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RAMBLES ON
OVERLAND TRAILS
—
O'SHAUGHNESSY







RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

I W
O'Shaughnessy



IMMENSE SAND-CUT IN HILL

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

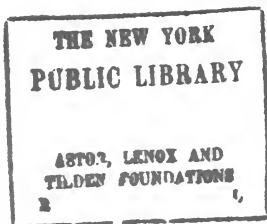
BY
THOMAS J. H. O'SHAUGHNESSY



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1915

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THOMAS J. H. O'SHAUGHNESSY

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CHICAGO

TO
MR. AND MRS. CALKINS
WHO MADE THE TRIP POSSIBLE
AND
MISS ALMA NEELY,
ALL OF WHOM
WERE DELIGHTFUL COMPANIONS
ON THE TRIP

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PART ONE
OVER THE SANTA FE TRAIL
AND SOUTHWEST

Oklahoma
Kansas
Colorado
New Mexico
Arizona
California

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

PART ONE

*Over the Santa Fe Trail and Southwest — Oklahoma,
Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona
and California*

THIS is not a history of places visited, neither is it a catalogue nor guidebook, but just a little reminder, or memento, written at the request of and for a few friends, of a wonderful trip taken this summer during the months of May, June, and July.

The equipment carried with us consisted of a camping outfit, of which we made much use, which when packed in the car occupied much less room than that of any other car we met similarly equipped, and they were many indeed.

This was our first tour of any considerable distance worth mentioning, and consequently I am not in a position to compare travel this year as with that of former years, but I feel safe in saying that the tourist traffic this year has been the largest

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

on record, and will serve as a stimulus to overland travel in future years. I shall make no attempt to deal in figures or statistics, but I must say that on our outward trip we met fully as many cars going east as on our return we met going west. During the entire trip we met from six to twenty cars daily, of all makes and models, the large majority of which were the universal Ford, loaded in all shapes and every possible way that one could imagine.

Touring cars were seen from almost all states in the Union; I say almost for there were a few states not represented, or perhaps we just missed them.

Great interest has been taken by us in hearing and reading the many tales of fellow-tourists, some really interesting, while others were recitals of what had been told elsewhere, which in the transfer had lost nothing of coloring. How people will try to pass such tales is a wonder in itself. For instance, the richest one we heard was of a party who, coming to a stream which was deeper and more difficult of fording than anticipated, backed the car far enough to permit of speeding up to forty miles, and hit a large rock from which they bounced clear across on the other side all safe and smiling. This, and others one hears along the way



SANTO DOMINGO PUEBLO

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

are beauties of vivid imaginations. Stories of breakdowns and being stuck, one is more inclined to credit and take counsel accordingly.

During the nine weeks of our trip we were stuck just once, and that on the four-mile salt flat in the Carson sink, between Fallon and Austin, Nevada, where is a bad spot for persons inexperienced, and seventy-five per cent of the tourists going through are people to whom all this is new.

There is a well-beaten track across the flat, but owing to a peculiar formation in the soil, the trail is not safe to leave, and if left, the wheels sink in and trouble is inevitable. Even in walking a person's shoes will sink three and four inches at each step. Of course there is a graded road across in the center, but that is almost impossible on account of the high centers.

Near Fallon is encountered a very bad piece of road, due to irrigation work in the vicinity, and a section that needs attention very much, more so than any other part of the Lincoln Highway from San Francisco to Salt Lake.

Apart from the five hours spent on the salt-flats, the rest of the journey was unmarred, and even those five hours were well spent, for we learned much in regard to the nature of the soil, that we

would not have known otherwise. So much for trouble.

On the afternoon of May 13th, we left Oklahoma, making but a short run that day owing to a little engine trouble, which was soon adjusted, and in justice to the man who did the work, must say, that traveling as we did, day after day, the engine was in perfect condition on the completion of the trip and heated less on the mountains than we had expected, and some very stiff grades were crossed too.

Speaking of mountains reminds me that the famed Raton Pass and La Bajada hill, and the grades of Arizona and New Mexico, are as child's play in comparison with the Sierra Nevadas of California, particularly in and out of Yosemite Valley. Here one may enjoy mountain climbing to their heart's content yet, though the grades are stiff, the roads are very good and safe, which is more than can be said of other mountain roads, though the best of such are unsafe when wet. The best mountain road we traveled was at Gold Road, Arizona, which is a mining camp. This road is built to last, and a pleasure to ride on, though few tourists go to Needles that way.

But, to return. It is almost impossible to write



SANTO DOMINGO PUEBLO

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without diverging at times, for which one may be forgiven.

Starting from Oklahoma, and through Kansas we followed the Santa Fe trail, which in point of scenery is not so very interesting, but historically is very important. How grand and glorious it seemed to be, out in the open, away from the haunting cares of business routine, and with the prospect of being in the open for many days to come! With what pleasure and enthusiasm we looked forward to the days and the nights to follow, and the ever-changing scenery. So different from the limited view one obtains from the train as it whizzes by, so swiftly, limiting as it were the impressions obtained. What different impressions and what a fund of information, one may obtain from leisurely touring and personal contact, when it is possible to meet and speak with the people of the different localities, and much out of the ordinary information is gathered.

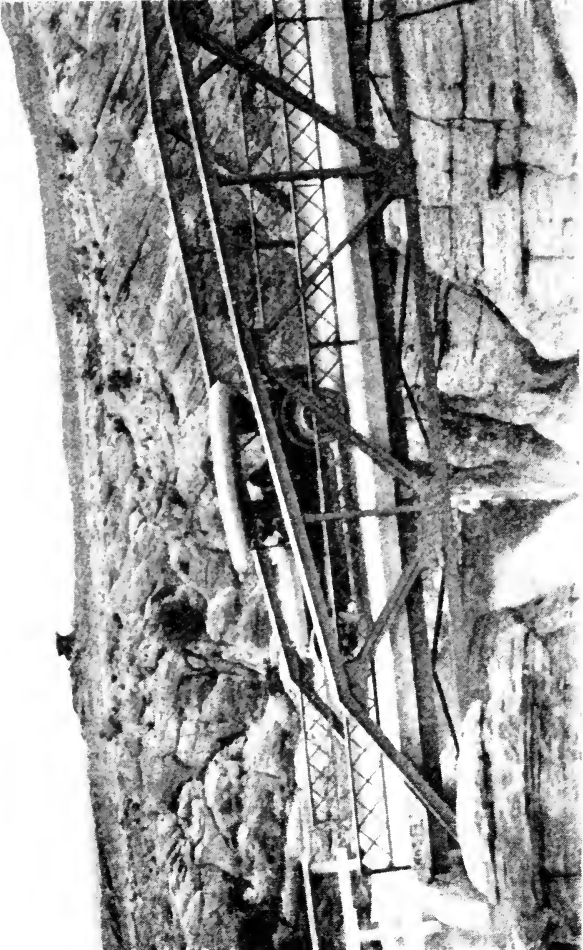
Does not Bacon, in his "Essays on Travel" say, "Travel in the younger sort is a part of education"?

Through the state of Kansas the grain looked good and promised a rich harvest, and the farm houses, though not conspicuously pretentious presented a comfortable and prosperous appearance. And this through a country, that, not many years ago

was considered absolutely worthless. But what a change; and this through irrigation! Irrigating ditches were to be seen everywhere, in the western part of the state, from Kansas to the Coast and back to Salt Lake City, and all through Colorado. What wonders were made possible by this system! The transformation of barren waste, sand, and sagebrush, part of the desert lands were fast being converted into bearing lands; lands on which are raised grain, vegetables, fruit and trees. Most of the remaining barren lands throughout the great West are possible of cultivation, where water is obtainable, and there is sufficient water going to waste each year from the mountainsides to cultivate untold acres of land.

Of course we realize that it is a big undertaking for big men, the kind that see into the future, the kind who do things; but when accomplished help make a better country to live in, and a perpetual monument to the engineers of the project. Reclamation of waste is the one big proposition of the day, and in economy and conservation are solved many vital questions, as to the distribution of material welfare, on the subject of which there is much agitation at the present time.

Illustrations of conservation and supply may be



CANÓN DIABLO

seen very clearly in a tour of the country, better than in any other way.

In the forest service, game laws, mining, and in the distribution of water through land which has hitherto been dry, are practical illustrations.

When we listen back fifty years ago to the stories of men who became rich overnight, and the wild extravagance of those miners, to whom money was like so much dirt, there is a vast comparison. Was not Brigham Young wise, when in giving advice to his followers, he said "Raise vegetables and feed the miners and you will all grow rich. If you mine for gold, a very few of you will make money, but the most of you will die in poverty." Sage and noble advice, the heeding of which was profitable to many.

Some day the western country will be more thickly populated than it now is, and I think there is a wonderful future for Arizona and New Mexico.

To return, one great objection to the irrigated sections is the condition of the roads, which, in many places are choppy and rough, and many farmers are careless and let the water overflow from the ditches, making the roads worse, despite warnings to the contrary. It has even been said that some farmers take advantage of rains to flood the

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

road with water from the irrigating ditches by night, and by day pulling the cars through with their teams for extra money. This I do not doubt, as it has been done before. This means delay and inconvenience and sometimes a disturbed disposition, which is not pleasant to meet, and I would recommend that all ditches, at least the main waterways, be made more permanent, as in California, where they are constructed of cement and bridged in a proper manner. Mud ditches break loose easily and frequently, thereby causing serious obstruction and damage.

Much credit is due to the Auto Club of Southern California for the manner in which the roads are sign-posted all through from Denver, and Kansas to the Coast, on which a large sum of money has been expended, the return from which will not only be this year, but for all years to come, as many who make the trip this year will do so again, also many who have not. These signs are a lasting monument of practical usefulness.

The Arkansas Valley, passed through from Dodge City west to La Junta and Trinidad, is a long stretch of fertile land, in which is grown alfalfa, melons, sugar beets as well as grains of all kinds, make it a valley rich in production, as evidenced by the towns,



VANISHING TYPES OF THE WEST



RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

all of which show a thriving aspect. There are six sugar-beet factories in this valley which take care of and are an incentive to the growing of that crop.

Other than the gradual ascent westwards to Trinidad, not much change is seen 'till arriving there, where we stayed all night and rested for the morrow. Yes, indeed, we had a hard climb ahead of us over Raton Pass, and we needed a good night's rest.

Woodrow Wilson urges us in "The Man Who Found Himself" to live by enthusiasm; but somehow we were not over enthusiastic about this Pass, as from what we had previously heard, we pictured many dangerous precipitations, and ought not to attempt going over without an experienced driver.

