

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 25

**“CALIFORNIA
NATIONAL PARKS.
ZION AND BRYCE. BIG
TREES. YOSEMITE. MT.
LASSEN. ZION. BRYCE”
1929**

1929. California National Parks.

237

Zion and Bryce. Big Trees.

May 20. En route. Yosemite. Mt. Lassen.

To 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 afternoon warm with the side curtains on. The roads perfect all the way until late afternoon when we came to new grades. We had our first wayside lunch at Holdrege, where "Pride" tried a colt to demonstrate he was entirely fit for the trail! All day it has seemed good to be maturing along. We made 320 miles to-day and have made our first camp (No. 1) at a school house on a high knoll.

May 21. En route.

Off over Colorado's level stretches, a heavy fog shutting out the land scape. It must have obliterated road signs, too, for when skies began to clear about ten o'clock, we discovered we were about 40 miles off trail. Flying miles made

up our loss, and brought us to Burlington for our noon day stop. - - - wide stretches of sage, irrigation ditches, villages sprawling in shapeless mediocracy on a bare-faced prairie - this is the country we know so well. - - - The afternoon seemed so long, such endless roads stretching away. Skies kept gray and we were either fleeing from or into showers - typical Colorado. Late afternoon the blue ridge of the Rockies came plainer and plainer into view. At six o'clock Colorado Springs but we drove over to Yanitor to camp (No. 2.) nearer the peaks.

May 22. Camp Yanitor.

Off trail today to enjoy the loneliness of these cloud-capped peaks and to brush our teeth! We took a little walk over to the village this morning to take about curio shops and drink of the water. Wrote and lounged about camp all afternoon. Felt nervous and so

miserable, but the beauty of Pike's Peak's snow-capped crest is balm to one's spirit.

May 23. Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Trinidad, Raton Pass.

Leaving Colorado Springs this morning we felt we were starting West - as usual. All the way to Pueblo, and down to Walsenburg recalled Mesa Verde four years ago. New country then on south down to Trinidad, but still the mesa country: the distant range snow-capped, the nearer bench, chimney-like mountains, and the wide green mesas over which play a kaleidoscope of color in sun and shadow. - - - Trinidad at 3:30. A new town for us! We got out and looked about. Narrow streets and many Mexicans. - - - Leaving Trinidad a winding road gradually climbing to Raton Pass (elevation 8,800 ft.), but a mt. shower prevented us from taking pictures at the top of the pass.

showing the winding roads over which we had climbed. Then slipping down to the town of Raton over steep grades, we were off to motor in New Mexico - long roads still stretching away over perfectly flat, empty country.

May 24. En route. New Mexico.

Increasing showers drove us into a little adobe camp cabin last night, and its uncomfortable bed got us out early this morning, but over muddy roads where we made poor time until noon. - - -

From Las Vegas to Santa Fe the road winds thru cedars and canyons 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 Cortez in the sixteenth century. We

took but a glimpse of the ancient city of Santa Fe. There the streets were narrow and the architecture Spanish, Mexican, and Indian. - - - These miles of pavement (as I write) will take us into Albuquerque to-night.

May 25. En 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 dentist - not every one sees a dentist en route! That dread task over we strayed about town a bit, the morning bright and clear. The Franciscan hotel - all Spanish, Mexican, Indian - was unique in its appropriate beauty. Some lovely paintings on the walls. - - - Out of town we were soon in the "open spaces". All day we have followed long stretches of sage or wand thru red clay hills covered with

dwarf cedars. The towns are Indian pueblos, and all along the highway children and squaws beg you to buy their pottery. So meager a living these people have, it would seem they owe the U.S. no great gratitude for the privilege of living here. Well, Indian life is too interesting for fast travel thru New Mexico.

Evening: Camp "New Mexico" No. 3. One of these "ideal camps" we two have had together over most of the United States: off the highway, hidden, the cedars all about, early supper, a pleasant camp fire, all by ourselves, the wind in the trees, the stars to shine down for us.

May 26. Sunday: Off trail. Arizona.

Evening here in a shabby little cabin with mangely looking walls, and a layer of sand over everything! We are glad to be indoors to-night at Navajo, Arizona, an Indian trading-post 14 miles from

the "Painted Desert", after making but 60 miles out of Gallup, N. M. This morning in a dust- and sand storm that steadily grew worse. The storm was so bad at times that we could not see the road ahead and beat like hail on the car. Finally "Red Betty" began to get snuffed up with sand and stalled every mile or so. It was then plainly necessary to stay here until the storm abated and here we are! The gale began to go down towards evening, so perhaps we can go on to-morrow.

