



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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Return to  
Second  
Calif.  
Books.

Trip to San Diego, February, 1956  
(Claremont, to Phoenix, to San Diego to Phoenix.)

M.H.L.

Sun. Feb 5, 56.

Alarm at 6. D's Sunday School Class while I pack and give key to Louisa. A foggy cold day. Off at 11.15. Stopped at PO to mail checks and away. First 19 miles to Riverside. Dry clipped ~~xxxx~~ vineyards. Barish hills covered with stones and stubby green bushes. Finches draped on telephone wires. Riverside. Rocky, scrubby hills.

Valley now wider. Irrigated, fertile green fields and some groves. Mts have receded. Sun on mts makes them look as tho made of chalk - or salt. Sun thru mist, pearly effects over plains and hills.

Now on road to San Jacinto and Hemet. What a valley! Sun striking thru clouds to touch the light green ~~xxxx~~ fields. Wheat, oats or barley. Left the valley on a detour thru scrubby mts. Higher. Mt views, desolate slopes and ravines. Scrubby green, sand, rocks.

Coming into Beaumont, an arch, Desert Outpost. (Tiny girl in padded red treader pants. Hair in horse's tail.) A yellow blooming tree. A blooming almond grove. Banning. Magnificent mts now. Sun glinting on snowy crests in distance. Now sun over chalky hills. Pass an old bearded man, pushing truck (barrow?)

Now into real desert and mts, the country just before Palm Spr. turnoff. Mts very sandy, but shine in sunlight. Cloud shadows on them. Rocky desert land beside Joshua tree Nat'l Monument turnoff.

SPANIARDS. This great golden sweltering empty expanse. Then seeing cloud shadows on mts., as tho Behemoths were moving in on you. DWL Now real desert. Loamy silvery slope of sand. Misty mts lost on clouds. Feathery desert trees. Smoke trees, I think. Or tamarisk salt trees. Prange groves. Date center of the world. Dates advertised everywhere. Ranch surrounded with the feathery trees. Vineyards. Date palms. At right mts. ~~xxxx~~ black and behind them purple. At left, sandy and gold. Calos verdes trees. Black muddy stony hills close, too, ~~xxxx~~ but in distance divine, colors lilac and gold. Ocotillas.

Now ocatillas are everywhere.

Palos verdes trees and sometimes a smoke (or tamarisk salt tree) at the arroyos. Built up barricades lead toward the arroyos.

Not a bird or beast all day. Reach El Solano at Bylthe at 5.10. Warm sun, Palms in front of hotel. Tiled court. Fountains. Town rough and seems very, western, wild western, I mean.

Feb 6.

8.45. Morning crisp, sunny, divine. Shadowy jagged lavender mts. Sheep. Irrigated and green around town.

Over the COLORADO RIVER. High curving bridge. Welcome to Arizona. Signs reads. "All roads in Arizona are open. Snow on mountains.)

Saguarro is the <sup>not</sup> proper name for organ cactus?

Climbing into low, sandy, desertish hills.

QUARTZITE AND THE CAMEL DRIVERS TOMB.

Small cacti are tufted with pale green. Clump of yellow flowers at roadside. All along: palos verdes, organ cacti, ocatilla and the above small cacti. More daisies.

Eroded mts in foreground give an Egyptian look.

Sun goes under clouds and mts now are grey and black. Rain on windshield. Salome. MARRIED HERE DAY AND NIGHT. LETS GET MARRIED. etc.

Tattered white clouds along mt ridges. Riding out of showers. Glistening puddles, cattle, windmill. How wind screeches around the car in the desert!

Wickenburg; dude ranch capital of the world.

Paddle cactus now. Some fenced grazing land. A nother old man with pack on stuck, trudging the roadside. Palmettos and scrub palms. I dont see palos verdes any more. Reddish cast coming into soil. Pale yellow grass on desert thru here instead of sand. Wickenburg is very attractive; well groomed. Hassayamba River .

RaincloudsychmoypsenWhioishTamarisksesalthtrittleRibellst Gurar pesalome clouds and patches of bright blue ahead, after the rain water in it. Sun again. We go in and out of s howers. A dove. Agua Fria River.

Feb. 8. Our lovely visit with Fowlers behind us.

11 a.m. rainy, but clearing, after second coffee with Fowlers we start out, talking about desert homesteading.

Head west and south. Sheep grazing. Cotton growing. White tufts on the bro  
Soft gleaming white clouds above mts.

Roadside bushes with prickly brown burrs on the thistles, along fenced pastures. Pass a cotton picking machine on the road. Cattle.

an into sunshine after 30 miles. Television serials and cooling devices on the outside of the ho houses. Ads on motels. "Refrigeration for day sleepers." Baled cotton on truck.

Buckeye and the Buckeye Womans Club.

Rows of sycamore trees, of palms, of tamarisk salt trees. Palo verde.

Tumbleweed bare and dry. <sup>River</sup> Angular mts on horizon. Fenced land. State flower Saguarro cactus. State bird, cactus wren.

Rows of the <sup>plumy</sup> tamarisk. Cattle land. The dry Gila River. Hills of black shiny rock. Bridge over Gillespie Dam. Sign: Open Range.

