "Golden Gate" because of an imagined arch way at sun^{set} to mountain peaks over the water. We reached the city at 6:00 P.M. We had had a big day, a fine time. A good crowd, regardless of a few grouches. I was taken for a bride! We had supper, went to our room, packed our gifts and our lunch. At 9:00 we took the ferry over to Island Pier from where our train goes. Went to bed at once. Our train started 11:45, or nearly mid-night.

Aug. 24. On the Train: The scenery all morning was most beautiful. We followed the Sacramento River for miles, clear and dashing, it goes tumbling over great rocks in its shallow bed. In the valley it was warm. At noon we came to the foot hills and got our first glimpse of Mt. Shasta then miles away. At 2 o'clock we came to the Shasta Springs.

Here every one got off and enjoyed the beautiful sight. The scenery thru this region is grand, it almost equals the Royal Gorge. Far miles we saw Mt. Shasta. The elevation is 14,000 ft., always snow-capped. Great pines arose on every side. For five hours we were in sight of this great mountain. An hour's ride seemed to take us no farther away from it, we lost sight for a half an hour, only to appear at its feet again. The Shasta Route is grand, no one should miss it while in the West. We crossed the California-Oregon line at 7:00 P.M. We retired early. Edward's birthday well spent.

Aug. 25. On the train:- A day of rapid changes! A beautiful morning and we were gliding over the rails thru the pleasant fields of Oregon. We got into Portland at 11:00 A.M. We had a few hours stay there and made the best use of our time. Two ladies were with us. We first took a car for "Portland Heights", where we got a fine panoramic view of the city. We

went thru the residence part of the city returning. Had dinner, and saw what we could of downtown until 3 o'clock, when we again boarded the train for Seattle. We had a dirty, tiresome journey. After we left the Columbia River there was nothing to see but lumber camps. We reached Seattle at 10:00 P.M. It was raining. Took a cab for a hotel.

Aug. 26. Seattle, Wash. Slept late, had breakfast; then changed hotels. We have a very nice room at the Ethelton. Spent the day resting, writing letters, and getting up my journal. Edward went down to the wharf this afternoon and enjoyed the big ships. It is cool and raining here. What I have seen of downtown I like. Will take a bath and go to bed.

Aug. 27. One big day at the Alaska-Pacific-Alaskan fair. We made a day of it from early in the morning until ten o'clock at night. Seen all we could, enjoyed everything. I will write of it.

We first visited the Alaska building, seen the life represented in relief, picture and exhibit. The Government building was fine, large and well planned. The Hawaii and Philippine buildings I was less interested in. The Spokane, Oregon, Washington and Utah buildings advertised that region of the country well. The California building was fine: the big trees, flowers, fruit and vegetables from that wonderful state made great exhibits. I could have spent a day alone in the Educational Building. The Forestry building was by far the most beautiful building on the grounds, full of the rough big timbers as the great trees come from the forests of California, Oregon, and Washington, it was a very attractive building. After dinner we visited the Japan building: here the exhibits were beautiful and I wished I were a millionaire! The Agricultural building next I cared less for. A big cabbage is a big cabbage anywhere. The Foreign Exhibit building was good, but much of cheap mixed with the real. Not nearly so artistic as the Japanese building.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon in the Fine Arts Building looking at paintings and in the Oriental building looking at sculpture. There was a feast! The most beautiful works of art I have ever seen. I could have spent a week. So much to please, to charm, to inspire! Oh, to own just one really great piece! After this there was nothing else I cared to see. Glad I admired the best first. The evening we spent on "Pay Street" a street of side-shows, picture-shows, swings and pea-nut wagons. We came home late, glad we had spent one day at the fair but not anxious to spend a week. The grounds are large, clean and convenient. The flowers, fountains, and trees beautiful and well kept. The fair as a whole is not so large as I had expected but it is good.

Aug. 26. We are leaving Seattle. This morning I wrote letters, packed and had my hair washed. After lunch we hurried to the depot expecting to get out of here at 10 o'clock, but find the train has not

leave until three o'clock. I have written up my Journal to date and still have an hour to wait before bidding Seattle good-bye.