May 27. En route. Arizona.

"The Painted Desert." "The Petrified Forest". The morning was crowded with these interesting places. First we stopped at the Painted Desert. It is really a miniature Grand Canyon - a desert of multicolored sands some 800 ft. or so below the rim and extends for more than 150 miles, varying in width from 14

to 40 miles. It reaches clear to the Grand Canyon and in formation and color is like it in kind. --- The Petrified Forest we enjoyed still more. It was unlike what I had imagined: the trees are not standing as in Yellowstone, but are fallen and lie scattered about. The origin of the petrified forest is lost in the unwritten history of Arizona. Geologists state the forest is more than a million years old. Then it was growing before the Stone Age! What race of men knew these living trees - it is so interesting to speculate! Once alive with far-reaching limbs and green leaves, they lived their lives, died, fell, and thru the centuries the cell structure was replaced by silica and the trees became agate. And here are thousands of acres strewn with trunks and segments of trunks and covered with chip like fragments. We wondered how great an offense it is to carry away a specimen! - - - - -

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

May 28. The Grand Canyon.

We arrived this morning after a pleasant run thru national forest over paved highway. 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 that first look 14 years ago. (Great moments in our lives do not return.) - - - There are many improvements on the grounds. 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 violet to night only increased that longing. For us the Canyon needs an added experience. Camp No. 5.

May 29. Camp Grand Canyon.

While taking the Rim Road Drive this morning we decided to hike to the bottom, stay over night, and return to-morrow. We hastened back to camp, made arrangements to leave "Pride" with a fellow-camper and his wife, and dragged out blankets, camp kit, and pup-tent. It is noon. We are off for the Great Thrill.

May 30. Camp No. 6.

Well, it was a Great Hike! Seven miles to the Bottom and a hundred and seven to the Top. We are stiff and lame but satisfied. We set out at noon, carrying our packs, reached the Indian Gardens with its green trees and pleasant spring at 2:30, rested a while and set out again on our hot after noon trail. Got to the Colorado River at 5:30, a muddy, turbulent stream raging thru deep canyon walls. Looking at its mad, thick waters we felt we had achieved!

Then a return to the Indian Gardens, up grade and steep, night coming.

Here we slept in this little pocket of green in the heart of the Grand Canyon. What is life but to dream and do? - - - -

We were up at five and after coffee out of a good old black camp coffee-pot, got our packs on, and set out for the rim.

She named the run the steeper the trail, and deep dust made by long mule tracks day after day carrying corpulent middle-aged ladies and supercilious men in denichers and golf shoes! We dragged our weary legs up and up, round and round. We set down on the rocks afternoons and afternoons. And finally we came to the Top. - - - -

After dinner we ran out here to make early camp to rest and clean up, off the highway in national forest just outside the Park. "Pride" likes it here. Camp No. 6.

May 31. En route. Arizona.

We are making a dash for Needles 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 palms and sage. These vast stretches!

June 1. En route.

June and California! But some miles of Yohave first. --- We were up before the sun and out of our desert camp (No. 7) near Needles and on the highway by six o'clock. We made good time all morning for it was cool and not difficult travelling these miles of sage and sand. We made our noon day stop just out side of Bartow. From here to San Bernardino we had hard surfaced roads thru miles of desert sage and giant cactus. A beautiful panorama opened before us from

the summit of Cajon Pass - the greenness of Southern California. We followed the Foot-hill Blvd. to San Bernardino, deciding to get a cabin and clean up before going into Los Angeles.

June 2. Sunday: Santa Monica.

A perfect June day following shining miles of barbed wire orange groves to Los Angeles and on to Santa Monica. And to our Winifred and Starvey!

June 3. 415 1/2 Wilshire Blvd.

At first it did not seem real. Starvey much older, Winifred with the under standing soul, and these yellow cats! Avenues of palms, geraniums climbing fences, the soft cool breeze from the ocean. We went for a long drive this afternoon on Balisades Blvd. following the sea side for many miles. "Pride" dipped in the Pacific! Home to a long evening to visit.

June 4. Edward and Winifred have gone deep sea - fishing for the day, and I am alone getting my diary to date.