Flat open prairie. Desert growth with silhouette of jagged mts.

Unexpectedly, a house and cotton field. Cattle guard on road. Another load of cotton. Van's Gila Gin/ Ginning cotton. Cotton bales piled. Another big cotton field and irrigation ditches.

L side of road not farmed yet. Now all wilderness. Another truck loaded with baled cotton. School house. A dust devil. (Sort of a swirl of dust, I think. Delossy described it to me.) Very desertlike. Saguarro cactus.

Lunched at Gila Bend and off thru sun, cloud and desert.

Gila, Gila, Gila Bend  
Gillespie Ranch, the largest irrigated ranch in the world. D.W.L.

Black clouds on chalky mts in the distance. Theba. A barricade of tamarisk salt trees. Road looks like water ahead, an illusion we have noticed before. Close, at r. Huge perly clouds overhanging black 3-dimensional mts. Very near. Sky blue now. Ocotillas. Now a flat land, low shrubs and sand only. Vulture or other carrion bird. Ironwood trees. Palo verde, green hair.

Feb 8, '56 con't

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Dateland town. Wondering whether Uncle Frank came along this trail in 1907 or 8, from El Paso/

Road leads or seems to lead smack into mts but finds a way thru. I remember this ~~xxx~~ spot well from one of our earlier trips. Clabber Girl ads. Went thru one range of mts. Others far ahead.

DOME: Old Butterfield Stage Station is near.

Dusty, sandy. Taking gravel out. A Bureau of reclamation project. A row of the big fluffy tamarisk salt trees. Dust obscures the sun.

Dust across the road in pale yellow-gray sheets. Roads are flooded as with water. Cars put lights on.

Sand dunes begin. You can't see for dust. Sheets of yellow dust. Very, very bleak.

Tourist stations are covered shelters, like the Indian summer houses. Into another mt. range. Into bare and black volcanic mts. Look as tho oil had been dumped on them. Yet we see saguarros and palo verde s even here sometimes. Some yellow flowers that spring from a bush and ocatilla again. El Rancho Motor Hotel in Yuma. Bill Spear who runs it knows Jab Lloyd. Sent us to the Yuma Country Club for dinner. Yuma grows pecans, lemons, melons.

Thurs. Feb 9 Earthquake before we were up. Off at 10-a.m. soon to become 9 with time change. After breakfast at Star Dust Motel. Now off on No. 80 (Uncle Frank and Aunt Julia in buckboard, Yuma to San Diego.)

Sunny, cool, almost cold. Nearing bridge we pass Gretna Green Marriage Chapel, Golden Wedding Chapel, Free Dressing rooms, Mission Marriage Chapel. Photographs, rings and corsages. The Old Territorial Prison. Pass an Indian woman in green dress. Long hanging black hair. Big stomach. OVER THE COLORADO RIVER BRIDGE, INTO OUR HOME STATE. Inspection station and time goes back an hour. 9.15 now. An Indian reservation. 4 Indians sitting in the brush. Avenue of tamarisk salt trees. They have needles. Small shack s on Ind. Reservation. Mexicans working an

big vegetable garden. Irrigated. Paper caps on plants. Cotton.

The Sand Dunes. Salton Sea to the N of us. Dunes are like giant sand piles. There's very little growth. Golden sand. Sign DRIFTING SANDS.

The road is very high and winds. The Old Road at our left is made of planks. Bushes. Are they greasewood? Jesus Cares signs.

Now dunes are gone and desert is spotted with these evergreen bushes. May be greasewood.

The California license plate has no slogans. The word speaks for itself.

At last, a tree. Tamarisk or tamarack. Canal, edge of desert. Now becomes fertile. Pass buses for Memphis, Dallas. Glorious green fields. Also brown cotton fields. Eucalyptus again. They look like home. Pals.

Holtville. The Alamo River. Muddy but wet. Barbara Worth Country Club. Pickers in a lush green field. First orange grove. U of Cal. 9 miles to Mexico. Cotton ginning plant. El Centro "where the sun spends the winter."

A Mexican in big hat and serape on the road.

Roadside park of tamaracks (tamarisks?) Sugar beet fields. Cabbage. Oranges New River. Water in it but a narrow stream. Very very fertile.

Mts nearer ahead. Cotton fields. Lime being made. Nearing mts. We lunch at the cute Foothill Inn. Take pictures there. (I had forgotten that was beyond Yuma. We were so happy there!) Could accommodate so few that I took my second cup of coffee outside. Water and menu both limited. Town of Ocotilla in distance. ~~Sankix~~ Into mts bare, rocky hills. Now

huge round fat rocks. 1000 el. In-ko-pah Groge. Folds of mts. very grotesque. Piles of rocks of every sort. 2000 ft. San Diego County. In-ko-pah Park. More trees. Evergreens. el. 3000. Descending. Motel Barbara Worth. Ghost trees with white branches. Are they cottonwoods? White twigs. Greyish purplish bushes added to landscape. Bare grey purplish bushes, quite large. Palmettos. Live Oaks. Fine views. Bankhead Springs.