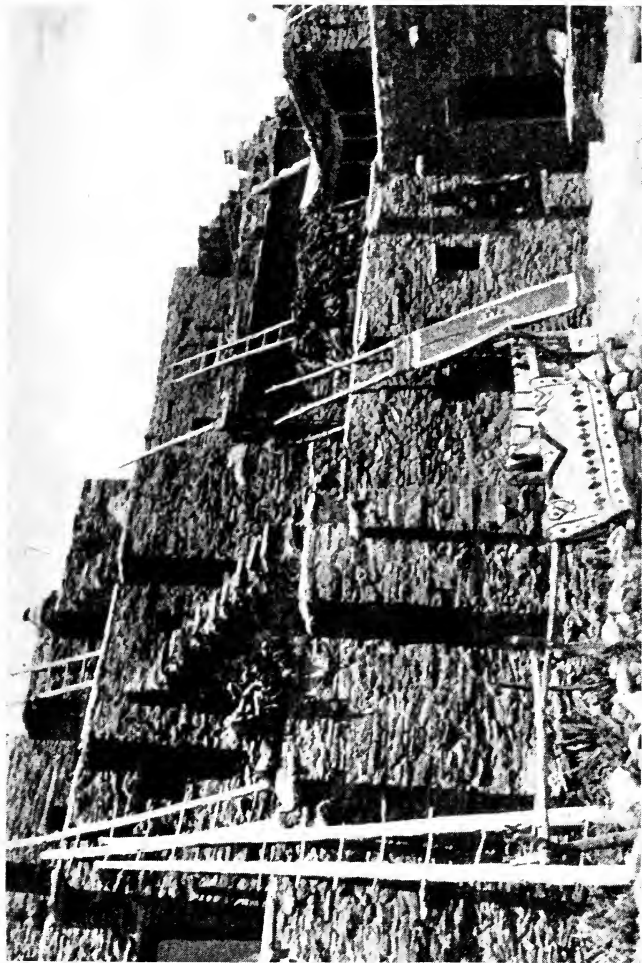
Our breakfast was not very heavy in anticipation of those steep mountainsides, which we soon started to ascend. Winding up and over for about fourteen miles, the summit was reached at an altitude of 8,790 feet, and here the view of the surrounding country was one long to be remembered, and though narrow in places, the grade was not difficult, and our fears subsided.

We were more or less fortunate in crossing at the time we did, for while on the summit, we encoun-

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

tered a light snow-storm, which was not unexpected, as the clouds had hung low all morning. It did not last long, but just long enough to give the ladies of the party a chance to make a snowball, which was later passed on to us, cooling the region of the spinal column. However, as we were about to make the descent, the view of the snow-capped peaks and the valley below, was greatly enhanced by the airy procession of clouds floating through the valley far below the road on which we were driving. And everything seemed so radiantly sparkling and glittering as the sun, breaking through the clouds, shone forth to greet us, as it were, on our entry into Raton, New Mexico. This was the last drop of rain encountered until near home, seven weeks later. Safely over the dreaded pass, it is safe to say that apart from a few spots that needed repairing, and with the brakes in working order, and with due care, there is little to be afraid of, unless the road be muddy, in which case I do not think that any mountain road is safe, in fact they are more or less dangerous when in such a condition.

That night was spent in Wagon Mound, a little town, mostly adobe buildings, savoring much of the spirit of romance. The name Wagon Mound



HOPI HOUSE AT GRAND CANYON



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is taken from a hill close by, which in shape resembles a covered army wagon. The 'dobe buildings, the burros, all are through this great southwest, and, most of all, the dark-skinned people of Spanish and Mexican descent; some progressive, while others still echo, as did their forefathers, "mañana." Here is encountered the land of the rugged frontiersman, the picturesque cowboy, the romantic Mexican, all men who have blazed the trail of civilization.

Ranching is noticeable and very evident from the large flocks of sheep encountered everywhere, accompanied by their herders, mostly Mexicans.

Between Las Vegas and Santa Fe, a number of quaint old Mexican villages are passed, some of them deserted; also the ruins of old Pecos Mission, a venerable old building, of which there is naught left but the four walls, said to date from the year 1500. Connected with this mission is a legend to the effect that Montezuma, after his exile from the country by the Spaniards, returned upon the wings of an eagle. At Tienda there is also an old church, relic of former days, when the Spanish were in power.

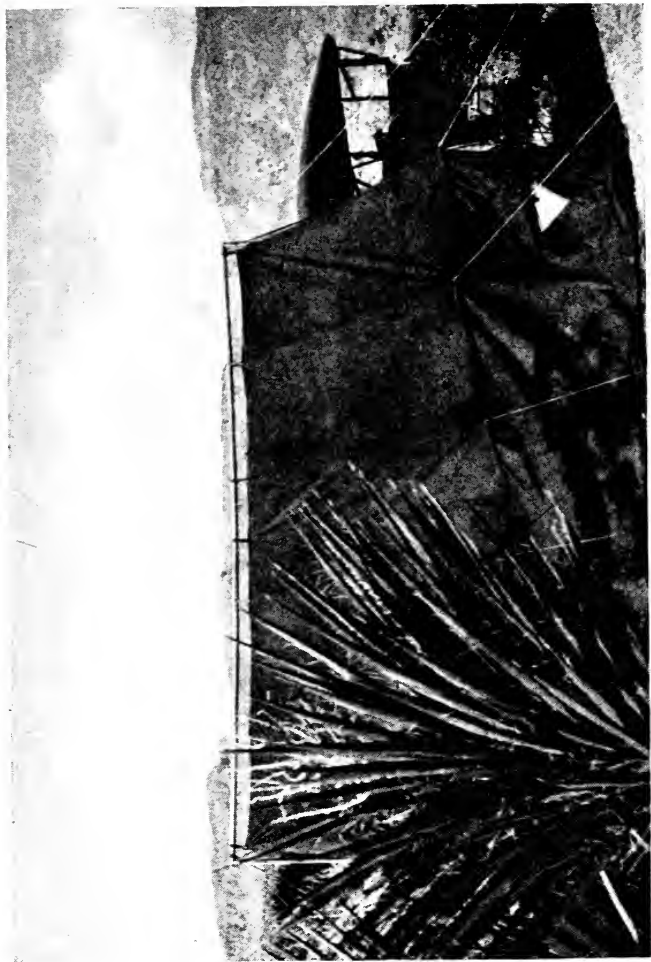
Coming into Santa Fe there is much to remind one of bygone days, in the narrow streets, which some-

how resemble old Quebec. An inspection of the old 'dobe buildings was indulged in, and it seemed as though each house and corner spoke in tender whisperings of the faded past, the past that is no more. From the Governor's Palace to the humblest dwelling, one sees and breathes romance; and in the Fonda, Old Exchange Hotel, stopping place of many early settlers, what tales of excitement and adventure were exchanged in that old building, now sadly in a state of dilapidation.

In the Governor's Palace, which has been rejuvenated and reconstructed to guard against the ravages of time, is to be found a wonderful collection of relics and specimens, exhibitions of the American School of Archæology, brought from many sources as a result of their patient searches and investigations.

Here also was written the famous story of "Ben Hur," by General Lew Wallace, who at the time was Governor of New Mexico; and one can readily see the source and the inspiration for the wonderful pen-pictures contained therein, after an acquaintance with the country in and around northern New Mexico.

Of especial interest in the city is the old church of San Miguel, still in use for service on Sunday,



TENTING

where we had the pleasure of meeting old Brother David, one of the type who courageously bore the trials and afflictions of early days in the furtherance of their beautiful missionary work. This venerable old building, the cause of conjecture as to its origin, is dated by many as far back as 1541. Partially destroyed and rebuilt, it still stands, evidence of particular handiwork. In the interior is to be seen Spanish woodwork and carving, which evidently is very ancient. Many very old paintings are there, hanging on the walls, as they have done for many years. One of these we are told is of the thirteenth century. This with some Italian and Mexican work, and the statues are very interesting, and afford much subject for thought, as to their preservation and coloring. Also to be seen here is a very old bell, hammered and cast in Spain, so we are told, and we have no reason to doubt this statement. On the top of the bell is a crown, through which is fastened a rawhide rope, by which the bell is suspended. Made of copper, silver, iron, and gold, and being four inches thick, it gives a very beautiful tone, and so sensitive is it, that touched on the outside with an ordinary pencil, a very lovely chime effect can be produced. A very pleasant hour was spent here with old Brother

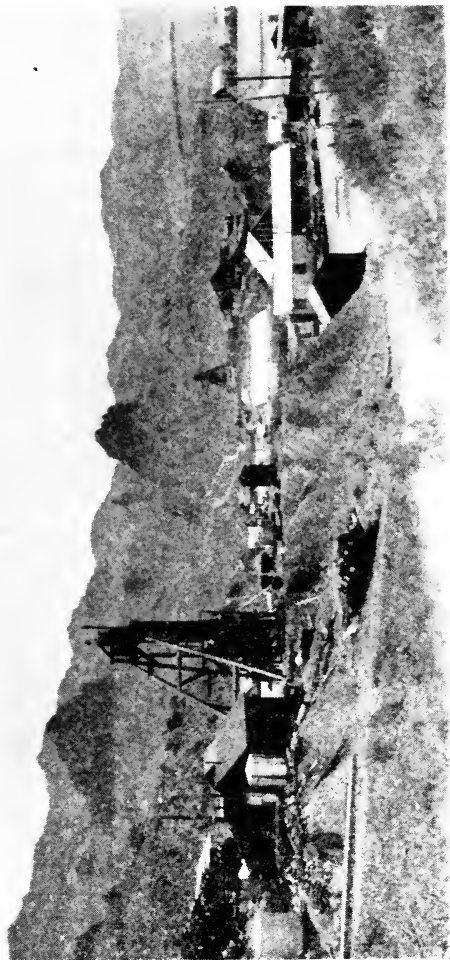
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David, and on leaving, the old cemetery was plainly to be seen.

In the center of the city stands the Plaza, in which there is a soldiers' monument of native marble.

From Santa Fe one may enjoy a few lovely trips to the various Indian pueblos, and not having seen either Taos, or the Puye ruins, we contented ourselves with a visit to the Santo Domingo pueblo, in which there are about one thousand inhabitants, living in much the same manner as formerly, still maintaining their peculiar customs, undisturbed by the invasion of their white neighbors. What is at once noticeable about the village is the total lack of agriculture, and save for some goats, sheep, and fowl on the place, there is nothing to indicate, where their means of subsistence is obtained. The whole thing resembles one large mud house set out on the sandy country; yet the interior of the buildings are very clean, despite the number of individuals under each roof.

On the road between Santa Fe and Albuquerque, is the famous La Bajada hill, from which a steep descent is made on the south side following numerous hairpin turns, there is a drop of about nine hundred feet in a mile, but the road is very well con-



GOLD ROAD, ARIZONA.

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

structed and shows some features of engineering forethought.

What a contrast between the two cities, Albuquerque presenting a very up-to-date appearance, and the road on to Magdalena winding over the mesa, on which water is quite scarce, except for a few springs, which are none too clean. Magdalena to Springerville the road winds through and over some very pretty country, most of which is through forest reserve, and over the continental divide at an altitude of 8,200 feet. For about fifty miles into Springerville the road is anything but desirable, being rough and stony, and hard on tires, two of ours having met their Waterloo there.

