

## GLIMPSES OF THE GOLDEN WEST

McClellan Barris (1865-1948)

Transcribed, edited, and annotated by

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I never shall forget the first glimpse I got of California. Soon after our train left Needles [California] and had been sidetracked for some reason, I awoke from the reclining chair and drew the curtain aside, and saw in the brilliant moonlight (for it was very early dawn) an exceedingly large and well-kept lawn, with palm trees, waving their great leaves in the gentle breeze that was blowing. There were other trees, shrubs and strange plants of various kinds in great numbers and the well-kept walks, curved and wound their way through the well-arranged landscape until lost to the eye in the dense foliage. Taken all together, I believe it to be the most impressive landscape scene I ever saw.

After an hour or so, our train was allowed to proceed. As daylight came, we saw many grand and magnificent views not to be forgotten. . . . Because of our long delay, we arrived at Dinuba about 10 o'clock P.M. The night being dark, we could not see much of the town, but I remember upon stepping from the auto that brought us from the train the first thing I saw was a rag doll laying in the crotch of a tree – this recalls to my memory the first glance of Dinuba.

The next morning, Mr. Borthwick [Elmer Borthwick (1878-?), the son of one of the author's sisters] drove us to "Barris Hill" where I found my brother, Emery [1847-1934], superintending road-making in various curves and circles on his ranch. The orange trees were loaded with fruit, nearly ready to pick, and they were very handsome indeed, as were also the grapefruit, the olives, pomegranates, and the many flowers of various lines that line the roadway. The large reservoirs on the hill (for irrigation purposes) and the spacious wigwam for picnic parties made a romantic and enchanting scene not to be forgotten, while at the foot of the hill stood the cozy residence of E. Barris. Far to the north rose the rugged rocks of Hayden Heights, where many people gather on Easter morn at dawn to sing praises to their Maker as the sun rises above the night and distant mountains.

We returned to Dinuba and stayed that night. The next day we moved to Barris Hill and from then

on we went and came, and came and went Heaven knows where, but always enjoying ourselves and returning to the house of E. Barris on "Barris Hill". We took many, many brief trips and perhaps from the many I can select a few that I can record some things that may be of interest. While they were all interesting, some are more vivid in my memory than others.

I think the first trip was to Reedley for dinner. It seemed strange at first to go eight or nine miles for lunch, but I soon got used to it. We took many trips for the same purpose, to Dinuba, Fresno, and other places.

#### FIRST TRIP TO EMERY'S MOUNTAIN RANCH

A few days before Xmas 1917 we were eating dinner when the telephone rang. Emery says "Hello", and a voice from the mountains says "Someone is stealing Xmas trees from your ranch." That was enough – up went the receiver, and Mr. Barris says to Mac [the author] and Mrs. Barris "We are going to the mountains this afternoon – see that potato bread and other eatables are properly packed –" which we did after hurriedly finishing our dinner.

Starting at one P.M., we arrived at Dinuba with a soft tire which we had to get fixed, and we started for the mountains at 1:40 P.M. Everything went well for many miles as our "Dodge" (auto) followed the winding road through the foothills and up the mountainside, until, when crossing a small stream, the fuel line of the auto broke, causing a leakage of gasoline. Not realizing that more [gasoline] could be procured in the mountains, I began hustling around for something to catch it in. But being assured there were plenty of stations to get more, I quieted down, and we watched Mexicans making a road on the other side of the stream while Emery fixed the leak. In twenty minutes, we were on our way again. No more trouble until we got to the "widows", where there was another delay. Just what the trouble was I don't know, but one thing was certain: the auto was all right.

The rest of the trip was mostly in the dark, enlivened by stories of autos rolling down the mountainside, of bandits, and highwaymen robbing tourists.

We arrived at Emery's mountain ranch about seven P.M., formally took possession, and, after a short delay, had a fine supper of bacon, fried potatoes, bread and butter, etc. After supper when the dishes were washed, we were introduced to another building nearby containing a huge fireplace, in which a warm

fire was built. We popped corn and visited until we were tired. Then we went to bed.

In the morning after breakfast, Emery showed us around his ranch, while looking for trace of X-mas tree stealing. However, the trees had been disturbed but very little. We saw where the great logs had been sawed into lumber [by Emery and his workers]. Judging by the pile of sawdust, there must have been a great many logs. A great noticeable convenience was an abundance of running water near the group of buildings where the workers' slept and had their meals.

We took some pictures, had a nearly dinner, and, after bidding "Good-bye" to "Alder Springs", we started home by another route which brought us to "Cressmans", a family pleasantly situated in the mountains and raising apples and girls, lots of them. Mr. E. Barris marched them out (I mean the girls and their mother, not the apples), and we took their picture.

After this, the girls went to a belated dinner while the mother and son got some apples and also pressed out a gallon of cider for us. We went on our way rejoicing, and they to their waiting dinner – cursing visitors – I presume.