Stopped at Olive Barrel and Wistaria Cottage, Dates for kids, candy for Louisa. Many live oaks. We are nearing Uncle Frank's ranch...ro, more rock hills. 2 Ind. reservations on far right, Guyapaipa and Viejas. (In old

Feb 9 con't ...San Diego County...

book I find an address for Uncle Frank at Lakeside, which is near. I also associate his old ranch with Alpine. Perhaps he shopped there. Kitchen Creek. Pine Valley. Indian Trading Post and Curio Store. THIS WOULD BE A GOOD THING TO SEE WHILE IN SAN DIEGO.)

More rocky hills. Viegas Creek. A l pine 2000 ft el. Palmettos, El Cajon with near and far mountains,

They San Diego to La Jolla and the Cabrillo Hotel. Our <sup>second floor</sup> bedroom, plain but clean and smelling of the sea, <sup>looks directly</sup> opens directly over the sea. Pacific two shades of deep blue sparkling in the sunlight. Waves rolling in, white crests, sea a deep grey blue. Waves folding

over and overWaves making white ruffles. Gulls. Sky later misty pearl, ~~pink~~ above lavender horizon. Dinner at a ~~fish~~ big seafood restaurant built out over water.

Feb. 10.

In the morning, ocean a sheet of silvery blue. Glassy near shore. Pale blue at horizon. Waves tossing white heads near shore.

Morning sunny and beautiful, cool. Drive south to San Diego with watery vistas bow l., now r. Azure, turquoise, lavender. Went first to old Town, and the Spanish House of the Estudillo Family, built in 1825. Patio, wishing well, and we both wished (same wish.) I took pictures of the garden and wished I could get in the sweet smells, and the birds' sweet twittering. Enjoyed the old Spanish kitchen. Big cemented fireplace, wall cupboard, niches. bunches of corn. Saw long paddle used for bread. Enjoyed a faded photo of The Emmett House, first hotel in Calif. Saw Tiles made by Franciscan fathers. Frank Whalley, first Am. child born in Old Town. Saw a piano brought around the horn. An Aztec calendar. First sewing machine brought around the horn. Old Spanish chest.

Estudillo House faces the old Plaza of Old Town, Saw the Old Town Candle Old Town with its old plaza and buildings and new motels would be a good place to stop sometime. My Ramona in yellow mustard missing. MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA is a long way from ocean and beyond Old Town.

It back s on hills. ~~It~~ It is on the San Diego River.

Dedicated to Didicus Diego de Alcalá. He lived in Alcalá, Spain.

Seville and Alcalá, educational centers. Didicus worked in monstary garden.

Saw handcar wd wood, 300 years old. Stations of Cross from Mexico.

Tiles made by Indians. An arcaded garden. Burying ground at side.

Indian bodies buried wrapped in sheets for shroud on planks. (I think there was a plague.) Father Serras handwriting. Robes made of Mexican line and cactus juice. Wet droopy leaves of maguey cactus. Serra was born at Majorca. Music book

Bougainvillia, poinsettias everywhere in San Diego. More palms than in other cities.

Cabrillo Monument at end of Point Loma. Pictures and inscriptions elsewhere. Mention of his caravels. His caravels assembled at Navidad, Mexico under orders of Don Antonio de Mendoza. Arrived at SD in afternoon. His first Alta California landfall. sw a ship model. ~~Great~~ Freeboard (rises above water) one fifth of its overall length. Carries 3 masts and 5 sails, plus a bowsprit sail. A nchor off bow of ship. Great sandy beach with waves rolling slowly. Narrow hills covered with green brush. Yellow soil and many green, green clumps.

US National Cemetary. Acacia tree in bloom.

Back at Cabrillo Hotel. Waves much greater now. Roll in white and foaming. SUNSET LIKE AN ARMORIAL SHIELD. Glassy sea and long foamy rolls. A golden red sheaf. Bare yellow cap of hill above.

FEB II. 10/ 15. After breakfast and packing, we went dow to see the La Jolla cove abt the cliffs. The great bridge-like cliff at left. Oddly formed strong masses at right. Cove for bathing between. Waves swirl back and make patches of psler brighter blue.

Stopped to say a prayer at St James-by-the-Sea,

Driving north, cliffs are yellow, when bare. Growth is green and grey.

Torrey Pines. Now and then, the ocean. Creamy breakers.

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Del Mar. Water blue w with faint greyish cast. Cliffs pale yellow, almost beige.

D: Cabrillo would sail within sight of shore always. If he lost sight of it, he would turn in towards it. Not near enuf to be flung on rocks if wrecked.

Carlsbad, Oceanside. Oceanfront land, very flat. Not cliffs any more. Rolling gray green foothills. Banks again now, but lower. And now yellow cliffs again. Suddenly a thick patch of trees.

Yellow mustard. DID THEY HAVE THAT IN CABRILLO'S DAY?

San Clemente, more rugged soft sandstone cliffs. Shallow water for a great distance. No islands visible from Park. Capistrano. Big yellowish cliffs ahead again,

We left ocean at Capistrano. Rounded greygreen foothills. Passed the Mission. Acacias in bloom, I think. Orange groves. Dusky hills. Grey-green-dusky. Soft as pillows. Cunning rounded dimpled. Town of Irvine. Stopped in Orange to see Cavanaugh's.