One place where we intended visiting was the Petrified Forest, but owing to spring floods the bridges were washed out, making the journey there impossible, and detour by way of Concho and Snowflake brought us to Holbrook on the south side of the river.

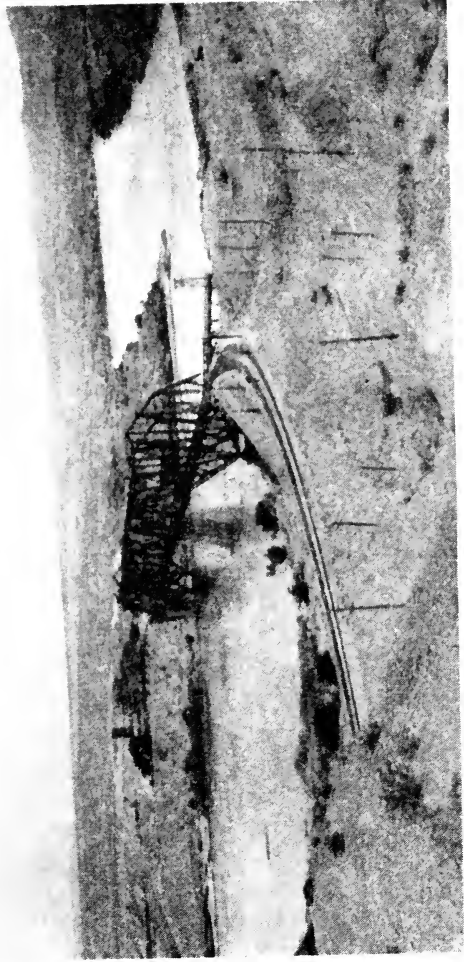
The next place of interest on the road was the Meteorite Canyon, a deep gash in the ground, said to have been caused by the fall of a meteor on this spot, which displaced the ground so that from a distance it appears as though a huge wall had been built around this immense hole. Samples

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

of metallic formation have been excavated from here, presumably for commercial use, but extensive operations have failed, and the attempts abandoned, owing to the dirt sliding and caving in all around. Meteoric phenomena have been traced in Chinese records as far back as 644 B. C.; and from the seventh century B. C. to A. D. 333, sixteen falls of aerolites are recorded in the astronomical annals of the Chinese, according to the American Encyclopædia, sometimes exploding and projecting upon the earth fragments, called meteoric iron, they are proved to be solid bodies in a state of intense heat, and are then known as aerolites or meteorolites. Such is what is found here through excavation.

Near the canyon, on the plains, we saw a number of honest-to-goodness cow-boys who, partaking of their midday meal completed the picture. At the time a round-up was in progress and bunches of horses could be seen in all directions.

From here the road into Flagstaff was but a short distance, over the Canyon Diablo, and after replenishing our stock of supplies, we hastened out in an effort to reach Walnut Canyon before dark, which we did and as a reward had a lovely view of the prehistoric cliff-dwellings by sunset. To tell of these dwellings is the work of a scientist, but



TOHOPE BRIDGE OVER THE COLORADO RIVER

certain it is that they were built in a secluded spot, which in itself was protection against marauding bands of invaders or enemies. Comfortable they looked and well built.

At the Cliffs ranger station, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Pierce, the forest ranger stationed there, and from him we learned much of interest, as he, being a genial old-timer, was a fund of information. Our camp there overnight was a very pleasant one which we enjoyed greatly, and many were the tales told over the camp-fire that night.

Leaving the Cliffs next morning, we followed the road through beautiful pine and cedar forests all the way to the Grand Canyon, commanding an excellent view of those grand old San Francisco peaks, which, towering to a summit of over eleven thousand feet with their snow-capped peaks, seemed to merit the respect of all who gaze with rapture at their beauty.

Arriving at Grand View late in the afternoon, an incomparable view of the Grand Canyon by sunset was our reward, and that sight will ever remain fresh in my memory. The wonderful, ever-changing effects of light and shadow, fairly and fancifully playing on your mind are long to be remembered. The rest of the evening I sat alone, gazing idly,

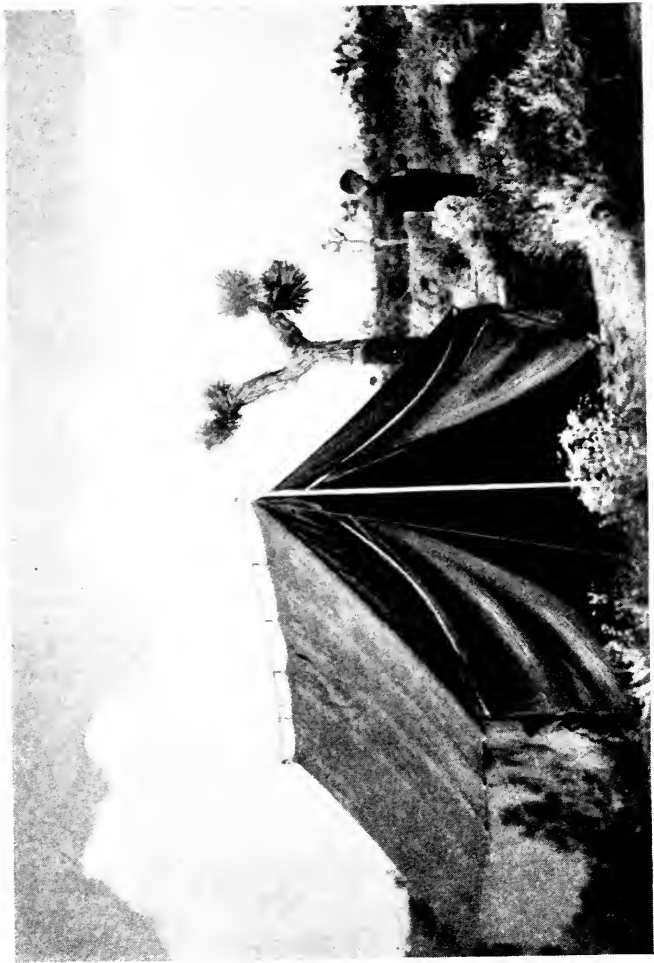
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trying to fathom the impenetrable depths, but the grandeur, the sublimity, the bigness and the awful stillness beggar description, which has been tried time and again, but all confess their inability to do justice. "The Grand Canyon should be seen by all," said Mr. Roosevelt, and he was right. Without seeing them, one cannot realize how, from vast depths below, those weird-shaped domes rise majestically, shining forth in their various haunting hues. In a shimmering glow of beauty, the gigantic rock forms are seen dimly outlined, as twilight casts her shadow, and all is bathed deep in mystery.

A very picturesque driveway is followed from Grand View on the east side to El Tovar on the west side, where another beautiful view of the canyon is had, different from that seen at Grand View. Down to the depths of the canyon, there are many narrow trails, on which the bottom of the canyon may be reached by pony or burro, which are kept there for the benefit of tourists. Bright Angel trail gives one an idea of the wonders to be seen below.

Leaving behind us this magnificent spectacle, our road went south to Williams, thence to Kingman and Needles.

Before going further, I would like to say that if



BY THE SIGN OF THE CACTUS

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

ever I have to start investigating climates for the benefit of my health, the first choice will be the country adjacent to Flagstaff and Williams, in company with the grandeur of the mountains, for here in my estimation is one of the grandest climates to be found anywhere. The atmosphere is the clearest and purest, and failing that I think the country near Banff, and Lake Louise, Alberta, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, would be second choice.

Much good road work will be found in Arizona, especially over the mountains to Gold Road. Gold Road is a mining camp of much activity, and is a novel sight to one unaccustomed to mining towns. Before reaching Topock a short stretch of sand is encountered which is soft and hard to travel if one does not keep right on the trail. At Topock we were fortunate in not having to wait any length of time before crossing the railroad bridge, which is a great saving of time to tourists in not having to ferry across.

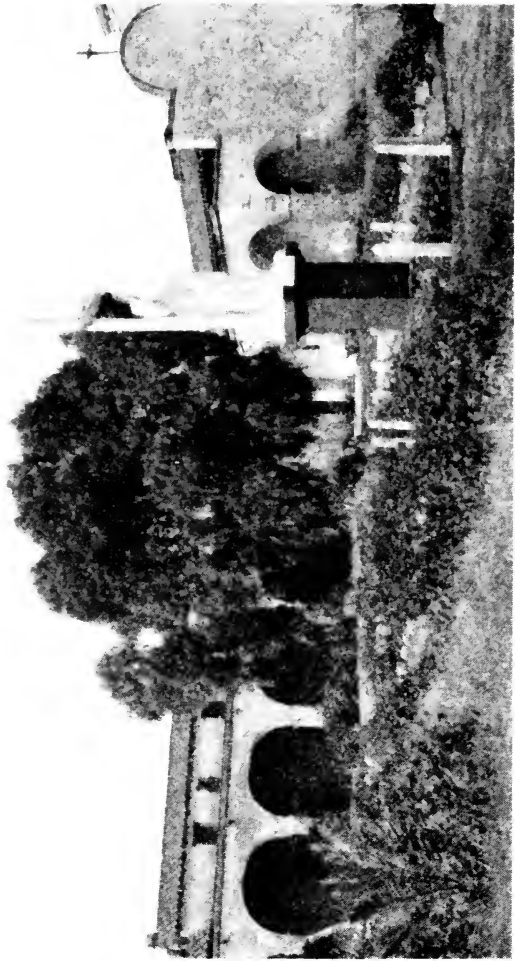
On Sunday afternoon we entered the state of California, and through my mind ran ever recurring thoughts; "this at last is California," land of my dreams, but not as I had pictured it, for instead of flowers and fruits, all I beheld was desert sand and

mesquite, interspersed with cactus, much the same land as that through which we had come farther east; but on entering Needles we saw many flowers and palms, and how hot it was there! Everybody, it seemed to me, was using fans in an effort to be comfortable. Fanning seemed to be the popular pastime of all.

For the benefit of some of my readers, who at any future time may contemplate a trip such as ours, I will give an extract of some "advice" given us along the road.

"It is advisable to fill all auto bags or canteens before leaving Needles for the trip across the desert. In the cooler weather, should leave Needles about four o'clock in the morning, and in the months of June, July, and August, should leave about four o'clock in the afternoon, and drive all night, in which case take lunch.

"Although the popular opinion among eastern tourists is that this stretch across the desert is one to be dreaded, as a matter of fact, it is one of the most pleasant portions of the trip. The sand is of a coarse nature, and not the least troublesome at any point and with the exception of crossing a few rough washes now and then, the whole trip is made in high gear.



CORNER OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION
Father Serra's monument in the foreground



“The tourist will also observe the auto road largely follows the railroad, with a section house every eight miles, where in the event of an accident to the machine, water, food, and shelter can be had. During the months of June, July, and August, it is preferable to make this trip at night; there being no vegetation the reflection of the moon makes it almost as light as day. No auto lights are necessary, while the atmosphere is much cooler. Enough small wood can be found to cook with.”

