





Florence Merriam Bailey

1834 Kalorama Road

Washington, D.C.

# Journal

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California

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1907

No. 2

Pasadena, Mt. Lowe, Venice, Catalina, San Fernando  
Valley, Saugus, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Red Bluff,  
Grant's Pass, Glendale, Portland, Stillman, Tacoma.





Sept. From Beaumont we went to Pasadena - S. P. D

20 Dalyville - where we saw the mills - a warm country

- to make comfort for cold northern toes! On the train

from Beaumont we heard a mother of a tuber-  
culosis boy talking to a father of a tuberculosis girl!

The mother was a school teacher. With another boy  
she had an anxious eye on. They had been in Beaumont

for the summer when <sup>half way thru an engineering course</sup> her sick son was sleeping on a

screened porch. The doctor says "he's held his own  
this summer." "His fever'll be high this afternoon -

he did not want us to come." Then she told gratefully  
how the doctor had come before she left and talked

to the boy to keep his courage up - was going to sit  
with him afterwards. He'll get well there if he could

anywhere - bean, bright, cherry - but she the  
anguish in her eyes when - so full of it that she

must talk even to strangers, she says - "we talk  
about his getting well - we <sup>try to</sup> think about that!"

The grim courage of the two - of the bright-eyed woman  
and the faint collarless, white haired man were

heart-breaking. Another mother <sup>looked</sup> with anguish in  
leaving her son with her sister - coming back to school



## Paradise

her eyes which a hunchback daughter did up her hair & powdered & dressed up with childlike vanity in the small country junction station.

From Dolgoville we took the S.P. spur that runs between Los Angeles & Paradise.

Paradise is more & more surprising the more you go about it. A man in Beaumont with a big ring & worse than no manners said he did it like Paradise - "there are too many millionaires there to suit me!" But while you are surprised at the wealth of the place, the handsome houses, many of them gingerbread, ornate - some of them theatrical to the smiling point - Ambassadors - Bush - treed gardens etc - your sense of balance - dignity - is pleased by the quiet elegance <sup>good taste</sup> shown by the larger numbers. The houses of redwood shingles with dark ivy or merely beautiful green lawns - and a thousand things - rest the eye and satisfy the sensibilities. You say Orange Grove Ave - Grand Ave - Marquis Ave - Madison St. Ford Place - & think you have exhausted the



Paradise

Beautiful residential section, but instead of the ugliness and mediocrity you expect as you turn into the side streets, you come upon new streets full of homes and attractive houses.

Sunday morning in spirit at the Grinnells. In the afternoon we went to Larranza to call on the Millers.

Tuesday, reports written up, we went to Los Angeles to look up maps & barometers & find the type locality of Perodipus - the site of the old town.

Not finding Mr. Lummis we went to see Dr. R. E.

Dr. Stearns. He proved an interesting old man in the reminiscence stage - but with flashes showing breadth of view, human sympathy, & basal rectitude.

He showed us his paintings which show a delicate artistic feeling for nature & an intellectual interest in the technique - tho' he never had any art training. He has a white beard, keen but kindly brown eyes & a long nose.

He spoke of the decency of the mining towns he had known, <sup>as opposed to Dept. House stories</sup> & of the interest the men took in natural history.

His interest is in Berkeley where his associates have been - he worked in the University. He is now writing occasional articles & raising snails with the purpose of



# Pasadena

\*experimenting of hybridization, etc. We went to Los A.  
by the Oak Knoll road which goes out through the  
orange groves and hills & passed the Indian Crafts camp.

Wednesday we went up Mt. Lowe, taking the electric road  
at the top of the incline & winding around the sides of  
ridges - & out on the edge on the 'horseshoe' - looking down  
on the valley and on canyons filled with brush - around  
Pseudotsuga macrocarpa - till we got to the run

which is an attractive house with a big fireplace in the  
office, a pretty redwood & green dining-room, etc. Then,  
with a blowing of the bugle, the horsebackers start up the  
trail for the peak - 1100 ft. in 2 1/2 miles. At the (Upper  
Sonoran) top the bugle blows & echoes across from the  
canyons. I never walked up and back in a letter over two

hours, stopping to make plant notes etc - did better than  
the horses. While waiting I got another woman whose husband  
had gone up, to go out to Inspiration Point with me. She  
was evidently on a wedding trip. She had lived in Butte  
Montana most of her life, then <sup>she had</sup> later gone to Utah (she  
wore a jeweled cross - to show that she was not a  
Mormon?) - and how now been abroad 4 months & was  
on her way to <sup>near</sup> Prescott, Arizona to live. From the point

Mt.  
of  
Lowe



Mt. Lowe

There was a view due the whole of Pasadena & the hills beyond, while in spite of smoke from a number of fires the two peaked points and the line of the Catalina hills showed, & the sea could be seen at the foot of a promontory this side. The rounded tops of manzanita, some blue green some yellow green in the sun were beautiful on the chaparral hillides, but the gulches & old slopes filled with spruce were the best, with their long acres & shadows. It was interesting to trace out the trails on the mountain above - the Wilson's Peak — now distinct - now lost around a shoulder - again appearing as a line in the chaparral. With the glass white spots turned to camp houses & the white observatory building could be seen. While waiting at the hotel, sitting at the head of the steps - the bull boy - (See Parus gambeli) Then an old white haired gentleman & his son sat down and the son got out a bag of nuts & drew the squirrels & after a time the chickadees to him by the quietness of his ways. The old man looked on much interested. It was pleasant to see men engaged in such sport. At one time <sup>there was</sup> one boy standing in the sun with upstretched hand calling to the chickadees - calling insistently -



Mr. Jones

Pasadena

next 4

making them come - and two or three women with hands out in a row for the birds to choose from! And at the same time they were coming to me, faster along. The birds also came to people seated on the 2 chair balconies opening from the office. Going down the electric car the 6-7-8 ridges run in sunlight, the shadows between. At the incline a poor man with a wife stood up looking down making remarks - "If those ropes should break - - I tell you now my heart is in my mouth! - - I would sit lost down - it'd make me dizzy!" Tuberculosis man 1st found chichadeos then died.

Thursday specimens were packed up & preparations made for a 4 days pack trip in the mts. Mr. Grinnell loaned blankets & canvas & helped get a bright young Cooper Club boy who has made the trip before and whose brother years ago killed a grizzly up there. Friday <sup>9.30</sup> AM they started, with 2 saddle horses & a pack horse. The packing was done on the street & a bed ridden spinal invalid watched from her windows with an opera glass, as was to be seen! (one her bed is kept by the love of God & her serene, smiling face upholds the list)

In some of the stone windows here you see

Se habla Español.

In a hardware store - Solar Heaters



~~Bedridden  
invalid~~

In the house is a bedridden special patient - 25 yrs ago Wm Mitchell had change of her case. Only daughter - only child - dead - invalid for about 30 yrs - bedridden now for years - but the most cheerful person in the house. Kept by the Power of God & other texts are around her bed, & 'holy books' on her tables. She says she thinks McKeilley's death did more than his life for the people - says it showed that his religion was not just words - & she sweeps the tears from her eyes so you only guess how hardy now is her own courage. She keeps busy. In Sept. has 25 boxes ready for Xmas - gives to a great many so cost her expensive presents. Sends papers to needy frontier ministers, loans books, etc.

Old Army surgeon taught by nurses in hospital to knit & crochet. Seen first on upper piazza in knitted bed-room slippers, knitting - think he must be a dreadful cripple passing away the time, but it seems that he is able bodied - can get about - but not practicing - when not reading how this - not to sell - pass the time. Petulant under hearted old fellow - trouble made between him & his wife & he alone - goes & comes to his meals outside & nobody pays much of any attention to him. A Seattle girl of Italian father



Pasadena

Hates the place (Seattle) & the people. Another friend  
invited spends time reading novels, going to drive etc.  
says she is indolent - does not like American men -  
too commercial.

Mr. Grinnelli

After Po's return we went to Mrs. Grinnelli to meet some  
Audubon people & had a big fire in the stone fire place  
(Eucalyptus branches) & ate apples & <sup>ripe</sup> figs grown on the  
place. Another night we were asked to dine at Walter  
Richardson's, to see the skull of a grizzly he killed in the  
San Gabriel. The house a temporary one with burlap  
background for <sup>2 stumps</sup> African zebra skin - queer taxidermy bones  
& all sorts of African animals & other interesting  
skins. Mr. R. was an electrical engineer in the

Richardson

Kimberly mines & when there was got too active went  
hunting. He is a strong faced quiet young fellow  
whose rays little but whose force you feel. His wife  
is a sweet faced mother of a <sup>former kindergarten</sup> 13m boy, studying up the  
latest psychology & feeling of infants etc. & leading the  
simple life. Her mother - widow of the Bibb of Willow  
Grove. Their dinner served by themselves on a long  
mission table with pretty silver & china was an  
example of simple sensible hospitality. Tomatoes  
& lettuce made the table pretty, as an interest &



# Pasadena

a delicious meat loaf & creamed potatoes served with  
bread & butter & some characteristic California dish  
was followed by a big dish of sliced peas & a big  
slice of pie of rich cream-cake - All delicious &  
attractive, & the best touch of all given by the hostess  
frank smile when - after a wait between courses -  
she explained that they had had to wash the plates!  
And they had come for us with an automobile &  
the husband will probably soon retire from business  
to do the things he cares for most! The wife is  
a former kindergarten & Hull House worker & a woman  
with ideal face. She is interested in trying to get  
playgrounds started in Pasadena. 20 boys there on  
probation from the Los Angeles juvenile court judge,  
they will think, <sup>enough</sup> reason for playgrounds!  
A woman there was showing her son that she did not  
believe his word - teaching him to lie - She was thinking  
about his High School course. She wanted him to take  
botany instead of zoology. "I hate those squirming things & I  
don't see any interest or use in studying them" - in the face  
of the fact that the boy - like most normal boys - had  
a natural interest in natural history. On the other  
hand she was a sensible womanly woman anxious to



do right by her boy. On what she said about zoölogy  
she asked me in all seriousness — "Is a duck a bird?"  
And the question was echoed by another good woman at  
table!

After returning from the net. trip I went to San Pedro  
for a little work & on his return I rejoined him at  
Los Angeles. Next met us there the 10<sup>th</sup> & that evening  
we went out to the Cope Club meeting. It was very  
interesting to look around the room and see the rugged  
honest manly faces of the boys whose articles you had  
been reading, and also to look on the dull, spiritless  
faces of the least interesting & realize what it was to  
them to have a spark of living interest like this.  
It was interesting to call out their observations & see  
when they had been and what they had seen.

When H & I left for the south, I came to Keweenaw  
when I had found them an unusual opportunity  
to study water birds at close range.

When the tide is low enough the waders gather on  
the beach, flying on apparently from the lagoons  
when they stay during high tide. As you walk along the  
In the canals you can see cormorants diving & fishing  
& now & then a dabchick or a duck (See Phalaropus).