Home this mid-afternoon, having travelled 1,000 miles. We agreed as we drove thru our own soft rounded grey-green foothills that we loved our own part of the state the most. A letter from Merian, so good! etc. Back to diary.

## SAN DIEGO.

FROM ANTIQ CITIES OF CALIFORNIA. By Hildegarde Hawthorne.

She flew to San Diego "on a blue and gold afternoon that exposes the whole entrancing pattern of land and water....intricate, graceful design of its inlets, bays, estuaries, points, capes, near-islands which were once upon a time real islands, of mesa~~s~~stepped back from the coast-line and cut with canons, of rolling hills and spreading valleys clear to the distant blue ranges against the eastern horizon.....

San Diego harbor is almost land-locked. Between its northern half and the ocean stretches the long, lofty rampart of Point Loma; while the southern/~~part~~<sup>end</sup> of the harbor is guarded by a low flat peninsula whose north end swells into two large near-islands connected by a very narrow and short neck of land. Both once true islands. The final one is North Island, reaching well up above the south tip of Point Loma, the other is Coronado. A triangular piece of land juts out from Point Loma, almost to North Island, and it is through the gap between that you enter San Diego harbor. The bit of land is Ballast Point. Used to be covered with round cobblestones, often picked up by ~~ships~~ and packed into the hold to serve as ballast. There is a lighthouse on the rounded end, and back of the lighthouse bay a marker to Sebastian Vizcaino, 1602. Here, Sept 28, 1542 first landing by white men on the coast of California. Cabrillo took his 2 small vessels round the nose of Point Loma and between Ballast Point and North Island to the secure anchorage on the N side of Ballast.....

Cabrillo was looking, not for California, but for that illusion, that rainbow end, the Straits of Anian, which should supply a short cut to the riches of India. ...of all the lucky mistakes made by human beings, Anian was one of the luckiest, doing more than its share toward getting this globe explored.

THE PORTUGUESE FISHING COLONY LIVES A LITTLE TO THE NORTH OF BALLAST POINT, NEAR Rosefield...today.

.....

At its northern end Point Loma widens considerably to make the upper co boundary of San Diego Harbor, interposing its bulk between that body of water and the double arms of Mission Bay. (M.H.L. That would be still farther north.) In the past the San Diego River used to have a hap-hazard way of flowing into either bay but in 1853 gov't, fearful lest the silt might ruin the harbor, built dikes to control the flow and keep it out of the lower bay. Marshland here, a wild-bird refuge on the south shore of Mission Bay.

True existence of San Diego started ~~wkwx~~ something more than a mile from her harbor on the steep bluffs above the San Diego River. Here the on Presidio Hill, early in 1769, the huts of the first settlers were built. Here was the beginning of the Spanish-Mexican civilization that endured until 1846.....Mr Marston bought Presidio Hill and erected the Serra Museum. It stands on the edge of the bluff, looking over the river flats to the sea on one side. On the other facing across the Park which slopes down to Old Town. A new wall of adobe bricks surrounds the hollow square of the old fort with its traces of the Presidio buildings, the storehouses, the dwellings, the chapel, the earthworks.....

Down the shoulder of the hill overlooking Old Town...which was the outgrowth and overflow of the Presidio but not California's first pueblo, are remains of Fort Stockton (1838.)

Close against the cliff on the valley floor CALIFORNIA'S OLDEST PALM, planted by Father Serra. Presidio Hill settlement dates from 1769.

The third division of San Diego was the pueblo, Old Town, at the foot of Presidio Hill. In early 1900s.

Remember Santa Isabel Indian Reservations. Near San Diego.

See this book again for Santa Barbara, Monterey etc.

Romantic Cities of California by Hildegard Hawthorne.  
Read again for Santa Barbara. But now note this

Portugese Vabrillo was the first European to look upon these rising  
hills back of the seam drawing lines of strong grace against the sky. Out  
in that harbor he had died, and in his lost grave on the steep island  
of San Miguel...his bones still lying.

California History and California people.  
(a terrible book)

San Diego...here that California began. It is the place of first things. ...Here were reared ...the first cross, the first church and the first town...first cultivated field, first palm, first vine and olive tree... Through these valleys, beginning with the one called El Cajon, the trail leads wild and high, bidding the wanderer ever turn that he may still see the bright distant Bay, the towers of Coronado and the purple islands far out on the bosom of a turquoise sea. The road goes ever upward until it reached "Escanso, which is called "the place of rest" then down into the valley which lies over San Felipe, and downward yet again into Santa Ysabel and Santa Maria. From thence the road leaps across shining summits into the hot springs of Warners and on and on until the "king's highway" stretches before you to ruined Pala and the splendor of San Luis Rey.

You shall swing now inward to the bright Lake of Elsinore. ~~xxxxxxx~~ kiss of the sun on the Mountains of Mystery - the peaks of San Geronimo, San Bernardino, San Antonio, and beyond them all the white majesty of San Jacinto, the kingly outpost of the royal hills.