In commenting on this I would say not to depend on the section houses because they are not in the business of catering to tourists and therefore their stock of provisions is never any greater than their actual need, as it is not the easiest to keep food in fresh condition on the desert. But traveling across the desert by night is enjoyable, and not to be feared in the least.

Leaving Needles about seven o'clock in the evening we traveled on the Mohave desert until midnight; when feeling tired, we decided to rest a little, which we did, arising about three o'clock in the morning to resume the journey across the desert, taking breakfast at a Chinaman's place in one of the towns which constitute little India, consisting of the towns of Cadiz, Bagdad, and Ludlow. Much

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

the same country was traversed 'till reaching San Bernardino, where at once a noticeable change was evident, for here were the fruits and flowers of which I had dreamed; all the result of irrigation.

Continuing west over a good road we passed through numerous orange and lemon groves, and the little towns along the way seemed happy and prosperous. What one notices particularly are the beautiful and substantial school buildings everywhere.

Pasadena, a city very well known as the home of many millionaires, contains a number of large and handsome residences which are well kept and trim. The Busch sunken gardens are truly a work of art and admired by all.

PART TWO



PART TWO

California

OUR arrival in Los Angeles marked the completion of the first two weeks of this wonderful trip, during which time our appetites were stimulated, and the nights spent in the open were nights of perfect rest. The mornings always found us fresh and eager for the day, which was true of the trip from start to finish. A few days spent in Los Angeles permitted of the various drives around the city, Universal City included, which was a novel sight, but flower-bedecked Hollywood was appealing.

Los Angeles is supposed to have been settled by Spaniards in 1780, and was known as Pueblo de Los Angeles, or town of the angels, a name given by virtue of the excellent climate, and beauty of the surrounding country in which is a fertile valley, containing many vineyards, orange and lemon groves, and flowers and trees of all kinds.

El Camino Real, beautifully sign-posted all along with mission bells, which are marked, giving the distances between the principal towns, and directions to the Missions. The bells are placed

along the road, not merely as guide posts, but as testimonials to the work of the Franciscan Padres, pioneers in their work, and in the settlement of the coast lands. Of the bells, Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes has written an adaptation of Poe's "Bells."

The tragic history of the Missions is one of interest and a study separate in itself, romantic and historic. Its influence on early California settlement no one will deny. The old pictures and statues seen therein are credited with showing their original coloring, taken mostly from vegetable matter. The old Mission buildings with their quaint architecture speak very tenderly of the past, the broken past which will never be revived. One may almost picture the padres, walking through the cloisters, chanting as they go along their litany and office.

In the ruins of the Capistrano Mission are many evidences of the decorations that once were to be seen, but with the earthquake of 1812, and the ravages of time, much of the beauty of the Mission has been lost. In the foreground as you enter there stands a monument, erected to the memory of Father Serra, whose untiring efforts accomplished much.

Father St. John O'Sullivan, the present incumbent of the Mission, a man whose interest is in the



SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC



restoration of the crumbling remains of the glory that once was, has written a little booklet, called "Little Chapters," which is of help in explaining much that we know not of in relation to San Juan Capistrano; not a comprehensive history, he tells us, but a handbook of information for those who visit the place, and in the conclusion of which, he writes pathetically: "The Mission is in ruins; the Indians are no more; the pious padres are long since gone to their reward. The world which loves the flesh and the pride of life says and believes that the work was a failure, but in a sense that the world does not and cannot understand, the things they wrought will one day rise like a glorious sun over the ocean of eternity while the work of the worldling, which is now so proudly held up for the admiration of his fellow-man, will sink and disappear, like the sorry wreck of a ship, pounded to pieces on the treacherous rocks of time."

A strong valediction, but who can tell, perhaps they are justified.

Looking at the dreamy town of San Juan, and out onto the green and fertile valley, sloping west to the Pacific, towards what is known as La Boca de La Playa, one may see the prosperity that once reigned, and the happiness that all knew, though

I doubt if the town ever showed any activity, more than is seen at the present time, which is little enough.

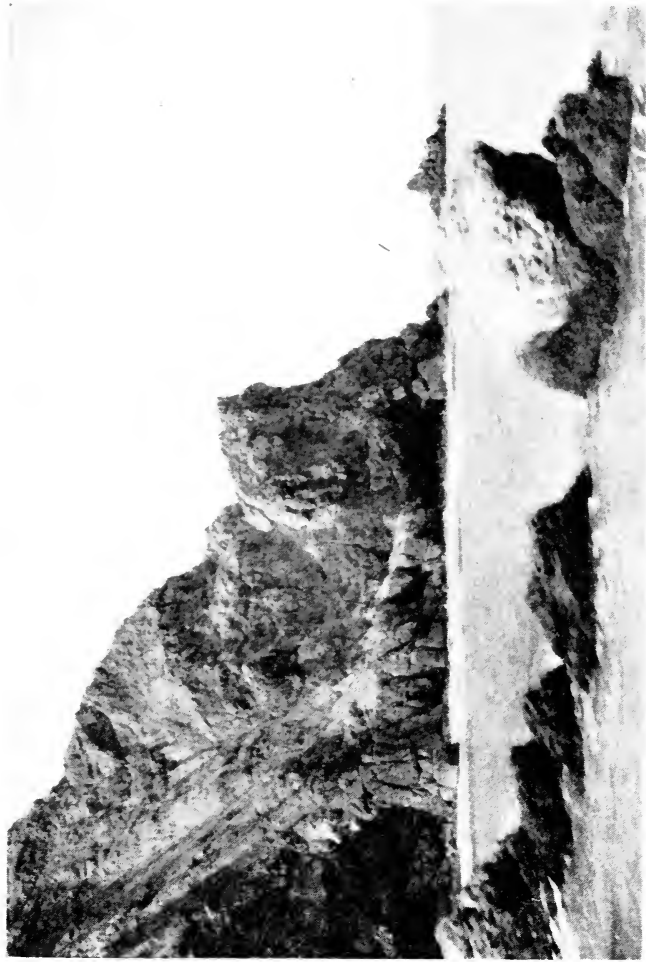
Of the early days Father O'Sullivan says:

The bull-fight took place in the plaza of the town, within an enclosure surrounded by high stakes which were driven into the ground and bound together by means of raw-hide strips.

Leaving the old mission behind, we traveled on through San Onorfe, Oceanside, Encinitas, commanding all the time a most compelling view of the tranquil waters of the Pacific.

It was late in the evening when reaching Del Mar; a pleasant hour was spent to allow of a delightful repast, after which we were on our way to San Diego. The Stratford Inn at Del Mar is one of those places which in trying to escape the confines of the city is eagerly sought after, and here in retreat, gazing on the sunsets of the Pacific day after day, never grow tired of the peaceful outlook. Efficient service is the watchword, and such is a boon to the tired tourist the world over.

Reaching San Diego by moonlight, not much was seen, but in the morning our chief point of interest was the Exposition, whither we went, and the quaint collection of buildings, Spanish in feature, at once held our attention together with the blending in color effect of the flowers and architecture.



SEAL ROCKS, CATALINA ISLAND

One feature of this Exposition that appealed to me, was the New Mexico building, and a residence such as this was, with the patio and courtyard, where one might retire in seclusion, and enjoy the quiet, is to be much admired and at the same time desired. This building is especially interesting, being a faithful reproduction of the great adobe Mission of the Indian pueblo of Acoma, built in 1699, modified of course to some extent.

A little journey into Tia Juana, Mexico, was the result of the inborn curiosity, of which all tourists have more or less to see this place; and I am of the opinion that were it not for the tourists from this country, there would not be much of this place left. The gambling places are operated by Americans, and entering a restaurant in an endeavor to find some Mexican chile, we were waited on by a Chinaman, who was the proprietor of the place. The reticence of the Mexican to discuss the political situation of their country is at once noticeable, and further inquiries are ineffectual, like trying to take the picture of an Indian, without paying him.

The Fuerta at the time was occupied by soldiers of General Villa, but who occupies it to-day is conjecture. From the assortment of the curio stores we did find one zerapa, which was so unusually attrac-

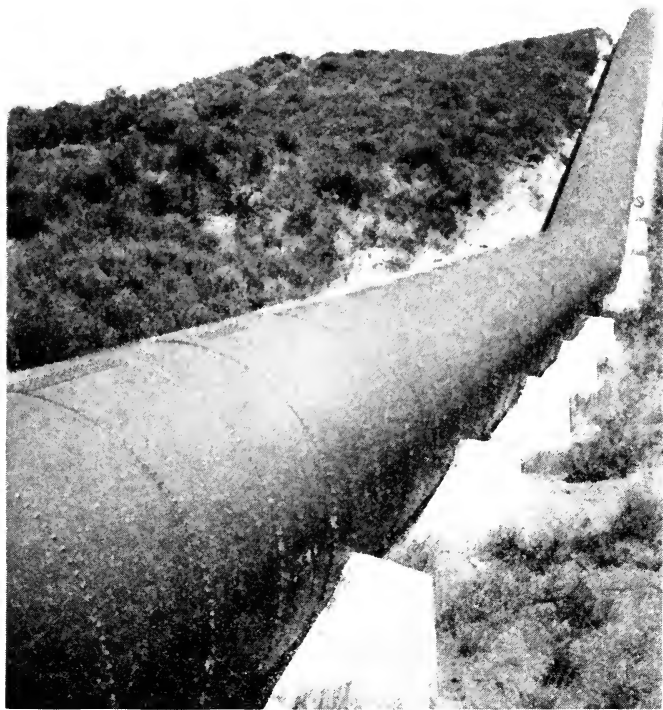
tive as to merit consideration and which was purchased without much hesitation, and is now one of the prized souvenirs of the trip.

Our tour of San Diego was incomplete without having seen the famous "Ramona's Marriage Place," and here with "H. H.'s" novel in mind, we visited the old "Estudillo Mansion," which is indeed a relic of former days, enclosed in which is a beautiful courtyard, resplendent with flowers and trees, and nearby is an old wishing well, which, no doubt, was at one time in great demand.

From the relics and paintings gathered together in the building, one may learn much of interest pertaining to the early history of California. A lovely view of Ramona's haunts, and Camulos Ranch is to be seen from the White Cross.

In the immediate vicinity is the old town, where we are told was the original landing place of Father Juniperro Serra, whose efforts resulted in the establishing of the Missions along the coast. Also here was planted the first palm in the state, which with other pieces of history, make the place one of unique interest.

One thing likable about Southern California is the even temperature and climate, the average mean being about 60 to 68.



PORTION OF THE OWEN'S ACQUEDUCT



RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

Taking a last beautiful view of Point Loma and the bay, we retraced our road north through La Jolla, skirting the water's edge, on a concrete road, which is followed while in San Diego county, a distance of sixty-eight miles north from the city.