Cope  
Club  
Meeting

Water birds



Water birds

## June

They said about the beach the sand seems to be walking away from you (on *Argemone* *moosa*). But the view of the shore line is most interesting for shore birds are running out <sup>after the waves</sup> or hurrying back before them like children afraid of getting wet - back & forth, back & forth - myriad small or big fowls. Godwits, willetts, surf birds, gulls, <sup>or an occasional godwit</sup> make up the population (see species notes). The birds have been so tame that they would walk along the shore ahead of you, and when disturbed by a walker would make a circle - perhaps - in the afternoon - cross the sun path - & light a little farther along the beach. But Sunday more people were here and guns were going off all day at the gun club grounds about the marshes & lagoons. On the shore in the afternoon within a mile there must have been 150-200 godwits alone. They were scattered along in small bunches when a man & little boy in betting suits came walking along the beach & the man began throwing stones at each group as he came to it, sending the little boy to pick up stones for him! His face was so hard that there seemed no appeal from it - & what could you say to a man of such wantonness. It made my blood boil with indignation. The



Water birds

Vance

man's suit was in stripes! Good training for stripes he was giving the little boy by his side. This morning one poor gull with dangling broken bill & another with broken leg lying in the sand of the shore may attest to his prowess - his noble prowess! When the birds had been frightened in this way all along the beach as the pair went & came, a brown water sparrow excited by the dashing surf discerned that he could reach the birds fly so he ran dashing down the beach barking & jumping, his ears flapping, & gulls flew up into the air & godwits rose in confusion - in flocks. Then he lay in the sand & rolled & jumped up barking & lay down the beach again!

Small wonder that the birds were wild this way!

Play

The other day I saw some boys driving a handsome spirited horse & drawing <sup>by</sup> a rope <sup>boys</sup> a cart rigged up with a big sail! They were speeding round town with it! While watching surf scoters to-day I saw two boys with a cart & a burro stopping for lunch. The burro was eating his - a wisp of hay on the ground before him, while the boys ate theirs in the cart!

A boy that I found on a raft in one of the canals has told me about the food of cormorants told me  
 + another day 3 boys with sails, old patched cloths - with little wagons - help with


what on ground or water on cart on



# Tuvalu

that the crabs come themselves up with the canal mud & then when the fish come near "they nab them!"

Catamaran

4 men were drowned here in 3 months so now they have a life saving station & a catamaran  two air filled tubes that ride the waves & are manned by rowers - one of the crew wears a red suit - a grateful mark in time of danger.

Oct. 15 - Some porpoises passed the pier rolling along, two of the side by side - the fins as they come up out of water.

Porpoises

Just about sunset I saw a flock of gulls flying around the pier & the sky above & went out to see.

They were heermannii & occidentalis. A row of 6's sat on the pier rail & " on the posts ad.

Gulls

As the sun came thru low under the clouds it lit up the Santa Monica cliffs & a ship lying out by the Port Los Angeles (longest pier in the world it is said to be - 1 1/2 miles long) It also lit up the rigging of the Tuvalu wharf & touched 3 cormorants perched on the opposite sides of a row boat. A faint rainbow arched up in the southeast. Soon after the gulls disappeared for the night. Surf very high at sunset. And the night a



Yuma

few people (not at the Conny Island part) watch the sun go down - a red ball - then a red disc as it went out in clouds.

Marshes & lagoons

Oct. 16. Went out by the edge of the marshes & along the canals 4-day after that horrible summer down all my birds away from the beach (on Simonsa Fedoa) and across the long bridge to the sand dunes overlooking the big stretch of marsh - waddy now with some plant - & with waterways everywhere. What delight it would be to wade through it & poke about quietly with a boat & really see what is there. There were hordes of birds out in the lagoon but I could not get near enough to see what they were but some were long legged round bodied & warm brown, evidently plovers, and there were aggregating rows of white birds down together that I wanted awfully to know - On compensation. Lovely tunnels over batters or some such thing - creeping along the edges of water ways!

Beach at sunset

I came home <sup>just before sunset</sup> from down the road to Playa de Rey with long <sup>straight</sup> lines of white surf breaking 6ft or more from its green wall - but not far enough not to pound. The ocean was gray & the white <sup>with its deep roars</sup> surf and air full of ocean life with



## Yuma

just a haze of fog coming in and a deep glittering gold sun path and a sunset sky that grew and ripened to rich purples. It was glorious. The long straight lines of white surf and the big rollers behind give such a feeling of the dignity of the simplicity & beauty of it all. It all seems a part of the orderly march of the universe — how small a dot man is! And yet he alone can try to understand the universe — and bow before what he cannot fathom.

Oct. 20 — The beach was like a soldier's home this morn. doubtless as the result of the 'open season' and the popping from early morning out on the marshes & lagoon. The first discovery was a poor Bude cormorant dead on the beach with its bill tied up (See Phalaropus) then down the beach one after another gulls with broken legs, crippled surf birds & two big noble gulls — one apparently with one leg shot off — it was horrible & made you thankful when any poor little sandpiper put one foot before the other & trotted off normally.

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I and then me the swirling flocks of white sandpipers were resolving ahead of you.



Pasadena

(Another invalid - Mrs. Birch - a sweet faced woman of gentle words & smiles - white. Nurse of the invalid - nice - with face growing womanly, and strong which the novel reader (from the convent) reads sweet & or doubtful books and smiles with undeveloped girlish look that goes to your heart and makes you want to mother her. Gaudily, apologizes for not doing more work herself - has to keep dressed up for reputation of house - good business principle. Little old maid waitress looks you in the eye when taking your order & in every way shows personal interest in having you pleased. Chinese cook can't be asked to help carry home baggage - English man told us man in house - Chinese cook - not a man.

Nurse  
Birch

Even some of the little sandpipers go stamping off on one foot - cheerful little cripples! It made me thankful when one man - in kaki went down & aimed at one godwit - instead of banging into a flock & wounding a dozen - hit it, & instantly with a dexterous swing or two by the bill killed it in humane sportsman-like fashion. But to shoot at flocks of sandpipers too little for our mouths of game - or to shoot gulls, murder terns, cormorants -



Water birds

## Venice

This country needs policing. Meanwhile the automobiles hurry down to the gun club! Great flocks of ducks were stringing on from the ocean - there must have been <sup>hundreds</sup> hundreds of them - & still the popping went on - Poor things - tired from their nights journey & seeing quiet waters inland - to fly to their doom. If they are shot dead - well & good if needs must be till humanity gets farther along - but to have them wounded!

Oct. 20 As I was thinking that there were only godwits, gulls & sandpipers on the shore this day - no surf birds I came to the end of the board walk & beyond, where the high tide washes up mud & the soft sand is comfortable & the birds can rest disguised - you can't see them at all a short distance off they come into the <sup>ducky</sup> hummocky surface so well - right before was a big bunch of resting birds - godwits mainly, standing on the outside of the circle & nearly 32 surf birds sitting down or standing beyond & in the midst a close bunch of little sandpipers. It was very pretty. Then they broke up the sandpipers went off by themselves on the sand. Sometimes as you look down the beach the big & little birds look like old & young. Once I saw a surf bird fly with a flock of little sandpipers when if the big bird seemed to direct their flight - it turned back as they were



# June

Birds

going on, & to my surprise they went on a little farther & then  
whiled too! But indeed the surf was a flock of about 25  
scoters, two terns (probably hinds) were feeding, & one had  
big flocks of ducks strung across - while gulls beat  
up & down the shore. It was an exciting time -  
& the strong sea breeze smelled good & the sun shone  
warm - good after days of fog & cloud.

21<sup>st</sup> This morning I had a lovely time watching little sandpipers  
& snowy plovers (see notes) also explored along the mud thickets  
and saw a flock of meadowlarks singing, a lot of bellies  
one tale wren - a yellowthroat looking very green, a whistler, &  
sparrow hawk. Called up a song sp. by whistling its song.  
Crossing the hard sand dunes reminds you of walking on  
crust & has something the same exhilaration. There are  
some pretty sand dune plants here - nice like that  
radiate out - one with pretty yellow flowers & one with  
bluish green leafage. At the foot of the dunes there are  
some queer succulent reddish plants all like curls  
varying from green to dark reddish. Then there are



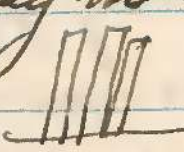
## Birds

This afternoon the tide was very low (the moon is full) and the mounds of fresh kelp were all tracked around by the birds. As you looked down the shore, at the water line were scattered big round long-billed godwits & white-breasted gulls, & on the sand back of the water lines of little white-breasted sandpeeps like strings of pearls on the sand. Higher up - high & dry were scattered many plovers, and now and then one or two would start & make a run (head lowered) & dab at something - one of the little hopping things that rise from 9000 feet, it would seem. The ocean was a water color - soft shimmering grays and yellows - and the surf broke so far out that the roll of it was soft - the soft voice of the ocean - as at other times you get the deep voice.

Oct. 23 - This afternoon sandpeeps were most in evidence on the beach - a little squad of about 30 in one spot & others up & down <sup>the beach</sup> running about with a few scattered godwits & surf birds & gulls. Out in the surf a flock of surf Scoters were roosting on the quiet green rollers, in the white surf lines were men with long poles were 'clawing', standing in the low surf & raising up the claws as they were best in, putting them in a bag carried on the shoulder - A steam launch with



# Yucui

lightly rolled sails went hurrying by, and down by the  
sunlit cliffs at the foot of the bay ~~two~~ schooners with 3 long  
white sails lay as if at anchor. 

A black line against a cloud turns into a flock of ducks.

Oct. 24. Mr. Shen & I went down to Redondo on the way one of

the long piers was lined along both sides with gulls sitting close

Another pier had gulls (*occidentalis* & *heermannii*) & cormorants.

*Redondo*  
At Redondo people of all sorts & conditions were fishing on the wharf.  
Colored people, old folks & children - One old woman with, appa-  
rently, her grand child <sup>sitting down on edge</sup> leaning water out over water.

A tramp boat with English flag & maltese cross on the  
funnel excited comment. The engineer of the electric  
power plant (which runs the Los Angeles cars by condensing  
ocean water for steam) told us that railroad ties are

brought on from Siberia by Japanese boats cheaper than  
they can be brought from the redwood belt up north -  
because of convict labor. At Redondo we found pebbles

being ground and polished for sale - & learned that <sup>on</sup> the  
beach close by moonstones (coated with limestone) agates &  
jaspers are picked up washed in more sand days than  
others. We walked along for a ways & found people  
gathering them - men & women in better suit  
trying to get them - tourists or just ordinary visitors



## Yucic

with a mild interest, explaining to each other about the kinds  
or one man with an <sup>avid</sup> eager <sup>thing</sup> something-for-nothing  
look. — but had the free gifts of the beautiful ocean should  
be so misused!

