

To appreciate and visualize the vast landscape surrounding Needles, it is but necessary to find the city in the panorama. It is hard to locate. Tiny specks, a smudge of green in the midst of breathtaking distances, skymounting ranges whose coppery hue fades into etherial violets and blues a hundred and more miles away. The eastern horizon is valled up by the Black Mountains thru whose southern end we had come. West of the river rise the Sacramento, the Dead, and finally the Newberry mountains in culminating majesty. Heat, local color and distance render them suggestive and mysterious. The southern sky is a tortured line pierced and stabbed by the Needles.

We found a good camp, with all the improvements including shower, a precious thing in Needles when the summer sun all but kills man and beast. At this time it was delightful.

As at the Grand Canyon, towards morning I again had an insidious kidney attack come upon me, but we started on our way anyway. Before we left the town, however, I had to repair to the doctor. The Santa Fe Emergency hospital was the best accommodation available, where I lay a few hours under the influence of an anaesthetic. Feeling sufficiently well, we left before noon on our way thru the Mojave. That trip will remain painfully engraven in my memory. Familiar desert ranges, dead volcanoes, lava fields, and greasewood plains slid by screeley noticed. The anaesthetic ~~had~~ and the driving combined to rival the worst within my memory on stormy seas and we left a trail thru the Mojave desert with many a stop and a start until the end near Cajon pass was reached. Here we were in one of the most notable Joshua tree "forests" of the Southwest, trees that resemble grimacing hobgoblins wringing frozen arms in the merciless sun, bringing forth but scant tassels of foliage at the tip of each twisted branch.

It was hazy, the great San Antonio Peak was almost completely swallowed in mists. That also prevented the farflung view customary into the orange lands of Southern California from the scenic pass road that falls for miles and miles into the valley gardens, unrivalled anywhere in the world. We pass thru San Bernardino, a few miles farther and we are in Riverside. Still early in the day, Alys took up her headquarters at the Mission Inn, that famous hostelry that resembles a museum more than

an Inn. Christine and I settled again at the Motor Inn.

The Mission Inn had my collection of about 16 paintings on exhibition, but the attendance was scant, the season too early for the ~~winter~~ migratory birds of the cosmopolitan East. The Riverside press had sent its art critics thither and they had been kind. Towards the end of the show a few members of the local "Art" crowd struggled in and their comments somewhat repaid the want of financial success if that is possible in the era of depression.

The mission Inn! You walk thru its cool, quiet vaults down in the basement, filled to overflow with "art" good and bad. It's there, for sale, to appeal to all, the advanced in taste and finance, and to those still twaddling. The sound of an organ oscillates, we make a few turns and find ourselves in a lofty chapel flooded with subdued light dimly streaming thru colored windows. If at the right time, and daylight has gone, the stained panes glow with incandescent radiance, the room, with the half intoxicating, half musty smell of dimness is steeped in religious mystery, only a niche near the front is illuminated where sits a figure in flowing gown running softly over the keyboard of the organ... And we pass thru more tunnels and arches where saints and near-saints repose in wood and on canvas, mostly yellowed with age, and where heavy carved doors on wrought iron hinges forged by masters in that particular art lead to a hundred hidden secrets and surprises. Then we pass sunlit patios gorgeously arrayed in swaying palms and flowers and artifacts of every description and just then the chimes ring clear and melodious from the old center tower, 'Abide with me'. Romance surely was here at work. A new addition looms with buttresses and multichrome dome, a new patio of spanish renaissance architecture that transport us immediately to Europe. We enter the magnificent portals, ~~xxxxxx~~ oblivious to the fact that all this is new, only copies after the old, thousands of miles away, hundreds of years removed in time. Woodcarvers, craftsmen are here at work, carving and installing altars, choirstalls, pews - a scene that brings up memories of long past years spent in humble, but fascinating occupation. I felt at home. Perhaps these workmen took no far - oh just another tawdry looking addition to the

jewel in the mellow heavens. The night is scented, not a breath stirs the palm canopies, the lacy peppers. The congenial company of the three of us stand high on the balcony of the fourth and last story. You must climb an old-fashioned narrow circular brickstair, out in the open, under the moon's still radiance, to get up here. The rooms open upon it, rooms as high as the roof, with carved and stained timbers and floors, with arcaded tile walls and niches where biblical figures find room and sanctuary. A cathedral window with stained glass, St. Anthony in one corner, perhaps some other sainted myth, what's the difference. Thru the window blink lights, down below, all around, the lights of Riverside, dim flickers in the moonlight way out in the surrounding hills where the night air is drowsy with orange perfume. Rare Stimmung! A delicious repast, appropriate music, companionship attuned to the surrounding and steeped in its romance. The vibrant night carries the message of the chimebells afar, the faint noise from the streets grow fainter as the full moon mounts to the zenith ~~and~~, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and the ancient hands of the baroque clock cast slowly moving shadows over its weatherbeaten face...

Days passed. On Sunday the 25th of October we left for old Mexico. Out over Eucalyptus-shaded streets, thru Corona, Santa Ana, to Laguna. All of us had memories of that town, diversified and mixed as the town is itself. The Ocean lay gray, with short visibility. A whitish pall held its mysteries secure that never lifted. Homes like enchanted castles cling to the shore cliffs, their blending white walls and red tile roofs contrasting colorfully against the deep blue-green of the sea. Among the finest of the coast towns is San Clemente, a wealth of architectural ingenuity, like a freshly polished pearl reflecting the sunlight.

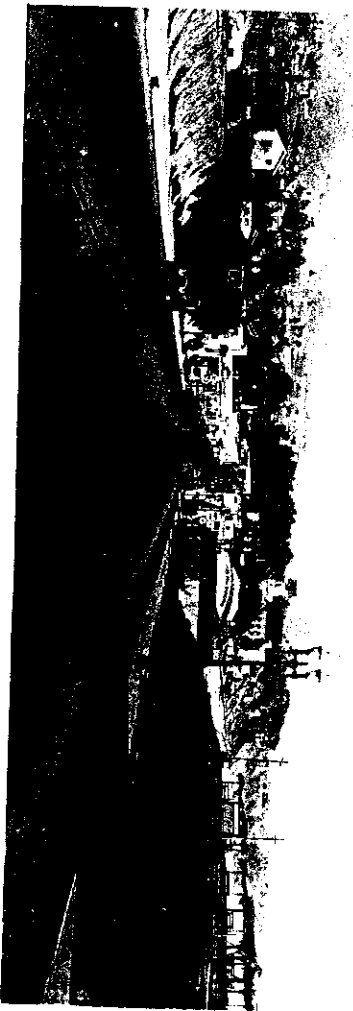
The road mounts over high hills that suddenly drop into the sea near La Jolla, where a few specimens of the rare Torrey Pine grow in rather snobbishly exclusive. Night already when we reached the outskirts of San Diego and after some searching we found a good cottage with all our specifications fulfilled except the aesthetic. Hard to find the artistry in camps as at Taos and Colorado Springs.

San Diego to us was but the stepping stone into old Mexico. It was cool here, but not having reached the sensitive age of the rheumatic, we weren't interested in San Diego's climate.



The Mountain encircled Bay of Ensenada, Mexico,
with new Hotel in distance.

Laguna Beach, Calif.



Still bright and rather early when we motored thru San Diego for the border. Some 15 miles and we are there. The U.S. official on duty is not much interested in us. "Are you citizens of the United States?" he asked in the perfunctory manner of a bored fellow used to routine formulas. What else could he expect but a chorus that sounded like "yes" to which only his arm replied with a weary wave Mexico-ward. A few steps away the more sun-burned faces of swarthy Mexicans who did not even betray boredom by asking a single question. Just a motion - get going - to Mexico. We got going.

Thru Tia Juana. It was dead and somnolent like an old lady with a past that at last got religion. And like an old lady with such a past and present we slid thru it quickly. A few miles farther on the gleaming red roofs of Agua Caliente with its blindingly white architecture among recently planted greenery. Mostly Tamarix. One accustomed to the conservative eastern and middle western ways always marvels with what optimism and lavishness Californians rear fairy castles in the midst of desolation. Agua Caliente, an architectural unit conceived by such is a sparkling jewel. A searchlight tower spans the road where it forks to the place, and the principal buildings are grouped around a vast open court which at present, however, held no life. Racing and gambling had not yet commenced and we left, more or less regretfully, for more promising fields.

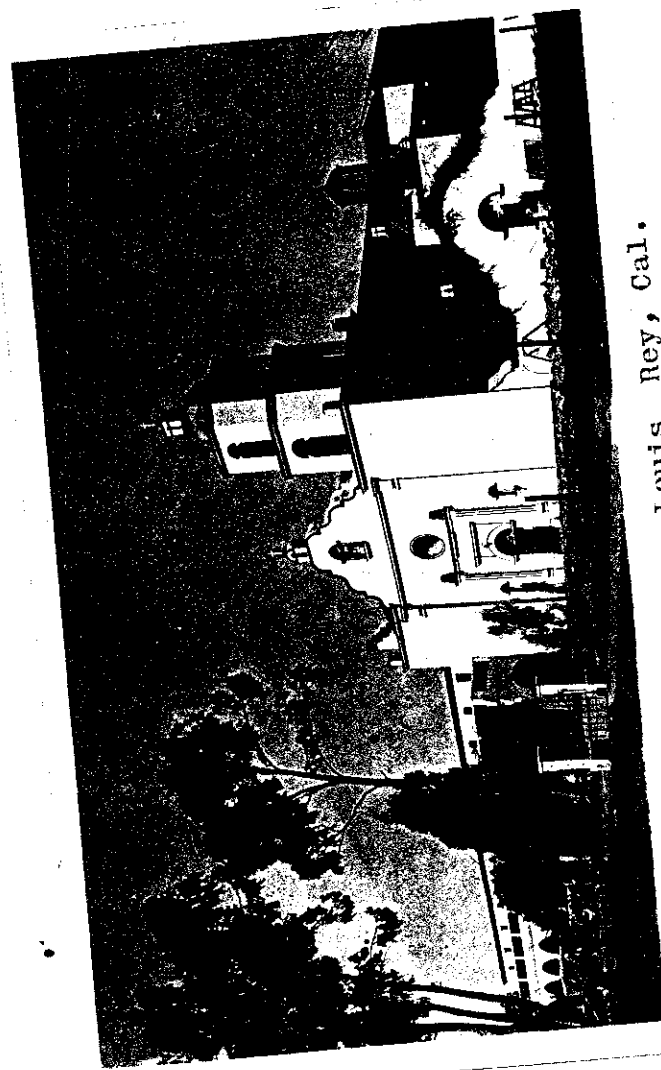
Our destination was Ensenada, some 60 miles ~~inxxxx~~ beyond the border. Inquiry about road conditions had brought out interesting sidelights on some people. Back at Riverside the road was described from bad to fair. The American official with the weary wave had assured it was rotten; local Mexicans that it was fair. Such prognostics never turned Alys from her avowed purpose. If she wanted to go to the moon, astronomers would be just out of luck if they told her there was but a terrible road to it. She'd make one.

The road was bad in spots, in the process of re-building, but far from rotten. Dust, abrupt dips, corrugated gravel alternated merrily among lonely, god-forsaken brown hills that had been overly kissed by the sun. Soon the deep blue Pacific appears and we make our way along its shores for many miles. Mountains pile up and fling their backbones into the sea, and there

the road appears as a ~~thin~~ tanned shelf skirting cliffs that rise almost sheer from the crashing waves. There are many ups and downs and switchbacks and long glides into parched valleys seemingly dead of loneliness, but compared with the roads thru the Hopi country this was truly Camino Real - a royal road. We're off on some advise-dispensing people - boulevard lizards who have heart palpitation when they leave pavement.

A noise, growing worse with each mile made us somewhat uneasy. The radio wines were down and dragging. The noise grew worse, affected the brakes and even steering. The ~~100~~ grade surmounted, around a corner of the cliffs soaring high from the ocean we beheld our goal, the beautiful bay of Ensenada sparkling in the lazy sunbeams. To the south whitish haze closed the horizon, but high above ~~the~~ it rose dim and majestic a rampart of mountains enclosing the bay, terminating sharply in the ocean in a cliff-bound island drawn sharply on the fading blue of Balboa's ~~xxxxxxxx~~ mythical Southsea.

A poetic spot - the bay. Sad, we cannot always feel poetic and doze in its spell. That noise we had heard turned out to be a broken main spring. We were laid up for - two hours. An American by name of Wilson promised repair and in that time. We were in the land of Manana - and a vague suspicion seized me. In the meantime we looked over the town and got disillusioned. A warm enough day rendered the appetite just curious enough to try Ensenada's liquid allurements everywhere flaunted to ~~the~~ Volsteadized throats. The beer was't bad, it was good. But he who comes from Bavaria and looks for the twins, beer and atmosphere, in Ensenada, will find himself disillusioned. We try several "bars" with tables - shocking perhaps to the folks who imagine the 18th amendment has supplanted the golden rule, entirely their mistake and still worse, misfortune - but we still look for "atmosphere" as Diogenes for the honest man - with and without lantern. The public taverns in old Mexico, near the border, are just ordinary store-front drinking places erected more or less under the influence of unimaginative Americans who never heard of "Art" in drinking, and their creations betray it. Ensenada may be enchanting under the illusive light of the moon, ^{as} the most commonplace can be. With its wooden and brick houses and gabled roofs it is not. Not by day, and moderate drinking.



The Mission of San Luis Rey, Cal.



Palm Canyon, an enchanted
oasis in the Colorado Desert,

And here, in Ensenada, I wouldn't want to drink otherwise.

We were warned in the states to be careful and wary in old Mexico. We believe such warnings may concern the brawler who crosses the border to scouse himself. And even then the danger comes not so much from Mexicans, but border ruffians indigenous to the states. Next to the bars, the perfume shops entice particularly the feminine visitor. Parisian products are purchased for half the American price.

Down the bay, in the middle of gleaming beach sands stands another architectural wonder of primitive setting - the lavishly beautiful Ensenada Hotel, just completed by an American syndicate, ministering to the best in taste and the longest purse string. It is a little city in itself, a white fairy by the deep blue sea.

The afternoon wore on, the two hours grew to three and still more. Our cousin Wilson was manana-ized all right. He hung around, treated him with cigarettes and a radio program, tried questioning, hinting, even fear of the dark and the awful road ahead. To no avail. The sun hung already low in the misty west when we finally started out of the town. We would run into night, and the road was rough, twisting and lonely. A few boats lulled lazily in the bay with picturesque rigging. The mountains beyond were plainer and as the evening shadows deepened, the western horizon grew like a lurid flame that burned itself out and fell to pale ashes. Night blotted out the landscape and the road ahead - we were still less than half way to Caliente. Now and then a car passed - not many, certainly no tourists but one whose car carried a New York license plate. There was some difficulty negotiating a particularly steep detour in loose sand and gravel, backing down a narrow hill in the dark, but soon that was behind, the last forlorn hills parted and Tia Juana's lights twinkled in the distance. Still further north the United States border, closed for us, however, for the night.

Under the circumstances we had to put up at Tia Juana, the now proper, reformed old lady. We tried one or two night clubs, but all were deserted, yarning with emptiness. Americans who come over to drink up old Mexico rush generally across the border when it shuts down at 6. Races had not yet commenced. Tia Juana, Agu Caliente, were therefore dead.

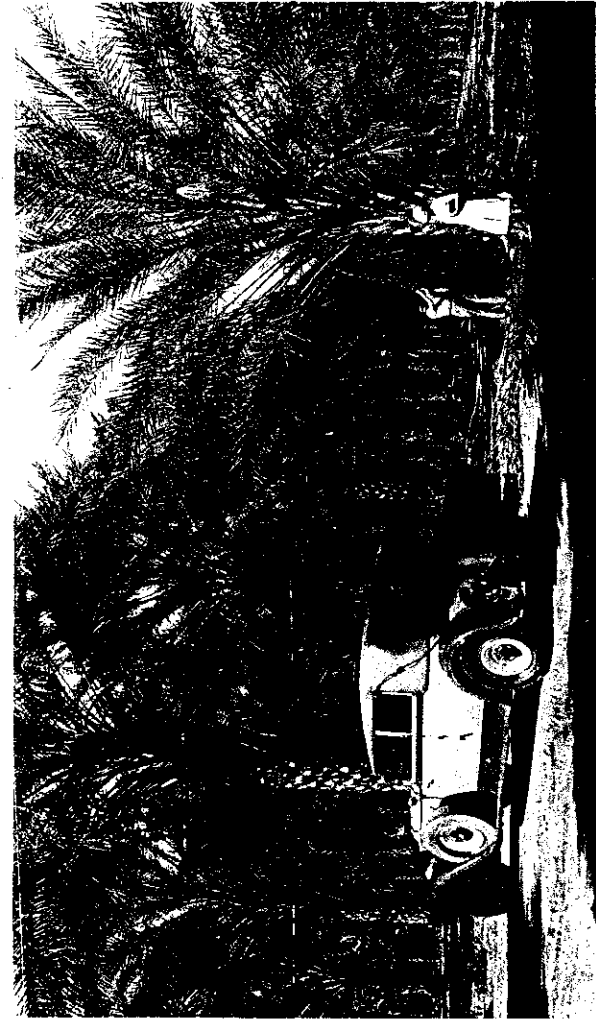
36

Ladies returning from Old Mexico invariably gain weight. Its all in that delightful climate. Their whilst limes expand and worse, they don't seem to mind it. But they never fail to reduce promptly some distance north of the border. Gentlemen are less susceptible to suddenly acquired weight and more to customs inspectors. An impertinent brass-bottomed individual can be smacked soundly for attempting familiarities with a lady, but the male is so helpless under democracy's reign and customs inspection!