Aug 29. Sunday: Spokane, Wash.

Nearly at the end of our journey. We rode all night and until noon to-day. We awoke this morning to find our train running 5 hours late, but our detective friend was entertaining and the time passed quickly. We found the Allgair home O.K. All glad to see us. The children much grown. The home is new, modern, plain but convenient. After dinner we spent the afternoon visiting. Papa Dehke came up from Edwall but returned this evening. Mr. Fred Allgair and family were here this evening. A family reunion of fifteen. It has been a very hard day for me. Glad it is over.

Aug 30. A rather quiet day of visiting at Allgairs. Went to the park this afternoon. Left Spokane at 7:30 P.M. reached Edwall at 8:30. All glad to see us.

Aug 31. Edwall, Wash.

A day meeting relations! We were here at the station all night. I spent the morning swinging on the gate watching relation base. Martha + Will came about noon. After dinner Harvey came and took us to the ranch. Oh, I was glad to get here! The machine broke down so all the boys were home for evening. We had a big time! I love all the children. They have changed so much. This farm is awful: rocks and hills, barren and loveless. The folks have a nice little place in town. All work dreadful hard. It is hot, dry and very dusty here. This country is as bad as I thought. I believe all are glad to see us and I am going in for the rest in everything.

Sept 1. A day at the ranch. Mr. D. was in from town today. Ed + I were in this evening. Harvey, Martha + Will. I saw the old place, never was so bad in all my life. It is too dusty to go a mile.

Sept. 7. Fine morning. 2:15. at
Farm. The old father came down and
we drove out in the field to see the
thrashing-machine working. Saw all the
boys, too. Had a good dinner, then
stayed back to the farm. This after-
noon we packed. We are leaving
"Rockpile Ranch." We are going over
to Martha's to-night.

Evening:- We spent a very pleasant eve.
All the young folks were here and we
had a jolly time. Oh, I did
hate to tell the mothers good-bye!

Sept. 8. Spokane, Wash. A day of both
pleasure and pain. Martha took us to
town. When, Mr. & Mrs. H. had gone to
Spokane on the early train. Good-byes were
not easily said. I did hate to leave
the boys. We had a short run. Came
up to Ullgiers and after dinner, Edw.
& I had Mr. H. get a sight-seeing auto
and we took in the town! Spokane is
a pretty place. This eve we called
on Fred Ullgiers. So the long day came
to an end. Leaving the West!!!

Sept. 9. On the train: Stapa, Edw.
Here we are waiting for a week
ahead. Our train was due to leave
Spokane at 7:05 A.M. but did not leave
until after 10:00 A.M. Papa and Paul came
to the depot but did not wait. I was
glad good-byes were over - glad to be off!
We ran along alright until 2:00 P.M.
when we caught up with the first
section which had had a break-down.
We will probably be stalled here three
or four hours. Entertaining.
Evening: We left Stapa some after
four. The train is running as if
all the train hands got drunk at Stapa.
So bed early.

Sept. 10. Early this morning we were
running thru fine farming valley-
country of Montana. We had passed
thru both Missoula & Butte at night.
We reached Livingston at 10 A.M. This
was a very pretty center. Especially
nice depot. It is the new big hotel
to Yellowstone National Park. We
reached Billings at 3 P.M. Here we
changed to the Burlington route. We

also set our watches an hour ahead.
Just as we were going to bed we
passed thru' Shididan, Ariz. One month
ago to-day we left home. One can
see it's in a month.

Sept. 11. All make up at Grandford, Neb.
All day we were riding thru the
rolling prairie land of western Nebraska.
But it looked fresh and green, - good to
us after Ariz. deserts. From Alliance
on we had the pleasure of riding on
the last coach. We spent much time
on the platform. Towards evening we
consulted my watch the trip had cost and
decided it was worth it! We had
an early supper and threw the box
away! Reached Lincoln 9:20 P.M.
Home. All well.

Lincoln, Neb.

Sept. 12. Sunday: We were at the
Conservatory all day. All is O.K. as
we left it. Robert is here now, too.
The new Gen. addition is nice. I
talked my self tired. Lincoln looks small,
dim; things do not look natural and
we feel in a dream.