

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 37

**“TO CALIFORNIA
BY PLANE,”
1951**

1951. To California by plane.

Oct. 13. Really not quite well to-day but kept at work all day. Went over the whole house sweeping and dusting. Brought things in from out-doors, too. Took the whole day for I went slow, I suppose. Was careful of my eating. Must get over this.

Oct. 14. Sunday: It has been a long day. I was eating my breakfast before six o'clock. After morning work out of the way, I got out my nice luggage and spent most of the morning packing. Ward happened by over the noon hour. Did not even ask about "Rosie," so I told him. Seemed to be in good spirits. Wm Harrington telephone (from out of town) that he would see me Tuesday morning. There is no one quite like him! Mid-afternoon I went over to Gennie's for supper. So it has been a long day.

Oct. 15. For a long time I counted months, then weeks, now hours. Just home until I am in Santa Monica, California --- with Wini Fred! 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.) Wm comes over in the morning, too. Gennie & Ward to the airport. It is all like last year.

Oct. 16. In flight.

"The day of days."

I am on my way to California. It is now 3:30 P.M. There is a blue October haze over the checkered landscape, but it is not too pleasant a day. The steady hum of the motors, the slight dip of the plane, the sensation of scarcely moving . . . all like last year . . . almost.

I am calmer now. Left home completely upset after having waited from 9:00 to 12:00 for Leslie, Jr. to come for "Rosie" when David & Jennie arrived I was still not quite dressed. So "the take off" was without much thrill. In fact I could have wept, only it would have streaked my make up.

But I am on my way.

4:00 P.M. Time has changed. The landscape has grown grayer. Flying is now quite motionless. The hostess just served coffee and well sandwiches. I feel revived not having eaten a bite since I had coffee and a slice of toast at the Nelsons this morning at seven o'clock.

5:00 P.M. We are out of Nebraska. This is Cheyenne, Wyo., only 45 minutes from Denver. Early twilight has come. Off in the blue distance is the first glimpse of the Range.

A little later: we are flying at low

altitude now over long rows of twinkling lights coming into the air port at Denver, Colorado.

Here I have walked about in my winter coat, glad it was not hanging in my closet at home. Had a nice dinner but hurried since it was served late.

In flight. 7:30 P.M. This big plane is truly a monster of the sky. We are to climb to 18,000 feet, now stop to Los Angeles. We see only the night sky and the stars . . .

Later: We are less than an hour's flight from journey's end and Winnifred!

Los Angeles, California.

at 10:10 P.M. the big ship set me down safely amid all the confusion of big planes everywhere and the crowds of a big city. I was a little while in finding Winnifred. Out to her place at 1111 Oak street, Santa Monica. We have talked until mid-night. Winnifred becoming more and more the Winnifred of the past.

Oct. 17. Santa Monica, California.

This is a new world: the ocean, the palm trees, the soft gray sunlight. . . .

We took a long walk to-day along the ocean front. The Pacific was a vast sea of mist with only quiet ripples. At last time we had a big lobster dinner. And home to rest after huge indulgence. So we talk and talk. And all in between I feel this something that is California.

Oct. 16. To see the Big City! We left home early for a 16 mile bus ride into Los Angeles. Two hours to arrive at the commercial center but it was continuous city all the way. In down town L.A. I could find nothing that reminded me of the city I had visited in the past. So vastly has it grown and taken on metropolitan appearance. - - - Winnifred saw to it that we arrived about noon at an old Mexican mission with a quaint street of Mexican wares. Here we had a hot Mexican dinner of strange food. Winnifred, a true Californian, loves all this Mexican, Spanish, oriental stuff quite lost on me. - - - - After a few purchases in the big stores we started back home to Santa Monica. The city was hot so it was pleasant to come back to the ocean front with cool sea breezes and soft diffused sun light. - - - - Now I must rest a little and drive for a long drive of 70 miles this evening clear to Riverside.

Oct. 19. Riverside, Calif.

Joe Pappas & Vera came for me last night and we arrived late. (I get scant pleasure motoring over California's fine high ways. Six lanes furnish a speed way for hundreds of cars travelling from 60 to 85 miles an hour, rounding curves at perilous rate. I sit tense filled with apprehension and when I arrive in one piece I am amazed at the feat accomplished.) Big day with the boys from Entomology. The Lomax's came for lunch. Then we spent the afternoon seeing something of Riverside and especially the Mission Inn famous for its vast collections. A glimpse of the Agri. Station where the boys work was best of all. - - - - The ride back to Santa Monica was uneventful (in spite of my being so ill at ease) until in Santa Monica when we ran into a dense fog and had quite a time finding 1111 Oak Street.

Oct. 20. North Hollywood, California.