The Santa Monica Mts. seen from Yucic are usually  
my ordinary, but with mist on them late on 'mystery  
& magic' and with dark purple haze of some moments  
are rich & reserved.

Yucic is a curious place — planned, it would seem,  
on the exposition idea, with buildings copying Italian  
architecture, & canals (tide water) & lagoons with gondolas  
to ride in. There is a European exhibit — a Japanese  
exhibit best from Portland with big dragons curled on  
pillars in front — Jap. ball game — 'bowling' — on  
the pier a big auditorium with organ & floor for  
dancing. Electric lights around the towers and  
festooning the streets make it very pretty at night.  
Then there is a Midway Pleasure with attractions  
with which I have not become acquainted, including  
flower shoots for the boys, & a <sup>mild</sup> Coney Island housed  
in Italian style. Fish dinners served by Jap.  
are one of the attractions.



## Catalina

Oct. 26, in response to a telegram from Union Forest in  
to Los Angeles to meet them on their return from the desert  
trip. The next morn. - Sunday - we went to Catalina. We took  
the train at the Pacific Electric station where cars start for  
Pasadena, Mt. Lowe, all the beaches, Santa Ana, etc.  
The station large enough for a railroad station with big  
waiting rooms, dining room, etc. and over the barred  
off entrances to the trains black boards  on  
which as the train comes a sign appears - Next car for  
Pasadena - or wherever it may be. Then we took an electric  
car for San Pedro whose harbor we found with a forest  
of masts, & boarded the *Hermosa* for the Catalina trip.  
It was a pleasant trip across with the <sup>dark</sup> purple water  
(out from the green) and the sea birds flying above the  
green, the gulls, the flying fish, and the gentle rocking  
of the boat. The sea birds were little more than an  
aggravation - they flew so far away from our sight.  
The island as we approached looked like a <sup>short</sup> range of bare  
mountains & on reaching it the town proved to be set  
down on a little flat close to the water's edge with  
hills rising on all sides. After lunch we went up on  
an endless chain <sup>car</sup> to the top of a hill and down on  
the other side with the blue water at our feet, so



## Catalina

close it looked as if the car would drop right into the ocean. Instead, we stepped out and got into a glass-bottomed <sup>row</sup> boat. Several of them were waiting for passengers and one that we saw full of people presented a row of <sup>benches</sup> backs, as all the people were leaning over the glasses in the middle. A little awning cut off some of the light and on starting the rower pulled down a flap that cut off a little more. As we bent over the glasses we saw gold fish swimming around above the rocks, most of which were covered with short whitish or other kinds of weed. The most beautiful sight of all was the long streamers of brown kelp - some perhaps 40 ft. long - attached to the stones of the bottom and waving gently <sup>back & forth</sup> through the green water. One sea urchin had purplish flowers that they called 'blue flowers'. Sometimes the kelp rubbed the glass of the boat bottom. Brown spotted fish swam around and as we moved over the water a big fish with bluish body & white gills came in sight and the rower said he was a sheep's-head, & said they kept the little fish straight! Schools of little fish from pin size up to purple ones & some that the rower called sardines filled the water in



## Catalina

places. It was like getting a glimpse of another world to look down into the ocean — the big mud-grown rocks, the green water, and the beautiful dark brown kelp growing in forests — more fitting for mermaids.<sup>+</sup> A below shells turned suggestively shiny blue sides up appeared at intervals, and a diver, <sup>in a bathing suit</sup> being rowed around dove for them for the people — at 2 bits each. He was an athletic young fellow but after diving a number of times his eyes got bloodshot & he shivered with cold between times. He would look thru the glass of the boat to place the shell & then taking a long breath dive under the boat for it. As we looked down thru the green water his body, which was dark brown looked ghostly white. When he had the shell we could see him give a little kick with his foot and start up. Then he climbed by hard muscle into the boat. One of the men in our boat asked — "What kind of animals lives in them shells?" A larger — steam-boat was better for seeing the marine gardens, but we had made the mistake of getting our tickets on the boat for the smaller ones. We were brought back to the harbor by a little launch

+ 1 starfish & a few holothurians were seen.



## Catalina

and found on piles in front of the wharf a large flock of gulls - occidentalis or heermannii sitting. Two loons swam thru too, diving and swimming right under the noses of all the people. A sea lion with big mustaches was sitting on his tail, his head out of water, apparently looking to be fed. When the photographer got ready to take him he turned a somersault & disappeared (See Larus occidentalis)

In the Aquarium were star fish, sea anemones, and octopus - horrible creature - & H told of his fight with one in Bermuda - how he tried to get it and it got angry & chased him over the reefs, swimming so much faster than he could that he had to fight it not to have it throw its arms around him - fight it with barrel staves beating it off. He said it was funny how a thing of that kind would take hold of your imagination - that he sweat blood before he conquered it. He said their strength is tremendous & they put out an arm and grasp you and hold on with suction discs & then draw the object up and cut it across the back of the neck with their knives.

On the way home the sunset and a 4-masted schooner with sails out sailed across (tasted)



Tales of  
adventure

## Catalina

toward it. Then the light came out in the light house  
on the point of San Pedro, & H told of light house  
keepers being nearly blown away in getting to their  
towers - of a man <sup>who</sup> coming to relieve another & in  
climbing up <sup>holding onto iron bars</sup> the tower had his legs blown out  
from under him & flapped back & forth. When he  
finally got in the other man dared not come out &  
they both stayed in without food or water till the  
storm subsided (the food the man had brought was  
blown out of his hands). He also told - on the way  
over - of his adventures on the ocean - of the time when he  
& Mr. Harriman had gone ashore and had to go back in a  
gasoline launch to the ship and did not know exactly where  
the ship was - had a long way still to go & the waves were  
bad - had to be taken at just such an angle or not at all -  
when the sailor came up & said the gasoline was nearly  
gone! They all looked death in the face. Mr. H ordered  
all the cans & they got in. Another time they were blown  
out to sea and almost onto boat destroying black rocks -  
Mr. Harriman took the wheel & saved them. Then he told  
how Mr. H asked the capt. of his ship what he'd rather  
do in all the world & when he said he'd rather be master of the



## Fernando

Columbia he said he should. This spring, owing to a fog in which a schooner capt. instead of following the code of signals acted on his own judgment, the Columbia was run into & a panic ensued. The captain quitted the people, got them all into life boats & then, with a "God bless you", went down with his ship. All who saw him there it, said he acted grandly.

Dec. 28 We took the noon train north to Fernando where we stayed one night at the Hotel Rey San Fernando.

29<sup>th</sup> Took a horse & crossed the valley to the Santa Monica. The low flat part of the Plains are in wheat and we met numbers of horse freight wagons hauling bags of wheat to a corral where it was stacked in tiers rods long - 3 freight cars on track were loaded with it. In places there were enormous <sup>foremen</sup> barns & big corrals & houses & implements gang plows & threshers etc. Enormous stacks of baled hay going to waste - falling apart - were seen. fields already plowed were yellow with <sup>clumps of</sup> sunflowers - poor work. I suggested that the sunflowers or the straw left after heading - could be compressed for fuel. In a country where old oranges & peach pits are burned,



## Saugus & Soledad Canyon

The Chinese method should be used. We crossed the old road between the missions and saw a bill put up by

marked El Camino Real 1769 - 1906 - the road here connecting Santa Barbara, San Fernando, Los Angeles, Capistrano & San Diego missions. We drove up into a gulch leading up into the Santa Monica

and climbed up on the road leading across to Hollywood.

Oct. 30<sup>th</sup> Left Fernando about 8 AM. (train late) <sup>It</sup> went up thru a tunnel to Nordhoff where the English sparrow has come in its way south, and up to Soledad, where, as there is no daylight train there <sup>the train</sup> to <sup>the</sup> Mojave Desert, Vernon drove as far as he could to determine the zone of the pass, finding it upper Sonoran - sagebrush, atriplex, oaks, etc.

30<sup>th</sup> From Fernando we went on to Saugus where we drove up the Francesquito and Soledad Canyon. On the road we met a camper's wagon with a square frame covered with tattered cloth - inside a woman & children walking around - & a sewing machine standing.

✓ after passing a remarkably handsome <sup>best of</sup> olive orchard at the olive growers association



# Santa Barbara

Oct In the afternoon we went up to Santa Barbara and the  
31<sup>st</sup> next morning Vermon went up the mountain - rode as far  
as his horse could well carry him & then climbed fast  
to the top of the highest peak, running most of the way  
back to the horse till his knees & legs both felt the  
strain - but made it between 10.30 A.M. & 4.30 P.M. from  
the Gregson. Meanwhile I went right seeing -

Mission I went first to the mission. The hours at which visitors  
are received are posted and a Franciscan in brown robe  
and friar's hood <sup>fastened with a</sup> white cord, with shaven head and  
bare sandalled feet showed us around. A collection  
of antiquities included a rawhide bedstead with the tree  
calf pattern - rawhide stretched tight as a drum on  
a frame of a bedstead (such as that described in Pomona,  
which Alessandro made for Phillippe) - old stye bed for  
the priests, old illuminated books, one commentary on the  
books of the old Testament in 1493, a prayer book in the  
Indian language for use of the Abnaki tribes, <sup>the</sup> Processional  
Cross, a grape vine the size of a child's body, two old mill-  
stones, mirrors, pictures, Indian baskets, mats, etc. a  
 queer old piano, & innumerable other curios. Those  
who went up into the tower saw into the <sup>interior</sup> garden where



# Santa Barbara

Mission

only Mrs. Mc Kibby & the Princess Louise have been allowed to go. The Brother took us into the church now in use. The pilasters painted by the Indians in imitation of Spanish marble, the ceiling decorated with Indian (? Aztec) designs, the old iron work from which hung curtains used in the decoration of the church, the large pictures - copies of Murillos brought from Mexico were all pointed out by the Brother. +

He then took us to the cemetery in which are buried <sup>bones & plants & objects</sup> thousands of Indians & Whites - full of beautiful

A Brother with a heavy dark blue apron over one <sup>his</sup> robe was working in the garden. A <sup>was beautiful</sup> Poinsettia tree in the garden, but a large crucifix <sup>or all the multitude of dead</sup> made it a ghastly place.

From the steps of the mission we could look down on the jumboats in the harbor whose lights we had seen in coming in. Rosaries made by the mission of Job's Tears, <sup>dried</sup> seeds of a plant in the garden, were hanging on the wall by the register for sale.

From the mission I walked thru some of the best residential part of the town - saw a park

+ While we were at the altar a Friar came in with a big box of fresh Poinsettias for the altar



# San Francisco

with an English ivy border that was rich & effective -  
+ took the car down to the shore where three yachts  
were standing in handsome effect <sup>low</sup> on the water, with  
white topped launches moving back & forth bringing  
white-capped or other sailors. On a pier was a notice  
Low water, 7 ft. High water, 11 ft. A dead cormorant was  
lying in the mud on shore & while I was there a <sup>bank-headed</sup> young  
man went up the shore with a gun under his arm -  
nothing was to be seen but one loon & the gulls.