Evening: The fisherman came in at 5:30, smiling and sun burned, carrying a gunny-sack full of fish: halibut, barracuda and mackerel. Steve had had a great thrill! He landed a big ten or twelve pound halibut and had been slightly sea sick. Pictures-taking had been greatly interesting. He was excited as a small boy.

June 5. Starkey took us around to-day. On an all day drive we visited the beach cities of Ocean Park, Venice, Manhattan, Hermosa, Redondo, San Pedro, Wilmington, Long Beach where we saw the oil wells of Signal Hill and called on Mrs. Harpham at "Cooper Arms", then on to Compton for a brief stop at the Adams', and flying miles along the beach home to Santa Monica. And after the big day we had a gay evening: "a fish fry" out on the palisades where a good gale kept

one watching to see the picnic supper did not blow off the table! The ocean was choppy and rough. As soon as the food was gone we came home to in-door and a gay evening of laughter and talk.

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

June 7. En route. To Bakersfield. Good-bye to Santa Monica and "our folks". We were on our way by twelve o'clock "feeling" our way out of Los Angeles environs towards San Fernando and the highway north. Out of the residential districts which extend for miles we gradually entered the Sierra range, thru which we wound for fifty miles, reaching an elevation of 4,000 ft. +, with fine panoramas of velvet brown peaks and lovely valleys of pastel shades;

which slipped down the Sierra pass over the grape vine to a thirty-mile straight away to Bakersfield and to Camp No. 6 in the flats, the oil fields in the distance.

(No. 9.)

June 8. We are camping this afternoon near the entrance to Sequoia National Park, waiting until tomorrow to see the Big Trees, for more time. (Pride must remain here.) This is a lovely spot, wooded peaks all about, a rushing mountain stream with in earshot. Stev fishes and I write.

June 9. Sunday: A day in Sequoia National Park. We will not forget our visit to the "Big Trees," but to write of it one feels his own littleness. We made a day of it. Out early for the eighteen mile climb to the Giant Forest and returned to camp late afternoon. Some how I did not think these great trees were growing upon the upper slopes of the Sierras, more than a million sequoias, but ~~there~~ they are as form

again has so beautifully said: "The first to feel the touch of the very beams of morning, the last to bid the sun good-night. Before these forest monarchs are stands awed. "The General Sherman Tree is 36.5 ft. in diameter, 279.9 ft. in height, the oldest and largest living thing in the world. Red velvet bark - the loveliest bark I think I ever saw! And all about are these great trees. So think: these trees were growing through all the ages of Greek and Roman civilization, before the pyramids were built on the Egyptian desert, before Christ was born in Bethlehem. Stately, glorious, living masterpieces! We ate our lunch in Giant Forest. Took a hike to see other trees, then a two mile climb to Yoda Rock, where we climbed the "Stairway of a Thousand Steps" to enjoy a great panorama of the Sierra Nevadas. Yoda Rock is a great monolith, at its base the Kaweah River, almost a sheer drop of 4,119 ft. - - - - - Home to camp after all this.

June 10.

Grant National Forest.

Up early and off our rain-washed roads to visit more big trees. We followed a densely wooded high-way thru forests of pine, cedar, and fir, climbing to heights that seemed the more airy, when we ran into a heavy fog and followed a narrow road round and round with only the tops of trees visible above the cloud-filled depths below. In the Park sunshine and the glorious sequoias! Although only four square miles in area Grant contains a magnificent grove, the most noted the famous "General Grant Tree", dedicated the nation's "Christmas Tree"; but not the most beautiful, for I think the "California Tree" standing somewhat apart in all its stately majesty, its perfect symmetry, its glow of red velvet bark, somewhat lovelier than all the rest. We had lunch and spent the afternoon winding down to the Fresno valley below, growing warmer

as we doubled back and forth for miles down to the flat country of groves and vineyards - this Fresno of "1915", 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 behind the precipice. Words lend themselves too poorly to immensity, to romantic suggestion in a land of enchantment. - - - - In these few days Yosemite Valley must in some sense become "ours" and we will feel in fact what Galen Wright felt when he said of Yosemite that it contained: "two of the most songful streams in the world; innumerable lakes and waterfalls, and smooth silky lawns; the noblest forests, the loftiest granite domes, the deepest ice-sculptured canyons, the brightest crystalline

pendents, and snowy mountains
soaring into the sky twelve and
thirteen thousand feet, arrayed in open
ranks and spiny finned groups
partially separated by tremendous
canyons and amphitheatres; gardens
on their sunny brows, oval anchors
thundering down their long white slopes,
cataracts roaring gray and foaming
in the crooked rugged gorges, and
glaciers in their shadowy recesses,
working in silence, slowly sculpting
their sculptures; new-born lakes
at their feet, blue and green, free
or encumbered with drifting ice bergs
like miniature Arctic Oceans, shining,
sparkling, calm as stars." - - - - -