It has been a wonderful day here. Got up early for Pauline & Lloyd came for me about nine o'clock. They arrived, Lloyd a little stouter, Pauline a little thinner. It was a pleasant morning drive of 15 or 20 miles here to North Hollywood, driving out of the fog into the clear sunshine. Pauline's new home is very nice and her "house keeping" as you feel as ever. - - - -

after dinner we went sight-seeing! All true movie interests, of course, were the chief considerations. Lloyd's connection with the movie industry in humane censorship has opened all doors to him (almost) and has given him an inside knowledge of many, many things. We visited two sets: a Tarzan picture being taken and a Roy Rogers Western. Lloyd seemed to know every one. It was all tremendously interesting. I had been presented to Roy Rogers and had his autographed picture before I knew what was happening. (The boys on Adams Street will like this!!!) Well, I learned so much about the artificiality of the whole thing, I think I shall never believe a thing is really what it appears on the screen to be again! --- Home to a quiet evening and early to bed for we were tired.

Oct. 21. Sunday: The drive this morning was wonderful. We saw some things of North Hollywood, of Hollywood climbing so many hills, then the Hollywood Bowl, and the Observatory where we had a fine view of the valley. Of course we passed many of the movie studios. I am mostly impressed that this vast network of cities all merge into one and another and constitute miles and miles of continuous city. There are few tall buildings and blocks after blocks of two story shops, and hundreds and

hundreds of new little houses keep spreading farther and farther out. Fascinating this growth of vast metropolitan areas. Perhaps best of all the pleasant California sunshine they boast of.

Afternoon: After a dinner such as only Pauline can serve we set out for the return trip to Santa Monica and went a round about way to see miles of Beverly Hills with its fine residence section and more miles of "little houses building along an empty street."

Oct. 22. Winefred and I had a nice time here at home to-day, mostly. Went down town over the noon hour, for I wanted to get a few gifts. Lunch and home early. Then I wrote cards and we visited. Going to read poetry this evening.

Oct. 23. A trip to Oxnard to see Francis and Albert Wood, friends of Winefred. It was a beautiful drive of 45 miles along the ocean front following Roosevelt Drive that extends all the way from Van Nuys to the Northwest. Francis came for us in her new Buick. The ocean was truly azure blue with only little ripples breaking on the beaches. We found their new house modern to the last detail: blond furniture, gorgeous red, dreadfully greens and yellow, low tables, chrome, brass --- There are modern college

folks with up to date talk. (I would go quite mad in such bizarre atmosphere.)
 After a wonderful dinner we took a long drive seeing something of the various islands of that region. Winifred liked the boat, but I liked the sea gulls, and best of all a big pelican that looked like a Methodist bishop of the old school. . . .
 Driving back to Santa Monica in the evening, the ocean was a shimmering gray under the night sky, with now and then the little twinkling lights of a fishing boat in the distance. . . . So bed so tired.

Oct. 24. Winifred & I took life easy all day. We both needed relaxation. . . . A letter from Gearnie says "Rosie is as happy as a lark." I doubt that. But I do appreciate Gearnie trying to reassure me. And Nebraska has had snow. . . . This evening we went out to dinner, and what a dinner it was! And it rained a little!

Oct. 25 The end of this wonderful trip to California is in sight! To-day were so swift by. Mr. & Mrs. Adams from Long Beach called this afternoon, and as they were leaving Mr. & Mrs. Arundale from Pasadena. Katherine Arundale came, too. It was pleasant seeing these old acquaintances I have kept in touch with for some reason or another.

After callers were gone I packed my suitcase! Mr. Roy Somers came for dinner to-night. I liked him from the first meeting when Winifred & I ran into him the other day down town in Santa Monica. He is a nice, well-mannered, substantial looking man. After dinner he took us for a drive out to Griffith Park, where from the observatory we saw what is called "the carpet of jewels" - a vast panorama of twinkling lights extending for miles and miles as far as one can see, this net-work of cities at night. It was beautiful. . . .
 When we came home and after Mr. Somers was gone, we washed dishes.

Oct. 26. In flight. Mainliner 303.

I never expected to celebrate my wedding anniversary on a luxury plane flying into the morning sunshine home ward, altitude 19,000 ft. speed at the moment 340 miles per hour, time 9:00 A.M., location over Phoenix, Arizona. Below white clouds and brown mountains. I have just finished breakfast. It is a very beautiful morning . . . up here.

The Announcer: "The correct time is now eleven o'clock. We are flying at 350 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.

Werner, Colorado. 12:30.

Annihilation of time! We have dropped down from dense fog into a gray landscape of misty drizzle. Leaving Werner we fly at 11,000 ft.

3:00 P.M. (And this is Lincoln time.) We are on the last lap flying a little late. Now very dense fog.

Omaha. A gray, chilly day not one bit like California! I have quite a long wait for a plane to Lincoln. (What a completely uninteresting part of the country I do live in!))

Home. When I get off the plane there was Jeanie standing in the rain waiting for me. Ward came over, too. Had built my fire. "Rosie" will come home in the morning. So I 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 had a difficult time. I can only take good care of her now and hope she is all right. Mostly she needs rest and to be warm and clear.