

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 8

**“CALIFORNIA
AND THE EXPOSITION”
1915**

Nov. 20. The end of the foot ball season!
 Home-coming day and the Iowa game!
 Score 52-7 and the "7" was an accident.
 I am tired of seeing Nebraska have
 a walk-away! Wish we could play
 a real team. We had dinner down
 town and hurried home. Mr. + Mrs.
 Thompson did not come out. I am
 dead tired. We plan now to leave
for the coast Nov. 25th - the evening
of Thanksgiving Day.

Nov. 21. Sunday:- I have been here at
 home all day. Edward took Waverly
 to the train this morning, was out
 with Will Wozgett this afternoon.
 They drove sixty miles! I worked
 with post-cards a while this after-
 noon. Edward has gone over to
 get Marie and her mother to spend
 the evening. I wonder where
we will be next Sunday?

Nov. 22. Bought a few more final things
 for mamma this afternoon. Have
 her clothes pretty well up now. I
 am mailing some final cards and letters

this evening. I have my work done.
We go Thanksgiving Evening.

Nov. 23. Mauma did a little hand full of washing. I spent the greater part of the day trimming her hat. ~~Later~~ in the afternoon we went out to see Papa. He is just the same. So-nigher to the Magnet to forget.

Nov. 24. We are ready. So-day I went down town for a manicure and Mauma had a fitting. We are packing this evening. Edward has his business all settled up. My, but he has worked! I hope we can both forget business and have a good rest away from things, as well as a good time.

Nov. 25. Thanksgiving Day: Again it is the day of days! We leave for the coast at six o'clock. It is now. I just finished packing the suit cases. It is gray and misty. We will have dinner at Finches at four o'clock. I feel as if we were going - again on a long, long trip. Good-bye.

Evening: En route. D + M.

At six o'clock I watched from the car window the lights of Lincoln fade away----- . We are on our way! The old familiar sensation: the uneven flow of voices above the gentle rumble of the cars. We are on our way again.

Nov. 26. En route. Denver + Rio Grande.

A stop long enough in Denver for breakfast and brisk walk up and down. We spent the morning pleasantly visiting with Lincoln people all California bound. At two o'clock we passed through the Royal Gorge. One forgets its wondrous majesty. Our third passage was not less interesting. Evening found me blind with my usual headache that always follows my first day of travel. Edward was sick, too. But it had been a pleasant day.

Nov. 27. En route, still.

All the black dreaminess of this fall desert gone this morning.

A light snow has fallen. Only sage brush and stunted cedars above the white stretch of vastness.

Afternoon. Western Pacific.

Arrived in the Mormon Town at 12:01.

Changed to this new road. Here at Salt Lake City we left the snow, and continued our way across a boundless, endless expanse of level sand; not a sign of vegetation, even the sage brush has disappeared. By the middle of the afternoon we passed thru the famous Salt Valley: a stretch 60 miles long of solid salt. The surface is flat, with the whiteness of hard-packed snow. At 3:00 we crossed the state line into Nevada. But little time found us still in the desert.

Nov. 24. Sunday. En route. Western Pacific.

Began our third day of travel early. Was on the observation car by 5:30. Other tourists were equally bright. Sunrise soon came, and we could enjoy the Grand Cañon of the Feather River thru which we were passing. It is beautiful -

a wooded cañon of cedar and pine, timbered rocks and a clear mountain torrent. This cut thru the Sierra Nevada Range has a length of 116 miles, and five hours of ever changing scenery. This is the wonderful country of 1849 - the gold mining fields of the Gold Rush days. The cañon gradually grows less rugged, the water more placid until we leave the Sierra Nevada mountains behind and enter the broad and prosperous Sacramento Valley. All soon realized that we are really in California: fruit farms, poultry farms, and bungalows. Every one is enthusiastic. We will soon reach our journey's end.

Afternoon. Sacramento, Calif.

Will I remember this quiet Sunday afternoon in Sacramento? It is good to get off the train. After dinner we visited the beautiful grounds of the capital building. We enjoyed the wonderful trees, the palms, the yucca, the orange, -

shady walks under great trees, half sunshine and growing flowers. It is what we would call at home an "ideal autumn day." We noted some this afternoon, too, and after dinner saw the sights of main street.