We enjoyed the mountain scenery immensely, coming down the mountainside and arriving at Reedley in time for supper – arriving home at 8:30 P.M., tired and ready to go to bed, but it was a pleasant and instructive trip, so say we all.

Signed and sealed by:

E. Barris [Emery Barris, 1847-1934]

Mac [McClellan Barris, 1865-1948, brother of Emery]

Mrs. Barris [Grace Borst, 1887-1966, second wife of McClellan]

Floyd [Floyd Arthur Barris, 1911-1997, only child of McClellan Barris and Grace Borst]

#### OUR SECOND TRIP TO ALDER SPRINGS

Mr. Barris, Mac, Grace, Floyd, Miss Parks, and Mrs. Richardson composed the party on our second trip to Emery's mountain ranch.

We started from Dinuba at eight thirty A.M., Dec. 29, 1917. A very heavy fog had settled in the valley during the night, and the morning was dark and dismal. However, as we reached an elevation of about 2000 feet, we were literally above the clouds, and the sun was shining brightly. The mountain

scenery was very fine as we wended our way over many and many a curve and turn on the fine mountain road, until the faithful "Dodge" (auto) landed us at "Alder Springs" at one o'clock P.M.

"Look." Emery says, pointing to the springs where we were before. Grace: "You left that water running when we were here before."

Well! The first thing to do was to get dinner, and the next to eat it, which we all enjoyed very much. Soon thereafter Mr. Barris announced the rules of the camp, the chief rule being that as much firewood must be left at the camp as there was when we came. So all hands cut wood for a while.

Some pictures were taken, but the main event of the afternoon was the introduction to the sawdust pile. I hardly know how it happened but as Emery and Miss Parks stood on the edge they suddenly became dizzy and rolled down the pile to the bottom. About this time, Grace got mixed in the mess and went down too.

We spent the rest of the afternoon roving around the ranch, sight-seeing until suppertime. After supper, we went to Mr. Cressman's to spend the evening. (This is the family I referred to in describing our first trip to the ranch; the elevation is 4646 feet). The father operated a store in the Valley, and the mother and several girls run the ranch. There is a son in the family, but "Uncle Sam" had found him in that mountain home and called him to defend the Stars and Stripes, that every mountainside might hear freedom ring. Mrs. Cressman would take apples and produce down the steepest grades of the mountain with the horses and wagon to a town where her husband could get them for the store with his auto truck. When we arrived there, although it was long after dark, she had not returned from one of these trips - "still out on the mountain bleak and wild". Presently a sound was heard, and one of the girls jumped up and said: "There comes mother. I'll go and help her unhitch", which was done in short order. A pleasant evening was spent, and we returned to "Alder Springs" and to bed at one AM.

We slept well in the house with the genial fireplace, had breakfast at eight thirty o'clock A.M., so you see we must have got up early.

Well! The order of the day was to "move on", so we were soon on our way to Pine Ridge, saw a huge rock of many tons weight split by a fir tree growing in a crevice in the center. We also passed Schafer Lake, saw where the Y.M.C.A. Camp is during the summer months. Near here was a small

studio used in the summer by a photographer whom we met in Fresno. He had been injured in the great Chicago fire [October 8, 1871] Near here were great rocks, some 25 feet high and great in circumference; many of them, and standing separately here and their like mighty sentinels.

Here we turned around and started the "Dodge" on the return trip, got back to Schafer Lake about two o'clock P.M., stopped and had dinner, took a picture of what we called "Our Last Camp".

We were soon on our way again down the mountainside, stopped again at Cressman's, got some cider, had supper at Mrs. Richardson's, arriving home at nine P.M., Dec. 30, 1917.

#### ORANGE COVE

We, Mrs., and Company, accompanied by Lulu Borthwick [Lulu Florence Campbell, wife of Elmer Borthwick (1878-?), son of the author's sister, Emma Barris Borthwick (1856-?)] had a very pleasant trip to Orange Cove on the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. We saw hundreds of acres of oranges and immense ranches of olives. One wonders where help is secured to pick them.

Some of the orange ranches were supplied with "smudge pots", sheet iron receptacles filled with crude petroleum to be fixed when the temperature nears the freezing point, thus causing a heavy smudge to hand over the ranch, thus preventing injury to the fruit on account of freezing.

A long white streak was seen on the distant mountainside. When we inquired what it was, Emery said it was masonry built to convey the mountain water to the irrigation ditches.

We arrived home in due season, about the time the "Sunset runs the Ocean Blue to Gold."

#### ALL UPON A XMAS DAY

Dec. 25, 1917. We, Us and Co. went to Reedley to dinner. As it was during the Great World War, this was a meatless dinner. A chicken dinner, however. We could never see how the thing harmonized for we certainly had meat and plenty of it – if it was chicken.