Nov. 1 At 7.20 P.M. we took the sleeper for S.F. when we arrived  
at 9.30 a.m. At the Townsend St. station we  
had one introduction to the (!) criminal classes -  
such faces as one would be most likely to find  
on that side of the city at this time - types of the  
bad politicians if nothing worse. Few handsome  
business buildings - some completed, others in process,  
alternate with masses of brick & twisted iron,  
or part of a <sup>brick</sup> wall, a wrecked tower, or neatly  
piled bricks. Many of the streets are still unfit  
for traffic, & travel is greatly congested.†

The night before election Mr. Gilbert & Miss Eastwood  
dined with us & afterwards we went to Judge

† See Kennan's article in Nov.



# San Francisco

Hittells to call. The family were out except Carlos the artist & he took us into his workshop where studied properties in form of old guns, horns, & other curios were suggestive material. In the fire he climbed to the top of a church tower with a horse. As we came out of the house we heard the screeching of an engine in the Labor Parade - something like a traction engine carried in the parade. From our distance we could see the glow of <sup>red</sup> calcium lights that enveloped the parade. When we got down to the car lines we found that no cars were running, the cars standing blocks away from the line of the parade, some abandoned by conductor & motor-man in well grounded fear. A man who had been in S. F. on Labor Day when there were riots in different parts of the city, & the car men had been the targets of the mobs, said with deep feeling that they had all his sympathy, marched men in uniforms, without arms - two men to a mob-helpher. He then told us of the day when he came into S. F. just as the strike breakers who had been imported to man the street cars & who had not been upheld by the people, so that their arms had been taken from them by the police & had forced them out -



Labor parade

## San Francisco

being sent back to their homes - were gathered at the station to take the train. Detectives of the labor party had ferreted out the hiding places of these men - knew where they were to be sent away - the mob had gathered. As H entered the ferry house he saw that something was happening in the black mob, & then he heard shrieks for mercy, shrieks that he would not have believed it possible for human beings to utter & that he could not get out of his ears for necks, & answaring shouts of "To hell with them!" & the awful sounds of crushing bones - of ~~human~~ bodies being broken on the stones of the pavements. On Labor Day when the riots occurred H & E stayed in, & when the shrieks of the negroes, the shouts of the parade, the cloud of red calcium lights rose - I wished that we had stayed at home. As our way home lay parallel to the line of the parade we could not escape it, & did not know what moment it might turn up our street, & as the street cars lie with their standing <sup>some abandoned</sup> cars, men crossed & men came out of the darkness. H wanted to turn in to a Jap. store that stood open, but it was on a corner with a car standing on its track & its decks (<sup>show</sup> windows) were cleared for fear of action.



Car  
Riot

# San Francisco

Electoral

We got home safely, but at midnight N was awakened by a tumult in the streets & the next morn. the Labor Paper acknowledged that there had been a car riot & a motor man stabbed in the back so that he would probably die. The election passed off quietly, however, and the next night we stood on Van Ness with a very orderly crowd reading returns of the Call, that had promised to put out green lights if McCarthey (the anarchist) were elected - returns that read along this line Taylor 14 or Tandelide for Taylor in the Ryan 1 Labor District. McCarthey 1

That night as we were returning from dinner in the street car, at the corner of Fillmore we saw a black crowd. I looked up just in time to catch a look of terror on the face of the conductor, & Hart jumped to his feet. A mob? - a riot? But it proved only a street fakin' crowd or something of the sort. So instead of being stoned in the car, we got out quietly & walked home. But - it was as near the French Revolution condition of affairs as I could become.

Academy

In spare time I went up to the temporary Academy where Mr. Loomis kindly let me look over the



Academy

## San Francisco

skins. He & his assistant also took me to the old Academy to see the Galapagos collection. We climbed around ruins & rubbish & up across a flank into the shell of the Academy. Then up a hole in the 2<sup>d</sup> story floor <sup>to</sup> there by a temporary wooden staircase. The ship with 11 collectors <sup>& outfit</sup> had gone to the Galapagos when the fire occurred, so the outfit was saved, & now the collections are back <sup>in</sup> for the new Academy. The enormous turtles, the great wingless, and the strange little big-billed were in large series. It was exceedingly interesting to see the Academy ruin and the types & records saved by the heroism of Miss Eastwood & the rest. Mr. L. pointed up at the ruins of the galleries & told where each exhibit had been, & showed where the biggest fires had come from the library - eating deep - said the library made "beautiful ashes!" And now they are almost ready to move to the new temporary Academy in the Golden Gate Park.

From S. F. Vernon was called to Nevada to investigate a Microtus plague & while he was there I went up to Red Bluff to visit Helen.

Red Bluff We crossed the ferry in time for N to put me on the 8.30 train, so I had a daylight-trip up the



## Sacramento Valley

Beautiful bay with its boats, past the Suisun marshes with their gun clubs, coots, & ducks. In one place I saw a few Cal. poppies - *escolola* in bloom. Then were hordes of blackbirds in the S. valley - great flocks. Alfalfa fields, & oaks with horses resting under them, vineyards & orchards with autumnal <sup>late</sup> Tanchos grape variety. The Marysville buttes stood out well as we passed - rising from the level plain. Magpies (yellow-billed) were flying about west of Marysville between there & Arbuckle. Gray wrens (short & fine) hung from the oaks in places.

Antlers were seen from the train in passing a big plowed field. A 10 horse cultivator was at work & other implements of the same scale. At Orland a group of Canada geese were seen in a yard. At one town an enormous stack of baled hay was canvassed over. Touches of red & yellow gave warmth to the landscape, & meadowlark songs gave freshness. The <sup>white</sup> Lassen Buttes came in sight - before Mitchell & Shasta was seen - white bulk - before reaching Red Bluff. The oak groves at the head of the valley became



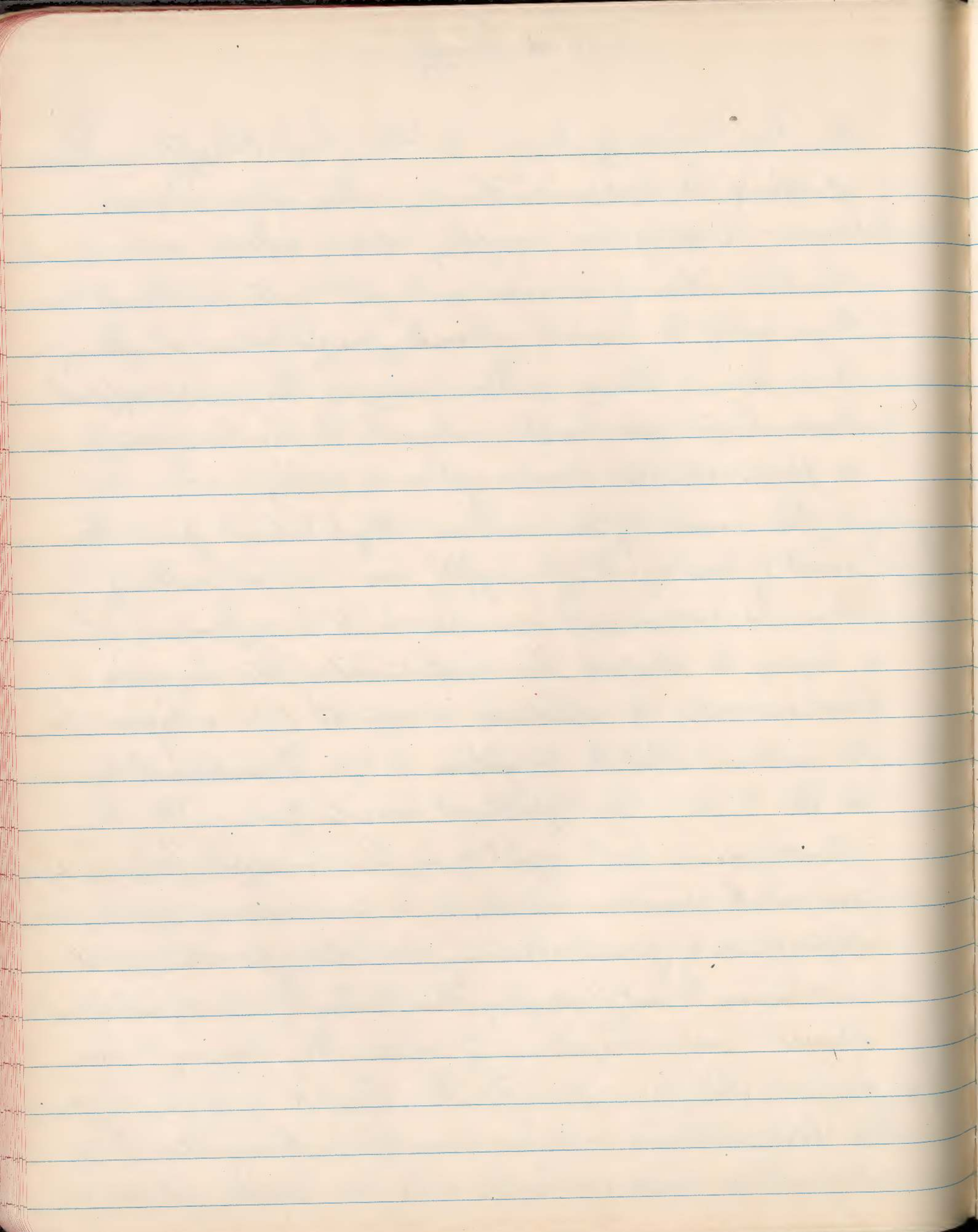
## Red Bluff

elm-like rich groves. At Red Bluff we drove up along the Sacramento — a beautiful wide river that flows swiftly down between autumnal banks — almost an eastern sight. With row boat here & there under the bank & colored grape vines & deepening trees here & there. The views of the snow-capped Lassen Buttes give touch & dignity to the landscape, & in places Shasta looms up in nobility.

High School

The inside of the western High School from the point of view of the principal was very interesting. There is no manual training in N. S. or grades, & F is trying to educate the sentiment of the Trustees & business men to introduce it into the N. S. & so far in the grades — also to introduce a 2 yrs. agricultural course in the N. S. The repellent scholasticism of the schoolman is lost sight of in the principal who helps you load manure while he is convincing you of the importance of manual training, & talks poultry to the ranchman while urging the value of an agricultural course. In a community where the livery owner proposes the principal for the Board of Trade & one of the best mothers allows her N. S. daughters to go to public dances which are free to all characters







in the town, where competing basket ball teams carry rough housing to the border of rowdyism. There are many grave problems to be met. It is much as it is in the east, only more so.