A mean old fellow roved thru all our baggage, but he kept within reasonable bounds and proper territories and was'nt smacked. Then we went on, thru San Diego and past Ramona's Marriage place, exploited to high heavens, and on thru Escondido. A side road leads to the newly restored Mission San Luis Rey where we stopped and fetched a padre to show us its wonders, if any. The church has a fine beamed ceiling. The three altars are primitively executed in brick, plastered over, and gaudily decorated, as all missions were that had to be built with untutored Indian labor. San Luis Rey has a splendid setting in a low valley. Ruined arcades occupy much of its plan, and nearby are the adobe remnants of the surrounding community.

We again reached the Ocean at Oceanside and continued down on that great rive to Laguna. I had some business to attend to here and we had lunch in a cozy little res aurant by the sea. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Laguna shows little change since a year ago. In less than two hours we were back at Riverside where we had dinner with Mrs. Frost the following evening at the Mission Inn and later on that same evening dropped in at a Halloween party at Carl Ackerman's...

Next day, Wednesday afternoon I packed my show and sent same ~~thru~~ to Tucson. And on the following morning the long projected trip to Palm Springs was started. A heatwave had transformed Southern California the last few days into a weltering inferno while from the East came reports of snow and rain. That suited the local boosters of California climate and enabled us to accept Coachella valley's heat with better grace. One place over Gorgeville pass between two great mountain systems, each rising over 10000 feet above the surrounding territory: San Bernardino and San Geronimo on one side, San Jacinto on the other. Some thirty miles east to south



Date Palm Plantation near Indio, Cal. one of the hottest spots on the continent.

of Riverside the drop down into one of the hottest places on the earth begins, culminating in the great Salton Sink that once was the bottom of the sea. Gre-whitersand dunes bulge, dotted with parched shrubs an-raked by the winds that constantly sweep down from the mountains to fill the vacuum in the Sink caused by the heat of day. San Jacinto towers like a blue giant with deeply serrated summit and traces of snow; its feet reach the steaming sands of a diabolical desert. Cacti grow here in profusion, and the candy cactus reaches greater heights than anywhere else - like plump post-it litters the scorched mountainsides. The growing desert resort of Palm Springs nestles dwarfed like a colony of tiny ants at the foot of the mountain. At sea level the extensive date ranches begin, and where formerly desert sands smoldered under a fierce sun, sunk beneath sea level have brought the moisture to burning surface and date gardens spread the sweet of exquisite shade and arabian lassitude. Shops line the road near Indio, Edom and Mecca where fresh dates are packed and orders taken for small and large ships all over the country.

We turned at Indio to reach Palm Springs over a familiar desert road past copper colored cliffs rising like grinning devils out of gleaming sands. After the winter rains, flowers grow here in profusion. Palm Springs just came to life, after its annual desertion by its white inhabitants during the unbearable heat of summer. Five miles west of the town is Palm Canyon, the most magnificent of the several wild Palm Casises tucked away in the Colorado desert. On the way the rare Snow tree grows in the desert. Here the canyon narrows to a small V-shaped cleft, water appears and with it the Palm jungle that has given the place its name. You can walk in the shade of giant palm trunks and find the light almost obliterated. You can also find rattlers in their shelter as we did - only the reptile had just been dispatched by someone else and merely sprawled across our trail. They seek shelter in these rare oases, especially the sidewinder that sleeps during the sunny and creeps forth at night and strikes without warning.

The following two days were given to miscellaneous home work and packing, not entirely devoid of social diversion, however. The local Art colony gathered at Green's for a Tea and we were the guests of honor; on



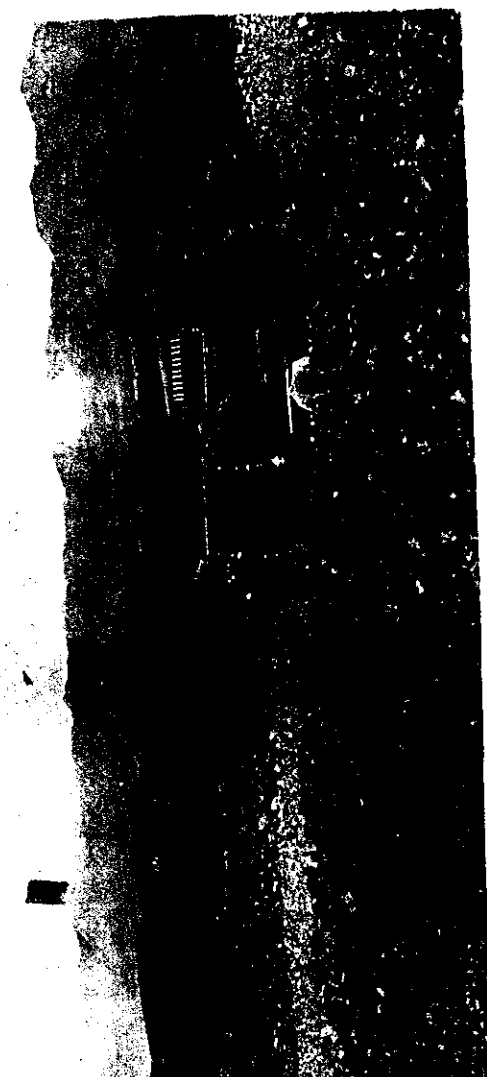
A weird Joshua tree near Victorville, Calif.

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Rockledge Park, in the same house we had occupied the winter of 1927-28 when we built our home in the orange grove adjoining. It was a fine evening. The sun set in a yellow and rose sky, and the huge bulk of San Antonio, 10000 feet high, rose like a purple wall against the falling heavens. Riverside, the orange and palm groves below were bathed in ascending mists. Our trees across the way bent under the golden weight of ripening fruit and a waning moon cast its yellow rays on a scene of unutterable tranquility and repose.

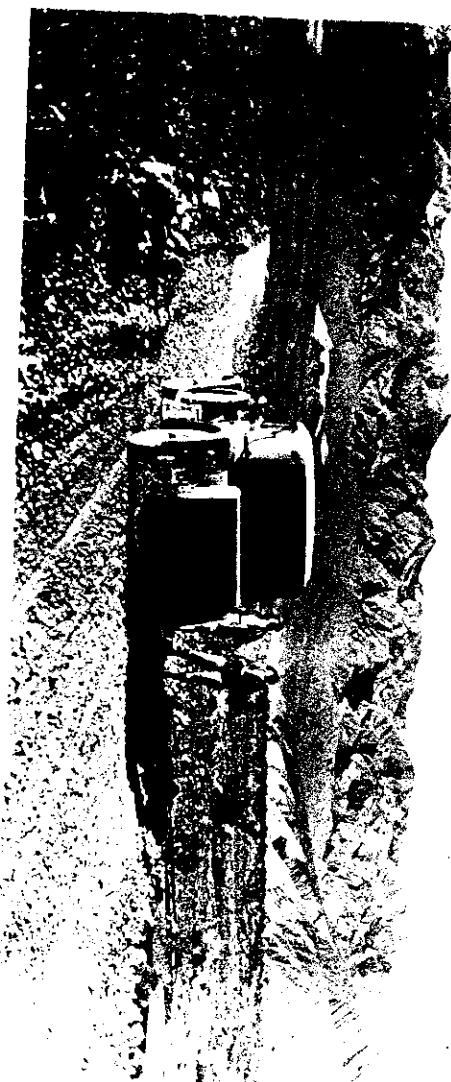
And at last the great day came. For years I had looked forward to seeing Death Valley; had imbibed its tragic, its romance and grandeur from description, vivified by longing imagination. Sunday the 1st of November was the first day of the so-called Death Valley season; the first day accommodations opened to travellers in this hottest spot on earth. The car had been gone over in anticipation of a hard trip thru desolate country. Leaving Riverside both running board ice boxes were filled to capacity, as well as the 10 quart canteen. And at 9:30 we were on our way, out of California's orange belt, the land of plenty and ease. It's a long, long grade up Cajon pass, with its beautiful mountain scenery and chaparral slopes. On top the Mojave desert stretches endlessly northward. The strange Mojave river is seen here and there, a river that starts life boyantly and strong in the snows of the San Bernardino range, meanders thru the desert vainly seeking an outlet to somewhere, finally dying in the deserts grim sands, the last signs of water disappearing in the alkali bottom of Soda Lake, a shimmering white surface of salts between singularly forbidding looking mountains. Baker, a hamlet consisting mostly of Service stations, lies at the north end of this depression. To the south-east ominous sand dunes fill the rugged brown barrancas of the mountains a region known as Devils Playground. I'm sure Devils is correct in the plural, for one, no matter how viril and energetic, could break such vengeance on nature.

It was past noon and the sun burned merrily overhead in spite of the lateness of the season. We stopped by the roadside and feasted on chicken sandwich - the best lunch Christine and Alys had packed on the trip. I've streaked the drab landscape black. Over in the east towered opalescent blues and violets, the beautifully rugged mass of shadow mountains; alluring as all desert ranges are, but cruel and deceptive on closer acquaintance. East Silver



Near Baker, Calif. on way to Death Valley with shadow mountains.

Interior Furnace Creek wash near Death Valley.



of the land, the lonely road slowly ascends Ibex Pass as we near Death Valley. The summit opens vast distances into purple mountains and defiles. At the bottom are massive architectural structures with sloping roofs and buttressed walls - erosions in tawny clays. Among them we pass a spring with its accompaniment of green, the rare color in the desert, and here also are the forsaken ruins of a Borax mine.

Hatling among great Mesquite bushes is the outfitting post for Death Valley, Shoshone, surrounded by rather dreary ~~daxext~~ hills and rocky slopes. Water has created a natural oasis and a welcome rest to weary eyes. Here we were advised not to take the road I had determined upon to the valley of death, but to pursue the one that leads to the fabulous mining and ghost towns of Nevada. Before darkness came Death Valley Junction loomed up with its bleak roofs in an empty desert. Here the Pacific Borax company erected a huge one story hotel next to the lonely railway station and a mine. A nipping cold night set in after we had settled down in one of their primitive cottages formerly occupied by miners. This time of the year, the days may be hot, but night brings borean temperatures.

On Monday, Nov. 2nd, our camp was astir at 5:30. Dawn just crept over the east and tinted the mountains all around rose. In the early morning's blue-green shadows we ascended the slight grade towards Ryan and Death valley. To the right the frowning mass of the Funeral range with Pyramid Peak like a sentinel. As if satan had picked up the earth and viciously crumpled it in his hand and tossed the crumpled mass back to earth. Such are the Funeral mountains. Stratas and bands of black and red and yellow and sickly green run thru it, folded and tilted and twisted at gruesome angles. To the left the Black mountains, equally fearful but of lesser height. Between them opens the great gap to Death Valley cut by Furnace Creek Wash. Down we go, for many, many miles. Spare Greewood, thorny cacti and crippled desert bush clothe the naked, sun-raked earth, shelving away and ending in bad lands, in brilliantly colored yellow mountains and lomas in hills glowing with the colors of moribund fires. Over this mass of twisted earth loom the Panamint mountains, on the other side of the ~~vaxk~~ notorious valley - a giant wall of blue reaching into the molten heavens.

Near Ryan, a deserted mining camp, we make a left

Thirsty, on the salt bottom of Death Valley, Black
and Funeral Ranges in the distance.



41
was a desert road. A discussion of maps and scale left her project a proposal, nothing more. A mere feet of twisted and more or less sheer rock between and that road, and miles from that road to Furnace Inn, and almost unbearable heat on that road even late in the season. Death Valley must be seen from such an eminence as Dante's, then experienced on bottom. To get that experience in summer has killed many whose graves are marked by heaps of stone here there as we have seen on our drive across the bottom next day.

Returning from Dante's, we descended the evering wash of Furnace Creek. A narrow spur leads to a risky point with a view over a bewildering mass of yellow clay erosions. We pass bulging masses of mountains set off against brown and black cliffs. impossible to explain, even for the seasoned geologist. All bears the stamp of hellish heat and desolation. At the end of the wash and on the edge of the valley at exactly sea level lies Furnace Creek Inn, a brand hotel with gleaming white walls and red tile roofs, outfitted for the most fastidious and luxurious tourist. Swimming pool and all. We have come to see the valley however, not what man can do with such surrounding money. We drive south, hemmed in now by the mountains both sides. The same faint ribbon we had seen from a fairly comfortable desert road. Ghastly colored tortured mountains and cliffs to the east; a rocky earth that seemed smooth from a height of 6000 feet. Come 12 miles south we come to the end, to what looks like smooth white salt. We are at Salt Pool - an impassable barrier. Sharp needled salt, and lime formations as far as the eye can see, bounded only by the dark base of encircling mountains. Much like sharp coral reefs, several feet high. Walk over it, or hit these stony like formations, they ring like metal.

We return north near the end of day, where cat-claw bushes promise a sheltered situation and a wood. Here we make camp. A great fire sends sparks into the darkening heavens, the stars come out - a brilliant galaxy of millions of suns that light the night just sufficiently to distinguish the mountains. The bushes are steeped into the mellow silver of the moon that around midnight. It is all so mysterious. Fraiths, of scores tortured and killed by this valley seen to

42
dance on the moonbeams. They slumber all around us, perhaps some still lie there undiscovered. Death Valley still holds many a gruesome mystery. But such a night as we spent is superb. They are welcome to hotel room and pool up there where distant lights twinkle. The day was hot, and Alja suffered considerably with the heat. The night was comfortable, but grew rather chilly towards morning. Ere the first blush of dawn appeared on the mountains, I had the camp fire again going. Then we watched the sun rise while dressing and preparing breakfast. I hate ~~exaggerate~~ superlatives, the abuse of adjectives. But a sunrise on the floor of Death Valley is a better description. The light delicately attenuated, almost a pear on the distant mountains that close by the day, north and south. Then the western ranges light up, all after peak, while lower down all detail is smothered in smoky blue-greens. Thru a gap in the Funeral Range a few early rays crash thru the mountains and strike the sandy floor indistinct with gaunt desert growth. Seems impossible to associate the sheer beauty of a sunrise with the horror of Death Valley.

Towards noon we cross over to the other side. The road is rocky, but not bad. Here and there a mound of rock marking the graves of the illfated forty-niners who discovered Death Valley and perished in its scorching heat, mad with thirst. Near Stovepipe Wells Huge Sand Dunes ~~just far enough~~ bring a new color note into the iridescent landscape. It is 24 miles across the valley at this point. Stovepipe Wells is a modest hotel with camp cottages, located near Emigrant Pass thru which some of the illfated members of the jayhawkers escaped. A toll road begins here that takes us over the mountains west of the Valley, a long grind upwards to a 5000 foot summit named Townsend Pass. We stop and once more survey the vast sweep of the enormous depression behind. A scene unparalleled in the great wide world.

From Townsend Pass the road drops away into another parallel valley, but much less spectacular than that famous one to the east. An uninhabited, utterly forlorn region. At the center a dry soda lake bottom, vast mountain ranges piling up on three sides, open to the south. As we enter the next range west, we stop in the gravelly wash that is our road, for lunch. It is a land where water is vital. The afternoon sun fills the canyons with belated heat. Road conditions get more primitive, though nothing like in the Hopi country farther



Salt Bottom, and view from Zabriski points, Death Valley. (Double exposure)

Leaving Death Valley thru Townsend Pass,
a 17 mile climb.



43
back. Steep grades lead to the next pass and to the forsaken mining town of Darwin clustering in brown foothills. In this neighborhood we get the first glimpse of the High Sierras, a magnificent wall of blue across the western horizon cut up into great peaks streaked with snow. There are few finer Alpine scenes on earth. Mt. With 15,000 foot pinnacles straight ahead, there are hundreds of peaks closely massed together, gloriously blue against the setting sun. Joshua trees grow here and there on the bare earth, replete with evidences of volcanic activity, great black lava flows and brown cinder cones.