Well, harmonize or not, our hunger was satisfied, and we started on a 50-mile trip. Emery showed us the main headgate he made to transfer the water of King River into the irrigation ditches.

We saw the Great Western Vineyard of 4000 acres of wine grapes. For many miles we followed the flume which is used to convey lumber by water from the mountains to distributing points in the Valley.

On our return trip, we stopped to see if a tire was soft – found the tire all right – but when we got

ready to start, the auto "didn't went". All hands got out to find the trouble. We used Grace for motive power but she didn't last. After hunting around awhile, Emery found some deficiency out of order. After fixing the proper dingus, all went lovely and we hastened along. When nearing home, Emery thought he saw some Mexicans stealing oranges. Just then that aforesaid little darn dingus got loose again, and the "Dodge" stopped -- I was detailed to fix said little dingus, which I succeeded in doing after a while -- then we did go after those Mexicans only to find that they had some pomegranates from some other ranch.

Well, it was about five o'clock when we reached home and had supper. After enjoying the evening fire awhile, we went to bed as good folks should.

#### TRIP TO FRESNO

E. Barris, Mac, Mrs. Barris, Lulu, Jack [Jack Borthwick, 1913-living 2002, son of Lulu], Doris [Jack's sister], and Floyd went to Fresno one pleasant day, starting at nine o'clock. Starting at nine o'clock and finding the roads in good condition, we arrived there at 10:30 A.M. right-side up and in good condition.

After looking over the town awhile, we went to a cafeteria for dinner. I think it is a fine way to serve. It was my first experience but I managed to get mashed potato, sweet potato, macaroni, halibut, beans, hash, brown bread, white bread, butter, pie, coffee, salad, and cream. Each one needed a ticket stating the price of the meal. Grace winked at me to keep my ticket from E. Barris and to pay my own bill. I found out that the size of the bill depended upon the size of the dinner.

While Lulu and the children were shopping, E. Barris, Mac, Mrs. Barris, and Floyd took a twelve-mile ride on a beautiful street lined with palm trees and visited a very handsome private park. Grace said I was as ugly as the Devil on this trip. Well, I presume I was, as she is generally right -- this, if she isn't wrong.

At any rate, we returned about three o'clock. Lulu and the children were soon rounded up, and we started for home about 4:30 P.M., arriving at Reedley at six P.M., in time for supper which was fine but not quite so elaborate as my dinner. We arrived home in due season. After admiring the shoes Grace bought in Fresno, all hands went to bed.

#### TRIP TO GENERAL GRANT'S PARK

Seven o'clock A.M., January 5, 1918, saw us starting for Gen. Grant's Park. The party consisted

of Mr. E. Barris, Miss Gibson, Miss McCass, Grace, Mac, and Floyd.

Although a thick fog rested in the Valley, we found the sun shining brightly at an altitude of 2000 feet. After several hours of glorious mountain scenery, we arrived at the park about half past eleven. It being very late in the season, the park was deserted of the keepers and guards stationed to prevent fires, etc. – but the great redwood trees were there in great profusion. As we were hungry, we soon had dinner ready: coffee, wieners, rolls, pickles, beans, etc; My, they were good.

After dinner, we spent several hours admiring the great trees and taking pictures and noting the trees of various names, such as Gen. Grant, New York, California, the Martyr, Fallen Monarch, etc. We gathered cones from the ground where they had fallen from the trees 250 feet above. Otherwise, we enjoyed the summer sunshine on a warm, perfect day. The time to start on our homeward trip came all too soon. We sought the faithful car, and we were soon on our way. We passed Oakland, Badger, Neff's Mill, and a coyote passed us. The sun was sinking low in the West and produced a magnificent sight. I don't think that any poet could exaggerate the glories of a Western mountain sunset. Below the rays of the sun, the Valley was filled with heavy light-colored clouds or fog which looked like a mighty sea, and here and there were peaks of the lower mountains protruding therefrom, resembling islands. Taken altogether, it was a scene not to be forgotten. On and on we went, down and down into that cloud until finally the lights of Dinuba showed up. We halted and took supper, arriving at Barris Hill about 8 P.M., built a fire, talked awhile, then went to bed. We slept soundly. When we awoke, the sun was shining brightly and the fog was gone; a perfect day began.

#### OUR FIRST MOUNTAIN TRIP

Our first mountain trip occurred about the middle of December, Mr. Barris, Mac, Mrs. Barris, and Floyd, accompanied by Mr. Hearst and wife with another Auto started from Dinuba one Sunday at 12:30 (after church) for the mountains – Hearst said he wanted to get an Xmas tree for his store. It seemed a long ride to reach the foothills. There we began the ascent in about two and one half hours. At an elevation of 3000 feet, we reached the Pines (a great grove of large trees mostly "Pines"). Supposing we had arrived at Gen. Grant's Park, I began to ask questions when "Mr. Barris" (with a smile) told us that "This is not Gen. Grant's Park."