Passing through lemon and orange groves and some walnut groves, we arrived in Santa Ana, detouring from there to Long Beach, from where we went the next morning to San Pedro, home of the great harbor, there taking the boat on a trip to Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, which was a change from the car, and every moment one of interest. An excursion in the glass-bottomed boat permitted of an excellent view of the submarine gardens. Looking at many things of much importance, under the water, was, to us from the prairie, a novelty. The sea-cucumber, a mixture of animal and vegetable life, is seen clinging to the rocks in the same manner as a shellfish, is used by the Chinese as a table delicacy, the method of preparation of which I am ignorant. Also the kelp from which is extracted potash. The various flowers of many tints, and the fish, chief of which are the golden perch and sardines, all are seen so very clearly and distinctly in their natural life. One can also see and admire the baby seals in their native rookery,

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

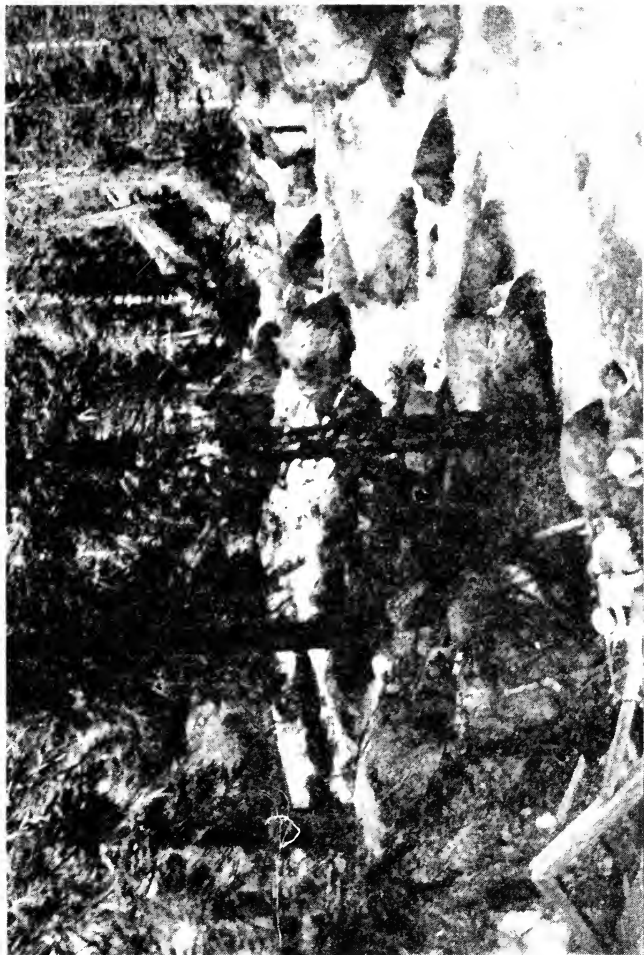
which is maintained on the island by the government.

The flying fish, seen flying in all directions, in their flight above the water, exhibit a great deal of gracefulness, especially at night when, with powerful searchlights turned on them, they present a picture peculiarly maritime, as they splash and sport around.

Of the flying-fish Thomas Moore has this to say:

When I have seen thy snow-white wing, from the blue wave at
evening spring
And show those scales of silvery white, so gayly to the eye of
light,
As if thy frame were formed to rise, and live amid the glorious
skies;
Oh, it has made me proudly feel, how like thy wings' impatient
zeal
Is the pure soul that rests not, pent within this gross world's
element,
But takes the wing that God has given, and rises into light and
heaven.

But when I see that wing so bright, grow languid with a moment's
flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain, and sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er; like thee awhile the soul may
soar,
But erring man must blush to think, like thee again the soul
may sink.



A MOUNTAIN STREAM, SIERRA NEVADA.



RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

How truly the poet describes the flying-fish, and how vivid the contrast!

One of the memories of the day was the sunset on the Pacific, on our return to the mainland. That indeed was something to behold, and to touch the hearts of us. The gradual disappearance of the great ball of fire as it slowly sank into the west, and the ever-increasing coloring and reflection on the water, rippling and golden, held my attention so that all else was oblivious for the time being. I have seen and watched many beautiful sunsets on the prairie, especially in the fall of the year, but never anything to equal that sunset on the Pacific, slowly, slowly fading and growing dusker till all shade of coloring was lost in the inky blackness of night.

When the shadows of night fell we were on our way back to the city once more, where a few days more were indulged in admiring the beauties of Los Angeles, 'neath the magnolias and the palms, which in turn were soon displaced in the admiration of something else.

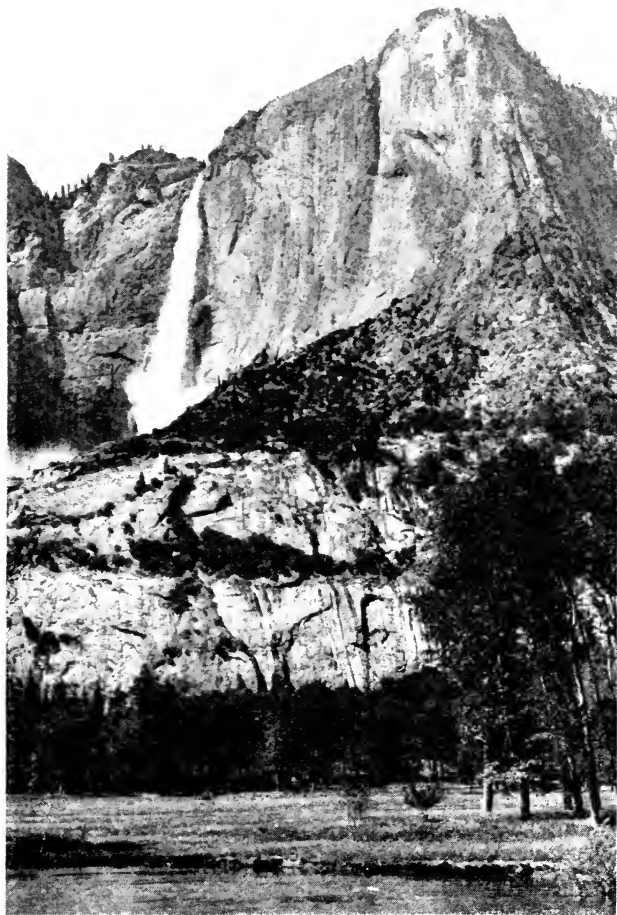
A favorite place while in the city was Christopher's, where we found rest and comfort when tired and hungry, and characteristic features of the place were politeness and courtesy.

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

So, bidding good-bye to flower-bedecked Hollywood, we started once more; this time in a northerly direction to San Francisco. Following the beaten trail to San Fernando, where an inspection of the Sylmor Olive Plant was irresistible. This place is a 2,000 acre ranch, and is the largest olive grove in the world under one management. It contains 100,000 trees, the tract being laid out in blocks with an avenue sixty feet wide around each block. It is readily seen where the name is derived from—Sylmor, meaning “sea of trees.”

Later, in making a detour, an attempt to go by way of the San Francisquito canyon was unsuccessful, and on learning of trouble ahead, we turned back a long distance rather than take chances on a strange road. The next attempt was more successful, and going by way of Boquet Canyon, Bailey's was reached that night, where a comfortable stay was made. From here, next morning we continued on through Tejon Pass, and at Rose Station just beyond is a large ranch owned by General Otis, where much of his time is spent.

Arriving in Bakersfield we were at once impressed with the enormity of the Kern River oil-fields, a very good view of which is seen from and leaving the town.



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, YOSEMITE

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

Visiting at the Italian-Swiss Colony at Kingsburgh, on the road to Fresno, invitation was extended to taste some of their excellent wines.

Inquiries at Fresno convinced us that it was unnecessary to go to Merced, so taking the Wawona road through such old-time places as Bates, O'Neals Coarse Gold, Fresno Flats, and Fish Camp, where is a delightful spot for camping, in fact a camping paradise, and after a late breakfast, proceeded to the Mariposa Big Trees. Here, indeed, are trees well deserving of the title "Big," known as the Sequoia Gigantea, chief of which is the "Grizzly Giant," a tree aged many centuries, measuring 204 feet in height, despite the fact that much of its top has been destroyed, and 30 feet in diameter. This in company with other large giants of the forest, all of which are named after some person well known, and for each state, make a visit to the Grove one of deep interest. Then there are such trees appropriately named, such as Telescope Tree, which is hollowed out in such a manner as to permit looking through to the top, the Faithful Couple, growing side by side, inch by inch, the same in height and appearance.

A quotation from Scribner's Magazine of early date, says:

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

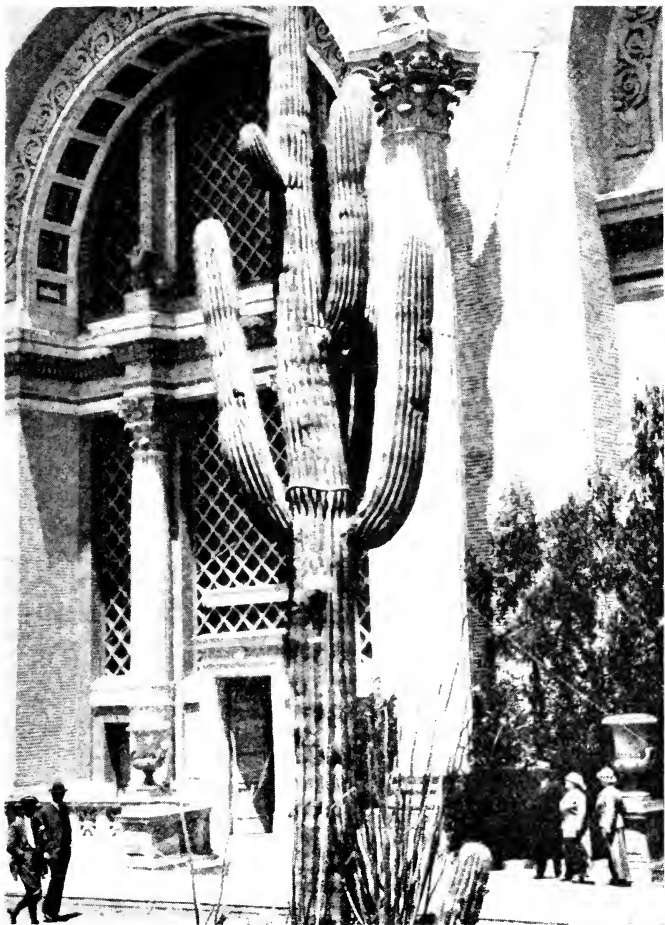
The waving of a forest of Giant
Sequoias is indescribably sublime.

These trees, in company with the valley, have been the subject of much research and exploration, scientific and historical, by such men as Galen Clark, the beloved, John Muir, and others of note, poets and lovers of nature, all.

Our first view of the valley was late in the afternoon, when on Inspiration Point, we beheld for the first time the Bridal Veil Falls, as the sun sinking on the opposite side cast a reflection on the falls, and with the wild spray gently blown by the wind, resembled a piece of colored chiffon floating in the breeze, so iridescent was the effect. Looking down into the valley far below, one may readily see where the names, Artists' View and Inspiration Point are justified, for there is beauty and coloring to inspire any artist.

At this point we would like to have dallied longer, but the steep descent before us was not one to be chanced after dark.