There are mountains everywhere in California....barriers alike ~~xxxxxx~~ against the great ocean and the great desert - Shasta in the north and Whitney in the south.

Mountain of the Arrowhead....rises from valley floor 2000 ft.....with its point downward, the gigantic arrowhead is a quarter of a mile in length and 550 feet in width. Seven and one half acres. Caused by a growth of light green vegetation called "white sage." not a flaw in the drawing from shank to barb. Argonauts saw it in '49

Valley of Santa Barbara. To the N Point Concepcion shoulders itself out into the vast waters, as the shining magnificent mountain wall of the Santa Ynez range sweeps in a great glowing crescent above the sunset ocean.

From Santa Barbara inland, the Valley of Santa Clara to Los Gatos.

Above Los Gatos, the Santa Cruz mts.

California, an Intimate Guide. by Aubrey Drury is THE BOOK for my next California book. As is Markham. Both are the turn of the century period.

California - aglow with color as a vast iris garden....color accents blue and gold....seaward horizon, turquoise; inland, across/tawny desert the hazy blue of distant ranges. Wild flowers, golden California poppies mingling with lupines yellow and lupines blue. The wild mustard and the wild lilac. Orange groves. Blue are the waters and gold the sands.

The deep arroyo. The shoreland, like Riviera.

Mountains, mirror like -lakes, torrents which dash downward in long white waterfalls and cascades thru shadowy canyons.etc.

Center, a vast level expanse (Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys). Walling it on the E, the Sierra Nevada Mts.system. Long incline on the Pacific side. To the W is the lesser coast range, actually an almost unbroken chain of mts. Different sections: Santa Ynez, Santa Lucia, Gabilan etc. In the NE the Cascades etc. At the other end the Sierra Madre, San Gabriel, Santa Ana, San Bernardino, and the Peninsular Range which forms the backbone of Baja Cal. On the far side of these ranges and of the Sierra Nevada, lie the desert basins, some (not all) part of the drainage system of the mighty Colorado River which bounds Cal on the SE. Many fertile, hill-encircled valleys at various elevations.

Tonic air redolent with the balsam of mt. fir; the salt tang of the sea in coast breezes; the arid health-giving atmosphere of the far southern plains.....the sparkling clarity of the atmosphere.

Umbrellas needless May to November.

California's most perfect month, September.

"not necessary to forsake the mts to worship beside the sea"  
Chap2. Only 50 years after Columbus....coast of Calif. disc by "Abrillo".

Montalvo\*: "Know that on the right hand of the Indies there is an island called Califerne...California...very near to the terrestrial paradise"

*Denny*

California long was thought to be insular in position. Even as late as 1700 English maps continued to indicate this part of the continent as an island, though by then Spanish map-makers had corrected their earlier blunder.

Indian villages called rancherías by the Spaniards. Not a warlike race...fat and well content. Early American trappers called them "Digger" Indians and esteemed them not at all.

Bay of Pines now Bay of Monterey.

My notes now say "A book for children on Cabrillo?"

Obscure followers of Cortez named California from Montalvo line quoted above.

Will end here since my story does, but the book will be very helpful for <sup>my</sup> late Victorian ~~xxxxxxx~~ story.

Missions in beautiful and fertile spots one day's journey apart. Architecture: the best semblance of Spanish Gothic and Romanesque styles which could be contrived with tools and materials at hand/

American navigators, 1789, flying flag of new American republic. British, French and Russians came. More and more American trading ships. When Mexico established self as an independent republic, the Californias, upper and lower, adhered to the new regime by 1822 though the Padres (most of them native Spaniards) liked not the move.

Secularization of the Missions, a ruthless Mexican policy, began in the early 1830s, meant ruin to church control and missions were rapidly waning as the <sup>rancheros</sup> ~~rancheros~~ gained in prosperity.

Missions Purísima Concepción and San Pedro y San Pablo on the Colorado River were destroyed by Yuma Indians, 1781. Also 21 Franciscan Missions in the coastland of Alta Ca; and several chapels at the visitas Indian villages near the Missions.

Donny

More and more Yankee traders...hides and tallow attracted the Boston men at first. Shrewd Yankees settled here and espoused daughters of the Dons. Grew rich.

Next quarter century Cal more and more restless. Monterey and L.A. alternately named capital by contending factions during the turbulent times while Mexico held sway. Americans drifting in by land as well as sea.

Early 20s. Jedediah Smith and a band of trappers in Cal. by Cajon Pass in 1826. (Where is Cajon Pass?)

Kit Carson followed, first as trapper, then as hunter and a guide for Fremont.

1839 Sutter, a Swiss American adventurer along Sacramento River.

Covered wagon trains, 1842 and on.

Donner party 1846, 7. Thirty-six perished

Exploring expedition 1845 led by dashing brevet captain John Chas Fremont. He had been in Cal year before. He camped all over Cal. Now about 300 Am. Inhabitants in Cal.