- - - - - We followed magic
roads into Yosemite: shining pav-
ment, winding thru dense forest,
following the tumbling waters of
the Merced River, over easy grade,
the gigantic walls of the Valley
coming into plainer view, "El Capitan"
first, glimpses of water falls
pouring over the rim. - - - - -
I've tried so hard to capture it

all with his cameras, while I
wandered a bit if I could ever get
it all down in my diary! - - - - -
We arrived slowly, set Camp No. 11.
And now as the poet Stedman
said: "if but for this, if but for
that" this would be perfect. If
we had not had to leave our
"Pride" behind at the tunnel.
We miss a shaggy face even
here in lovely Yosemite Valley.

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,
we lingered longed at, really
three falls in one, the great
fall of the Valley. At a great
distance away Ribbon Falls, a
tiny silver thread against the gray,
1,612 ft. in a straight fall,
nearly ten times as great as
Niagara! Bridal veil (620 ft.) in
a filmy cloud of spray and

morning sunshine. Then there were these in comparable summits: "El Capitán", 3,604 ft. - the one I love best - "Sentinel Dome", "Cathedral Rocks", "Half Dome", "Clouds Rest." Gray granite giants that forever guard this pleasant meadow. - - - - - We got in a bit tired, ready for a quiet afternoon in camp.

June 13. We hiked to "Glacier Point" - 7 miles - a good trail and steep enough. Left camp at 7:30 and arrived at the hotel at 10:30, where we viewed the marvelous panorama of high Sierras: one looks away to domes and pinnacles, "Nevada" and "Vernal Falls," and down into Yosemite Valley 3,254 feet below, a sheer drop to the green velvet meadow. - - - - - In keeping with the altitude we had a high-priced luncheon. Then down trail, hot sunshine. Got in 3:30 tired and thirsty. - - - - - Brake camp and said good-bye to "Yosemite Valley."

We will be back together some day, I hope!

Evening: Camp No. 12 at "Indian Tents". Nice to have "Fride" with us again.

June 14. En route. Yerced on to Sacramento. Camp No. 13. Well, the wind can blow here in California! Our camp on the outskirts of the city is a breezy one! We followed a straight highway all the afternoon. There groves and vine yards, the gale increasing. It looks like rain, we would say in Nebraska.

June 15. En route. Sacramento to Red Bluff.

Who said it never rains here in California in summer time? We followed slick highway all day in a drizzle, the same road over which we motored up into the Shasta region in 1921, but - - - - - different! At Red Bluff sunshine long enough to deceive us.

We get information regarding "Mt. Lassen National Park" and set out gayly, only to be overtaken by rain that forced us into an early camp about 20 miles en route. Camp 14. This evening has clear skies but cold.

June 16. "Mt. Lassen Volcanic National Park." Sunday:

Our car with its little brown tent stretched from the side has looked out upon varied scenes: this afternoon a continuous fall of snow down thru the evergreens! We are cold and bedrizzled and disappointed. All morning we followed wet roads thru the forest, persistent rain turning to snow as we gained higher altitude, the grade more steep and narrow as we went on. After almost 60 miles of hard going we arrived in this wet snow. Landscapes are shut out. We sit inside our tent. What if we do not get a glimpse of Mt. Lassen! We have come so far to see it, too. Camp No. 15.

June 17. We see "Mt. Lassen."

For many years we will recall to-day's experience with delight. A 14 mile, all day trip with saddle-horses, took us into a winter fairyland of ice and snow. We climbed Mt. Lassen, the second couple on the trail this season. A few foot fall 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 wasteland of snow. The trees hung with crystal, the sun dazzling bright, the wind icy. Our guide rode ahead, picking with trained eyes the trail over which the horses could go; passing over drifts fifteen ft. in depth but solid enough to hold us up. The last two miles was a wasteland of loose snow, the horses sinking after + after in its depth and finally when they began to break thru and floundered to their bellies, we got off and walked or rather plowed thru the

last mile. Returning we again walked
over the worst places. - - - -

It is interesting to know that
Lassen Peak has been quiescent
for a period of about 200 years.
Then in the spring of 1914 started a
series of comparatively small erup-
tions. 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. Mt. Lassen rises to an
altitude of 10,460 ft.