The valley proper was a surprise to us; there is so much more there than one expects to see. The tranquillity of the place is impressive, and a conviviality and freedom reigns, into the spirit of which one at once enters. Tramping around or



GIANT CACTUS AT THE EXPOSITION

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

following the trails on reliable burros many are busy seeing the various points of interest, and when night comes, after listening to some of the many lectures given by the photographers, one is ready to lay down and sleep the night through, waking in the morning feeling refreshed and ready for the day. In the valley there is a great deal to attract one's attention, chief of which is Mirror Lake, for mirrored in the placid waters of the lake the reflection of everything around is perfect, and seen in the early morning at sunrise, is one of the memories of the trip. And then, such places as Happy Isles, El Capitan, and others are prominent features of interest, the various spires and rock projections lending a grotesque enchantment to the place. Then there are trails to ride, mountains to climb, and the doings of the Sierra Club gives one an idea of how much is possible without going to Europe.

A book which I enjoy reading is "Yosemite and its High Sierras," written by John H. Williams, in which are many lovely illustrations.

On one large stone there I counted seventeen holes, or grist-mills, made and used by the Indians in grinding corn. Whether they were all in use at one time or not I cannot say, but if they were, it must have been a busy place at the time.

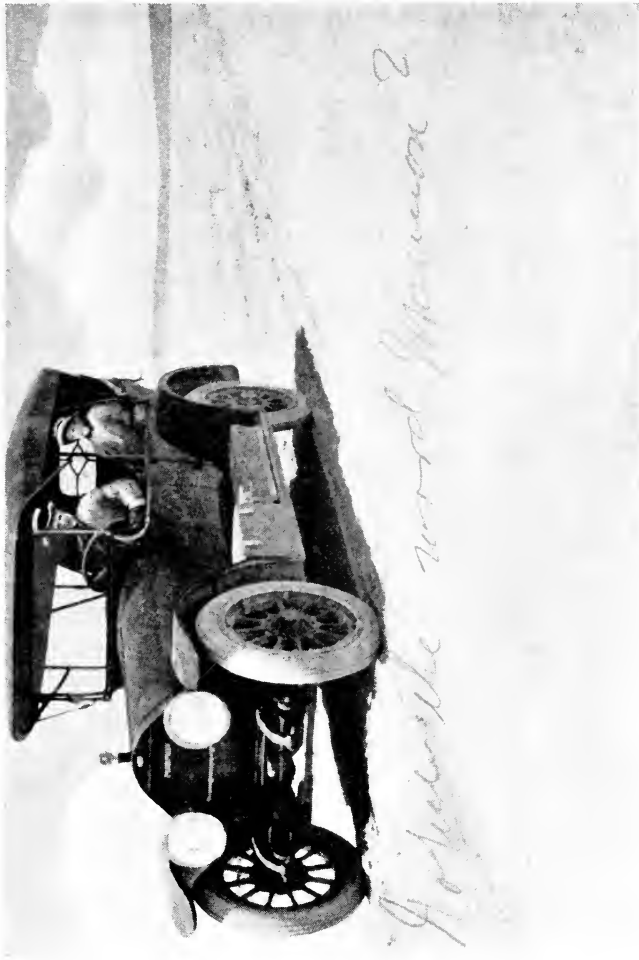
RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

Getting out of Yosemite is much similar to going in, that is, there are a like amount of grades to overcome before reaching the flats, which of course one does not mind when the roads are in good shape.

Going by way of Big Oak Flat road we passed through the Tuolumne Grove, where there was a large tree, through the center of which we drove the car. Thence to Chinese Camp and Knights Ferry, French Camp, and Tracy, relics of olden days. Somewhere between Groveland and Jacksonville there is a very steep decline, a remarkable piece of engineering, on which with the ignition shut off, we coasted for ten miles.

While attempting to cross Livermore Pass by night, we were unfortunate in encountering a very severe sandstorm, such as to make further traveling impossible, so turning back, we stayed at Tracy overnight, from where we proceeded on to San Francisco next day. Before reaching Oakland, it was our pleasure to discover a lovely little place called Canyon Inn, near Dublin Canyon, where hungry autoists are made welcome, the service being individual and all that one would wish for.

Arrived in the city, a number of days were devoted to the first point of interest, the Exposition, which to attempt to write of would take too much



Spokane the road to Moscow 2

ON THE SALT FLATS, NEVADA

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

space, and besides the advertisers have taken care of that, I will merely mention that we enjoyed everything there to the fullest extent.

One thought which comes home to visitors in the city, is the courage and optimism with which the city was rebuilt in the face of the awful calamity of 1906. In a tour of San Francisco, it is no difficult task to picture the desolation and sorrow through which the victims went, and the destruction wrought at the time.

Chinatown is more or less disappointing as compared with that which existed before the fire, but a night of fun and interest was spent in exploring this section of the city.

The Exposition grounds seen by night, when the buildings and grounds lighted in all their glory, are an alluring sight, and can be seen for many miles.

In a comparison of the two Expositions, it is conceded that the one of San Diego is in character more of a local affair, featuring as it does the products of California, but which nevertheless is educational and brings to mind the possibilities of what can and is being accomplished in that country.

A visit to the Golden Gate Park, The Presidio,

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

Seal Rocks, and some downtown buildings completed the stay in San Francisco, and eager to be on the highway once more, we made our departure, starting homeward.

PART THREE

EAST ON THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

California
Nevada
Utah
Wyoming

PART THREE

*East on the Lincoln Highway — California, Nevada,
Utah and Wyoming*

EMERGING from Livermore Pass, the wonderful San Joaquin valley was entered once again, and the glorious fields of grain were pleasing to behold.

Near Sacramento a new system of mining is in operation, of which this is said: "It is within the last three years that Sacramento has come to the fore as a gold producer. This is due to a new method of mining-dredging, which has made it profitable to work deposits previously having practically no commercial value. In 1900 the county's gold output was \$176,007, which in 1908 passed the million mark." And again we read: "With the gold removed from the land along the rivers, the soil is turned into agricultural land," all of which is part of a reclamation scheme.

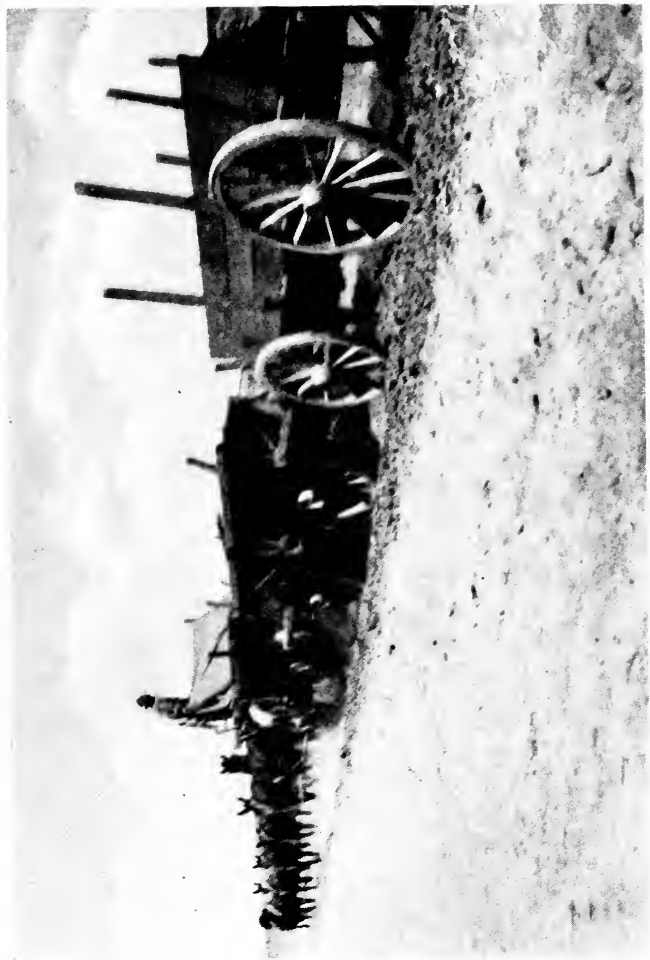
Placerville, on the way to Lake Tahoe, formerly known as Hangtown, was the next stop, and exploited as being the center of much mining activity, when all the country was in the throes of excitement over the reported discoveries of gold, and

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

the magnet which attracted much immigration to this section of the United States many years ago, when miners either grew rich, or scattered their bones along the wayside, in their wild fever to find the precious stuff. Places and scenes made familiar to us by Bret Harte may be conjectured; in fancy we picture the novelist as he wandered about the mining camps for three years, analyzing the life and conditions of the miners. Much of the old-time appearance still exists, despite the progress made.

Arriving at Al Tahoe late at night we did not see much of the lake till next morning, when we were up bright and early, to see the beauty of the lake by sunrise. A boat ride around the lake and Emerald Bay, and the drive along the west side to Tahoe Tavern gave us an unexcelled view of this magnificent body of water, which is about twenty-five miles long, and twelve or thirteen miles wide, and created in us a desire to return at some future time.

Lake Tahoe in point of scenery and grandeur is one of the prettiest of its size in the country. In the clearness, the purity of the water, there is a charm at once appealing to the finer sense. The location is ideal, and the many happy idle hours



TRANSPORT OF THE DESERT

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

spent 'neath the pines, were whole-souled hours of rest and content, for, to quote Moore;

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone.

Round about are many smaller lakes, forming as it were a circle in the center of which is the larger lake, each individually attractive, and the mountain streams, sources of which are the many snow-capped mountains, visible in all directions, looming large against the sky-line, from which the snow trickles, trickles, never failing in its abundant supply, till gradually growing larger it rushes wildly to river and lake.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.—*Tennyson.*

Situated as it is at an altitude of 6,200 feet one will always find it cool and refreshing. The natural element of the lake, the fact that the place is not infested with curio stores will appeal to many tourists, who have seen these curio stores and purveyors of trinkets in almost every quarter of the globe.

It was with reluctance that we bade good-bye to Lake Tahoe, to continue the journey over Dog

Valley road to Reno, going through much timber, a scarcity of which was noticeable from Reno going east, also a change in soil was evident, for here we again encountered desert lands, much of which is under cultivation, and the roads being graded are very bad and choppy, being sadly in need of attention between Hazen and Fallon. No time can be made as there is erious danger of dismembering the car, if care is not used in driving. Apart from this the rest of the Lincoln Highway over which we traversed is good traveling when dry. Why roads are allowed to get into such disrepair I fail to see, and why the business men cannot see that it is to their advantage to keep them up, and in good shape for travel. Surely the trade of the tourist is worth appreciating, and such in any section of the country is many times the small amount required in the upkeep of the roads, and where one experiences trouble in getting over bad roads, he will not fail in acquainting fellow travelers with the condition of the road ahead, and when possible an optional route is taken. And while on this subject it is well to mention the lack of service and system characteristic of many garages encountered along the highways of all states. The sale of gasoline and oil would seem to be the hardest work



OLD CHINATOWN, EUREKA

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

which they are willing to do. There is indeed much room for systematization along this line of work, for many of the men are incompetent and careless. Then on the other hand, we have pleasant memories of other garages, where courtesy and skilled workmanship were much in evidence. These are the people to whom tourists will return in future, and be sure of satisfaction.