At last ~~XXXXX~~ Owens valley bursts fully into view, at the point where the city of Los Angeles dried up a beautiful lake of the same name. Nothing but salt ~~deposits~~ and soda deposits remain of a sheet of water more than 100 miles long and filling the valley from end to end. We were again near water. The cottonwoods were rainforests of gold and amber, lighted by the evening sun, ~~xxxx~~ silhouetted against the gigantic blue mystery of the shadowy High Sierras. The black ribbon of a fine paved road ended our desert track, and we raced northward on it at 60 miles per hour. Always the majestic mountains close the west. We discovered no suitable camp. Night came at Bishop and we were advised to go 16 miles farther. At the base of the Sherwin Pass we found a haven for this night, a comfortable cottage by a splashing stream.

Morning revealed the beautiful Round valley just below, snowcapped, rugged mountains to the west. I knew them well. Mt. Tom's massive bulk in the foreground, the Four Gables' serrated summits farther back. The Pass is 7300 feet high. We reach the altitude of the Pine, the desert far behind, our surroundings are typically alpine. Only to the east is a reminder of the desert, the ponderous range of the White Mountains with 14,000 foot peaks whose snowy summits and brown crags were illuminated the evening before by an enchanting Alpenglow.

Always along the eastern foothills of the High Sierras, we pass many evidences of volcanic activity. T. Inyo craters aeons ago sent pumice and lava down these slopes. Pines grow on what formerly was red hot ~~magma~~ magma. Near Deadman's Pass a crew of roadmen felled a pine over our road just as we drew up. More grades, and summit, 7600 feet high. Ahead are the grey cones of the craters built of pumice and ashes. They are a striking formation, lost farther north in the leaden sheet of M.

Lake made famous by Mark Twain. A coal-black crater rises as an island out of the lake. Dry deserts surround it, but to the west the Sierras rise in all their alpine lure.

We skirt the western shores of Mono and cross another pass, 8100 feet high and dip down into a picturesque canyon. To the east lies Bodie, a derelict mining town somewhere in the desert hills. We find the junction of the narrow road that leads up to it. Too narrow for two cars to pass, it is a relief to wind out of the canyon, up into the more open, hilly country, where sage paints the landscape a dull gray. After 14 miles we reached the town that formerly boasted of several thousand inhabitants, now shrunk to about 150. It is on the way to join other "Ghost" cities in the desert. A stone in the center of the main thoroughfare bears this legend: Born 1878, died 1931. Gold has given out, and there is no other reason or means for carrying on in Bodie. A tough town it must have been, and still is. Down in Mono they told us Volstead was not very popular in crumbling Bodie. Gold has given out, booze survives. Why not, rather than starve?

We return to the main road, well paved, with now and then a detour where building operations interrupt. At Bridgeport one of the ~~xxxx~~ finest mountain views on the eastern fringe of the High Sierras: The crested and craggy summits of Matterhorn, Twin Peaks, Sawtooth ridge that remind so much of Switzerland. Nearing the Nevada boundary, we travelled for many miles in a rocky canyon with a lively stream leaping over boulders. ~~Txxx~~ Antelope Valley opens with its autumn regalia of golden cottonwoods and Lake Tahoe comes into view. Just then, going near 60 miles an hour, the car lurches, grinding and crashing sounds come from the rear and I have difficulty stopping without risking disaster. Before the car came to a full stop, one of the tire rings is flung over the embankment so far, that we had difficulty afterwards finding it. A tire suddenly gone flat. Lucky it happened near a Service station.

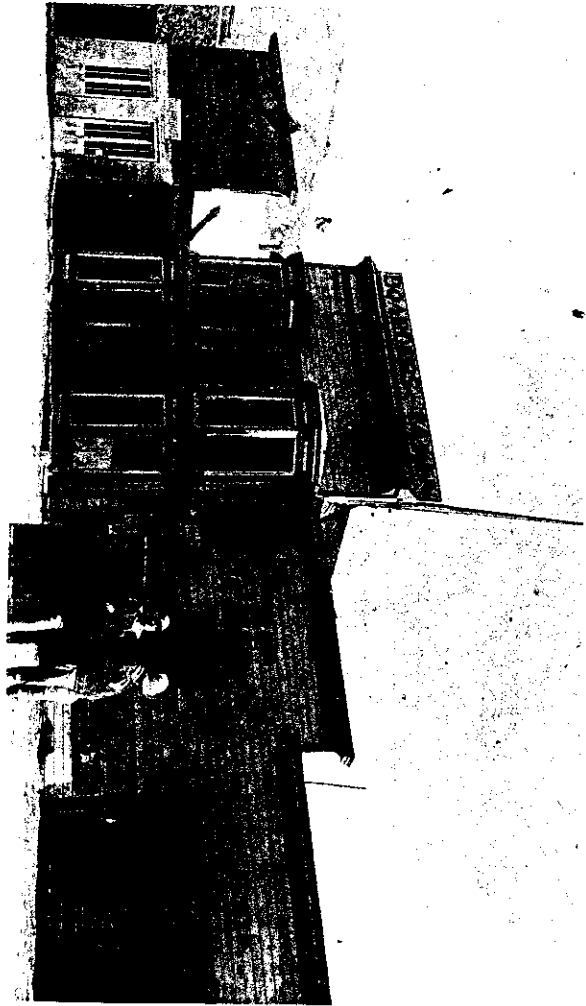
The last spare was put on, and after an hours delay the journey was resumed. We were just on the boundary, and now crossed into Nevada. The destination Lake Tahoe was given up. Reno loomed as our likely place that night. At the twilight hours we slipped into the beautiful Carson Valley, thru Nevada's capital, the miserable Carson City, and with the first shadows of night we entered the more or less famous Reno.



Round Valley and Mt. Tom, High Sierras, Calif.

Alys had relatives to visit here and left us that night the first time on our trip, with the exception of her stays at hotels and ours at camps. Past midnight she returned, and before she had commenced to tell what happened, a car drew up at our camp and police officials demanded that she come outside. Taken by surprise, we proud citizens of a free land often forget our rights and she made the mistake of going out, and we to permit her to do so. A heated argument ensued. Returning to our camp, her car collided with another one in town, damaging both. She had filed her story of the accident at police headquarters, so the other party. One of the traffic men had accompanied her back to see her home safe, but in the meantime the other victim of the accident insisted the police hold our car until morning and a settlement. That implied fixing the blame without inquiry and trial. Two policemen were there and the other party. Alys refused to give up her car. They demanded then her person. I tried to mediate. ~~xxxxxx~~ Not familiar with Nevada law and procedure, I thought it strange to demand the custody of property or person without warrant, or due process of law. A shuffle ensued, the brass-bottomed person started to drag Alys to his car. She soundly smacked his face. I assured these fellows all I could that we were no irresponsible people, and all cooled down sufficiently to talk and argue in and out of the cabin till 4:30 in the morning; till all of us shivered with cold. It was too sickening to bear repeating, and the upshot was, that I took Alys's car with the other damaged vehicle to the station, where both were locked up until morning and some sort of settlement.

At 8 A.M. we reported at the police station after a sleepless night. Arguing commenced and we might never have gotten very far if Alys hadn't finally found her insurance card. The adjuster was summoned. He immediately told the police they acted in violation of the law, had no right to demand either car or person in the absence of proper warrant, which the other party cared not to demand. He immediately secured the release of our Packard and we moved to other quarters to escape further unpleasantness. Reno, for all I cared, might stink to high heavens - I wanted to get away, into the surrounding lands of lakes and mountains. All of us did. But the car was laid up for repairs. We were pinned to the spot.



Ghost City Hotel, once several thousand population, now only 150, with empty houses and gaping doors and windows.

The next day brought new developments while we chafed under the delay caused by the car's repairs, and we decided suddenly to leave with only the most essential work done. As an incident of our journey, it was rather exciting. Right or wrong, the other party to the accident was reported to have sworn out a warrant for reckless driving. He seemed bent on getting hold of money. The car was not even in his name. But serving such forbiddingly sounding papers would mean at least several days delay in this execrable town; that's what it looked to me by now. The best thing to do was to get across the border into California. Dark when we left Reno, and in half an hour we slid into the opacity of Truckee Canyon, safely in the Golden State. By 8 we had found a camp on the outskirts of Truckee, near Donner Lake. Tired, jaded and disgusted, we were a low spirited crowd on that cold November night that brought ice and frost, and a coat of silvery sheen to the surrounding pine forests the next morning.

Early Saturday morning we left. A few miles up towards Donner Pass, over a fine paved road, one sights Donner Lake beautifully beaded between rocky granite shores darkly timbered. The mountains behind in the direction of the pass, are low. Reports came in of the parties being killed, or necks broken, in accidents during the night. We retraced our way from Donner Lake, where in the days of the Gold rush the Donner party of Emigrants were snowed under, died or served each other for food, - a sorry and terrible chapter in American annals. Ten miles south brings us to Lake Tahoe, a magnificent sheet of emerald water bedded within the mountains of the Sierra Nevada. It was cold up here, and snow lay plentifully on the slopes of Mt. Tallac to the southwest. The road strikes the lake at Tahoe City, no city at all, but a conglomeration of stores, garages and a few houses surrounded by beautiful forests of pine, fir and spruce and here and there ginkgo brilliantly colored by the autumn raiment of deciduous trees. The road encircling the 20 mile lake meanders thru these forests, up and down with charming vistas over the beautiful and ever changing sheet of water, now a striking emerald green, then purple and violet. Its shores are a rocky beach, only at Cave Rock, on the Nevada shores, rises a cliff sheer out of the water.

Along these shores the road wanders way up the

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Above Glenbrook, Nev., with Lake Tahoe in the distance.



Cascade Lake and Mount Tallac
at Lake Tahoe

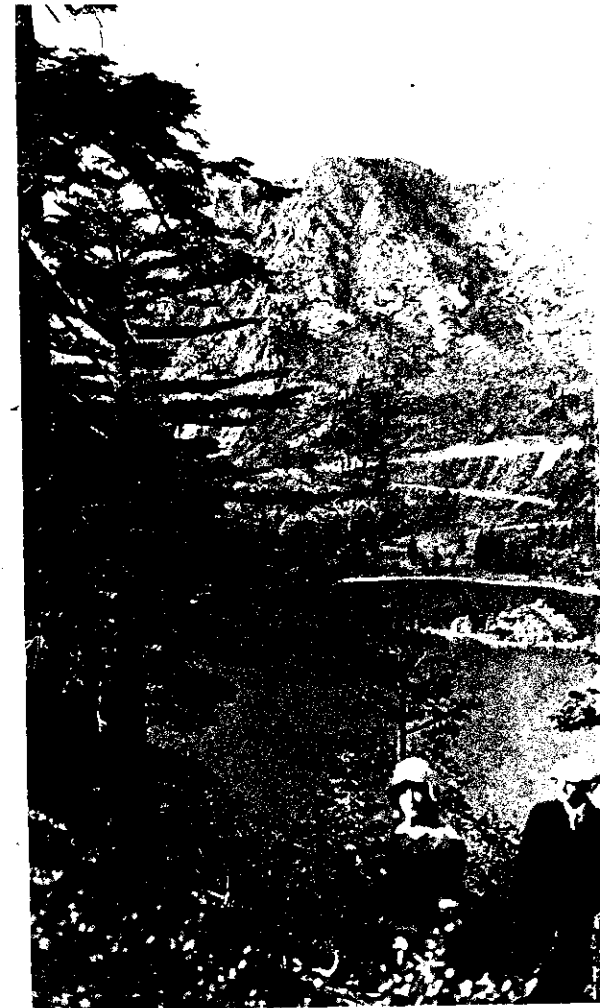
mountain. Lake Tahoe's dark sheet lies placid below,
walled in by the mountains' silvered with snow as the head
of venerable age. We dip down into Glenbrook, Nev., but the
town, or what there is of such, is closed down for the
season, all doors and windows shuttered so nearly everything
else at Tahoe. Yet, we are in the midst of the most ex-
hilarating, the most invigorating time of the year, nature
appealing with the power of sublimity that comes with
maturity and ripeness. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxixthexxxrandenxxxtheyxxrexxthe~~

We circumvent the lake on the Nevada side and return near the south end to California. Mount Tallac and its surrounding peaks present a grand picture of alpine ruggedness. South, Freel peak rises higher than all the rest, but one must return to the western shore, to Emerald Bay to see Tahoe's surpassing beauty. The road climbs up on a narrow ridge with Cascade lake on one, Emerald bay's deep blue-green pool on the other side. Giant old pines and fir frame the vista, with a tiny rock-bound island studded with conifers in the western end of the bay. The road circles it, every mile opens up new views, new grandeur over the bay, its headlands and the ~~lake~~ greater lake beyond bounded by the blue Nevada shores and the snows of the Tallac group ribbed with the cool gray of weathered ridges and cliffs.

At the foot of Mt. Rubicon we retrace our way - we have seen the best Tahoe has to offer, one of the finest landscapes in the United States. All resorts seem closed, the air itself seems to ~~breath~~ exude a crisp fragrance of grand loneliness and unapproachable majesty. After Emerald Bay the road sinks down into the valleys and forests south of the lake, emerging soon on its dizzy climb to the peak of Echo summit, almost 2000 feet above on the crest of the Sierras. We are not following the usual road back into California that all the Smiths and the Browns are taking, but a trail that leads back in time over 80 years- to the days of the great Goldrush of '49. Unknown to most tourists, this road takes us thru all the renowned but half forgotten gold camps of that colorful period, where the hosts of the argonauts and all the happy and unhappy creatures that followed ~~the gold seekers~~ in their wake seem to live and breathe to this day. It is a side road, in good condition but winding and meandering from gulch to gulch- up and down where the foothills shoulder the Higher Sierras and sometimes meet with the great plains of the Sacramento valley. But ere

we reach that land of rich saga, we travel one of the scenic Highways of the country. From the pass a look back shows like Tahoe in amethyst depths. Great forests all around; the silvertipped concolor firs dominating everywhere. Into shady depths we coast where a stream has carved a rocky ravine. Here and there a gray cliff; but mostly heavily timbered slopes fading away into blue distances. Now and then a scar in the mountains - mines where men won and lost. The scars multiply as we near Placerville - formerly Hangtown, when hanging was still the object of swift justice in the romantic days. With this town we enter the classic goldland. We detour some eight miles northward, to Coloma, and visit the ruins of Sutter's mill where in 1848 Marshall discovered the first gold that set all the world agog. Just a pleasant landscape that might be in New England, with a placid stream - the South Fork of the American River. But here we breathe an atmosphere that is musty - so unlike California. Real old timers loaf on the street. A few picturesque houses, derelicts of the old days stand there with gaping walls and iron shuttered windows and doors. An almost deaf old fellow begins to romance in a little store whose ancient walls looked down on the tough crowd of '49. But his tale is second hand. We wander on, in the waning day. Up on the hill the modern monument to Marshall. Whatever wealth poured out of these hills, it is nowhere reflected here; nor in any of the other gold towns we have seen. Coloma, that once threw the world into excitement, is a somnolent town with hardly enough energy to remember its own turbulent past.

We stayed that night several miles out of Placerville, in ~~the~~ a cottage camp surrounded by hills and pines. Sunday morning began the historic trek southward. Plymouth apparently has nothing to recall the past, but ~~here~~ before we reach it, Eldorado, crumbling and all but forgotten, exhibits a few ruinous buildings that are among the most interesting of the entire day's trip. The iron doors and shutters of the time still cling to their rustbitten hinges though the roofs have caved in and brick and stone are rotting and falling. Once several thousand dwelled here and the numerous saloons re-echoed the hilarity of the miners. Few ghost towns are quieter to-day than Eldorado; Perhaps Drytown and Amador City, farther south. Not much left here of yesterday. Next comes Sutter Creek, still a classic, with its two-storied verandas on Main street, a narrow crooked lane bisecting the settlement. This seems to be the keynote of the '49



Beautiful Emerald Bay, Lake
Tahoe, Calif.

ruins of Sutters Mill, Coloma, Calif., where in 1849 gold was first discovered by John Marshall.



49
architecture of California's goldland. What remains of it is mostly stone or brick that survived the fires that swept some of the towns - perhaps after gold gave out.

The next town, Jackson, lies in a mountainous country and near it, the road wallows in deep valleys and ravines full of abandoned mines and forsaken ditches and claims. Jackson itself is to this day moderately prosperous and still digging gold. Beyond it sprawls Mokelumne Hill over rolling country, a quiet little place that once claimed 12000 inhabitants, a mixed crowd of Americans, French, Germans, Mexicans, Chicanos and Chinese. Sage insists this racial admixture produced a lawlessness and murderous activity for which this town was particularly known. Here, as at St. Andrews, further on, the main street yields most of the relics of bygone days - crooked and narrow, there are ruinous buildings, again with iron shutters red with age; wooden shacks with two-story balconies and verandas following the uncertain line of settling foundations. And not to forget a generous sprinkling of old timers.