Nov. 29. Another fine morning in this Sacramento town. We visited Old Fort Sutter. This, the beginning of Sacramento City and the origin of the gold rush of '49, was the fortified quarters of Captain John A. Sutter, a Swiss-American adventurer, whose employees discovered gold, while digging a mill race for him, twenty-five miles up the American River. This was the beginning of the Gold Rush of '49. There has been gathered together much of historical interest pertaining to these old days. We enjoyed all this greatly.

Afternoon. En route. Again!

We are flying along towards San Francisco: flat Sacramento Valley, many vineyards and scattered oaks; then rough land, mountains, and hundreds of orchards.

Evening. San Francisco, Calif.

Coming over the Bay from Oakland an immense electrical sign catches the eye: "California thanks the world." She well may for the hundreds of thousands that have visited her this last year. We enjoyed the "go", the crowds, and the confusion of big old Frisco this evening.

Nov. 30. A very fine some day. Went over to Oakland this morning. Mrs. S. and Arthur had gone out to the Exposition. Ella went out with us. The grounds are so immense that we could do little more than get a very general idea of it all. Every thing is on a perfectly monstrous scale. We wandered around but really saw little of interest to me. I resolve to do differently to-morrow.

Dec. 1. We spent the entire day out at the Exposition. Spent the morning in the Air Building; one could not see the pictures well in a month! The Building itself is beautiful beyond description. We had a thoroughly good afternoon. Enjoyed the French exhibits.

the State of Education, the best of all the Canadian Buildings. Came home feeling we had had a satisfactory day.

Evening:- This evening we saw "The Bird of Paradise"; played by a strong company. After the play we enjoyed a "Daisy Cabaret"! Caught a glimpse of night-life here. San Francisco is a spotly, wide-awake city. So bed at one. Fied her happy.

Dec. 2. A splendid hundred mile motor trip to-day: we went to Palo Alto, a fine drive over wonderful roads and some picturesque, singular towns. We left the city at 8:30 and arrived in Palo Alto about noon. A land agent showed us the folk's land, and out of the kindness of his heart: the village of Palo Alto (7500) and wonderful Leland Stanford University. Also the fine home of Ex-Senator Flood, many times millionaire.

I enjoyed more than I can express the great University. The buildings are of uniform style of architecture: old Spanish mission with wide eaves and great open colonades. The grounds are delightful. One can scarcely believe that a great

school has sprung up over night - less than 20 years ago - with millions at its disposal. Think of Leland Stanford in fifty years! We arrived in San Francisco just about dark.

Evening: Had I missed seeing the Exposition to-night I would have missed what is to me the significant thing of the entire Exposition: the illumination. It is far too wonderful for me to try to describe it: the playing of hundreds of search lights over the buildings, the statuary, and wooded recesses; the sparkle of fountains and varied reflections in water. And over and above all the magnificent "Tower of Jewels". It is all wonderfully beautiful, a colossal monument to the achievements of electricity. -- We came home in the rain.

Dec. 3. Raining - a cold driving rain. We spent the entire day in our rooms, reading, sleeping, and writing letters. I was glad to get a day off in which to write a long letter to mamma and to get journal notes up. It has been good to rest at the Paisley to-day.

Dec. 4. 30-day is significant to every Californian first, and then to the entire United States: the Closing Day of the Panama-Pacific-International Exposition. We will celebrate this evening.

30-day we took a 90 mile sight-seeing trip covering all points of interest in San Francisco and environs. This morning we "did" Frisco: San Francisco (population 500,000+) occupies the north end of a peninsula - on the east is San Francisco Bay; on the West the Pacific Ocean; and on the north is the Golden Gate. We reviewed what was of so much interest to us six years ago:- Golden Gate Park with its 1013 acres; the Old Market Mills; the Ocean Beach, Cliff House and Seal Rocks; Sutro Heights now in litigation and less beautiful; the Presidio; and many points of interest in the city itself.

This afternoon we took the Oakland sight-seeing trip. Oakland lies directly across from San Francisco, comprises a population of 206,000 and includes Berkeley, Alameda, and Piedmont. These cities are particularly one. I did not care for Oakland at all, enjoyed the fine

residences of Piedmont, the Piedmont Art Gallery of 400 canvases; But Best of all Berkeley. There is the much-talked-of University of California: famed for its spacious campus; its open-air Greek theatre seating 8,000; its great endowment of \$1,750,000 annually; its attendance of 7,500, second in the U.S. And yet considering all this I was not impressed. We got back to the hotel about six feeling we had had a big day. Now we have a big night:- it is nine and we are starting for the Exposition.