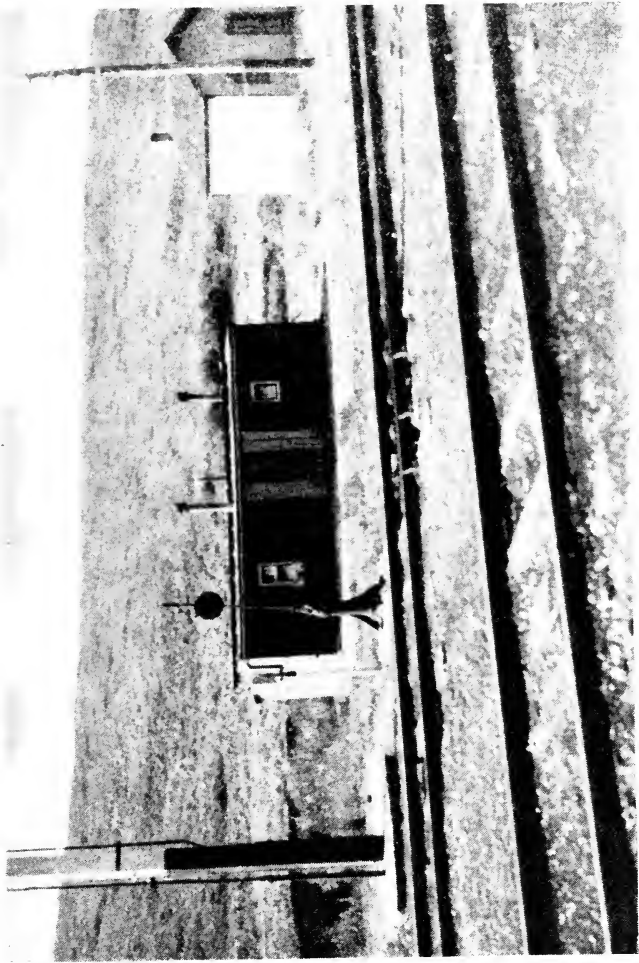
One experience of much moment was ours, east of Fallon between Salt Wells and Sand Springs, on what is known as the eight-mile flat, forming part of the Carson sink, where five hours of honest toil were spent, extricating the car from the mud. This flat is a peculiar piece of ground, being covered at all times with about an inch of crusted salt, resembling a blanket of snow, being white, but underneath is very treacherous, and if one should happen to leave the beaten track, trouble is in store, for even in walking one's shoes will sink three or four inches at each step. Only in keeping on the beaten track can one feel secure in crossing, and had we known this previously, much trouble might have been avoided, but the time spent there was not lost by any means, for we learned much of the peculiarities of the soil beneath, which is supposed to be influenced by an underground tide of some

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

description; certain it is that there is a great deal of sub-surface moisture.

Our maiden efforts at extricating the car from difficulty were futile, and troubles might have been worse had we not had instructions as to the best means of getting out, by one who confessed to having been in the same predicament at least a dozen times, and getting out to him was a science, accomplished by jacking the wheels and building underneath them a foundation of rock, the only kind near being lava-rock, until, resting firmly on a level basis with those on the opposite side, the car started without further trouble, and once started, we did not stop till landing safely on the other side. However, we noticed one car which had started to take a short cut across, and knowing the occupants' fate, if they continued, went back and helped them out.

Eastgate was the objective point for that night, where after a very hearty meal, made possible by the exercise of the day, we turned in and enjoyed an unusually good night's sleep. At Eastgate was a wonderful example of the results of irrigation, for situated in the desert as it is, it boasts of a very fine truck garden, where are raised vegetables of all kinds, and surrounded by large shade trees,



OUR SLEEPING QUARTERS ONE NIGHT, WYOMING

1898

1899

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

1908

1909

1910

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918

1919

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

make it a veritable oasis in the desert, by which name it is known.

Going upgrade, we arrived in Austin at noon. Continuing to Eureka, winding over hills and flats, where are to be seen many diggings, or prospectors' holes, large and small, all in the heart of a good mining country. What fortunes and failures have resulted in the search for gold and what romance, one may conjure in regard to these places! Of the town of Eureka this is especially true for there the large iron doors and windows, the underground passages, and the buildings, now dilapidated, make clear the life and prosperity once enjoyed by this town.

The old mine at Eureka, now closed and deserted, has paid in dividends something like seventy millions. All is now history and nothing remains but scrap. Old Chinatown is peculiarly interesting, and a relic of former days, with its sidewalk constructed so that it rests on the top of old barrels.

On to Ely the road continues winding over mountain ranges, none of which are difficult but giving splendid views of the surrounding country.

Throughout this part of Nevada, one finds many long stretches of uninhabited land which is the bug-bear of many tourists, though at no time is it impossible to obtain water for the engine, but all

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

water is not fit for drinking, so it is well to be supplied with drinking water at all times.

Gasoline is also higher all along the way here, which is not to be wondered at when one sees the freighting teams of ten to sixteen horses and mules used, all of which have to feed en route, and the branch train service is not of the best.

At Ely, a live town, is located one of the largest copper mines in existence at the present day. From information given us by the superintendent, we learned that fourteen pounds of copper to the ton was the average production of this large pit, and in the process of refining, about \$30,000 worth of the stuff was an absolute loss, per annum.

The Ely Auto Club are accomplishing much good road work and are to be congratulated on their achievement.

About forty miles east of Ely, the Shelbourne Pass was crossed, on the summit of which we camped for the night.

Going through Overland Canyon, on the bed of a creek, we first glimpsed the Great American Desert ahead, which in appearance resembled a large white lake, nestling close to the mountains of azure, the contrast between which make a picture, never to be forgotten.



BALANCED ROCK, GARDEN OF THE GODS

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

How very deceptive in appearance is the desert, the great resemblance to water luring many a weary traveler in earlier days, the days of search for water in vain, lured by the mirage, only to die with parched lips; such has been the fate of many, the world over.

Callao and Kearney's Ranch were soon passed, the latter being a well-known stopping place for travelers across the desert, and Fish Springs was reached over a stretch of very poor road.

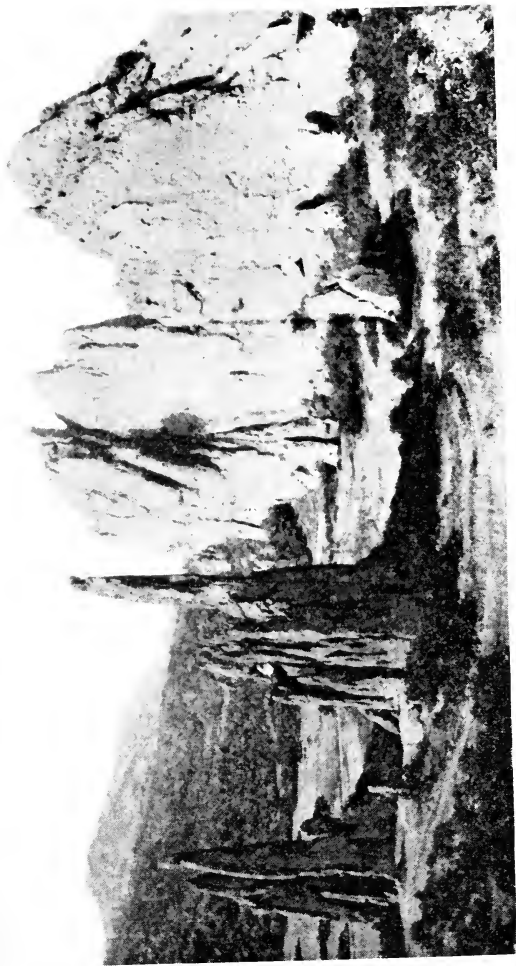
At Fish Springs we made the acquaintance of Mr. Thomas, a man of benignity, now the proprietor of the place, who was at one time a stage driver. In the course of our conversation, he informed us that the place was at one time a Wells Fargo station, and had been honored by the presence of such men as Horace Greeley and Mark Twain in their overland journeys.

The house, store and sleeping quarters nestle closely together, and are a welcome sight to those who have once been there, for Mr. Thomas, in company with his bachelor cook, will see that all are satisfied before leaving, and their efforts are appreciated by all. There is always nice fresh water in the cooler, hanging under the tree. This is where there are stretches of from forty to sixty miles without water of any kind.

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

Being a nice moonlight evening, we continued on our way, for, from Fish Springs east, after skirting around the hills for some miles, the actual crossing on the desert takes place, where good time can be made for a number of miles, the ground being level and smooth, but we noticed that some car had crossed when it was muddy and soft, making a deep rut which had dried, in which condition the trail remains for the season. The evening drive was very beautiful, revealing to us the magical beauties of a desert sunset, where the shades and shadows formed and faded until all was as one dusky hue, in the formation of which distance played an important part. Camp was pitched that night on the desert sands, where it was difficult to find a spot solid enough to drive the stakes, but finally managed to do so.

Orr's Ranch and Brown's Ranch were quickly passed next morning and a short stay at Iosepa was disappointing. This place is a Hawaiian village, and being interested in these people, expected to meet some of the natives there, but evidently they were all at work as none were in sight except a few children; so continuing we arrived in Salt Lake City, showing much the effects of having crossed the desert. Were it not for the car, I doubt if our friends would have recognized us.



GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

Having heard and read much of Mormonism, Salt Lake proved interesting, unusually so, even though time was limited, our information was stimulated, and, I may say more accurate on leaving than on our arrival.

The Temple, the Tabernacle, and grounds are worthy of attention, even though there are differences of opinion as to what Mormonism really stands for, in the pursuance of their creed. Being neither a disciple nor an exponent, I shall not enter into a discussion as to the influence exerted by their teaching; but this is sure, great credit is due the Mormons, who early emigrated to this section, and the work performed by them in cultivating and settling the district, then so barren and desolate. In the cultivation and irrigation of those lands, they have built a monument, outlasting all else. Many hardships were endured by them in their efforts, but theirs was the kind that endures, and so they live and prosper, at peace with their neighbors of different sects.

The width of the streets, which present a very comfortable appearance, together with the beautiful shade trees, typical of all Mormon settlements, make a city very much admired and attractive.

No visit to this part of the country is complete

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

without an outing in the lake, to which we were no exception, so with our bathing suits and the inevitable kodak, thither we went, but the kodak was not permitted, the point of which we saw when the professional asked us if we would not have our pictures taken.

The lake is 22 per cent salt, so that a human body will float without effort, and for those who enjoy floating, this is the place. I may mention that my first act on entering the water was to duck my head, and as a result, it was a very long time ere I could comfortably open my eyes.

The location of the lake has some bearing on the original settlement of the Mormons there. History says that Brigham Young, beholding the great valley through Emigration Canyon, announced that here would be a new Zion, in the memorable words, "This is the place."