Follow Angels Camp, Jackson Hill and Tuttletown, more or less a repetition of others, yet each one worthy of separate study if time and space permitted. Everywhere evidences of Mother Lode's doubtful blessings, everywhere signs of boisterous, primitive days before Carrie Nation and Andrew Volstead were sainted and set in a niche for this nation to worship. The fellows who reared these towns in a wilderness, drank and gambled and occasionally filled each other with lead were in spite of all that, certainly more picturesque and human than the crop of reformers who are holding this land by the throat to-day. Much is made in these parts of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, both of whom immortalized many of these towns and their strange people in their literary work.

Columbia lies a short distance aside from the main road. Among all the old gold towns, it is perhaps the best preserved, almost a ghost city to-day. Once it had 15000, soon after gold was here discovered in 1850. It almost became the capital of California. To-day its bush and tree-covered streets are lined with brick and stone structures still in fair condition. To stop and snap a corner saloon and two ancient looking fellows invite us in. Here is still the fancy old bar with its flamboyant pilasters over which drinks and shot were served impartially. In the corner a scabby piano that

'49 Goldland. Ruins of Brewery in Nokelume '11 built in 1852. This town still has the '49 atmosphere.



Street corner at Columbia where gold was mined running into millions. Quaint, almost a Ghost town.

travelled around the "Horn" and accompanied, in its romantic days, many a revelry. It still emits sounds akin to melody. On the walls are yellowed pictures of an early vintage, the kind that would go strong in public houses frequented by gold diggers - Parisian females more or less in naturell but a thousand times more decent and attractive than the nudes of modernistic art. I am certain ~~xxxxxx~~ some Art of to-day would have been criticized with the six-shooter in the days of '49.

We had heard of a human relic of the gold period Columbia's, and we paid it a visit. It's name was Napoleon, an octogenarian who had come to Columbia around '53 at the age of a year or so after having chosen Paris, France, as his place of entry into mundane affairs. Napoleon spent pract call: all his life here which is not necessarily complimentary to Columbia, not him. But we are fortunate to talk to a fellow who has seen the gold rush and lived with it in the days when hundreds perished trekking across waterless deserts to reach the American Canaan. A long span of life over a marvelous period. And to live in such a place as Columbia, first teeming with life and excitement, then slowly dying inch by inch until to-day - a god-forsaken and forgotten place where time has stopped to advance and men rot with their own handiwork.

But a short distance from Columbia to Sonora, another old town, but still breathing to-day. The other merely gasps, if that expression be permitted. Like most of the old gold towns, Sonora is to all appearances a hedge-odge American town of standardize type, but only a casual look for antiquitise will disclose the old stone and brick fronts of the past, the iron shutters, the two-storied wooden balconies and irregular streets. Founded by Mexicans from the state of Sonora, it is a rather bustling town to this date.

We tank up for the mountain road to Yosemite and have lunch. On the way, Jamestown, or Jintown as old timers called it, faintly exhibits the flavor of California's historic Goldrush. Nearby is Rushide. At Chinese Camp nothing remains to remind of celestials, but history recites a ludicrous war among two contending Tonges of the Chinese who founded this town. On Sept. 26th 1856 two thousand orientals met near Table mountain, close to the town, to settle the issue that ended with four killed and a couple of hundred arrested by American officials safely hidden away while bullets were flying.

We now enter the Tuolumne river country, and pass



The '49 Goldland. Scene in St. Andreas, Calif.

The bar in Columbia over which many drinks, shots and cold nuggets were exchanged.



"Hangtree" near Groveland,
the Second Garotte, where many
bad characters of '49 were
put out of business.



Trees, over 2000 years old,
in Tuolumne Grove.

Jacksonville, another ghost of the fifties. The road now climbs the long grades of Priests due east into the High Sierras. Magnificent stands of timber cover the higher slopes, while lower down they are covered with chaparral or devastated by fires; Everywhere reminiscent of Mark Twain and Harte. In a few miles we ascend 1000 feet and keep climbing. The day had been cloudy, heavy mists driven in from the ocean brushing the mountains, dividing occasionally for the sun to break thru. Having seen too much of fair skies and sunshine, we appreciated this change.

After steady climbing and some sharp turns with glimpses into the deep ravines cut by the Tuolumne, we passed thru Big Oak Flat and Groveland, both strongly reminiscent of the rough and ready frontier days of the Argonauts~~xxxx~~, and three miles east of the latter stands the more or less historic Hangman's tree where scores of evildoers met the characteristic swift justice of those times when men first acted and ~~xxxx~~ afterwards inquired. Across the road they show the Brete Harte cottage. The present owner of this place was more than ready to settle down and regale us with lengthy tales of that great era when men were men and Indians not so much as vermin; but from other attempts we had made to ~~xxx~~ get local color we learned that most men ready to entertain inquiring strangers had second-hand, warmed up tales concerned chiefly with trivials, and we moved on. We were now on the Big Oak Flat road into Yosemite, passing thru a fastness of mountains, forests and lonely alpine meadows chilled yellow by recent frosts. At Carl's Inn we picked up the Tioga Pass road coming from Owens Valley, familiar from our 1930 trip across the Sierras. Six miles farther on surpassingly beautiful forests shut out most of the light of day, and the road climbs steep, winding grades. Suddenly the first ~~xxxxx~~ red trunk of the giant Sequoia stands bolt upright close to the road; a few others follow close by. It's the small Tuolumne grove of Sequoia Gigantea, but it has several specimen trees of magnificent size that dwarf even the Sugar pine that heretofore held undisputed sway as the king of the forest. We stop, of course, and photograph as everybody does, and feel our own insignificance in the presence of these monarchs of time - swaying already in the Sierra breezes when Nero fiddled while Rome burnt and when Christ was crucified on Calvary. About eight more miles brings us to the steep

downgrade into Yosemite Valley. Second to the Wawona road, this is the most spectacular entry into the famous valley carved by Tertiary glaciers and it is necessary to shift frequently into low gear and still use the brakes to control the car on the sharp curves and twists over precipitous mountain slides that streak the landscape a blue-gray at this point. One after another, Yosemite's landmarks rise from the depths like familiar faces: The great square block of El Capitan, 3000 feet high; Cathedral rocks with the Bridal Veil falls but a thin trickle this time of the year; Cathedral spires, Sentinel Dome and Rock, the Three Brothers, and Half Dome like a grand finale at the east end of the valley.

Alys stopped at the Ahwahnee Hotel, a name derived from the Indian tribe that once called this valley its home, meaning Grassy Valley. Christine and I rented a housekeeping cottage close to the lodge. All other accommodations had closed for the season.

Yosemite is somewhat disappointing at this time of year. Yosemite Falls were dried up. Bridal veil almost, and so were Nevada and Vernal Falls. The next morning, Monday, the 4th found us on the way out of the valley; bound for Glacier Point. A fine old buck greeted us at our cottage door begging for food. Deer are so tame in the National Park that they almost follow one into the rooms, and at night they prowl around the camps upsetting garbage cans and our slumber.

Glacier point lies 3000 feet above the windows of Axak Ahwahnee from where we observed the daily firefall the night before in Alys's suite. A steep road climbs out of the valley towards Tuolumne, along towering forest trees. From Artist's and Inspiration Points we get the most famous views of the Valley, with all the peaks arrayed like a gigantic parade before us. A splendid new road has been built since last year and we make it in high, winding thru forests eclipsed nowhere on earth. The side road to Glacier is narrow and precipitous in part, always rowling thru forests, now tenebrous in fragrant shadows, now sunlit and sparkling at the edge of mountain meadows. I discovered Bridal Veil creek on Peregrine meadows. Near Mono Meadows we have the first glimpse of the towering summits of the High Sierras, a symphony in greys, with not a trace of snow. Glacier Point Hotel is partly closed for the winter. A cold wind blows up here, but a superb view opens vistas into forbidden lands of sharp granite peaks, frowning walls and weatherbeaten pinnacles whose lower slopes are clad in darker shadows- forests of pines.



Half Dome from Glacier
Point, Yosemite Park



The Wawona tree (Sequoia gigantea) Mariposa Grove.



The coast of California below Highlands Inn, near Point Lobos.

In the Mariposa Grove of big trees. It began to snow.



The falled monarch, Mariposa Grove.



Looking down into Yosemite Valley from Glacier Point.
Ahwahnee Hotel on valley floor.

35

Dominant and most forbidden of all soars Half Dome out of the depths. Beyond we recognize Echo and Tenaya peaks; Parson's and Foersters and Elektra Peaks; and the highest of this region - Mount Lyell, over 13000 feet high, in the center of the picture.

A short distance and we park at the foot of Glacier Dome summit. A bare, granite dome of upward bulging rock. Not quite bare, here and there a crippled, tortured pine fighting like a demon for life, exposed day up here to all the storms raking the High Sierras. The ladies are cold and compel an early descent. And at night we sit around the fire at Ahwahnee to help celebrate Alys's eight wedding anniversary, talked on the long distance wire with Chicago, with Bill Springer's voice just as recognizable and plain as if it emanated from the adjoining room.

A cold drizzle mixed with snow descended from obscure heavens when we went home. The morning broke misty and cold. All nature shivered. The grasses were silvered with heavy frost that fell from the trees and a grey sky hung heavy over the valley, ~~and~~ enveloping the higher peaks. Half Dome wore a murky grey veil as we again left on the road to Wawona for the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. The road was lively with deer, sometimes up to ten in a ~~xxxxxx~~ group, staring at use curiously, then falling into a gentle trot to disappear in the forest, or dashing precipitously across the road up steep embankments or down into ravines. Wawona is but a name for a hotel and a Ranger station. Black-and white cattle disperse on the hills grazing or chewing the cud. Some 6 miles beyond the forests grow higher and denser and the great red columns of the Giants of treeland make their appearance. Rain, mixed with snow blurs the vision, and low clouds brush the very tree-tops, filling the forest with mystery. A fallen tree lines the road against which the big Packard looks like a ~~toy~~; in spots they stand in groves densely massed together, soaring smooth and ~~graceful~~ ^{graceful} to great heights and then suddenly stop, stunted and misshapen. Their branches are giant trunks themselves. Strange we still fail to measure their magnitude though surrounded by them; until we step out and walk up and cower in the ~~width~~ of their stupendous base and our necks begin to ache trying to measure their height.

Near the ~~end~~ ^{grove} of the ~~road~~ towers the tunneled tree over the road. A freakish display, but a good means to set the immense scale of the Sequoias. ~~I think the~~

Summit of Sentinel Dome, with Half Dome and High Sierras in east.



The Sequoias Gigantea can only be found in altitudes apparently above 6000 feet and below 8000. Their scattered colonies or groves over distant parts of the Sierras present a puzzle hard to solve, but scientists claim they already were present when the Sierras' great upthrust occurred and the earth passed thru the age of giant reptiles and amphibians. They also attempt to connect the fluctuations of climate in different parts of the world with great historic movements, famines, and ~~other~~ social catastrophes, and offer proof in the size and density of the Sequoias' yearly rings or growth, lean and small in years of drought, larger when the cycle swung to wet epochs.

That day in the Mariposa Grove of forest giants shall not soon be forgotten. It presented such a vivid contrast to the uniformly sunny days of our trip up to now that the low brushing, wet clouds, from gray to the chilliest blue, seemed like intimate friends come down to earth. It was cold without, but the inside of the car felt snug and inviting to contemplate the raindrop, the cold sleet and the few snow crystals suspended in sylvan air. We envied the sky deer their enchanted home.

Once more we touched Inspiration Point on the way back. Yosemite lay bathed in horizontal stratas of grayish vapor. El Capitan's brilliant sheer mass could not be subdued, though its head reached the clouds. But Half Dome was blurred and the granite world of peaks beyond ~~was~~ completely obliterated.

Wednesday Nov. 11 broke damp and cold, though the sky had cleared. It was Armistice day and some people celebrate on that day, though they ought to hang their heads in shame for turning ~~the~~ civilization back centuries. Some day this 11th of November will be recognized as the beginning of the end of European leadership, but we remembered this day chiefly as Christine's birthday. We left Yosemite by El Portal and the excellent all-year road thru the bottom of Merced Valley. For some 60 miles there is a gradual flattening of the Mountains. The Sierras convey an instructive object lesson in mountain geology. As a slowly rising upthrust from the San Joaquin plains west—similar to the uptilting of a lid whose hinged part corresponds with the valley floor, they attain their great eminence as the lid does at the other end—directly above ~~where~~ ^{whereas} valley where they present a spectacular rampart of culminating peaks, while the west slopes are tame and

unpretentious. The Sierras loose themselves almost imperceptibly in the arid plains of San Joaquin, which, at this time of the year were cool and drab.

Mariposa is a remnant of the Gold days in the foothills, and there are numerous buildings reminiscent of that period. A few miles farther on lie the unpretentious ruins of Mormon Bar. This neighborhood had been settled before Yosemite was known to the world and the shameful war begun that ended in depriving the Indians of their beautiful Ahwahnee home.

The San Joaquin valley here is about 50 miles wide as the crow flies. Los Banos is a farmer's community center as drab as the plains themselves, but beyond it the eastern foothills of the Diablo Range meet the yellow plains and we climb up Pacheco Pass, a devilish hot spot in summer as I knew by experience. ~~The~~ Every trace of the cool Sierras had vanished in the mists behind. The Diablo mountains ~~xxx~~ wear the color of the desert, somewhat relieved by clumps of trees and bushes on the western slopes. Past Hollister, the road winds in and out of orchards down in the valley. Beyond San Juan Bautista, where a well preserved Mission is located, we ascend the last ridge separating us from the Pacific known as Gabilan Range. It is but a slight grade up to the 1000 ft high summit of the San Juan Grade, but a long descent down on the west slope into the valley of Salinas.

Still comparatively early in the afternoon, live oaks and golden slopes give way to picturesque cypresses and drab downs and grey rock beyond which the intense blue of the Ocean greets; we are in Monterey, the oldest town in California and its first capital, settled in 1769-70; where Robert Louis Stevenson lived and wrought some of his imaginative tales, and Gen. Sheridan is supposed to have wooed a senorita and finally left her flat - to use colloquialism. Here the air smells of salt and fish and a few other things. The streets are more or less irregular, with many old and historic buildings and some very fine new hotels out of proportion to the size of the town.

Monterey Peninsula dips far out into the sea. A rockbound coast littered with cliffs and rocks clinging to the mainland or torn loose and wallowing in the surging waves. We celebrated the day by dining in a French Restaurant and attending the Movies afterwards. The next day was spent in sightseeing on the peninsula, which includes naturally the 17-mile drive along the coast.



Hundreds of deer roam the National Park.

North, the Santa Cruz, or Monterey Bay, a blue sheet of water dotted with craft, seagulls and other birds, is softly defined by blue mountains reaching far out to sea. To the north lies Santa Cruz. At Point Pinos we round the cape and confront the open ~~xxx~~ Mare. This coast, black with age and turmoil, is deeply torn and cut by the waves. ~~xxx~~ Whitecaps come rolling in, crash against the slippery cliffs and with a roar and heavenhigh spray sink back into nothingness; no, not quite that. A surging emerald inferno swallows them, flecked with silvery foam. And new breakers come on, rush like black monsters and under the influence of skycolors resolve themselves into a blue-green phantasmagoria. Over the din of the ocean we hear the jabber of Seagulls and Pelicans and other denizens of the coast, perched on the pinnacles of wave-torn rocks. Out at Point Lobos this is augmented by raucous barks coming weirdly from the watery waste - Sealions. We see them sunning themselves, a gregarious mass of sleek bodies craning their necks barking at the sky. It is a turmoil, a din of unaccustomed voices and noises. On land the grotesque note is struck by trees - the hoary cypresses, bulwark against many a storm, forever waging a frightful fight for life, still fighting with twisted, blanched trunks and rust-colored limbs, with only a tuft of life left brushing the stormy sky. The seem, herded together in groves, a stampeding company of demons trying to get away from the threatening sea. With crowns bend inland, the trunks are rooted where some centuries before the seed had fallen. There they are, seemingly trying to get away but unable to do so. The Ghost tree on the Carmel side of the Peninsula is aptly named. Carmel Bay, landlocked on three sides by the former and by the wild coast of Point Lobos, is among the beauty spots of America, and Point Lobos itself, a deeply indented promontory extending like claws out into the ocean is a romance in azure bays, the untamable ocean and lonely cliffs where cold fogs roll in like bounding phantoms that overwhelm sun and mountains in the flash of a moment. South of Point Lobos the coast becomes a charming bit of seacoast sculpture, with deep blue pools locked between frowning cliffs ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ shouldering charming villas and 20th century castles.