Later:- We were a part of the great throng that saw the Exposition become an everlasting memory. The flags dropped, the music ceased, the button was pressed, the lights went out. At twelve o'clock "Good-bye" was written in the sky by flight of an aeroplane, and nearly five hundred thousand people turned their faces towards the city and incidentally towards a street car! We got into the city about one o'clock. Went to a Cabaret Show, for we who worship the "Wanderlust Spirit" must see all of life. We never before realized the great blessing

of decency: gaudy, painted women, loud, harsh voices, intoxication — how cheap and wicked! We got into our rooms at 2:30 in the morning. So we too tried to drink.

Dec. 5. Sunday:— En route. S. C.

We are on our way to Fresno. We were up at six, left San Francisco on the early morning train. We follow the coast route. We left Frisco feeling our week had been thoroughly comprehensive and with the strenuous effort we had given it; but I like the city less.

Evening. Fresno, Calif.

After San Francisco this village seems insignificant. We arrived about three this afternoon after a rather tiresome and uninteresting journey. Our way lay thru flat irrigated land, thousands of acres of vineyards and orchards. They are dead and leafless this time of year. We spent the rest of the afternoon seeing this little village. We will go to bed early for tomorrow we are on our way again.

Dec. 6. En route S. P.

This lovely warm sunshine! All day we were travelling to the Southward. For the most part an uninteresting journey: this morning flat fruit lands; about noon a low range of mountains or foot hills; then until we could no longer see, sage brush and cactus. All this a part of the wonderful state. But how good — how rare a treat to see a new part of this wonderful world in which we live!

Evening. Los Angeles, Calif.

Arrived and here at the big New Rosslyn Hotel. Going straight to bed.

Dec. 7. Have not been out of the hotel to-day. The folks are "bugaloo hunting", I am writing and resting. So glad I am where I can have a whole day off. It is warm and bright, almost hot. The New Rosslyn is a fine big place. I would like to stay here a month. So get away from home now, and to rest and to read in this good sunshine would be a vacation for me. I have had a good day.

Dec. 6. Aside from a car ride I was in the hotel all day, sorry to lose time but I must feel better. She folks moved into "the bungalow" to-day. I do feel sorry for Ella! It has been a warm summer day.

Dec. 9. Was out this afternoon to have a shampoo and a manicure. We met Ella and she came up to the hotel with us; glad she did, for Mr. Jaffe called and had dinner with us. It is the same old "water-frog." I am so miserable every day - here I have been laid on the shelf three whole days!

Dec. 10. This morning I was so disgusted that I did not feel better that we decided to go to San Diego anyway. We had luncheon with Mrs. S. and left Los Angeles on the three o'clock train.

En route: Beautiful orange groves: yellow sunlight on the green and gold of the miles of orchard. As we neared San Diego an interesting sea wall. Arrived 6:30. Feel we are far South.

Dec. 11. We spent the entire day out at the Panama - California Exposition. The grounds cover 1400 acres and the architecture is Spanish-Colonial with domes and towers. It is a "Dream Place" of flowers and trees, of shady nooks and cool recesses. The open Plaza where hundreds of pigeons come to eat from your hand is an interesting feature. On a little "electric" we first got a general idea of the grounds and then spent the day "doing" buildings one by one, but on the whole we took things easy and had a restful day in the sunshine. We enjoyed the open air life again rather - open air concerts are a feature of this country. We returned to the city about six and after dinner went to the theatre: one of the finest play houses in San Diego - the Spectacles Theatre.

Dec. 12. Sunday: A golden Sunday morning here in San Diego. We spent the day at Coronado, a fashionable beach resort. The grounds are fine.

The hotel although very large does not compare with the Canadian Rocky Hotels. It is built around an open court, however, which makes it delightful. We enjoyed the ocean, the stretch of beach, and San Eli, a village of palm fringed summer cottages, unoccupied this time of the year. Coronado is indeed beautiful: the winter playground of the wealthy. Here those fortunate ones who have been taught to "play" rather than to "work" enjoy golf, tennis, polo, and all the multitudinous pleasures of a sea side resort. And how good it is to play! Not true alone or lovely Coronado but Everywhere.