Texas epic had been enacted, and Ame. wished to free selves from Mexico. Began by starting California Independent Movement. Bear flag hoisted ober plaza at Sonoma. June 14, 1846. Guerrilla conflict. War had broken out with Mexico and occupation of Calif. was ordered. Am flag raised at Monterey, July 7, 1846. Raised all over Cal. Some resistance. Stockton entered with main US force. Entered LA Jan. 10 (1847?) Three days later Mexican commander Pico surrendered to Fremont. Feb 2 1848 US at Treaty of Hidalgoxxxxx-Guadalupe Hidalgo paid Mexico \$15,000,000 for Calif and New Mexico.

In January this year gold had been disc. Gold rush soon on, center of the gold excitement was at San Francisco. Some fortune seekers came "around the horn." others via fever-ridden Isthmus of

Drury con't.

Isthmus of Panama. Also by covered wagon.

Calif needed a stable civic(?) gov't. First constitutional Convention met in Monterey in 1849. 1850 Cal admitted as a state. ADMISSION DAY, Sept 9, a holiday. Capital shifted about. Finally given to Sacramento in 1854.

In Civil War California loyal to Union. Volunteer enlistment always exceeded states quota. Stage coach routes. Pony express. First Transcontinental RR in 1869 (at Utah joining)

Agitation against Chinese immigrants

Grain...the Octopus, Norris. Turn of the century now.

Wide spread planting of orange groves in S Cal.

Gigantic irrigation and reclamation projects, one of which rescued Imperial Valley

1906 San Francisco earthquake

1915 San Francisco International Exposition

1920. Los Angeles passed San Francisco in population

Chap 3. Literature

Chap 4 San Diego and the SW corner.

Book I must own.

Read John Muir....Mary Austin, The Land of Little Miller's

Rain; Josquin's Columbus Sail On.

Are there still excursion boats from San Diego to Baja Cal?

Spadra, a stage stop with famous Inn.

Notes from  
Wagner.

They named places and landmarks in the name of his Majesty on all the islands capes and points which they discovered.

He had come (they thought) within 250 leagues of the Spice Islands, near the Moluccas (in the neighborhood of Chusan).

DRURY con't. ON SAN DIEGO

Very good on Coronado Is.  
+ back country — 5

M.H.L. Are there still excursion steamers to Coronado Islands and to Ensenada? Also Alice Andrews could help with this coastline. Is Point Loma still reached by launch?

The city of San Diego, Old Town, the Kaxax Mission and Serra Museum are all well described. Then:

Point Loma.....at the quarantine station on the inner side of Point L is the site of old La Playa, where the hide trade was carried on a century ago as recounted by Dana. (modern suburb called La Playa is somewhat north of historic settlement.)

Point Loma, reached by launch from San Diego or by a scenic boulevard leading around the upper end of the bay, is a lofty peninsular ridge less than a mile in width, rising 400 feet above ocean and bay. High upon it, back of modern La Playa.....Theosophist Colony.

From the old lighthouse upon the crest of Point Loma, a panorama of grandeur is revealed. On one side the precipitous cliffs face the breakers of the Pacific, while on the other lie the placid waters of the bay with the long expanse of city beyond....

Doubtless this was the first land sighted by Cabrillo. ...

It is believed that his first landing place was Ballast Point, the little tongue of land which juts out at the bay entrance, and here too now stands a lighthouse. A fort was <sup>early</sup> established here. ~~xxx~~

Across the harbor gate, at the tip of North Island, is Zuniga Point, with a military reservation and a jetty reaching southward..

On the opposite side of the bay from Central San Diego, whence it is accessible by ferry, is Coronado, with a long established hotel..... Upon North Island - really a peninsula, reached by ferry and causeway, n.w. of San Diego - is one of the foremost aviation fields, army and navy bases etc.

From Coronado along the ocean front, on that slender ribbon of land, the Silver Strand - a state park - one may speed ...bask on a snow-white beach.

Drury con't.

Distant but 16 miles, Old Mexico. On the mainland you pass thru National City, situated on the rolling hills of old Ensenada Nacional, facing the bay; and Chula Vista. 7 miles on beyond San Ysidro is Tijuana. Great iron gates at the border.

" miles beyond Tijuana, (an Indian word Tiwaha means By the Sea) lies Agua Caliente, a gambling resort. Glittering. Overlooks Tijuana River.

X Southward from Agua C, a road winds over hill and thru valley, past yellow sand dunes and rocky headlands, and then around a cliff the point of a cliff to Ensenada, a little city situated on a beautiful crescent bay. Ensenada de Todos Santos. POPULAR OBJECTIVE OF EXCURSION STEAMERS.

X Offshore and reached by excursion boats from San Diego, rise the Coronado Is. These islands, 3 in number, lie 14 miles south from SD in Mexican waters - about 7 miles from the Silver strand. Rising steeply from aquamarine depths, Los Coronados are arid. Noted chiefly for fishing in the waters surrounding...glass-bottom boats.....Large herds of sea lions disport on the reefs, and thousands of aquatic birds nest here because of the absence of animals of prey. South Coronado, the largest, rises above the waves 672 feet; the Middle Coronado is the smallest. North Coronado, a rough and barren pile of rock, is also known as Cortez and Corpus Christi. THESE ISLANDS PRESENT A REMARKABLE ASPECT FROM THE MAINLAND SHORE, OFTEN SEEMING DEEPER AND LARGER THAN THEY REALLY ARE, DUE TO THE MIRAGE EFFECTS OF THE SEA.