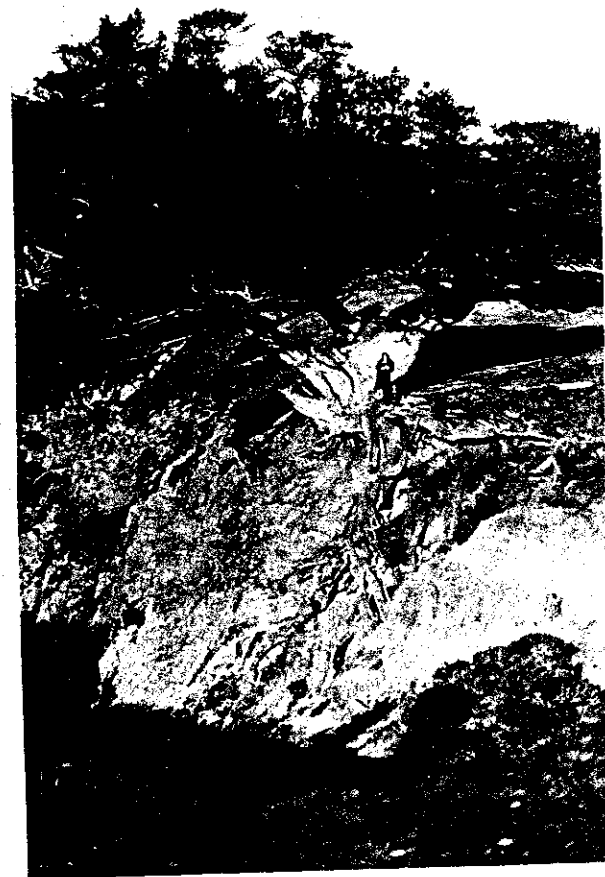
We again called on a former neighbor from Highland Park. And we loafed for a while in the quaint shopping district of Carmel, with its successfully imitated European atmosphere, tall pines and tall prices.



Friday Nov. 13th we bid it adieu. We had seen the interior Mission of San Carlos before, though its exterior and setting are always a source of pleasure. After Salinas the road follows south in the valley of the Salinas ~~xxxx~~ river. It is really mostly a wash. From Soledad you can sight ~~the~~ part of the Pinnacles National Monument. We have seen so much on this trip that one Rockery, one National Monument more or less was unimportant. We passed on. Where the valley is gradually lost in the Santa Lucia Mountains, lies the Mission of San Miguel, founded in 1736. Outside the ruined missions, this one is perhaps the least colorful on Camino Real, the Kings Highway. After it had served in bringing Christianity and sub-mission to the gentle California Indians, this consecrated place became a wayside inn, with ~~advertising~~ signs advertising beer and cigars and other pleasant painted on its walls. The interior, like all Mission churches, is crudely decorated in gaudy colors and the altar and furniture are but naive imitations of classic examples done by willing, but primitive Indians under the patient tutelage of the Missionaries. Since a year the Franciscan order repossesses San Miguel Archangel, and it was one of them, a rotund, good-natured fellow in a shabby, soiled habit, that took us around to repeat what he had said perhaps for the tenth-thousand time.

Thru Paso Robles and the great old Mexican ~~E~~ Estate of Atascadero, ~~xxx~~ we come to the end of the Salinas valley and climb Cuesta Pass to cross a low spur of the Santa Lucia mountains. Our map shows this pass only 1570 feet high. Below, bedded within rounded hills lies San Louis Obispo. A bleak, uninteresting facade does not invite to visit the local mission and we pass thru. A little farther on, at Pismo Beach, we again meet the ocean and follow it shores for a little while, crossing the broad Santa Maria Valley to cut inland where Cape Conception and Pt. Arguello push the American continent far to the west, with a parallel range south, far out in the ocean, appearing as the Santa Barbara Islands, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and the Anacapai rocks. They appear as a jagged blue wall high above the Pacific as we slide down Nojogui Pass to Gaviota. Visibility is unusually clear and the 30 or 40 miles of ocean intervening between us and the Islands seem much less.

It was still early in the afternoon when we arrived in Santa Barbara. All of us cherished memories of other visits to this beautiful spot. We settled for the evening at the first modern auto court we could find.



The finest of all Cypresses,
at Point Lobos.



Santa Barbara Mission, Santa Barbara, Cal.

the walls, gas heater, sanitary composition floors and a certain air of exclusiveness. Without the sky was piling up great big blue masses of clouds, growing darker and denser as the evening wore on and casting a lurid light on the mountains..

A short drive brought us once more to the once venerable mission now rejuvenated and gleaming against dark mountain and sky. The sun was setting and we looked out over the sea below the city, an opal of iridescent violets. East, and above, the mountains caught the mood of the moment and reflected the purple and crimson of the waning day. The padre who showed us around the mission was far more sophisticated than the sloppy- but good natured individual who guided at San Miguel. He knew his mission pretty well, but as all the rest of them, his knowledge passed very scantily beyond its garden walls. Santa Barbara has perhaps more museum specimen of all kinds than other missions. A number of fairly good wood sculptures and two excellent paintings in its church, no doubt copies of important works in Italy or Spain. Beyond the church, enclosed by a wall is the old cemetery. Remnants of walls parallel walls, about 6 feet apart, come to the surface of the ground and running thru the entire width or length of the holy ground; these, according to the guide, form graves similar to the mass graves of wartime, a rather simple system of burial. The parallel walls are closer together for the childrens grave. In the rear are catacomb-like structures, but above the ground, with burial niches three and four above each other and arranged in rows, with many a nameless niche awaiting its tenant. Here are buried more than a dozen California governors and a number of priests and members of the Franciscan order that founded the missions.

The missions become boresome unless we know or study their historical background; with that, they attain to the status of a richly colored canvas, or an orchestral composition with a story to tell. They have yielded, of course, to the ways of the present world and capitalize their renown for all they are worth, but if we go beneath the average tourist's interest and discount his stupid and childlike questions, we find much that is worth while in the missions of California.

We made a leisurely start next morning. The Islands stood out plain against the cloudy sky and all signs pointed to a change of weather. Buenaventura

has a mission right on the main thoroughfare with an interesting exterior, but we didn't stop to see it. The road skirts the ocean all the way to Santa Monica, with mountains less towering than the Santa Ynez range at Santa Barbara rising directly from the sea. Here, from Malibu Beach, at the Pt. Dume headland, onwards to Venice and beyond are the beach homes of people living farther inland, a conglomeration of diverse architecture from the lowly type of the "homegrown" summer cottage type to the show window article of the movie star.

Leaving the ~~ocean~~ ocean for good at Santa Monica, we entered Los Angeles by way of Wilshire Blvd. and gave the Ambassador hotel a fleeting look. After that to the South California Motor Club on Figueroa St to gather all the maps available for the return journey, and from there over a new road to Fullerton and the surrounding forest of oil derricks, thru Santa Ana Canyon and back to Riverside that seemed like a second home. This time we took furnished cottages, and when night closed on this busy day a slow drizzle commenced that grew into a full fledged rain, and by Sunday morning it poured. Aha! California weather of the "Unusual" variety. Nasty and chilly without, the day was spent indoors. A visiting artist, Haase, from Tucson, and before that from Stuttgart Germany, called and stayed all afternoon, and the evening closed with a dinner for a relative.

Monday morning, Nov. 16th. The cloud pall lifted, and the mountains around us were scored with glistening snow. San Antonio, Mt. Arrowhead, San Bernardino and ~~Gorgonio~~ Gorgonio and San Jacinto ~~were~~ were solid white caps and the lowlands were a mass of drifting vapors that disappeared as ~~day~~ the day wore on. Later on the ~~mountains~~ mountains wore the enchanting purple and violet veils of sub-tropical distance. We gathered oranges in our grove near the end of day when the oblique rays of the sun steeped everything in purple and crimson tints, and the sky grew a muddy light green against which the snowy peaks scintillated like tired out diamonds. A farewell dinner at night balanced our obligations to relatives and we were once more on the way when the sun had cleared the eastern range on Tuesday the 17th.

Good bye, Riverside, Gardenland of Southern California. Its only a few miles thru richly planted orange groves and Palm gardens to the fringe of the hungry desert. The comfortable and intimate green note vanishes, the land again becomes steril and brown. They are flying over the Marchfield as we surmount the



Great dunes in the Colorado desert near Yuma, marking the east rim of Imperial Valley.



At Riverside, Cal.

Box Spring Grade and turn east to the Valley of Moreno. A flat depression, mountain-locked on all sides, with the towering San Jacinto group east and brown, conelike desert hills south and west. The floor of the valley shines silvery - alkali. Then we pass over the Moreno Grade consisting of clay cliffs deeply eroded, typical bad-lands formations, graced with a little green, and slightly beyond and but a trifle lower lies Beaumont, one of the cool spots on the Gorgonio Pass, that great through that separates the towering peaks of the ~~xxxxx~~ San Bernardino Range from the San Jacinto mountains.

Again we pass over the road that leads down to Indio and Palm Springs. But it is not as hot to-day as it was a few weeks ago. At Indio, and sea level, we look regretfully back where the vanishing snowy summits of the ten-thousand foot colossuses of San Bernardino appear but as faint white specks high up in the sky. A somewhat denser tinge of blue than the sky connects these ethereal specks with the earth. East that awful, glaring tumble of garishly colored desert peaks gleaming like multicolored opals in the early sun - the little San Bernardino, further south the Orocochia mountains. Last summer we had passed between these ranges at a ~~xxxxx~~ temperature of 125 in the shade. To the right - westward, the ancient seacoast has left its dark marks on the cliffs in dramatic precision; below this line at exact sea level all rocks are stained by a sea now extinct; but still there only a short 1000 years ago as geologists tell us. We are in the famous Salton Sink, and driving on ancient ocean bottom, strewn with marine fossils and strangely shaped sandstone formations. The lowest part, 250 ft below sea level is filled by Salton Sea, a dark blue reflection of the sky from 8 to 16 miles wide and over 30 miles long, vast enough in extent that the low south shore cannot be seen from the north end of the lake. Maps 25 years old do not show this lake, formed when the untamable Colorado river broke thru its banks near the Mexican border, back in 1907, flooding this basin until the current could be harnessed and again led into the regular channels down to the Gulf of California. It is this Colorado river that dried up the ancient sea in Imperial and Coachella valley, strange as it may sound. In times past, as now, the river carried into annual millions of tons of silt to the sea and gradually built a dam across this valley, ~~eroding~~ ^{eroding} itself east and creating an inland sea. Mountains formed, ~~eroding~~ ^{eroding} this natural barrier, and the blazing

reinforcing this ~~xxx~~ barrier, and the blazing sun reduced the landlocked former ocean year after year until the floor of the depression was reached and all moisture had vanished and the desert and its denizens conquered what formerly were the cool depths of the Pacific Ocean.

The south end of Salton Sea marks the beginning of the unspeakably hot Imperial Valley. A system of irrigation from the Colorado has made it the most productive hot house in the world, and built the towns of Brawley, El Centro and Holtville thru which we passed. They are unattractive towns with arcaded or roffed-over sidewalks in the main thoroughfares, and the countryside is equally unattractive. But beyond Holtville the desert again takes supreme command. Strange, we crawl out of one of the worlds great depressions to find a river on top - the Colorado. But before we cross its muddy torrent we see what to the average is a "real" desert, the sand dunes that fringe for many miles north and south the ancient sea coast, a veritable Sahara. The old plank road that used to facilitate travel across these Wanderdunes and drifting sands lies in rotting sections like a huge serpent, following the undulations of the sand and caved in and tilted at rash angles where wind and erosion have undermined the foundation. Over the yellow-pink dune sands rise far off the pearly mountain ranges of the desert. A strip of verdure, a jungle of green reveals the Colorado river which we cross. It is Yuma. Picturesquely perched on the rocks are the dilapidated remnants and barracks of Fort Yuma. Arizona state inspection is more perfunctory and decent than that of California, and we are saved the hardship of unpacking a car checked full of packages and trunks and suit cases to the top.

Look north - what weird scenery! We are again in Arizona. Castle Dome mountains, with its bold formations, jagged peaks, needles, giant sugar loaves mark the Chocolate range close to the romantic river. Strange mountains fade away in distant blue. Right thru the Gila range is our way, sunburnt rocks a ciner brown. The first canyons, the cacti giants, appear on its slopes. The road surges up the pass and down on the other side, thru wild defiles bristling with cacti. Unmistakably different from any other scenery in the United States, this Arizona landscape. Wild, dynamic and wildly viril. The Gila river valley thru which we now pass is a smoky green. Mesquite and greasewood and Palo Verde make their debut as citizens of the desert. Cholla cacti reach the size of small trees with silvered outlines tinged under-



Bristling Cholla cacti and Sahuaro mark the Arizona deserts.



A grotesque Sahuaro in
the desert near Gila Bend.

neath a rusty shade. The Cocotillo's barbed sticks are a gray dormant color of forbidding appearance and here and there the blunt head of the Barrel cactus lifts its head modestly over the gravelly surface, but never here to attain the luxuriance as in the Colorado desert. As we progress eastward, the Tank Mountain's lofty pinnacles rise purple to the north. Day wanes. Lava and brown volcanic mounds take the place of sand and gravel near the hamlet of Sentinel and when we reached Gila Bend and the beginning of night.

A primitive town, Gila Bend. We put up at the best Auto Court the town offers and shiver. The nights are cold. The gas they sell to warm the cottage is anemic and of low pressure. Nearby an old-fashioned Medicine show attracts the town's population, hungry for diversion. Cars are parked around it, the occupants' attention trained and focused on the painted male holding the center of a crude travelling stage and telling the audience what others of his tribe have done from time immemorial. We hear the bang of the Mexican piano player with the luxurious pampadour. The stars glitter in the sky. It's a bit of the slowly dying "wild" west allright...

We left the "beaten" path next morning again, but on fine gravel. The other road, to Phoenix, is used by everyone entering or leaving California during inclement months. Our road took us between the Maricopa and Sand Tank mountains to Casa Grande. Here we traverse one of the finest desert stretches of Arizona, a grey-green luxuriance of all the desert vegetation indigenous to the land, including the giant Sahuaro. Way off in the north-east the familiar Superstition range is faintly discerned. From Casa Grande, the town, we detour to Casa Grande, the great ruin, already abandoned by the Indian population when Columbus landed and Coronado passed far to the east thru this southwestern wonderland. Unimaginative government contractors have constructed an execrable shed over the main ruin to preserve it from further deterioration by wind and rain. It could easily have been constructed to fulfil its purpose and still not ruin a perfectly fine ruin. The remarkable architectural feature of this approximately 1200 year old community house is in its exterior walls: They are from five to eight feet at the base and taper inward towards the top, while the interior side of the walls is perfectly vertical, proving the fine understanding these primitive builders had of thrusting force in a buttress. The communicating doors and openings are narrow and low so one must stoop to

pass thru. Surrounding the towering main ruin are about 2 acres of tumbled walls showing the great extent of the original structure, or village. A great variety of artifacts have been found, among which is a turquoise ornament of the Thunder bird and other designs of astounding workmanship. But on the whole, Casa Grande disappoints after what we have seen on this and other journeys in the Southwest.

Now we turn straight south, over a new, oiled road, with progress so good that I failed to see a stop sign at an intersection out in the desert and in consequence received instructions in reading and obedient stopping by a militaristic drillmaster evidently more than a t'in that art who just happened to be stationed there. I don't know what for.

There is one of those weird, needled peaks right ahead of us, rising from the desert floor like a Mexican island; a burnt color nearby, purple, then violet and blue as distance increases. The road dips and rises, some of the dips filled with water and mud from recent downpours. It is none too warm. We slip into Tucson under a somber gray sky. Where is the renowned climate we heard so much about? Two skyscrapers tower over the squatty town scattered in a shallow, broad saucer. The Santa Catalina Mountains rise over 3000 feet to the northeast. They dominate. The blue Santa Rita mountains far to the south seem even higher, at present scarred with snow.

Alys selected the Pioneer Hotel, the first in town, for headquarters; we the new Arizona Auto Court. The first visit we made was to the Art Gallery where my canvases were advantageously hung. But the gallery is hard to find; first stumbled into the "Art Institute", the private port and school of a Spanish artist of ability whom we met. After this first day invitations came thick and fast; the Society editor of the "Citizen" interviewed me on art and myself - my first, and I hope, last experience of this kind. The head of the Art Association, who had secured my exhibit insisted on taking us to see the sights of Tucson. She groped for them valiantly, got lost in the Saguaro forest to the east of town, finally located the Conquistador Hotel and the home of a friend, a playwright. There we met several other, almost equally famous ladies. Showing us the old Mexican town was more interesting, though equally strange and unknown to the guide who offered to guide us; relief and satisfaction - and "What have you?" - we finally went back to the hotel.



Casa Grande, ruins of an ancient Indian pueblo presumably already deserted when Columbus came.

San Xavier Mission, founded by Father Kino, a white
pearl in the desert's gray
setting. 13 miles south
of Tucson.



It was Friday, the 20th. Some people prefer to stay at home on Friday. Unless a bear falls on their heads in their own home, they are thus fairly sure of a peaceful and uneventful day. We don't mind travelling Fridays, even if they fall on a 13th.