June 16. En route.

Red Bluff - back to Sacramento.
We got out of "Lassen National" late
yesterday afternoon determined to drive
down to warmer altitude. With the
sun shining and the roads nearly
dry the highway back did not seem
so far. We made 60 miles and
camped (No 16.) off the high way. A
nice spot in live oaks and tumbling
rocks, warm and quiet. - - - -

So - day - sunshine and level
highway. How good the straight away!

We are just flying. Sacramento at
three o'clock where I made Winfred
we were returning to San Jose
for a final visit with them.

June 19. En route out of Camp (No. 17.)
at Modesto - Yreka - Fresno,
where we stopped for dinner, -
Bakersfield at four o'clock. Then
the straight away for the mountains,
over the "Grapevine" - down velvet
hills - , climbing to cool breezes
after a long hot day of motoring.
We made Camp (No. 18) mid way,
near the summit.

June 20. En route.

Start travel thru the San Fernando
valley all morning. Always long
miles getting in. Finally the
cool ocean feeling! And we
were at "San Joaquin" again in
time for lunch. Staffier even
this time than the first visit!
This afternoon Edward and I
went down to the beach for
a dip in the Pacific.

June 21. I am alone to-day here in Winifred's home with "Pride" and the cats. I am having a quiet time. Winifred + Edward have gone deep sea fishing. Evening: Our fishermen have nicely sun-burned and thrilled! Edward's largest fish was a 15-lb. halibut, 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 poking around together - buying post-cards, little animals, and mere nothings, but getting the thrill a big city gives. The humble, the traffic, the shops - the bigger Los Angeles of these last few years! What a pleasant day we had! We revisited memories of the old "Roxlyn" by having our luncheon there but the hotel had warped! Why do things? We came home thru Venice, seeing a different route. A big dinner and a jolly evening then with Harvey + Winifred.

June 23. Sunday: A nice quiet day sort of picking up for the start home ward to-morrow. Edward + I went down to the beach before break fast. Then the three of us were down again this afternoon to see beach sights. Harvey came home from work early and after dinner we spent a last evening together.

June 24. En route: Leaving California! We did not say good-bye but set out gayly! Away from the ocean breeze it grew hotter and hotter, and at San Bernardino at five o'clock it was 110°. We enjoyed cooler breezes over Cajon Pass, but sliding down to lower altitude we were out over the Yohave, where the heat of the desert was still hot long after the sun was down. We drove on thru the gathering twilight to within a mile of Barstow, where we made camp (No 19.) in loose sand. It was so hot we did not put up our tent, but made our bed under the stars, and slept fanned by desert wind.

June 25. En route: Nevada.

The hottest day we ever lived thru! Motoring thru desert country all day in a temperature of $120^{\circ}+$. We laid off two hours at Las Vegas. On the village green we rested until after three. Then on again. The heat intense, no vegetation, the road a white trail over red barren hills to long level mesas. At times the wind came in scorching heat as if from a fire. A long day from four in the morning to long after dark.

June 26. En route to Zion.

We had a "star-light camp (No. 20.)" again last night in a little corner of Arizona and was up this morning before the sun came over the ridge. A long hot ride but not so bad as yesterday. Typical Utah - dense cooling cotton woods and flowing water in irrigation ditches running along the streets. We ate our lunch by one of them, a white pig in a navy-blue uniform entertaining us! We should get into Zion by mid-afternoon.

Evening: Zion National Park.

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

Camp "Zion", (No. 21.)

June 27. A morning ride seeing a bit of "Zion." There are but four or five miles of high way as yet, a winding road thru the canyon. The walls rise from 1,500 to 2500 ft. Sometimes called "a Yosemite done in oils." Precipitous walls rising in successive layers of sands and shales, and limestones, colored like a Roman scarf, far flung in gorgeous reds, and above the red in startling contrast, white and gray! And all along the walls ever greens springing from every crevice. A magnificent Zion.