West of Los Coronados are two "banks", "The Lost Islands." Submerged pts. Lost Atlantis here?

Trip from San D to Imperial Valley. By rail it goes to Agua Caliente, Tecate, enters US near Camp and continuing to Jacumba. (Jacumba is on Route 80.) Carrizo Gorge, due north, a spectacular canyon, its granite walls rising in sheer ascent, remarkable for grandeur even in the SW. Across its sun-drenched canyons and precipices, marvelous patterns of

X Drury - San Diego environs.

-7-

color. Depth of canyon below the railroad almost 1000 ft. THIS GORGE TAKES ITS NAME FROM A GRASS GROWING PROBABLY IN THE LOWER REACHES (Carriso or Carliso) USED BY INDIANS IN BASKET WORK.

Route swings east from gorge and descends into Imperial valley. This is the r.f. route.

East of San Diego lies a mountain region of unusual charm, accessible over main highway route to Imperial Valley, the Old Spanish Trail. NOTE FOR SECOND BOOK. Views from Mt Helix and Grossmont. First red, second grey. Grossmont is between La Mesa and El Cajon.

From El Cajon, ascending route thru Alpine, a retreat in the highlands, and Viejas Valley, thence climbing the Sweetwater grade and beyond skirting the village of DESCANSO, a prominent stage station of early days, a "place of rest." The stage route well desc.

Another route from San Diego leads to Encanto, and Lemon Grove, just S of La Mesa, thru historic Jamacha country and Jamul, a ranch often raided in old days by cattle rustlers from Mexico. Alternative route between the Otay reservoirs to the N of lofty Cady mountain. Barrett Lake and Morens Lake farther west. (THERE IS AN OTAY INDIAN RESERVATION, I THINK.).....

North of the main highway to Imperial Valley (the one we took) lies a mountainland of appealing beauty. Lakeside, north of El Cajon is a year round resort noted for its love liness (Was Uncle Franks PO address) Thence to Foster, Tamone, Witch Creek, Santa Ysabel, ruins of old mission. THE INDIANS IN PAST YEARS WERE WONT TO BUILD A "SIDE BOX" OF BRANCHES OF TREES AND TULE (rushes) upon the old site, this serving as a chapel for the devout. Came from 30 miles around to worship.....

X From guide book. OLD TOWN, site of the original mission and settlement, was known to the Indians as Cosoy. Cinco de Mayo festival here on May 5.

X Drury - San Diego environs.

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Calif...

Palms

Peppers

Eucalyptus

Irigating

cooler

summer & winter garden

sand

orange tree, lemon tree

porcelain

mockingbirds

bougainvillea

cactus

Eat Fry: soak up rain quickly,  
milk once after sunshine

what Calif story?  
p/u

S T E A L I N G   S T A R S

Biograph Co ...rise of motion picture theatres, beginning in 1905, created demand for story pictures. Rooftops and makeshift establishments were ~~abandoned~~ outgrown. American Mutoscope and Biograph abandoned its crude plant atop Hackett Carhart Building and took over old brownstone at 11 East 14th St. In days of early glory a mansion of magnificence. Now to be gateway to fame for Pickford, Griffith, Sennett, the Gishes, Sweet and many another. Year 1906 (when I entered high school.)

Hunted out actors for the roles of simple little dramas. Favorite hunting ground vicinity of 39th St and Broadway where actors out of work, or resting, as they called it, stood hoping to be chosen by some manager. The motion picture had no respectability then, and actors were scornful. The casting director on the hunt had to seek out the hungry ones and tactfully suggest work in "the pictures."

Actors who met on the motion picture stages of Edison, Vitagraph and Biograph always kept their film shame a secret. Florebee Turner joined Vitagraph when she was them "shooting a picture" near Sheepshead Bay.

The theatres nickelodeons? check further.

Mary Pickford walked up to old brownstone mansion in 1909. Photographers models, dress models, telephone operators among early recruits.

Biograph Day a drawing card announcement at little nickelshow picture houses. The motion picture spent the years up to 1908 learning its letters. Now with Griffith it was studying

"And my great-grandfather personally whipped enough of you British to make the Union in the first place."

Bannister jumped furiously to his feet. Richard, slower to anger, rose more slowly. Both men were completely disarmed, however, by the good nature with which their companions waved them back into their seats.

"Now, now," he said in the tone of one unreasonable soothing/~~angry~~ children. "Keep your shirts on, both of you. We'll let by-gones be by-gones." He buttoned his coat over the badge.

"No worse than anybody else!" he repeated tolerantly. "And no better! That's what I always say. There's room for you here, so long as you've left your high falutin' lord and lady notions behind you. You'll find good land in Crockett County if you've got elbow grease enough to turn it over. I'll see you there now and again. I've got a farm near Rainbow. <sup>whipp</sup> ~~is~~ is the name, Captain Bob <sup>whipp</sup> ~~is~~." The bewildered Englishmen found themselves shaking a hard but hearty hand.