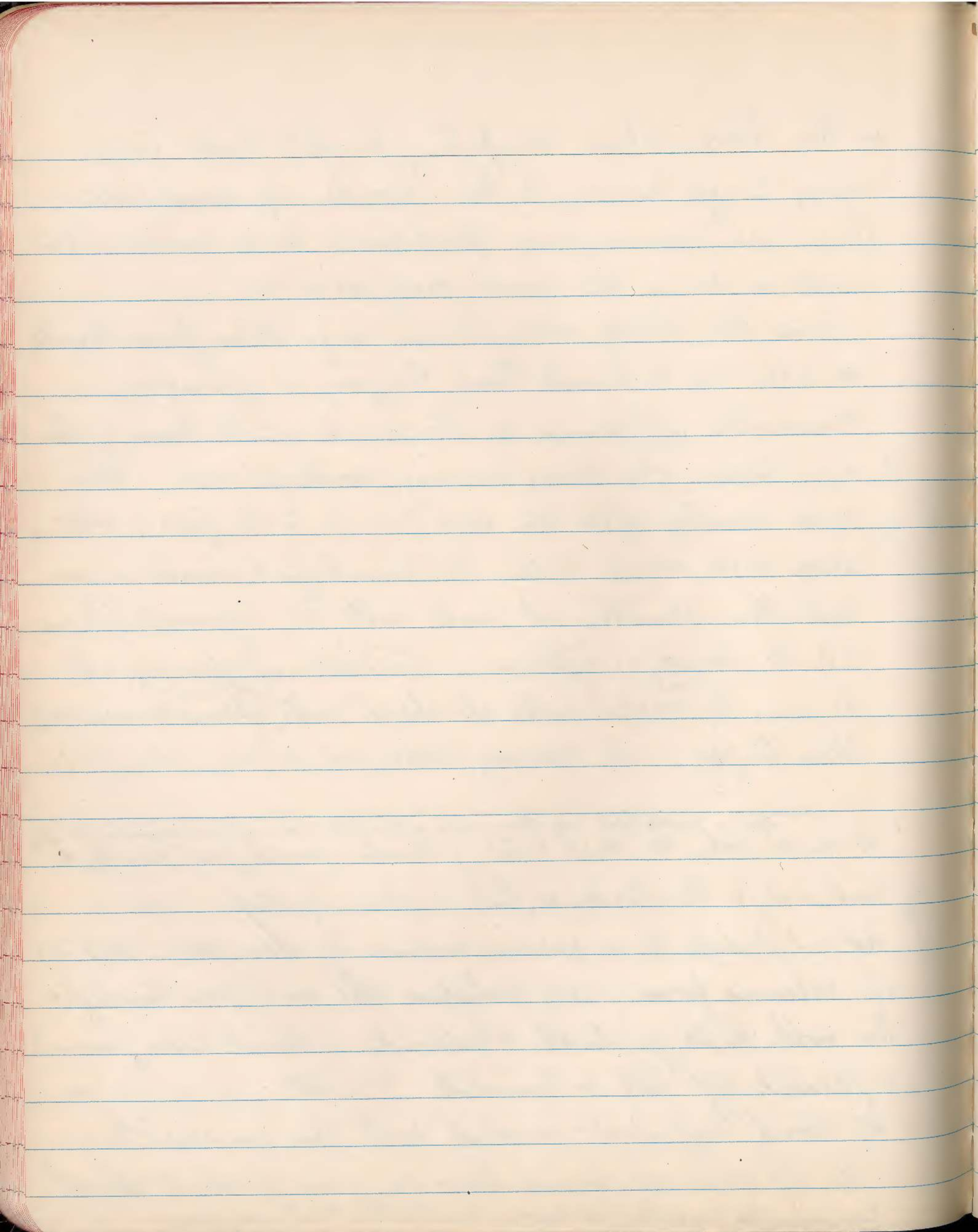
From Red Bluff where Kurova came thru from Nevada we went on to Geant's Pass, Oregon, <sup>+</sup> & spent a memorable afternoon in the woods at the base of the mountains. The clear, bracing northern air, the wild country after the city (S. F. to the fore) & the dense wet wood with its beautiful madrones with thin smooth red bark with its exquisite bloom like the cheek of a plum, & its brilliant glowing red berries. The <sup>dark</sup> wooded hills all about with <sup>sections of</sup> ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> coming out thru the fog. A charming little girl traveling alone from

<sup>after a moonlight ride thru gats of the narrow lava canyon of the Ge.</sup>  
+ When we woke, the black bulk of Shasta could just barely be

Shasta made out, in the darkness, but sections of slope -  
pilot out perhaps by a narrow section of clear sky - told of the volcanic forms, & we watched till, as it grew daylight, the noble bulk gradually whitened & cloud caps formed & floated off till we counted 7 little o o o o of cloud cap just touched with the sunrise color.

The top of the mt. looked down on a sea of white cloud. Here came the mg in the Siskiyou - beautiful the Shasta in by fog.





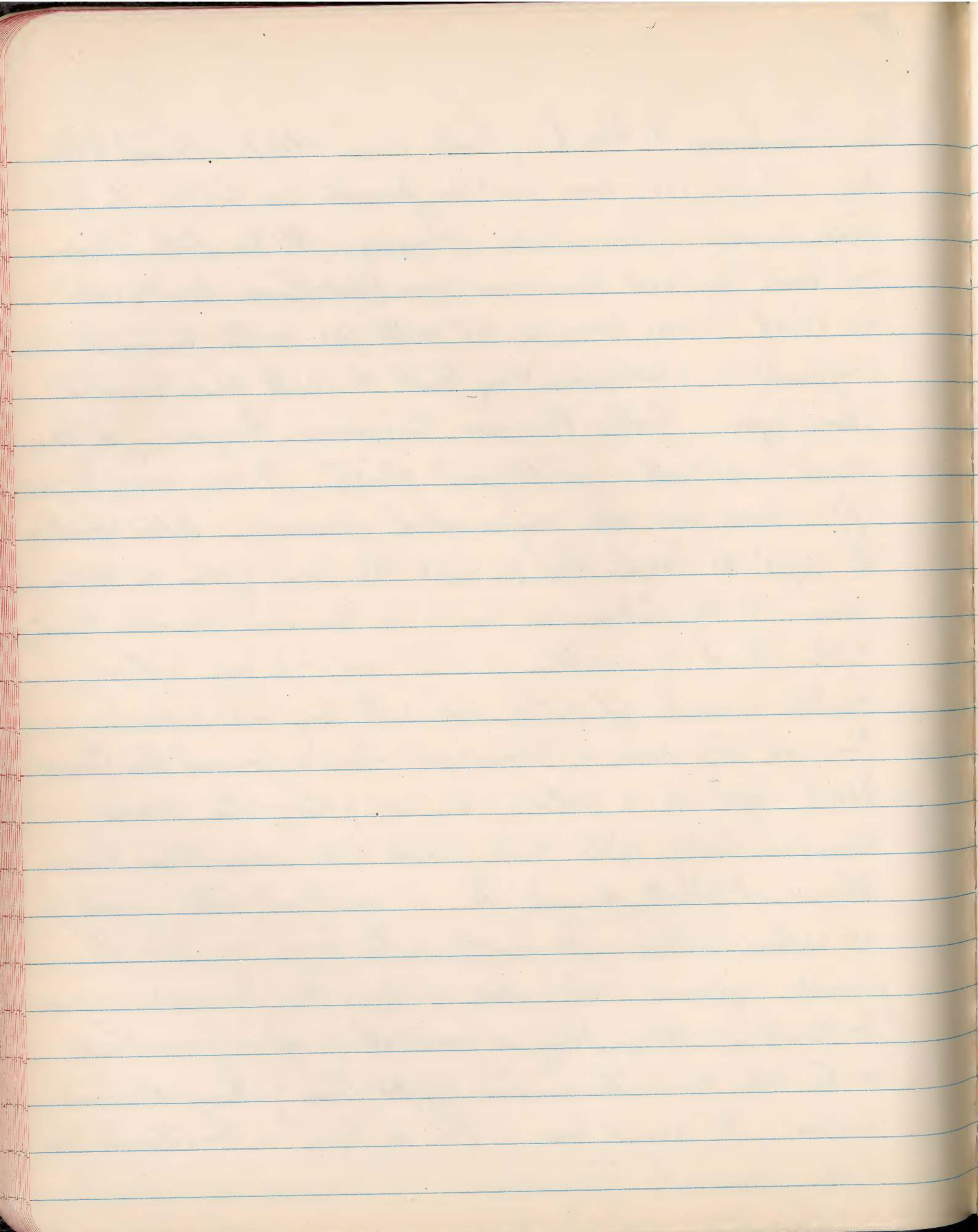


10-yr. old  
tunneler

Sau Francisco to Roseburg had given added interest to the day. 10 yrs. old - how could her parents have let her do it? Oddly enough bitum wheels, playing with her doll, it came out that she had been born near Watertown, New York! She liked to have someone sit with her in the tunnels and confessed in a homesome way that she had never traveled alone before. Esther Parson, Roseburg, Oregon - a dear, sweet, well bred & intelligent child. We were sorry to get off & leave her with unfinished journey. After spending the night at Grant's Pass we took the train again as it came along. At the station we saw a car marked Canada's Greatest Kettie Band or something of that sort & a man with a Scotch creased cap on one side with long tails behind. One next stop was at Glenswood where we found the Clarke Hotel kept by a widow & her son & daughter - a nice, homelike house with well fitted bedroom - clean linen abundant white spread, etc. & excellent table - used for an eating station. The people in the house much like the family - refined & educated. A Mr. & Mrs. Tenney from Portland - cribbage players now taking up a homestead in the mts. were enthusiastic supporters of the administration. We heard here of the failures in Portland due to the financial stringency. Glenswood is a lumber