Dec. 13. So-day a trip to La Jolla. This little sea side resort is sometimes affectionately called "The Little City of Santa's Wreath". But more beautiful to me is the English meaning of its Spanish name La Jolla (La Hoya) "a jewel by-the-sea". The little town is 14 miles north of San Diego, yet within the corporate limits of that municipality. (Thus we may account for jaded populations here in California.)

I had expected so much of La Jolla that I was disappointed: to me the place is not significant but for one feature: a magnificent shore line, rugged and irregular, and an entrancing panorama of the Pacific. The ocean is wonderful here. We returned to San Diego in time to get the three o'clock train for Los Angeles. I was glad to return to the Big Town feeling better.

Dec. 14. Los Angeles again! We have moved from the Rosslyn here to the Key West. (This is watched to the floor!) Spent the day moving and window shopping. I cannot believe that this is the Christmas season.

Dec. 15. We enjoyed an interesting "Sight Seeing" trip this morning. We went thru "Universal City", the Capital of the Film World. Los Angeles is indeed the Mecca of the Movie World for 90% of all films featuring in the U.S. are produced here. The environment is perfect for picture taking.

Universal City is interesting in as much as it gives one some conception of the magnitude of the Business, and the actual machinery of the enterprise as well. The grounds cover 1700 acres with fire departments, police service, work shops of all kinds, and a complete zoo. These animals are a part of the equipment for picture productions. We saw pictures in the actual process of production, rehearsals and action as well. There is an immense stage upon which 21 companies can work at once. There are a few interesting figures: At Universal City a single scene has cost as high as \$140,000. There are 2700 on the pay roll with an expenditure of \$15000 a day. Of the 2700, 1500 are actors. We enjoyed perhaps best of all our dinner at a cafe where dozens of actors ate their dinner, too. We saw several familiar faces. One interesting happening was the down fall of a little guy and a big tray of dishes! On the whole we enjoyed our trip to "Universal City" very much.

Evening: Edward and Ella went to a native this afternoon while I got my journal up-to-date again. I am writing to mamma to-night.

Dec. 16. We spent the day in lovely Pasadena and I had forgotten the degree of its loveliness: the houses of millionaires. The miles of shaded streets, the beautiful homes with well kept lawns and wonderland of flowers; in the distance snow covered peaks, and over and above all the golden sunshine of California.

Dec. 17. Spent a rather quiet day. In the afternoon went with Ella to have her picture taken. Were invited out to Mrs. D's for dinner. ~~XXXX~~ ~~XXXX~~ ~~XXXX~~ ~~XXXX~~

Dec. 18. We devoted the day to Christmas shopping and to Christmas crowds. I regret that I possess the ability to enjoy the beautiful if not the money to purchase. How good to live in this world!

Dec. 19. Sunday: Ella stayed all night here at the hotel that she might enjoy a day with us out at the beaches. We spent the day along the beaches of Santa Monica, Ocean Park, and Venice. We enjoyed the sunshine on the soft sand and sea. We returned to Los Angeles late in the afternoon. In the evening went to church at the First M. E., enjoyed a short sermon and "The Oratorio of the Messiah."

Dec. 20. Getting off my Christmas gifts, cards and letters to-day. Ella came to go shopping so I did not get there. To-day we made reservations for the journey home. It does not seem really possible. How time flies in this glad golden sunshine! In the evening we saw "The Ne'er-do-well" in motion at Clunes Theatre.

Dec. 21. Got off 15 more Christmas cards this morning. Had dinner at Mrs. G's. Then Mother and Arthur went out to Pasadena with us. I never get quite

so tired! We met Ella at six at the Rosslyn. In the evening saw Billie Burke in "Beggy" at the Majestic Theatre.

Dec. 22. Long Beach, Calif.

To-night I am happy - a wonderful quiet has crept into my soul. The sea has whispered "Peace!" Ella came up here to Long Beach with us. We have a pleasant apartment with big front windows to the ocean. I am satisfied with the endless, ceaseless ebb and flow of the sea!