A fine morning. The desert sun was already far advanced on its diurnal march across the sky and the mountains far and near looked their best in soft, opalescent colors. A few miles south of Tucson the Mission of San Xavier lies sparkling white and alone in the gray desert. It is a thrilling sight, to see this fine example of frontier architecture, founded by father Kino of the Jesuits 80 years before the California Missions were thought of. Resurrected from desuetude and ruin, restoration has perhaps proceeded too far. The towers and walls are immaculate white, only the portico wears the scars of age and decay, but from what remains of the design and the old work, I deem San Xavier far more interesting and spectacular than any of the California missions. Its solitary watch in the desert, with only a few dilapidated Mexican adobes nearby and ancient graves of a departed Indian population surrounding it, alone make San Xavier a unique and never to be forgotten sight. We passed thru parts of the Papago Indian reservation. I understand these redskins prefer to be known as Mexicans; nothing of the pride and independence of other pueblo tribes, of the Apaches and Navajos, in them. W

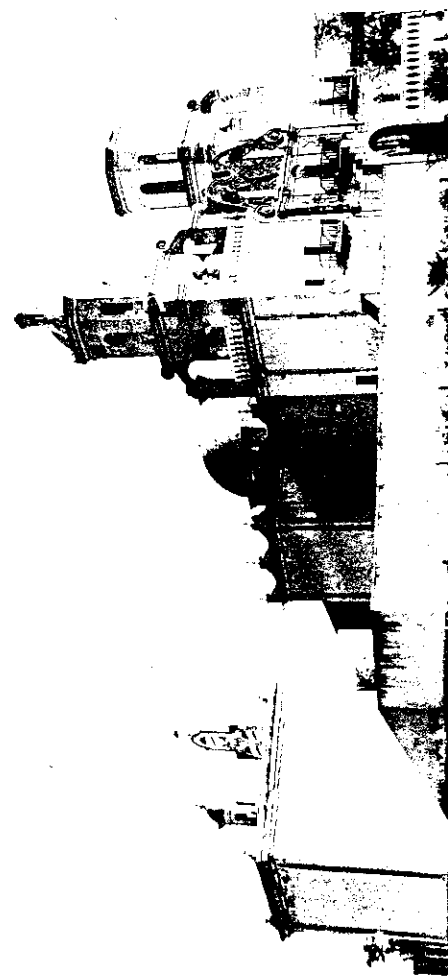
Driving south towards the Mexican border, we come to the base of the snowy Santa Rita's to the east. Next to the road flows a real river, the Santa Cruz, the only stream having its source in Mexico, flowing into the United States. In travelling in this blessed country one is aware that a large part of its population is of the crank variety. Bible quotations deface otherwise useful and beautiful rocks. Large irrigation pipes on this road invite the thirsty American to "Make The Cavern your home- the old Mexican Jail". On the other side "Jesus comes soon. Holiness or hell". I don't care estimate how many thousand times "repent" is flung into our hard-boiled countenances. I offer this bit of evidence as one of the reasons why religion is coming into disrepute.

We pass thru Tubac, Arizona's oldest town, and but a short distance south is the beautiful ruin of San Jose de Tumacacori mission, now a National monument.

Lying beside the road, Tumbucuri is an exquisite adobe ruin consisting chiefly of the Church edifice with a restored Herringbone ceiling and a picturesque dome over the sanctuary. The Church is perhaps the narrowest of all the mission churches I have seen, so narrow that the steps to the two ruined side altars on opposite walls almost touch. It is damp and gloomy within. Behind, in the center of the cemetery grounds stands the circular Mortuary where the Indian Dead were lying in state. Opposite the enclosing walls show a series of bullet marks, grim reminders of military executions when this was a wild country indeed. Surrounding all this are traces of ancient structures more or less levelled to the ground, where the government engineer, stationed here, an unusually intelligent and cultured man, is carrying on personal research work.

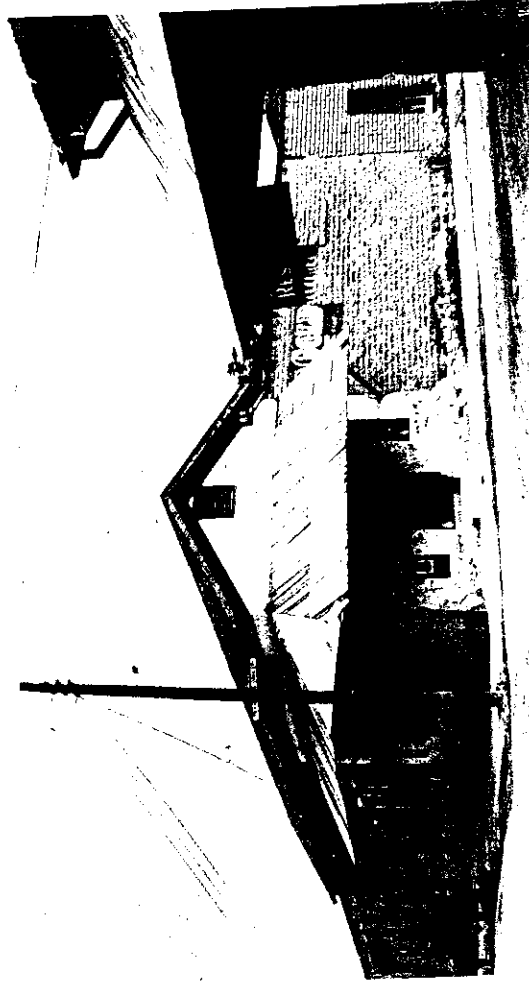
As we near the Mexican border the landscape gets hilly and mountainous. We rise to 3000 feet above sea level and the flora is rich and diversified. Padded between rolling hills lie the twin cities of Nogales. The international boundary line is marked by an iron fence running thru the middle of a street separating the American from the Mexican town.

We cross into Mexico without any difficulty, neither the United States, nor the Mexican officials stationed at the gate are interested in us. Driving thru the Mexican part of Nogales I perceived a thousand ~~xxxxxxxx~~ subjects for sketching, delightful clusters of haphazard structures on the brows of the hills, colorfully tinted shop fronts with the atmosphere of venerable age. After we had lunch at The Cave, a rock subterranean chamber hewn into solid rock with several piers left standing that support the vaulted ceiling, Christine and Alice left with the car on a tour of shopping, while I wandered on foot in search of sketching material. That was soon found. A delightful hillside lane, with a street vista crowded with picturesque objects, not the least of which were the many natives launching and gossiping on corners, or trotting behind or ahead of burrows. I was seated in the gutter of the none too clean street, soon surrounded by a boisterous juvenile crowd; Had just fairly commenced with the pencil, the din of jabbering Spanish in my ears. I gave scant notice to a car that drew up, a big Mexican getting off who planted himself in front of me to look on. If an artist is to do any work, he must learn to ignore onlookers. But that big fellow was not to be ig-

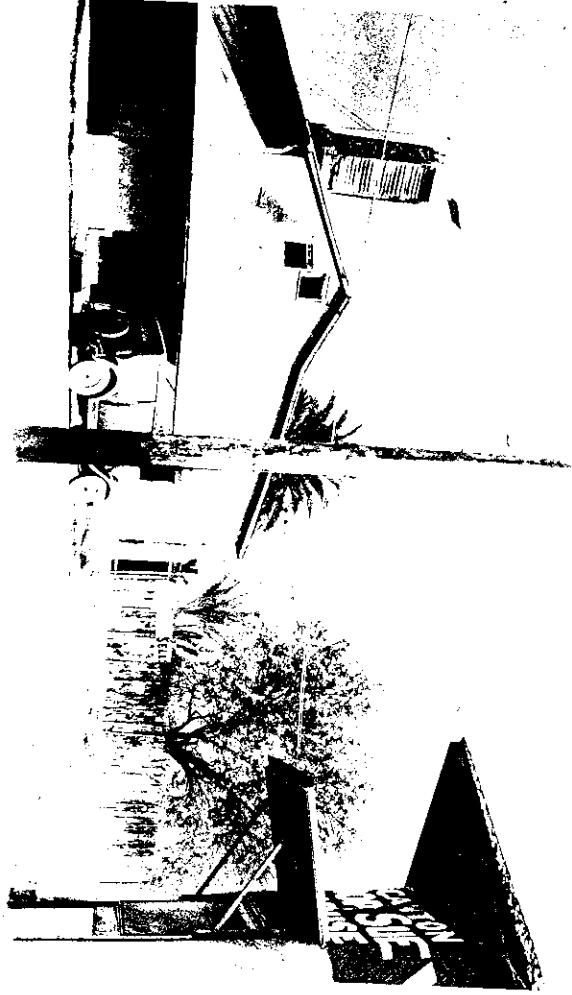


Spanish and Moorish influence in San Xavier's Mission Church.

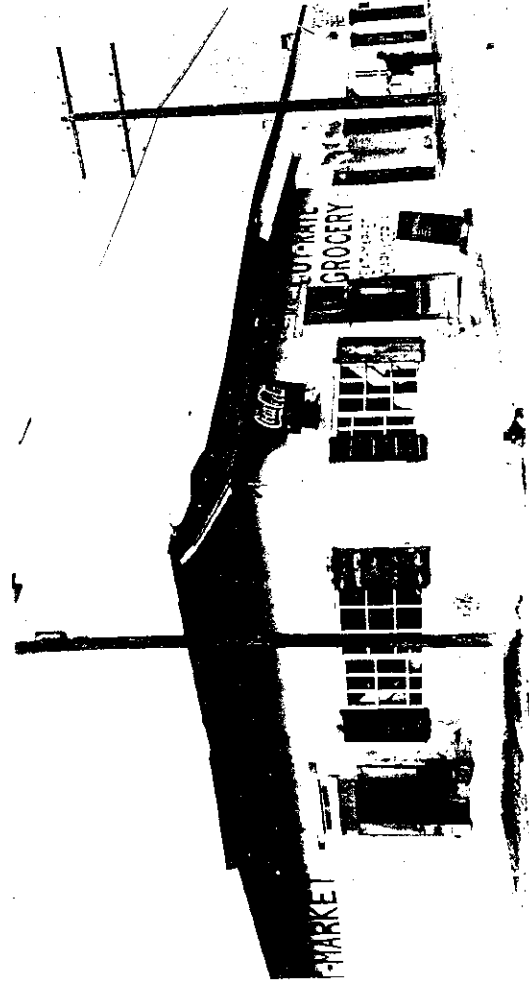
Wooden awnings are a common sight in old Tucson



Tucson, the new, from the old Mexican section.



Colorful adobes and quaint people combine to
make Mexican Tucson.



If it were not for the English advertising signs,
old Tucson might be taken for a Mexican town.

nored. He said something rather peremptory, and when I looked up, he motioned to me to come along. First then I saw a badge on his swelling chest with something like Policio on it, and ~~then~~ a moment afterwards I sat next to him in the Patrolwagon.

It all went so fast that it flabbergasted me at first. I was told they had formerly banned photographing in Mexico back in Tumacacori, but that all the arts were now free. Never gave the propriety of sketching in Mexico a thought. But that was evidently it. A few minutes before we had passed a military establishment or a jail in our car and hurried past the disagreeable sight of soldiers with fixed bayonettes. Here is where I was brought and told to sit between two soldiers with guns, dusky little fellows evidently apt in their art. The situation began to amuse me, though I was uneasy how long it would take me to get out of this mess. The girls didn't know where I was, and I was to meet them within an hour. They would hardly search for me in jail.

I tried to explain that I was no spy, nor after any war-provoking diplomatic secrets, but they all just shook their heads, smiles wryly and uttered "No un-stand". An endless procession of new faces came and went; documents and proclamations were brought forth and read and studied, followed by discussions. I began to feel important and flattered. At last someone came whose rank seemed to overtop others, a fine fellow of exceptional good looks, six feet tall, with two huge guns on each hip. I again tried to explain, he understood part of my story, and I part of his. He couldn't see why I should want to take pictures of the misery corners of Mexico when there was a perfectly good jail with a fine stone facade, or perhaps a church farther down the street waiting for an artist. He actually meant it. The jail front was one of those impossible things in art. Time went fast and I wondered how I could make the Mexican soldiers see my point of view in art. They just shook their heads solemnly. They wouldn't give me up. Going thru my sketch book, I showed them American Indian villages, picturesque corners in Tucson, I had sketched. The page that I had started here was torn out, the camera was threatened with confiscation, and the film back opened, which probably spoiled the exposures from Tumacacori and San Xavier. I treated my soldier guards with cigarettes to win a smile and was successful. At last the big "shot" spied an inter-rater on the street to whom I explained that I was no spy, nor after state secrets,

Ruins of Tumacacori Mission, a National Monument, one of the finest in the United States.



and he in turn explained that Mexico objected to Americans coming across the borders to snap the worst corners of their land and use this as evidence against Mexico's civilisation. Though our points of view were far apart, and my purpose so different from what they charged me with, I could see something in their ~~argument~~ objection to that type of Americans, and I ~~sympathized~~ sympathized with them. But on the other hand, they were just as stupid as most militarists and police officials are in every land of the world, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and when they finally let me go, I was again reminded what a wonderful subject the jail building would make to take back to the States, and perhaps that other brand new edifice on the other street just visible from where the soldiers ~~xxxxxxxx~~ stood indolently leaning on their guns.

I made haste to get down the street, out of sight of this detested atmosphere. I have heard in the past that others travelling in old Mexico had similar difficulties with the ~~xxxxxx~~ ambitious police, and while Mexico may be perfectly safe for the average tourist, its natives foolishly or graftily interpose enough difficulties and chicaneries to make things disagreeable to say the least.

Near the International line Alys and Christine overtook me in their car, and we lost no time in crossing into the land where Art was free but drinks expensive and embroidered with jail sentences.

The usual metamorphosis took place after crossing the border. Then a different road back to Tucson, thru the hills and canyons and mountains of Patagonia. Something went wrong with the poaned Packard which we used while our car was laid up for repair. It stopped and coughed. Afternoon wore on. We merely crawled on the mountains, stood still at times, and raced at other times. At Sonoita, a service station on the junction of the road to Tombstone, to which we had partly been towed by a roadsrapper, we had some repair done. After that we made fast progress. A wonderful sunset closed the day, the western sky a liquid yellow and orange against which the jagged purple desert ranges were weirdly silhouetted. In the East the mountains were afire with crimson into which cold blue shadows crept slowly out of the desert plains, where giant cacti stood, a pale green, like bristling sentinels of a lurid inferno.



Churchyard and Mortuary Chapel, Tumacacori

Mysterious Superstition Mountains



We pass around the Superstition Mountains on the
way to Apache Trail.

6
atmosphere taxed congenial and moist. They had been beach-combers at Tahiti and Smith just returned from Australia and Australian misery. Same stuff all over. But (come), devotions of the masses don't worry. A congenial draft from a sparkling ~~gallix~~ glass sharpens many a wit dulled by Bay's failures and No Sales. Being all hit the same way, in the same place and equally hard, makes us brothers, and as such let's be merry, for tomorrow we may die...

After the evening at Colby's we retired to our room in the Intopia. The first look at the next morning was a lovely landscape. Formerly green, the rich hills were now white with frost, and the sun bakes in the distance I know so well in summer heat that registered day after day from 110 to 120 deg. in the shade, were covered with snow almost down to their base. Ah - that delightful Arizona climate! Arthur Brisbane, that great bamboozler of the gullible masses raved the next day in his column in Tucson about the wonderful climate of that place - when water froze in the street puddles and snow lay on the ground only a few miles from the city.

But it was on day and time to start back to Tucson. We had a delightful variety of road reports to choose from. The snow near Roosevelt Dam, on the Apache Trail, lay all the way from an inch to 4 feet on the road. Bowlders were washed over the road by the ton. But as long as we had no warnings that mountains were moved, we decided to go and take our chances.

When you leave the main road at Apache junction, 32 miles east of Phoenix, you half circle the foothills of one of the most beautiful and mysterious mountain systems in the ~~xxx~~ world - the Superstition range. A combination of rocks upheaved crowned by sloping and caving ramparts, beetling walls and sheer pinnacles and flat domes cut and carved by recesses and gulches where forever deep violet shadows dwell. Marked horizontal lines are suddenly interrupted by sugar loaf formations piercing the sky, and all these strangely intermixed forms are equally strangely colored. Superstition mountains hold unsolved mysteries. There is gold; there are other precious metals that have attracted prospectors for a long time. One has been lost in there since last year. ~~Maxxs~~ Vultures constantly circle the sky and they lost perhaps nothing but a bare skeleton, somewhere in these infernally hot cravasses of superstition.