Leaving Salt Lake City we proceeded to Evanston by way of Ogden, but not being fortunate in getting an early start, were caught in a heavy rain storm about ten o'clock that night, and with difficulty reached Castle Rock, where, expecting to find a town or settlement of some description, were disappointed, and through the courtesy of the night despatcher, we spent the night in a box-car, fitted



OIL DERRICK, NORTHERN OKLAHOMA

up by him for living quarters, which was a welcome relief from the prospect of spending the night in the open, it being too wet to put up the tent.

By morning the rain had subsided, and not much trace of it was left, as the ground dries very quickly, proceeded to Evanston, where, being the Monday after the Fourth of July, celebrations were being held, and we now realized that the mining country had been left behind, being displaced by ranching, as evidenced by the nature of the celebration, which consisted chiefly of cow-boy performances. From a distance of many miles they were assembled here to perform on exhibition that which was part of everyday life not so very long ago, and in their chaps and silk shirts, made a very gay and festive showing. Evidently they were enjoying themselves, and providing much entertainment for those assembled, to witness the performance.

Evanston to Rock Springs was through much desolate country, and Rock Springs was reached over a good road from Green River in time to witness a display of fireworks, closing event of the day. Around Rock Springs is evidently much of the same class of country, which does not even look like good ranching, but from Rawlins east, a change is perceptible, which is gradual, until very good ranching is soon seen.

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Twenty miles from Rawlins is crossed the "Devil's Backbone," which is truly a sierra—a Spanish word the meaning of which is a saw—projecting from and rising above the ground like the fin of a fish, and farther, the Divide is crossed, all of which are easy grades.

On through Laramie to Cheyenne are good roads, and midway is crossed the Continental Divide at an altitude of 8,000 feet, on the top of which stands a large monument, and where is also to be seen large granite formation in the natural state. Leaving the summit, Cheyenne is within easy reach.

Cheyenne, the capital of Wyoming, built on a broad open plain at an altitude of about 6,000 feet, old-time king of cow-towns, is heeding the voice of progress and the day of the six-shooter is over. The cowboys are gradually adopting other methods of earning a living and ex-cowpunchers are everywhere.

PART FOUR

HOMEWARD BOUND

Colorado
Kansas
Oklahoma

PART FOUR

Homeward Bound — Colorado, Kansas, and Oklahoma

CHANGING again the direction of travel and going south with Colorado Springs as our objective point, we stopped at Greeley for lunch, finding much of interest in this unique settlement, the country adjacent to which is watered by the South Platte and its various tributaries. Greeley, a very progressive city, was founded about the year 1870, on ideals of the late Horace Greeley, and unlike other communities founded on idealistic theories, still survives. Here are located beet sugar factories, which represent an investment of about three million dollars, which take care of the immense beet production of the surrounding country.

Continuing, we soon reached the "city of the plains," scene of great mining activity, both formerly and now.

Denver is a very interesting city, historically and commercially, and it will be a pleasure to visit this city at some future time, when our minds will not have been surfeited with so much previous scenery, and objects of interest; so, not stopping long, we reached Palmer Lake that night.

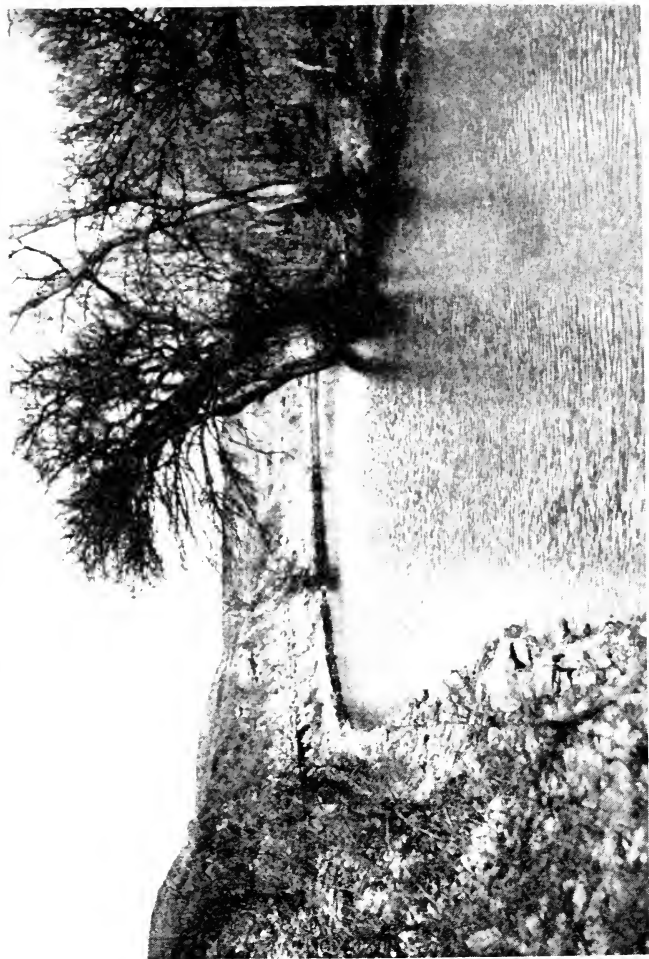
RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

It was late when arriving at Pine Crest Inn; little could be seen, but something seemed to whisper of the mountains, sublime and grand, and with a feeling of hearts content, we slept the night through, awaking in the morning to behold the retreat, the simple quietness that was there; and, peering through the trees on the hillside, we could see the many cottages and bungalows, all under the same management, none of which are unoccupied during the season. A wholesome breakfast, such as one might expect on the farm, with everything fresh, followed by a cool plunge in the natatorium, left in us pleasant memories of our stay there.

Twenty miles of magnificent mountain scenery is to be had on the drive from Palmer Lake to Colorado Springs which, in conjunction with Colorado City and Manitou, is one of the popular resorts of the country. The lovely drives around, the trip to Pike's Peak, the Garden of the Gods, Cripple Creek, and others, make this the center of some of the most complete scenic trips possible.

Colorado Springs being very cosmopolitan, one may find friends there from almost anywhere, all seeking the variety of attractions.

The majestic altars of nature, visible from there, rising high to the heavens, crowned with snow as if



PASTORAL SCENERY, PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA.

RAMBLES ON OVERLAND TRAILS

to complete the beauties of nature, are nowhere to be compared, and as twilight spreads her mantle of haze, which reflects softly by moonlight, how grand and sublime seem the domes, the great domes of silence.

What a medley of strange rock formations, canyons and mineral springs in this picturesque region of wonder and charm; and, on climbing some of the high points, there is stretched before them, rolling far away to the east, the mighty plains, fertile and grand, presenting a picture of wonderful color formation, from the red clay to the green fields of alfalfa, and the golden grain waving in its glory as one mighty sea.

Pueblo, historic old spot, has been the camping grounds of many notable expeditions into the western country, and now an important manufacturing center, from where we found the road east very rough and uncomfortable, was passed through to La Junta which we reached after going through Rocky Ford, the place famed for its cantaloupes, and watermelons, due to which there is a day set aside as watermelon day.

La Junta to Syracuse and Dodge City was a journey of two days, the roads being fair and yet better than many over which we had traveled.

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This section of the country is very rich in early history.

At Las Animas, Colonel Pike first glimpsed the famous peak that now bears his name. Conflicts have taken place, in which have figured Americans, Spaniards, French, Indians of many tribes, and citizens of the Republic of Texas, which make it an almost sacred ground, dear to the hearts of many. It is not so very many years ago since traveling over the trails was not very safe and attended with danger, and not a day passed without reported hostilities of some kind, whether by outlaws or hostile Indians, it was all the same.

Fort Lyon, near Las Animas, used as a hospital for consumptive soldiers, where Kit Carson was brought during his last illness, in May, 1868, dying from the rupture of an artery in the neck, is named in honor of General Lyon, who fell in the battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri.

Dodge City, at one time a popular trading post in buffalo hides and meat and one of the largest shipping points for Texas cattle, near where is Old Fort Dodge, established by General Dodge in 1864, was for ten years a government fort, when it became a soldiers' home, where 275 veterans are cared for by the state.

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East of Dodge City are Great Bend, Larned, Pawnee Rock, and Kinsley, all of which we passed going out from Hutchinson, and the ruins of old Fort Zarah, of each of which there are tales of adventure and frontier life to tell, and have been visited by such men as Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Generals R. E. Lee and Hancock.

From Dodge City, but a short run was necessary to take us across the line into Oklahoma, and after nine weeks' absence, we were almost at home once more, with everybody feeling well and happy, renewed in vigor both mentally and physically, and the car none the worse for wear; among the wheat-fields, the corn-fields, and the oil-fields, which with the many derricks, dotted here and there, evidence of prosperity, were good to see, and presented once more a picture of the local resources, a change from the wheat-fields of the plains of Kansas.

To all who can do so, let me presume to recommend a trip in the open, the longer the better, as an antidote to living indoors the year round, and an interest taken in passing events will be justified in the knowledge gained, of which no previous idea had been maintained.

At some future time I look forward with pleasure to a tour of California which will permit of more

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thorough exploration of the beauties of that state. For instance, the trip on El Camono Real, from Mission to Mission, slowly, leisurely, becoming acquainted with the beautiful legends and history connected therewith, than with what is actually to be seen at the present day, for in their history lay the charm and romance which appeals to one so.

There is much to be seen in this great country of ours, and those who think they know the United States, have something more to learn, which is reasoned by the fact, that the more one learns, the less he knows; a paradoxical theory maintained by many eminent scholars, who are untiring in their efforts to learn.

In "Unguarded Gates," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, one will find, expressed in sentiment, the wide range of varieties found in this great land of America.

During the trip, the various sections, irrigating, mining, ranching, dry-farming, oil-fields, fruit, and timber lands, all so different one from the other, and the various types of cacti, and wild flowers, so different from what one might expect, from preconceived ideas, all hold your attention and interest. One of the prettiest flowers seen anywhere, is the bloom of the cactus, varying in shade from

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yellow to orange, contrasting as they do with the dreary waste of sand and mesquite, of which so much is seen.

Occasionally in the quiet of the evenings, a reminiscence of the trip is indulged in, and a source of pleasure derived therefrom, and a wistfulness for other places comes in my mind, bringing to mind the lines of Goldsmith:

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know.

So ends an account of our trip, a pleasant outing of about six thousand miles, which being written from memory, I hope will find a welcome among readers and if, in the reading, one enjoys what I have tried to write, then indeed I am satisfied and well repaid, for that was my idea in writing of this trip, to bring home to the minds of my readers, some of the grandeur and beauty, typical of the great outdoors, of which I have always been an ardent admirer.

One word more in conclusion, I have been asked many questions as to the effect of the sun and winds. In view of the fact that we suffered no inconvenience from sunburn, I may say that the delightful calmness of the evening more than compensates for the hot, dirty winds of the day.









Handwritten text, possibly "C. W. M."