Glenswood  
1/1





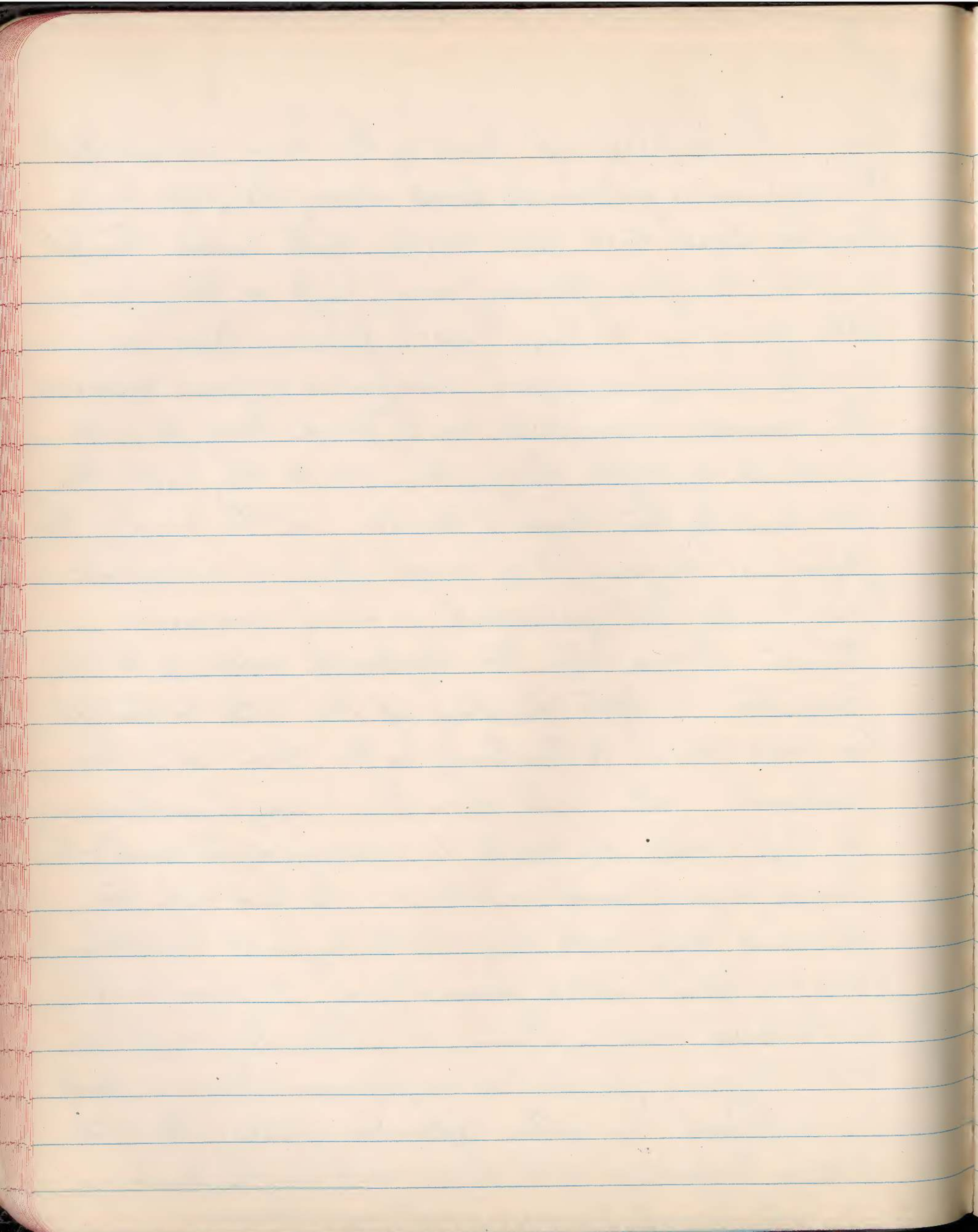


Gleason

town. We walked up back of the town, climbed to the reservoir, & followed back along the pipeline thru the dense dark wet woods with noble straight-trunked Douglas spruces rising high in the gloom, & little yew trees exciting Krumpholtz's fervor. Now he wanted a bow from me! Cushions of green moss on the branches reminded me of <sup>the</sup> Mack Bay forest. A streak of light straying thru made the rest of the woods only the deeper & darker. At the head of the pipe line we came to a small dam & a limpid mt. brook that quenched a whole summer's thirst. It was like the Idylwild water in the San Jacintos. After climbing up this cold north slope we must descend to Cow Cut on the other side of the railroad. The road above this is very troublesome to keep in order in winter on account of the wash outs. Narrow gorges, & tunnels as below. We had had two pleasant days (with only a little drizzle at Grant's Pass) but now it had settled down to rain & we must on then to Portland arriving there at 11 P.M. We went to the Hotel Oregon & found it a very pleasant house with an excellent tho rather expensive grill. The old Watson Restaurant still keeps up to its standard - & we had steamed clams & fried razor clams.

Portland



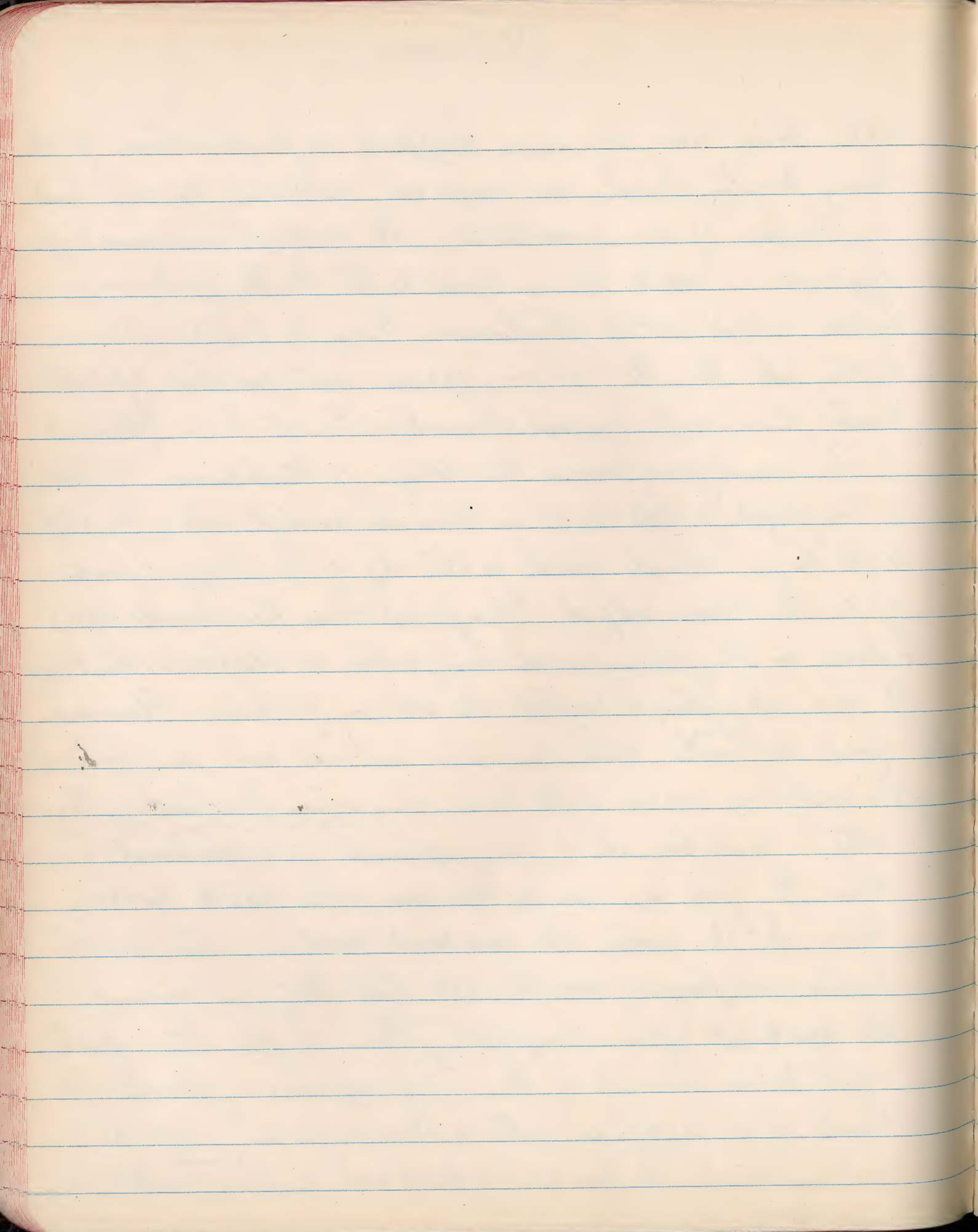




## Stulacoom

After doing some necessary shopping in preparation for the rainy country ahead, we went on, without having had a glimpse of any mountain. We reached Tacoma before daylight - & while Vernon went on to North Yakima & Passes, I went out to Stulacoom to see L.A.N.C. A trolley ride thru the cut over spruce, with patches of noble timber leads out beyond Chambers Creek to an opening on the Sound just above the village of Stulacoom. A ladder a long flight of steps leads up thru the wooded side of the cliff to the house which stands on the edge of the bluff & looks off on the snow capped Olympics (when the clouds lift) & down on the fishing boats that gather at the foot of the bluff. It was interesting to watch the salmon fishers. There are about 20 <sup>fishing</sup> boats - Steam launch<sup>(?)</sup> are used now, but formerly the boats were rowed & the men sang when they took in the nets. Each launch is accompanied by a row boat & when the fish are seen by the men who stand looking down into the water, the row boat anchors & the launch circles out, paying out the net till they get around to the row boat again, completing their circle. It is a pretty sight to see several of these big circles of floats like beads of a necklace with a blue or green or white fishing boat. <sup>When</sup> the net is paid out a man <sup>stands</sup> with a long








Stuntaloon

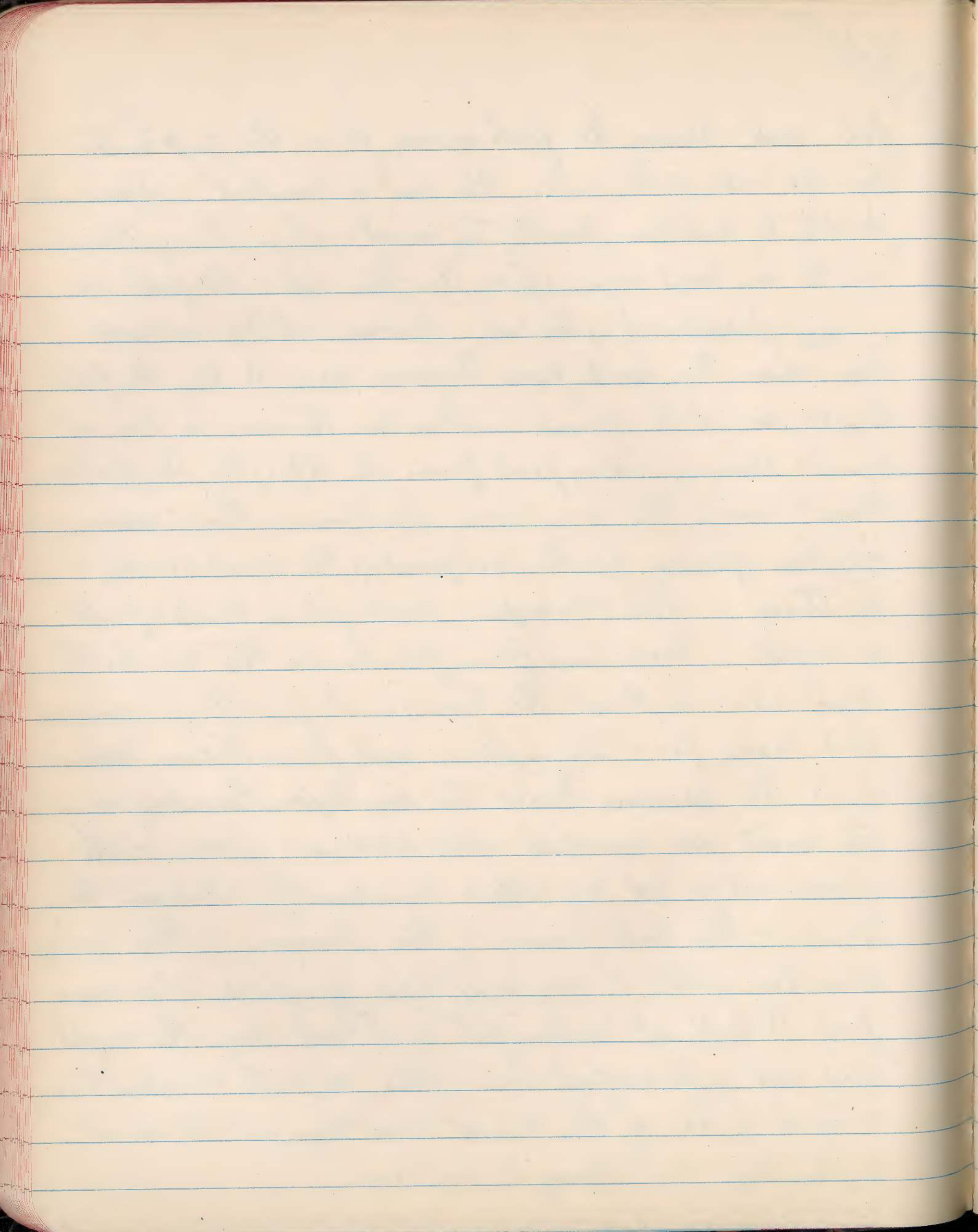
sole and drives the fish away from the gap between the two ends of the net. The net is hauled in apparently partly by machine, partly by hand & when it is gathered in the row boat comes up on the other side & the fish are