We set out after lunch for an 85 mile drive to Bryce Canyon. We left the state highway at Cedar City and there began a long 20 mile climb to Cedar Breaks,

thru the Dixie National Forest; and leaving the trail behind we arrived at cool green heights - 9900 ft. - , sweeping flower-bedecked meadows with white patches of snow under the trees! The temptation to camp was great but we felt we must drive farther, not knowing that we would finally slide down to a treeless slope and make Camp No. 22 in tall purple sage, twenty-five miles from Bryce National.

June 28. Morning:

We arrived at Bryce Canyon this morning: A great amphitheatre extending three miles in length to two miles wide, down a thousand feet thru pink and white sandstone, filled with myriads of fantastic figures - domes, spires, temples - a countless array of eroded pinnacles. A gorgeous spectacle! Fantasy and startling beauty! Called a "Cathedral Canyon" some-times; and again "The Silent City", with towers and fortresses and steeples, and afar a thousand windows!

Noon:

We begin to realize the complexity of having acquired a little lost lamb. 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 eventually become a sheep, a sheep on Park Avenue! But he is so sweet, following us about, and dropping down to sleep near Pride. He should be called "Bryce."

Late afternoon.

We took a long hike along the rim of the Canyon to view its gorgeous array from as many points as possible. Still I like none better than this one out from our "Bryce Camp" (No. 23). Steve takes pictures with weekless abandon! It is no use; it can only live in the walls of memory. And how fine a thought that these walls are never filled with pictures! There is always room for more!

Evening:

Bryce! Our last national park! - - - -

How generous is Nature:

Wonderful Yellow Stone!

Sublime Grand Canyon!

Lovely Yosemite!

Stupendous Niagara!

Beautiful Glacier!

Romantic Glacier!

Magnificent Zion!

Gorgeous Bryce!

To miss such distinction is to lack keenness of perception; to attempt comparison is to belittle the incomparable; to see each in its own identity, with singleness of eye, is the supreme enjoyment of Nature.

Our trip is over now. We will just be going home. I wish the long miles were over. We no longer have any desire to see or experience. So it is home now.

June 29. En route.

We are about 70 miles from Salt Lake City this evening, camped (No. 24) in a village square, the tour band about to begin a Saturday evening concert. A long day of motor-ing brought us here, over excellent roads and good scenery. Care of "Baby Lamb" is a bit fatiguing - I am half inclined to get him a home in this sheep country.

June 30. Sunday: Salt Lake City.

After finding a good home for our wee sheep, we rolled into Salt Lake City this morning, and have spent a pleasant day here visiting Frank and Golden. They are the same folks. I have a nice little home and a frisky dog.

July 1. En route. Wyoming.

After a long day of motor-ing thru the wide sage stretches of Wyoming, we are camped (No. 25) on the Green River this evening,

the coal, pleasant sound of flowing water by our door.

July 2. En route. Wyoming.

Rawlins, Laramie, Cheyenne.

A greener Wyoming than I could recall. Good roads and coal out of the sun. So high we did not know when we made the Continental divide and were sliding down the eastern slope. Near evening thru the Medicine Bow National Forest we made a long climb to an elevation of 8456 ft. and made camp (No. 26) where it took two camp fires to subdue mosquitoes, and then we slipped around gingerly all evening for fear the queer little sand off in the grass might be a rattlesnake! To the north of our camp were piles of rocks resembling "The Garden of the Gods."

July 3. En route.

Out of Cheyenne at 9:30 we were off over wide open spaces for the Nebraska line. We ate our

lunch under a Nebraska cotton wood.

The wind felt natural. The green of the fields looked good. At four o'clock we got to Big Springs and linked up with familiar highway. We drove late and finally made "Last Camp", (No. 27) at a school-house after dark.

July 4. En route.

Recreating the Fourth by these flying miles homeward. A rain last night cooled the air. Partly cloudy and a good wind. Into village after village with flying flags and popping fire crackers, and on out past fields of ripening wheat. We could not refrain from comparing these wide farms to the brown and sagey West. We had dinner at Grand Island and filled with gas for the last time. A hundred miles to 2444 Park and the "Trip to California" will be at an end. If only all has gone well while we have been away!

July 5. A blight 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 but my only real
 concern her. Our hearts heavy
 with regret to have brought all
this to "Lady Peg."

July 6. Mr. Weinman took Peggie
 to his hospital this morning. I
 am afraid she can't get well!
 I drove down town for groceries
 this afternoon. Then we had
 supper at Rudge's. Poor little Peg!

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

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