Everywhere giant cacti, that make the mountain slopes look like bristling demons. The road suffered from yesterday's storms, now and then washed, but nowhere

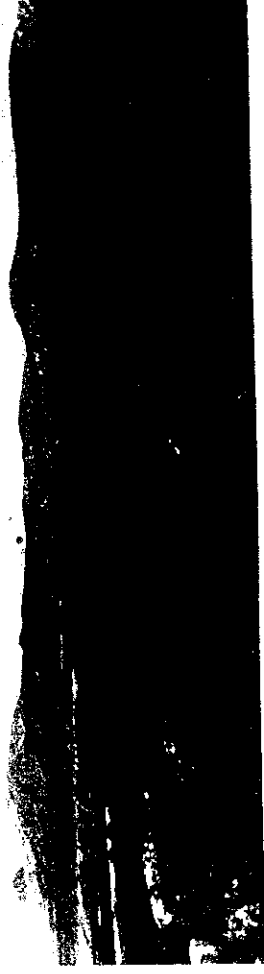


On the grade to Fish Creek Canyon, Apache Trail.

The snow covered Four Peaks and Apache Lake, Apache Trail.



Majestic White Mountain Range in snow from Apache Trail.



of the
magni-

On Apache Trail, near Fish Creek.



bad. Fish Creek canyon marks the scenic climax of the Apache Trail, half way up to Roosevelt Dam. The magnificent bulk of the Four Peaks, covered from head to foot with snow, lie close to the north; an arctic pinnacle with its feet bathed in the sunny colors of red and orange rock laid up like castles and domes and set on immense talus slopes ~~xxxxx~~ reminiscent of the Grand Canyon region. It is above all a vital, dynamic country, Arizona a rugged, viril landscape where nature is individualistic to the nth degree and weak and subservient nowhere.

We pass Roosevelt Dam. The Lake behind is way low, the water marks on the opposite mountains at least 50 feet higher. But the Panorama from here, and on the road southeast all the way to Miami and Globe, is overwhelmingly majestic after a snowfall. The Tonto Mountains to the north were a towering wall of glistening white, rendered by distance the most delicate note. The Sierra Ancha and the White Mountains east were bold and near, terraced walls of sheer rock with sloping gables and towers and base lines whose tops were white and whose sheer architecture the vivid color of painted rock. Passing down over the summit into Miami, the great copper mining camp, we reach the snow line and step boldly into winter - a winter of the most entrancing kind, where every tuft of Mesquite, every cedar and cactus bears its share of tufted snow and the ground becomes a solid sheet of uniform white.

After Miami we go for miles over undulating mountain grades; the road just emerging from a blanket of snow, fast melting and rendering it wet in spots, but save. The landscape a shimmering expanse of hoar frost and snow, already filling with colorful vapors by the sun's warming radiance. We do not see far, the steaming landscape blurs distant mountains that loom like opaque phantoms strangely and fearfully, but strongly designed. Just below Superior comes the scenic climax of this splendid highway, castellated rock formations forming a deep canyon at present filled with floodwaters. Beeting cliffs project over the road under which we crawl like ants. Below the mountains flatten out, only that misnamed mass of Picket Post Peak intrudes in the western sky like a wonder castle of the gods. It is to my mind one of the most exquisite architectural rock piles of the West. Moreover, ~~xxx~~

the view from this vicinity, on a day like this, is grand beyond all description. North are the beautifully eroded mountains east of the Superstition range, with that Range itself ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ guarding over the desert. The snowy peaks farther east and southeast look up behind like ~~xxxxxxx~~ elysian heights; like illusions of Fairyland. Strong lines, bold, massive forms everywhere conforming to the best we know in structural truths - just Arizona, that's all. Arizona is a state by itself, its landscape an individuality that makes no concessions.

Reaching the desert plains at Florence, snow was left behind. But to the south, in the direction of Tucson the Tortillito, and the mountains farther east, where a solid white. Soon the Highway reached the altitude of snow and cold again. The gravel was slushy. Ah! Brisbane's 'warm, beautiful, happy' valley - high priced words, I suspect, from such a high priced, highly successful journalist, writing this very day for the Tucson Daily Citizen, owned by ex-postmaster Hitchcock. But other celebrities are here - Harold Bell Wright, ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ for instance. Only, he isn't here just now. I wouldn't hold that against Tucson. It was chilly here near Red Rock, but beautiful. The evening colors slowly overwhelmed the heavens and the snowy mountains gloried in their reflections. Santa Catalina's peaks grew crimson and purple while Santa Rita, south near the Mexican border was a pyramid of cool blue. Everywhere light and shade battled for supremacy and produced those celestial tints that are man's most inspiring gifts from nature.

Brisbane seemed to have succeeded in persuading the sun to do its duty to Southern Arizona the next day. But it was still too cool for such renowned a climate. However, we all had a great time in an entirely different way. We were introduced to two really renowned scientists, Dr. Douglas and Dr. Cummings, both of the state university. Dr. Douglas introduced us to his workshop filled with Sequoia and other tree rings, from the study of which he deduces climatic changes on the earth and the effect of sun spots and their connection with these changes. He is the local astronomer and as famous in Washington as he is here. His colleague, Dr. Cummings, a quiet old gentleman and anthropologist and archeologist guided us thru the highly fascinating, though small state museum located under the stadium. Learning, so to speak, subordinated to game and pleasure. But they both do miracles with their skill appropriations.



On Superior Highway, just
above Superior.

Tuesday the 24th was an all around bust day. Mrs. Ida Smith took us to luncheon at the Pueblo Club, and in company with several other ladies of the intellectual type we spent a much better noon and afternoon than we anticipated. The president of the Art Association invited our trip for dinner at his home the same evening, which we had some difficulty finding in the dark, and on the very fringe of the desert. From there we repaired to Alys' hotel to brace my faltering courage. I was the speaker of the evening at the Art gallery, and when we finally arrived there, almost half an hour later, Dr. Smith immediately introduced me and I wallowed as best I could thru the subject of myself, my paintings and my love and admiration for the Southwest. S'funny, how folks always feel flattered when I do the last, as if they were responsible for Arizona's colorful canyons, New Mexico's Indian lore and California's burning deserts!

Christine and Alys claim I acquitted myself fairly nobly - but it was Schopenhauer who would never trust women...

Wednesday morning brought the parting from Tucson, and Arizona. It was'nt hard, the weather had been so meanly unusual in spite of Brisbane. Again the sunny skies of this wonderland frowned and shed flaky tears on the mountain pass east of Benson. Snow lay all about us at an altitude of 4600 feet and Alys thanked her star that she had'nt spent her money polishing the car, for the snowy mud splattered all over the sides and windshield and compelled several stops to restore visibility. In the plains of Cochise we observed our only mirage of the trip, though conditions were very unfavorable for such atmospheric display. It plays over the Wilcox dry lake bottom, called playa. Beyond the Dos Cabezas mountains a snowstorm blotted out a whole section of the Chiricahua mountains south, a grand spectacle of a rolling white void with dark mountains emerging on both sides like fighting monsters. These mountains bear the Coronado National forest. The forest was whitish-gray with hoar frost and snow. The roads on this middle route from Southern Arizona to El Paso were rough and bumpy, but considerably shorter than the paved highways via Bisbee or Safford; less scenic than either, the present weather conditions made the choice easy.

After crossing into New Mexico we had better roads. The land flattened out, great plains showed the mountains into distances gray and blue. Between Lordsburg and Deming these plains are thickly grown over with Yucca and Spanish Bayonet, plants that give the desert a peculiarly bristling

A Saguaro Forest near Tucson.

as yet. Warmer days bring invariably mirrages in this vicinity - we had seen some three years earlier. But at present the whole West seemed gripped by a widespread wave of cold, precipitating rain in the lower snow in the higher altitudes. In days succeeding, we found we were moving more or less with the storms eastward.

Leaving Bering with the Florida mountains to the south, the San Andres mountains straight ahead to the east form the last, really inspiring mountain scenery on this southern trail. Bordering the valley of the Rio Grande, they form a blue wall of jagged skyline when the sun sinks low after a tedious day, and we glide to their feet when we leave the plateau and drop into the wide valley of that river. And from that point, at Las Cruces, to El Paso, we pass fertile fields in a prosperous state of cultivation; the native villages of Mexicans, still holding their ancient soil though almost a century separates them from their motherland Mexico.

The Rio Grande makes a bend where El Paso lies. The Mexican shores are gravelly hills, and the stream that ~~xxxx~~ forms the international boundary from here to the Gulf of Mexico is shallow enough to wade, it seems, though since the passage of the Noble Experiment I would consider this an extremely hazardous experiment of an entirely different kind. Down at the foot of the hills ~~xxxxxxx~~ lies the low, flat-roofed city of Juarez, Mecca for thirst and the gambling itch. Over in Mexico some desert mountains rise to respectable heights, while the American side is rather low and uninteresting.

After some search thru the city, we found the Grande Courts and a fair cottage with the usual conveniences. It was already dark, and the rain began its rhythmic patter on the roof. Some advertising genius called this a Million Dollar camp, but with the newer types this will not "go over big" in this day. It is one of the most elaborate we have seen, with Central Social Hall, various shops, garage, laundries, and an arched gateway of pueblo style pretentious enough to satisfy the mainstreet patriots of boosterstown.

A dark and opaque night at 4:30 the next morning when we rose, cooked breakfast as usual and loaded the car, also as usual for an early start. There were no stars. A straight, fine new road runs ~~straight~~ due east and in the distance gleamed the beacon lights of the El Paso Airfield. Slowly mountain silhouettes creep out of the darkness as dawn tints the east. Heavy patches of



In the Big Room, Carlsbad Cavern. Ceiling over 200 feet high.



Giant Dome, greatest of Stalactites, dominates a subterranean Fairyland.
Carlsbad Caverns.

When daylight comes we cross these low mountains and the sun breaks thru the heavily massed clouds near the horizon. The sky ~~burns~~ burns in horizontal strips of ominous crimson that is an infallible weather guide. We are close to the romantic old Butterfield trail on which the early stages to California raced in relays. It is cold and snowy. A hundred miles farther on a great pall of mists advance upon us and we are swallowed up in it in no time. Near the foot of the Guadalupe mountains, the southernmost spur of the Rockies, salt flats are crossed, vast stretches of perfectly smooth and level sandlike bottoms between desert vegetation.

From here we ascend the foothills of that range on a wet, rough road. Soon snow was encountered that had been packed down to the consistency of ice. Sharp curves and grades made driving somewhat exciting, and it was doubtful whether we would make Carlsbad Cavern by ten, when the official daily tour was scheduled to begin. The fogs rolled in heavy blankets over the mountains and almost obscured them; in the gulches they formed vortexes of troubling mists, milky white on top, ghastly dark underneath. Once the mists dissolved and the gigantic mass of Signal Peak stood out like an apparition, a golden and red mass of architectural rock ~~xxxx~~ rising by the early sun. It was a great vision. Like a mirage, it disappeared. New mists advanced in mass formation and we groped our way along the slushy road. By ten visibility grew better, mountains lower. A monotonous plateau of gray limestone rock around us, carved by intermittent streams into uniform, commonplace blocks overgrown with millions of Yucca, whose stalks give the hills a strange note of bristling yellow.

The entrance to the cavern lies about 6 miles up from the main road to Carlsbad, on top of one of these hills. The group of buildings erected by the National Park service are native stone scattered over the entrance ~~area~~, and we gathered in one of them to buy cards and warm ourselves by the open fireplace.

At 10:30, this unusual Thanksgiving Day, the tour began. First you see is a yawning hole into which you descend. After you enter, and electric illumination takes over the duty of the sun, the cave, so far fairly smooth, whitish, to yellowish-gray limestone, grows larger and larger. One branch leads off to Bat cave where we do not enter. Just a mysterious dark void. All the while we go down and down, several hundred feet. The great dome of limestone vaults hundred, two hundred and more feet above us. You realize giants carved these

halls, these cyclopean chambers and subterranean corridors. Wooden steps lead farther down into the earths dim bowels, a great block of waterworn rock had in time far back loosened from the ceiling and dropped on the floor and they now call it Iceberg. But this is all introduction to the more ornate sanctum of Carlsbad. Morely gigantic vaults flushed smooth by the waters that carved these passages. Only here and there a lone Stalacmite, a timid stalactite. Millions of tiny ones on the ceiling, far above, in dizzy height. At last we pass thru a fairy chamber that I call the Roccooco, the Louis XVI room. It is small, but exquisitely fantastic in rock ornamentation. Immediately beyond is the execrable Lunch room, rendered vile by the illsuited conglomeration of benches and tables and Verboten signs. Verboten to pick even the dust from your boots. Feast your eyes on the millions of ornaments out of reach of our desecrating hands, but examine some poor pebble irreverently struck by your booth, and the guide echoes promptly Verboten!

Alys grew somewhat faint in this room, whether from the "don't-you-do-it" signs, or from the coffee here dispensed, or from some more remote cause, I don't know. After what seemed eternity, we were herded together with the blast of a guide's whistle. But when you step into the "Big" room, 4000 feet long, you forget all the petty annoyances necessarily or unnecessarily inflicted by bureaucracy. Fairyland but faintly describes what the electric illumination brings out in phantastic formations, huge stalacmites and stalactites, towering like giants, ornamented and ~~excess~~ bejewelled like the monarchs of strange dreams. Totem poles, weird brackets and corbels and dripping crystals and pendants from exquisitely ornate ceilings that sometimes recede into sublimely dim heights. All the while the trail meanders up and down, but fairly level, in and out of new formations, new wonders, past tiny pools of unknown emerald depths, into dark obscurity. Then more lights are turned on, where the end seemed reached in dark distance, new miracles arise and new phantoms and sparkling ghosts continue the dance of the subterranean gods.

From the Big Room we pass into the Kings and Queens chamber, and finally into the Green Room. All of them beautifully weird in the last degree. But nothing can approach the grandeur of the Big Room, where the greatest of all the Stalacmites and Stalactites stand guard like livid monsters at whose feet we grovel in mute admiration.

The exit from this 7-mile underground hike is more arduous than the descent. All must climb up 750 feet to

reach daylight and the slow pace adopted by the guides to accommodate the elderly and untrained is excruciatingly tiresome. When the whistle blows, you must stop where you are and "rest" if you like. With the next whistle you may move forward if you can. We were assured some Ranger or guardian angel in khaki always lurked somewhere in the dim background to gather in and deliver to daylight the Slow and the Tardy.

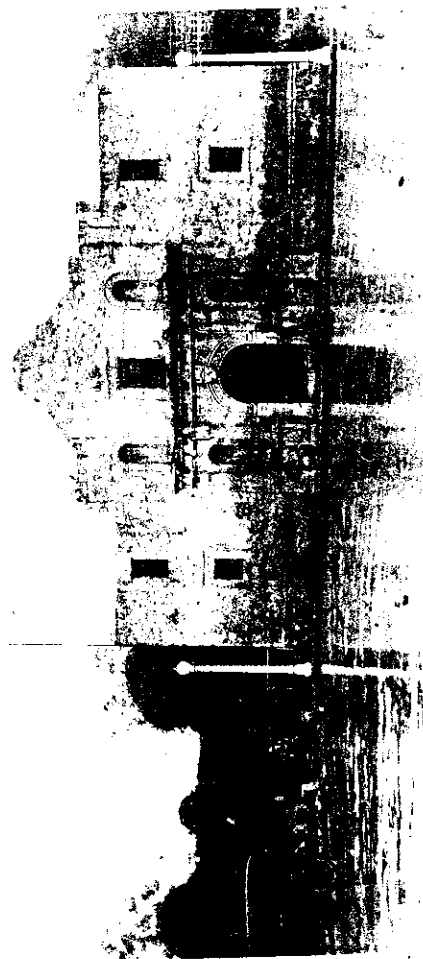
The sun shone brightly when we emerged from the caverns. Quickly the distance to the city of Carlsbad, over 20 miles away, was bridged. There I looked up a countryman of mine whom I had not seen since I left my Bavarian home almost 30 years ago. I had no difficulty locating him, though surprised where. Found him at the parish house in company with two priests who, without ceremony and questions, regaled us with Sherry. Afterwards Father Zeisler and Max, my friend, visited us at our Auto court apartment and stayed 'till the wee hours, a thoroughly convivial, though controversial and argumentative company. The modern priest seems more human than a generation ago; human, all too human, and he makes no bones about it. Zeisler would have me remarry in the Church and obtain its blessing. Covetous as I am, I felt the cement that held our marriage for over 24 years was good enough not to need any renovation by the Church. Whatever she can give that I can see, I would receive with alacrity, but I know a better substitute for holy water and pious words, and our friend, the priest, demonstrated my creed that evening, though he was the Theologian and disciplinarian in words if not in deed.