 picked out of the net & thrown into the row boat. Then when the boats from Tacoma come to buy the fish they are counted aloud as they are thrown in one at a time - a shining silver fish - from the top of the bluff above.

When it rains the men wear oil skins, & they wear oilskin aprons for the wet part of the work in all weathers. The Olympic boat plies back & forth in sight. Evergreen fern fronds in the woods the dead now hint at the luxuriant growth of summer.

To be ready for a telegraphic call from Tacoma, I came in to the Tacoma Hotel the day before Thanksgiving. The hotel was crowded with Shriners (some in the dress suit & red fez with a crescent!) & between the trains & the late hours of the Shriners & the noisy drunken talk of my next door neighbor who was put to bed at midnight by a <sup>Jap.</sup> bell boy, the night was not a peaceful one. The shouts & excursions & loud talk of the beast next day got too much in the way & I changed my room.







## Toconua

Thanksgiving - As it was not raining this morning, I took a walk about the residential part of the town up on the top of the bluff, which is graded back from the Sound in terraces of streets. The <sup>best</sup> residential part is homelike & attractive, or would be if it were not for the dampness which makes <sup>almost</sup> everything look black & water soaked. The High School is such a large pretentious building, I mistook it for a college. The ships in the Sound make a pleasing picture. The clouds lifted enough to show the platform of the mountain - Rainier - dark then with snow streaks on the higher reaches, but the veil before the peak was not lifted.

Among the list of blessings the Thanksgiving editorials include the fact that the Union Pacific has been work, that the Milwaukee & St Paul is making progress, & that the North Bank line is nearly completed. "Thankful that the turkey does not roost too high for the clearing house certificate," & concludes "Take it all in all, nearly everyone everywhere has some reason for thankfulness, even if he should live in Seattle!" A R.R. is coming from Olympia along the Sound past Steilacoom.

Nov. 29 - At breakfast I heard the head waiter telling some people about the mountain & for an instant had a



glimmering hope that it might be visible, but discarded the  
thought as it was still heavily overclouded. On leaving the  
dining room I went to the office window and - there it stood  
in all its grandeur! The sun rose over its shoulder & the  
mountain stood out dark against a coppery background  
that was reflected in the sound. White mist rising  
from the deep canyons below the snow line of the  
flank made the mountain seem higher. As I went  
out to Stillacoon - fearing that there might be  
further delay - the mountain was white between the  
spruces, & as I took the train from Tacoma the next  
day the afternoon light touched it up its snowy sides  
giving life to it.

Simon joined me at Passes, & we got off at Spokane  
to try to get the lost camera. Spokane is a most satis-  
factory town. It has an air of freshness, newness in the  
up-to-date sense - substantial business blocks, stores  
that reflect the business activity - great mills along  
the falls. It seems a live modern city like Minneapolis  
& St. Paul without the old growth. Took the sleepers  
that night (Sunday) and went on there as far as  
Bismarck, N. D. We crossed Idaho the first night  
and spent the day & second night in Montana. At



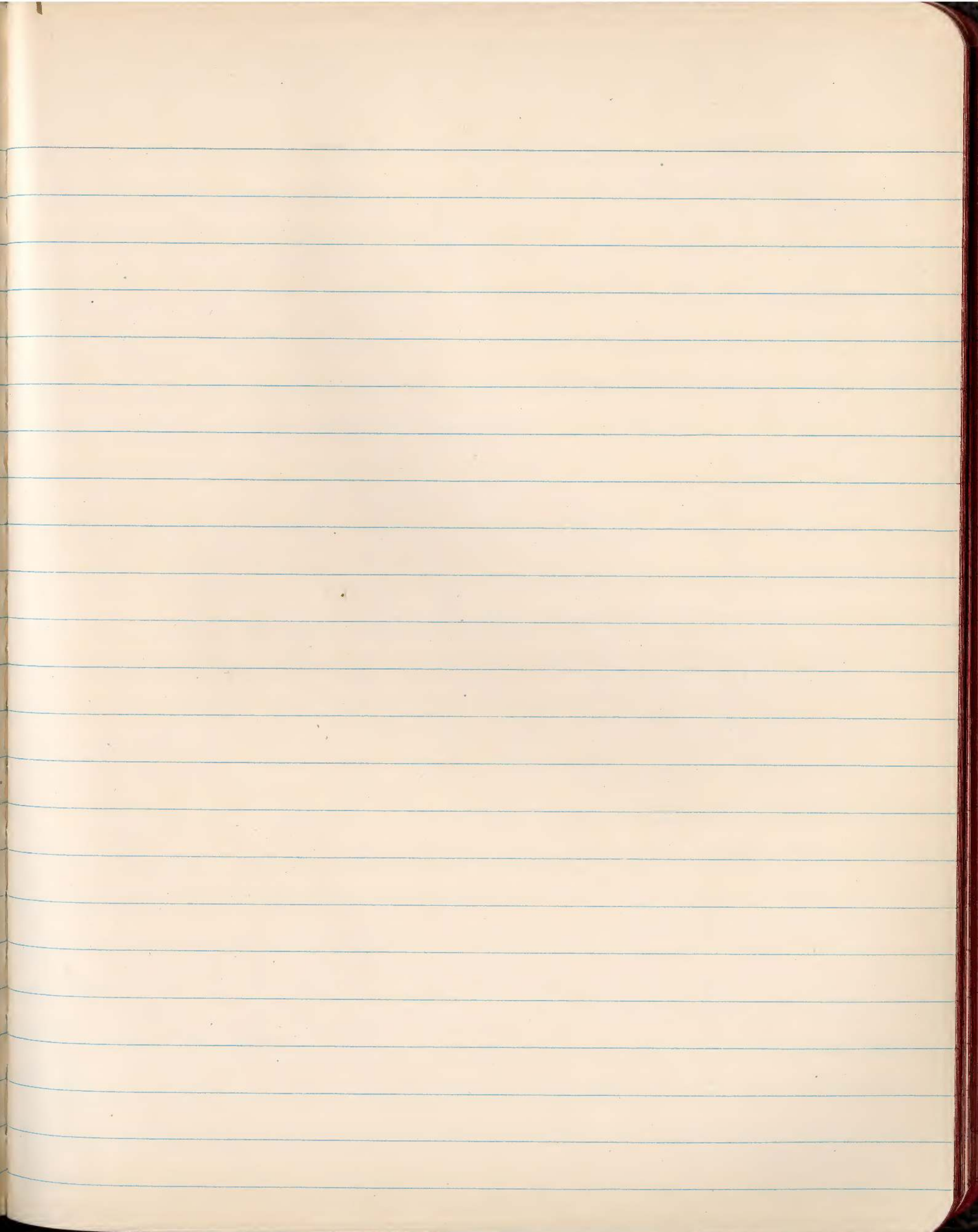
Missoula - where it was forty - trees & grass & mud  
white with it - we waited for a freight wreck & finally  
passed on one side the wreckage and on the other a new <sup>coffee</sup> ~~new~~  
box in a lumber wagon by a newly made frame - & heard  
the porter giving grasson details. From Missoula we  
began climbing the Rocky Mts. going thru Hellgate Canyon  
& climbing gradually up on a broad topped low pass -  
here & there mt. meadows & <sup>st</sup> stands of narrow Murray pine.  
Came down onto big plains & passed thru Helena, & at  
dusk - Livingston - which surprised us by its station till  
we learned that it was the starting point for the Yellow-  
stone. The next morn. we were near the border line of  
North Dakota & until we reached Bismarck were in  
the bad land country, with coal seams - surface coal -  
red banks baked by burning coal strata. In one  
place we passed an enormous dump of lignite coal  
by the track - unworked - to be sold to the people -  
as fuel. Montana - plains - Dakota - prairie.  
Montana - gulches with trees & bushes. Dakota -  
coulees without trees or bushes - in the train.  
North Dakota - Bismarck. We stopped off for  
the zone map at Bismarck on the east side of  
the Missouri. The air was cold but bracing