Dec. 23. Spent a very delightful day. This morning Ella and I visited the shops of Long Beach while Edward fished. This afternoon Mr. Gaffe and his lady friend from Chicago joined us and we got a car and went out for a long ride. We saw the city of Long Beach, and visited Naples and Seal Beach. We had a splendid ride. "Stiffy" took us to dinner and in the evening we saw "The Planoman" or "The Birth of the Nation." During the

play we had the rare privilege of hearing the author of the book: "Thomas Dixon, Jr." in a certain speech. The dramatization of this book is the biggest thing I ever saw in "motion." We did not get out until after eleven o'clock - too late to go back to Los Angeles that night. Did not get into our apartment until after twelve.

Dec. 24. Came back to Los Angeles this morning. It is hot! I hope to meet Ethel Clark this afternoon at the Rosslyn. I shall be finishing my Christmas cards. I shall mail 65 greetings! I do not like this town! Letter:- I sat down in Rosslyn parlor the live-long afternoon and Ethel did not come.

Dec. 25. "A Merry Christmas" in this land of sunshine! It does not seem possible. We spent the day with the folks. We had a real little tree, lots of gifts, and fried chicken! Ella returned to Los Angeles with us. It is the first Christmas I was ever away from home in all my life.

Dec. 26. Sunday:- Our stay in California is nearing the end. We went out to Long Beach to have luncheon with Mr. Gaffe and his friend and to say good-bye. Came back to Los Angeles about three and met Ethel Clark at the Rosslyn. Had a splendid visit - it is fine to meet one who still believes in the stars - and took Ethel in to dinner with us. This evening Ella helped us pack! Our wonderful trip to California is over.

Dec. 27. We are to say "good-bye" and to begin our long home ward journey at ten o'clock. It is a beautiful hazy spring morning and the birds are singing.

Evening: En route. Santa Fe.

It is pleasant to be en route again, although we have seen nothing but California desert all day. We will be traveling across Arizona all night, and to-morrow a day at the Grand Canyon. After-thought: We have wretched traveling companions - hens! Good-night.

Dec. 24. Grand Canyon, Arizona.

A few things in this beautiful old world are ~~too~~ big to talk about. One can only weep before so supreme a spectacle of glory and of majesty!

This morning we took a fifteen mile ride along the Rim of the Canyon.

A light snow lay on the ground and on dwarfed desert trees. The air was cold and bracing. We had a fine drive.

All day the Canyon grew on us.

This afternoon we did some climbing down and regretted that we had not

made the trail trip. Sunset came -

a gorgeous Arizona sunset and lit the Canyon with a riot of a million colors. It was wonderful! Night came.

We left the Grand Canyon in a flurry of snow storm. ----- We have had

another wonderful day together. Let those who will buy lands and hoard money; we will have our memories, and memories of good experiences together.

The Grand Canyon is nearly two hundred miles long - thirteen miles wide - and one mile deep.

Dec. 29. En route thru New Mexico.

Miles of desert covered with snow patches and stunted sage. I purchased another Navajo rug and at Albuquerque two more pieces of pottery. What a joy to see a country entirely new! We passed thru Las Vegas about six o'clock. Towns even worthy of the name of cities are few and far between in New Mexico.

Dec. 30. Denver, Col., again!

With Eddie and Claude. Was sick all day with one of my terrible headaches. I managed to get up for dinner for looks sake. Eddie is like Alma.

Dec. 31. The year goes. I was well enough to-day to enjoy visiting a little. This afternoon Edward took Eddie and I to see Geraldine Farrar in "Temptation." We enjoyed our last dinner together. She falls saw us off at 9:45. Again I lay in my berth and was bound and watched white snow drift by the car window and stared at the winter stars.

1916.

Jan. 1. En route - Burlington.

This morning we are nearing home - white fields, old familiar scenes! We arrive in Lincoln at 1:20.

Lincoln, Neb.

Evening. Stone! Stone to the Bungalow.

When mamma and I arrived Edw. had a brighter fire in the fire place, and one of the new navajoes, down before the hearth. We enjoyed best of all looking at the many beautiful things we had purchased on the trip.

Jan. 2. Sunday:- A bit late and did not do much to start the wheels to-day. Grace and Will spent the afternoon with us.

Jan. 3. Routine started. To-day I put the living-room, library, and dining-room in order. Enjoyed finding places for all my new things. Edward got the car - it looks like new. And little Senator came home, too; looks like a tramp dog. Bill is glad to get home. Now quietly we pick up the threads again!