Somewhat fagged out by the previous night's conviviality, we finally got away at 9 the following morning. Again we crossed into Texas, southward along the Pecos river that once formed the borderland where traits of Billy the Kid's character held sway. It is a monotonous country that would make an angel turn aside on highway to second heaven, the roads are well-made to Red, though hard, but after the tower of Pecos, they twist thru low mountains, fairly smooth ceremonial barriers mediating thru broad hills that here and there manage to rise to the prominence of a mesa or buttelike formation. Like oaks bend the water courses, usually dry, around the Davis mountains who are last effort to lift the country above the monotony of Texas plains. The town seems to have extensive, half ruinous structures resembling barracks or fortifications. At Alpine we meet the Southern Pacific tracks and a low mountain range,

77
purple in the waning sunlight. We had scarcely hoped to get much beyond this point on that day, but the prospects of a decent camp dwindled with each succeeding hamlet or town. So we drove on. Night soon swallowed what there was left of mountains after Sanderson. We were close to the border, in fact too close for perfect comfort and relaxation, with a lively memory of what happened to many an innocent citizen driving near the international line at night and commanded to halt by some hoodlum ~~xxxxxxx~~ decorated with Volstead authority. The road swung in endless circles and curved right and left, up and down. ~~If~~ Remote and lonely, an ideal place to stage holdups in wild-west fashion. No doubt, smuggling goes on here under the protection of night, and more than one parked car, with dim lights, or no lights at all, parked on or near the road suggested such a supposition none too fanciful. If commanded to ~~halt~~ halt on such roads, in the dark of night, the average motorist would be apt to step on the gas. If the command comes from "Law and Order", a bullet in the brain may reward caution. At Langtry, a miserable, dull place on the Rio Grande, we were told Mexico was only half a mile away.

Beyond we crossed the Pecos at its confluence with the major stream. All we could distinguish was a great dip down, mountainlike grades, and up again. There were no stars, the night was dark and cloudy. At last the welcome sight of Del Rio's lights flickered in the distance around 9; we were a thoroughly tired trio that "hit the straw" that night.

Saturday morning we motored to the 4 mile distant international bridge, over to Villa Acuna, in old Mexico. It is a picturesque town, perhaps less visited by tourists of the common variety than other border towns. The stranger is not constantly reminded by dangling and painted and printed signs plastered all over that he came over to souse himself in ~~forbidden~~ liquids forbidden in God's country. Such is ~~Tia~~ Tia Juana, to a lesser extent Nogales. I liked Villa Acuna, though it is squalid, therefore all the more Mexican. Of course we had a modest drink at what appeared as the best bar in town. Characters, real, unconscious actors hung, leaned and lunched on and around the corners, supporting walls that by all means were perfectly capable of supporting themselves. In faded blue, green, yellow and crimson shirts and sundarkened faces that made the acquaintance with razors but once in a great while,



The Alamo, San Antonio

among the San Jose Missions near San Antonio,



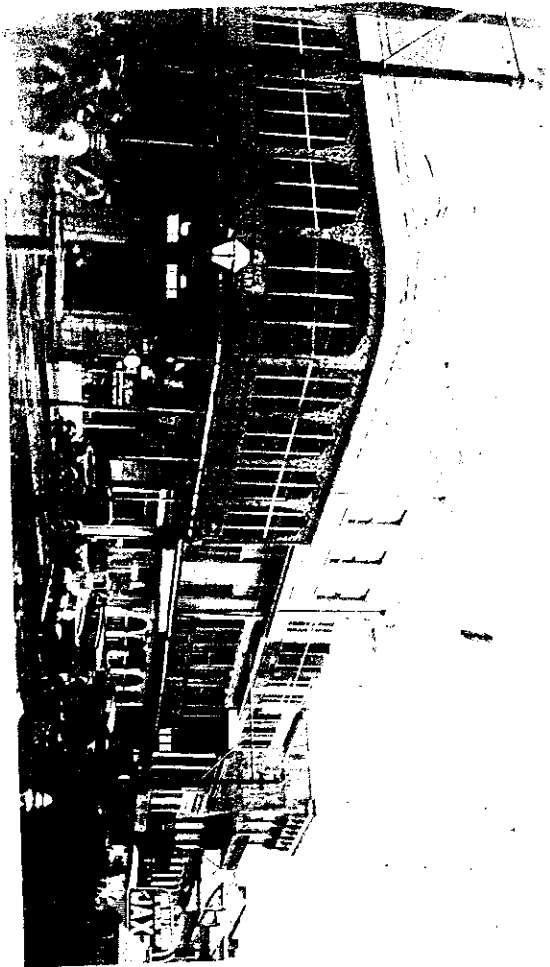
these native sons of burning deserts are part and parcel of their environment; have grown from it. The painters of this continent have not half grasped their mission yet, and if I were a figurist, I'd be even less content to stay home than I am as a painter of the landscape.

But it was forenoon and too early, and too quiet to linger long in the Villa. Soon the thing that drives all us Moderns, particularly the restless race in the United States, urge us onwards, eastwards. There is nothing worth mentioning between Del Rio and San Antonio, except a decided change in the landscape. We definitely leave behind us the glorious Southwest, the land of color and strange form and of ancient peoples as strange as their land, and we find ourselves in the South. The South of moisture, of red torrents sweeping down to the Gulf, of great trees with pendant gray moss, of ~~black~~ african faces shading from the deepest black thru the yellows to white. To me the land of the American Indian typifies everything romantic, viril and inspiring. This Southland with its imported types typifies everything ~~black~~ ^{reminiscent} of degradation and sordid poverty. I may be wrong, but the poorest Navajo, the most humble Pueblo Indian is an inspiring monument to human pride and freedom that rather dies than wear the shackles imposed by civilised greed and worn by inferior africans.

It poured when we drove into San Antonio, but we found a snug haven and started out early next morning, Sunday the 29th, to see the two important Missions of this interesting place.

San Jose is a magnificent ruin but a short distance outside of town, dating back to the early teens of the 18th century. Architecturally, and for its craftsmanship, this mission surpasses the California and Arizona missions. The arches, some pointed, others round, are perfect circles of stone masonry, gray and mossy with age. The renaissance rose window on the side, and the portal in the tower end of the church are beautiful in design and execution. These were imported, spanish artists, not Indians who carved these stones. We climbed the bell tower over a circular stair whose every ~~thrust~~ tread was made of solid timber, with the circular end in the center forming the newel post part of the tread - something novel in stair construction. Farther up in the tower great tree trunks are hewn into ladders. What remains of the extensive cloister is a series of magnificent arches superimposed one on the other, and of the church ~~ruins~~, only the walls are standing, with some of the arched ceiling still intact.

On Royal, old New Orleans, another fascinating spot of our journey and unique in the United States.



sentimental strains of their native land. Every bar latin folksong seems charged with a longing pathos touching the listener to the quick. And again the throng gathered around and built about us a living circle. It was great. It was so utterly foreign and Unamerican as if we had travelled far off to that enchanted Southland from whence these sad strains came. Above the music and the conglomerate noise of the street could be heard the musical language of these alien people. Around here, around this market place clusters the real San Antonio, the present pride of the city is but another small edition of New York, Chicago, and other ~~xxxxxxx~~ American towns of which these United States are full.

Monday morning we left this historic town and travelled to Houston. Just another rainy day, and when we drove into Houston, it came down in buckets. We were now in the land of magnificent live oaks covered with pendant gray parasitic moss that gives the trees, and the landscape the flavor of venerable age. A pleasant auto court sheltered our dripping car and ourselves while the rain pattered on roof and windows, and Alys and Christine repaired the canvas top of the car that had been cut upon the night in Carlsbad by a prowling thief, apparently scared away before he could extricate anything from the car.

Houston may be a fine city to rave about for the Rotarian. All we could see were fairly modern buildings that could be seen a thousand times duplicated elsewhere. So we left it early next morning. The skies were still gray and intermittent rain fell copiously all day. All the Texas rivers were swollen red torrents. The fields where planted were mostly cotton, and we have seen that dull brown of cottonfields from Arizona all the way thru Texas to New Orleans and up into southern Illinois. A new note crept into this soggy wet landscape, the bright yellow-green of the sugar cane just then in the process of harvesting.

With the crossing of the Sabine river we entered Louisiana, and poorer roads. The rains had submerged whole sections of narrow gravel roads in the neighborhood of New Iberia and no amount of cautious driving could prevent the splashing of the car with floods of yellow mud. At Morgan City the car had to be driven onto a ferry that landed us promptly in that city. Then the great swamps commenced that make the Mississippi Delta country to this day a most difficult land to penetrate. Day began to wane when we arrived at Luling and the Mississippi Ferry. We

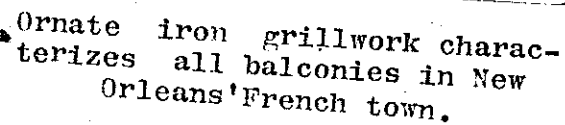
climb the slope of the levee - for here the father of streams flows above the surrounding territory hampered in narrow bounds by a thrifty population, and our first thoughts are, naturally, what catastrophe the consequence would ensue if a break should occur in the veritable walls of this dam!

While we crossed on the ferry, daylight faded into night. The big Packard was rather hard to handle in tight places, just as a ferry. Another Buick set in and drove in it for miles toward the lighted spot in the sky - the reflection of New Orleans.

Here we stayed two days. New Orleans is another foreign plume in America's gorgeous feathers. Founded in 1718 by Bienville it built a city picturesque and distinct. In 1763 France made some sort of transfer of Louisiana to Spain, and again in 1803 Napoleon, sorely needing cash with which to overwhelm Europe with French civilization and himself, again transferred an enormous territory, scarcely known then, to the United States. Here, on Jackson Square, in the heart of the old town, known as Vieux Carre, took place the two historical occurrences. And many more. We stood and faced a veritable galaxy of historical structures - the cathedral of St. Louis in the center filled with painted statues and a willing guide at hand to explain. Architecturally St. Louis is a great endeavor - without much success. Flanking it to the right is the Presbytery, copied after the famous Capilla to the left of the cathedral. This ancient court building, now the state museum, where may be seen Napoleon's death mask and important documents relating to America's earlier history, also contains a green, stone-floored courtyard, or patio, where many executions took place. Prisoners cells surround it, and they make much of the Lafitte Bros. prison cell, the two New Orleans pirates who preyed on Spanish and British commerce and were outlawed, until Andrew Jackson found use for them in fighting the British. I suspect the time will come when our grand children will be shown a modest suburban cottage, a Julia Beach home and a cell or two, and a patriotic guide will explain - "and here, ladies and gentlemen, lived, dined and pined Al Capone, the martyr of Prohibition" etc. You can never tell when the next historical era will canonize what the predecessor pronounced bawdy and anathema.



The charming Patio behind the Arts and Crafts Shop, one of many others.



Walking down on Chartres towards Canal St., New Orleans' main thoroughfare, we come upon the three storied house built for Napoleon Bonaparte by his admiring subjects and compatriots, the very ones he sold to the United States for a pittance. Human's are strange. Here they proposed to fete and lionize him after a proper rescue from St. Helena. Napoleon died before these plans had become awritten chapter in our annals.

Down the other way, on Chartres, we meet with the old Cafe des Refugees, the rendezvous of Smugglers, pirates and European criminals during the french and Spanish occupatuon, and a little farther is the oldest building in the Misissipp valley, the Ursuline convent erected in 1734, now belonging to the Italian church of St. Mary's. Across the street is Gen. Beauregard's collonaded home ~~in xxxxxxxx the street~~ where the hero of the South gave many a gay party, no doubt. One Block farther up and parallel with Chartres runs Frenchtown's main street, Royal. A charming vista down the narrow lane flanked on both sides with two story balconied houses, loaded down with ornamental iron grillwork supported on thin iron columns. On one side of St Louis cathedral is pirates alley, on the other cloister alley. On the corner of Bourbon and Bienville you see the historucal Absinthe House, hoary with age, but with its pink tinted walls still luminous thru the grime of age and Desuetude. An exquisite patio lies behind the unpretentious front of the Arts Club, where Princess Alexandria of Schleswig-Holstein, Kaiser Wilhelm's former daughter-in-law held a reception on the first day of her art exhibit. We met ~~and~~ ^{met} ~~her~~ ^{Princess} found her quite human inspite of her ~~exalted position~~ ^{exalted position}.

Another fine patio is the only one in the neighborhood. Little Theatre in this land, the Le Petit Theatre de la Carre. Down on Royal near Ursuline Street, the theatre is called to the ponderous structure known as the Hurtel House, once occupied by families high in the social life of Louisiana. Here they claim Napoleon, great marshal they lived; Louis Phillippe, Lafayette, and other heroes dear to the color-loving Frenchmen. Here, too, it is said that Lalande is alleged to have tortured many people, and what made it

the Hotel House was the asylum it furnished for high-
waymen and underworld characters whose well organized groans
and shrieks kept superstitious Frenchmen and women within
a safe distance of this criminal haven. Much of the romance
of old New Orleans centers around pirates and questionable
characters. None tells of outstanding virtues and moral
lights. Which just goes to show that that we do not really
appreciate the latter, but only pretend to do so. That
life, interesting, is life full of color, non-conforming
and individualistic and oblivious to social usage that
time hallowed and venerable law. We remember the rogues of
Frenchtown but not the old ladies of spotless reputation.
While the hypocrisy that goes with it is regrettable, better
so, than to have Billy Sunday-ism remembered to posterity.
Time is more just than man.

Vieux Carre is a paradise for the shopper for the
unusual and antique. The dealers' show windows rivalled
the interest you could not help manifest in the quaint
old streets and ting-stained houses. Here and there igno-
rance tore down some of the old buildings and transplanted
its counterpart; but on the whole it is to this day a
perfect wonder of the old ~~xxxx~~ Creole days when wine
flowed openly, women loved romantically and generously
and men were gentlemen of leisure ~~xxx~~ with diverse hobbies,
including piracy.

Alas had stayed at the Robbsevelt, we at the Arrow
apartments at Frenchmen and Chantilly. I appreciated the
cuphonism- but not the cold blues in our apartment, its
bare walls and the usual litany of ~~xxx~~ do's and don'ts.
It was with relief that we left here when day broke on
Thursday the 3rd. The little sun that had peeked thru
the rain evening before hid again. The skies were muddy with
fine and coarse drizzles and downpours. For miles great
ramps extend in all directions where once the alligators
disperbed themselves. Dense forests stood leafless and
gray, checked to death by parasites and perhaps excessive
moisture. Between the forests were wandering mangy
clearings completely covered with water lilies. The roads
were worse, if anything, in Mississippi while rain des-
cended unrelent. Jackson, the state capital, though only
a 4500 strong, has its regulation skyscrapers, I think 2
or 3 in number, and its regulation capital. Here we had
lunch, and drove hard, up to 400 miles, into the night,
before we put up at Clarksdale. Mud, chuck holes and ~~xxxxx~~
sharp, tsists of the road furnished a few thrills, and
the warth of an enormous room relaxed nerves rather
frazzled and spirits low.



Patio of the Little French
Theatre.



The Napoleon House, built for Bonaparte by his New Orleans admirers who sought to rescue him from St. Helena.

A wretched road spans the next distance to Memphis. A fine went flat, which on examination later on contained a whole hardware store of iron and we relied on the a good-natured fellow who came along the road to make the change; ~~we~~ I couldn't work, but Jack.

The moment the Tennessee state line is reached, Mississippi troubles end: A pavement that sends spirits skylarking. It is but a small corner of Memphis we traverse to get to the bridge. A huge steel structure above liquid yellow mud wallowing to the sea! North the stepped out skyline of Memphis, hazy and unalluring.

Some distance we are on Arkansas soil, I was going to write; but our memory is good and we thank the stars it's Arkansas concrete. To the right we parallel the Mississippi, undistinguishable by any sign; just boresome fields, here and there cotton cold and wet looking, sordid nigger shacks and sordid niggers. Historical New Madrid close by - but what of it? It has nothing to back up its name.

A turn in the road, and ahead is Illinois and another great black spiderweb hanging over the river, the new Mississippi bridge near Cairo; Dirty and illkempt Cairo itself. We do not tarry. Let's get home!

Centralia was our last stop. Here Alys had been snowed under two years earlier and thus retained a warm spot for this sooty town of icy memory.

There isn't much more to add to our tale. It would take indeed great sights to keep interest at the fever heat on a last stretch home. And here, in Southern Illinois, there is nothing to stimulate us, nothing to wax senti-



Though rain came down in
streams, New Orleans' Vieux
Carre delights nevertheless.

overly sentimental about. There is hardly anything this side the great rock-ribbed mountain chain that stretches from Mexico to Alaska that is exciting - after what we have seen and experienced. The humble pueblo, the statuesque Indian riding the desert - that grand desolation where we feel the mighty unseen powers of nature that some call God; the evidences of prehistoric man, of forgotten arts, of love and hatred carried on in this land of the setting sun much the same as to-day, but aeons ago - what can we put next to it that will not dwindle into pale insignificance!

Nothing on this continent!

INDEX TO CHAPTERS.