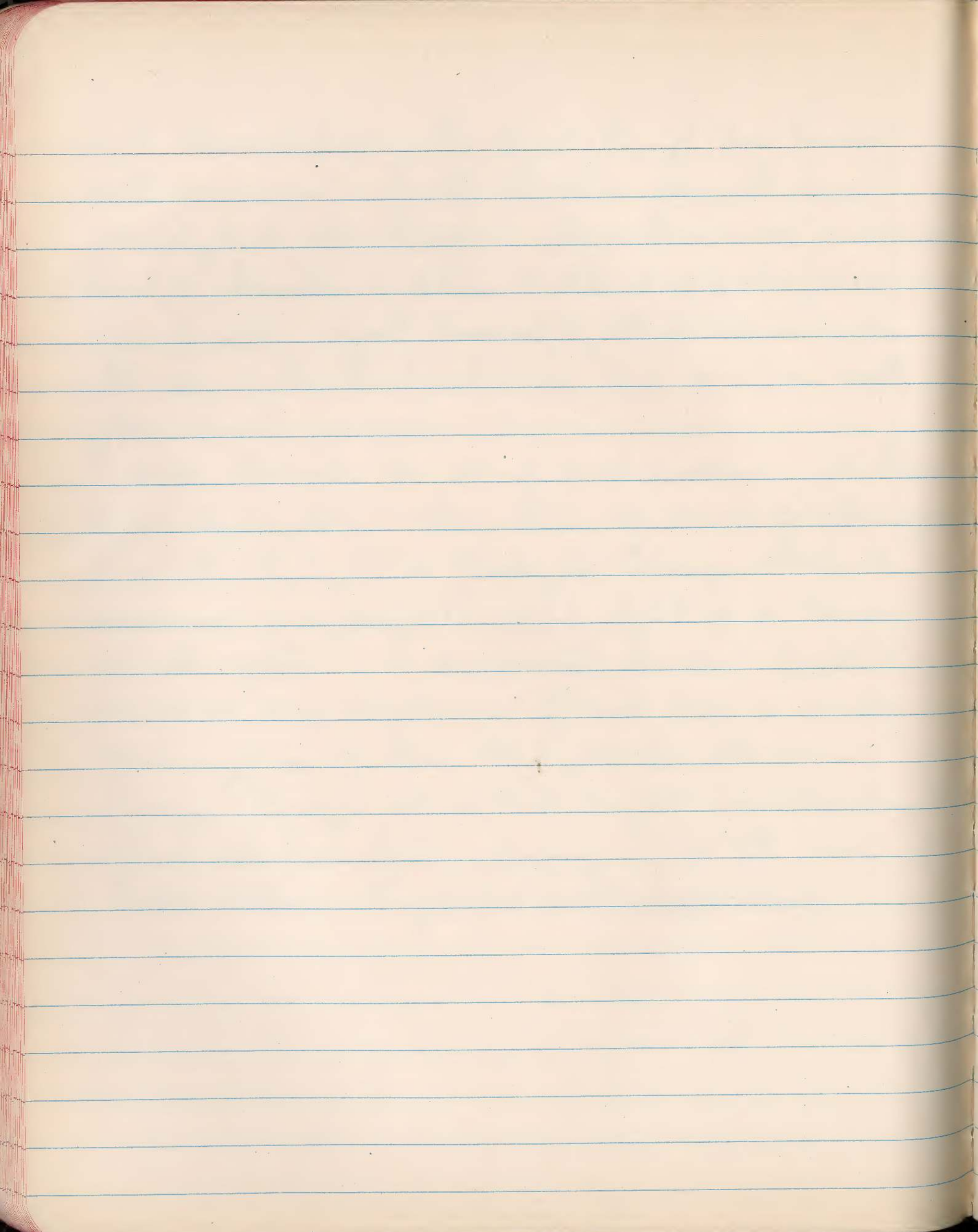
and stimulating. The street pumps are banked  
with manure. In the thickets along the river  
found fresh deer tracks. From Bismarck we went  
back to Mandan - where a blind pig had just  
been raised - and crossed a small stream on  
the ice. On the local trains men were seen with  
fur coats or caps.

From Mandan we went east, reaching Elk River  
before daylight. From there we went to Minneapolis  
- at St. Paul got a sleeper for Chicago. Delay on  
account of a freight wreck kept us in Chicago  
all the afternoon - we visited the Art Institute  
which we were surprised to find such a worthy  
motive force of the Metropolitan Museum.  
Leaving Chicago at 5 P.M. we got into Washington  
about 24 hrs. later - coming in at the new  
Union Station, the filled with scaffolding.

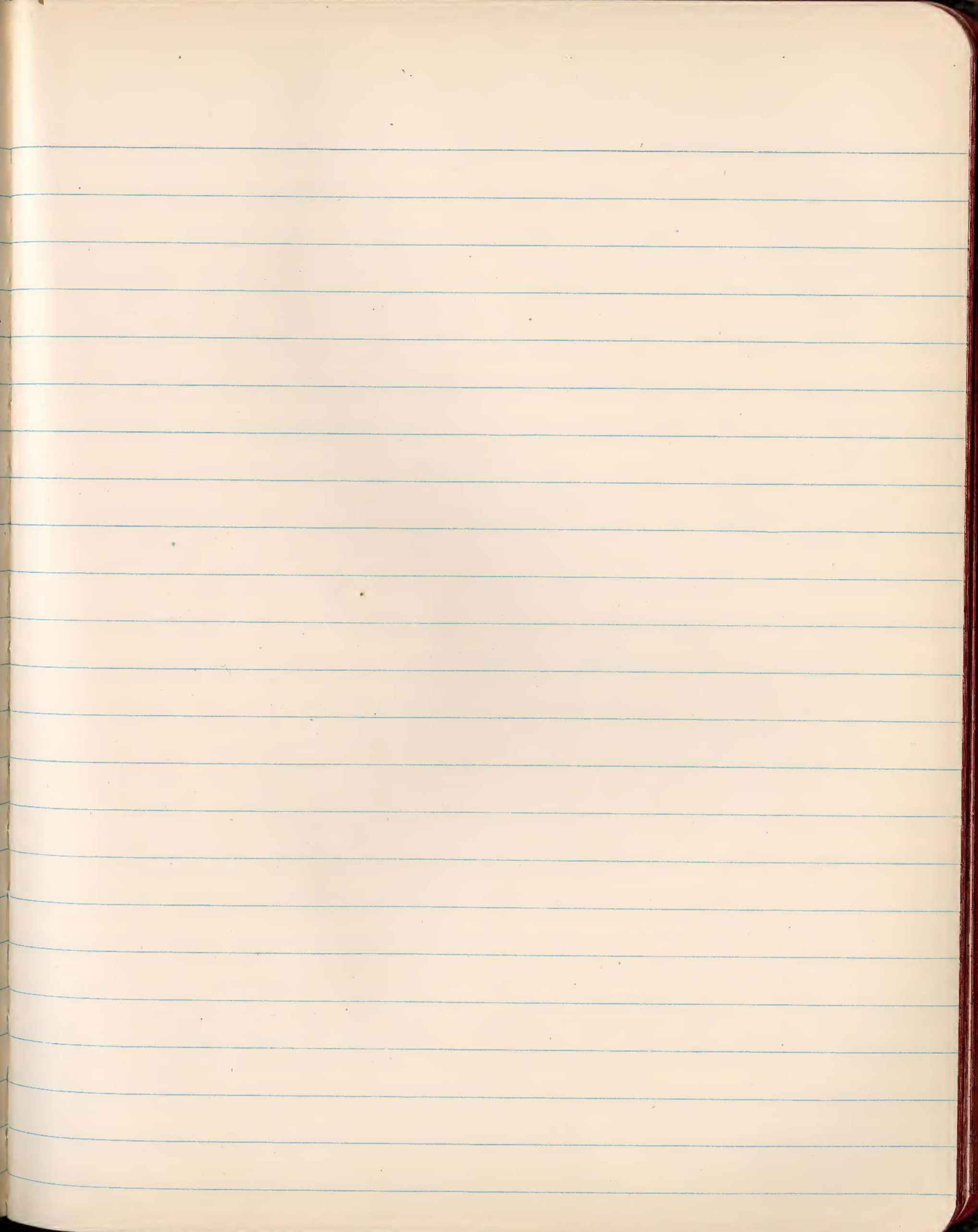




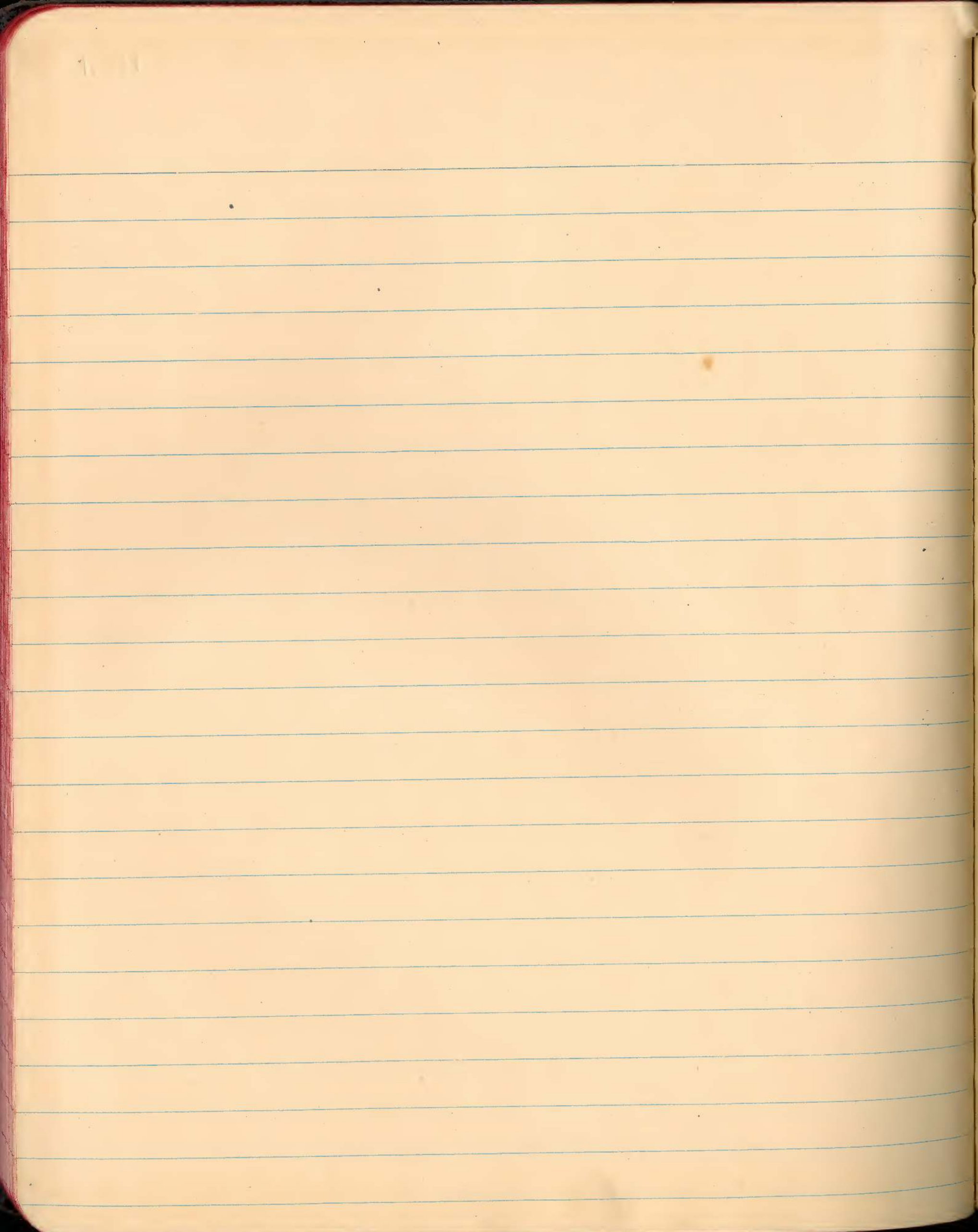


















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