The train was slackening speed once more and whistling. Captain <sup>whipp</sup> ~~is~~ jumped to his feet.

"Spring Valley, folks. Ten minutes to eat, and you've got to step lively."

He suited his action to the word, snatching his cap and comforter and striding down the aisle. At the door he turned:

"Those womenfolks in the car ahead belong to you?"

"In a sense," Bannister replied.

"Well, get 'em off! Get 'em off! This is their last chance to eat until Sisseton City." To make sure of his own ration he leaped from the still moving train and legged it toward the

screen grammar and pictorial rhetoric.

Hit of the year 1909 The Little Teacher with Mary Pickford. Subtitles always billed her as Mary although Biograph steadfastly refused to give any screen credits at anytime anywhere.

Griffiths Biograph family gathered at lunch about a rough table in the basement of the old mansion at 11 E. 14 St to eat sandwiches rustled from an adjacent saloon lunch counter by Bobby Harron, custodian of properties, general utility person and errand boy at large. A considerable part of the art of the motion picture was evolved in the lunch table discussion between the actors, camera men and Griffith, the experimenting director. Everything was new and many things had yet to be tried out. ~~My~~ Griffiths experiments related <sup>her</sup>...Mack Sennett untiring student of picture technique. Carried camera if necessary in order to be among those present when Griffith directed.

Not enough good scenarios. Griffith appealed to company. "Fifteen dollars for the best split reel comedy idea." With papers and pencils, Biograph acrots could be found in all corners of studio. Mack Sennett and a policeman always. Mary Pickford most successful, perhaps because of her experience in road show melodrama.

Lawrence soon known as The Biograph Girl. Automatic anonymous stardom. Marion Leonard set a record with \$100 a week from Biograph.

Titling crude in extreme. Most amusing if needed. See page 514.

In story and topical alike the one reel picture had by this time become fairly well established, but there was abundance of "split reels" which included a no of short stories and some-

rang under the impact of his contribution. He looked up to study them with a bright friendly gaze. After a long but quite unembarrassed pause he continued:

"I've got only one thing against you."

Bannister found his voice at last.

"And may I ask, sir, what that is?"

"It's your attitude in the late war, sir." The American looked sharply from one to the other. "You sided in with those low-lived slave dealers and democrats. Yes, you did; you can't deny it."

Bannister's eyes sparkled.

"I believe, sir, that Her Majesty's government maintained a strict neutrality."

"Neutrality, Hell!"

"But I, personally, sir, made no pretense at being neutral. I personally, sir," Bannister spoke slowly with angry emphasis, "was heart and soul with the Confederacy."

"Eh? What?" The Yankee stiffened. "What's that you're saying?"

Richard with a grin assisted Bannister.

"And I too, sir, sympathized with the southern cause."

The American fixed them with a sharp belligerent gaze. He unbuttoned his shabby coat and displayed a worn badge.

"See that?" he demanded.

They agreed that they did.

"Well, I personally went down south and whipped enough damned slave dealers and democrats to save the Union."

"Interesting!" Bannister retorted.

And now for reviving California in my own mind:  
strangeness of sunshine after leaving snow behind...old station  
in Los Angeles...roses, poinsettias...pepper trees, graceful...  
eucalyptus trees....flower s on boulevards....no grass unless planted  
and watered, orange trees, lemon trees, guava? a tree? fig tree,  
banana tree, cactus, palms, of course.

Martins Finger applies to director...love affair between director  
and girl?

Harriett Zerbin ?

The trip to Grosmount. Wind. Exhilaration of the sight of sea.

the door carefully behind him and went out to the team.

The time was June; and the day was perfect for the railroad celebration. He tried to cheer himself with that assertion as he sent Sal and Al briskly along the familiar road to Lohabelle's. Folks couldn't have had a nicer day for the affair; no, sir; not if they'd ordered it.

This was the kind of day you only got in Minnesota. Sky just couldn't be measured...lots of sky...plenty of sky. See the room that bobolink took, chasing his own shadow over the grass. And the grass all mixed with flowers; the prairie was one big bouquet. Gosh, the sun on those ~~xxx~~ prairie roses smelled sweet.

Crops were looking right thrifty too. Bob Whipp shifted his thought to crops, for the beauty of the morning had given him no comfort. He was always a persistent seeker for the bright side of things. He didn't believe in feeling blue. But the crops failed him now just as the fine day had. Nothing it seemed would cheer Bob Whipp today.

He was oppressed by a queer feeling, down in the pit of the stomach, which he always had when he was worried about Bridey. He had felt it first the night she was born. He had looked at the little squalling red mass, ineffably precious for all it was so ugly, with a strange fantastic resemblance to her mother chasing itself across her face, and he had felt, with a pain at the pit of his stomach, that it couldn't be right for her to cry like that. He remembered how he had turned to Lonabelle. Big, cheerful, rough and ready, Lona Belle and asked her if it was all right the little tike should cry so.

"What do you think I spanked her for?" Lona belle had asked with her big laugh Lona Belle and Grandpa