Well, we were hungry, for the way was long and crooked. So, we built a fire and cooked dinner; potatoes, wieners, bread, and butter, etc. and pickles. Yes, pickles. As it was getting rather late, we were soon on our way, Hearst going ahead to find some Xmas trees. We soon followed and, overtaking, found he had secured the object of his search.

Now for home and a night mountain ride. Hearst lost the lens from his auto lights, but he said it would go just the same. So here we go, "Mr. Barris" ahead so if Hearst's light failed, he could still follow the light of the "Dodge" ahead. On we went around the curves down the grades with Hearst's auto chasing us like a great bright-eyed Demon. We finally reached level ground, but our troubles were not at an end. We suddenly came to a bridge where there was no bridge. We were positive of it because the notice said there was no bridge. However, it didn't matter. Where Emery couldn't go, Hearst could. So, we went across fields and over ditches until we arrived in some town somewhere in California and separated to go to our respective homes where we arrived about nine thirty P.M. After talking about the coyote we saw on the trip, we went to bed and pleasant dreams.

#### TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO

On the 10th day of Jan. 1918 at 7:30 A.M., we (Mr. E. Barris, Mac, Mrs. Barris and Floyd) started for San Francisco. (It seemed to an Easterner liked a far off Fairyland.) We stopped 15 minutes at Dinuba, got notebook and pencil from H. Hearst and continued on our way (odometer registering 25,630 miles), passed Reedley five minutes past eight, soon crossed the King River, went through Malaga, arriving in Fresno at 9:05 o'clock. It being market day, we saw a fine display of fruits and vegetables. Proceeding, we saw the San Joaquin River, ten minutes past ten arriving at Madera, capital of the county of the same name at ten thirty. Eleven o'clock found us at Berenda and at Chowchilla at eleven twenty. We reached Merced, county seat of Merced County at twelve noon.

As it is now dinner time, we got lunch, had a tire fixed, and started on our journey at one twenty P.M. We passed Buach Ranch where insect powder is made, arrived in Atwater at one forty-five. Then comes Livingstone, and Turlock at two thirty. (The latter is a small town but 3000 cars of watermelon were shipped from there during 1917.) We reached Modesto at two forty-five, stopped at Salida at three thirty to see about train connections – "didn't connect". Other towns were Manteca, five minutes past four, and



Bauta, thirty minutes later. We had lunch at Tracy, and we entered the foothills of the Coast Range at five fifteen, where thousands of sheep were on the hillside. Passing through Altamont, we came to Livermore where we had supper at the "Valley House" at six P.M. After supper, we went to the show, then back to the boarding house and to bed at nine thirty. Thus ended a pleasurable and eventful day.

Jan. 20, 1918. We had breakfast at the "Valley House" at seven thirty. We started for San Francisco at eight thirty. We met and passed many "tourists" walking – with their packs upon their backs, containing a blanket or two and, I suppose, one or two cooking utensils done up inside.

The road beyond Santa Rita was closed for repairs, so we had to detour ten miles farther around, just before reaching Pleasanton (which is a very handsome place). We passed a ranch four and one half miles long, bordering on the road.

In going over the Coast Range mountains, we followed the Southern Pacific and the Western Pacific railroads a part of the time as they run nearly together. We arrived at Farewell at ten A.M. Before we reached Decoto, we noticed the large Masonic Home for Aged Masons. Soon after passing Hayward, we caught our first sight of San Francisco Bay at ten forty five A.M. It is said to measure 2000 miles around the bay measuring all indentations.

We arrived at Oakland about noon and had dinner. We were on our way again by one o'clock. Soon we reached Berkeley where Emery called on some friends, Gilroys, I believe, only to find that Mr. Gilroy had died the day before. So we took a sight-seeing trip of about two hours. Then we left the auto at the garage and started for San Francisco via street car and ferry boat (Fernwood), arriving at the Hotel Argyle at five thirty P.M., where we washed up, went out to supper, and met some of Emery's friends. But we were tired and soon went back to the hotel and to bed, thus spending our first night in one of the Great Pacific Coast Cities.

Monday, Jan. 21. We had breakfast at 7:30 o'clock. As Emery had to go across the bay to look after the repairs on his Auto, we took in the town, bought a few articles, and prepared to take a sightseeing trip to the Pacific Coast in Bus No. 20, starting at 2 P.M. from Market Street. We soon entered Golden Gate Park, containing 1013 acres and four and one half miles long. The trees and shrubbery were all planted by man since 1874.

We soon passed through the park with its numerous and beautiful attractions. Arriving at the "Cliff House", we had our pictures taken. After viewing the Great Pacific, the Seal Rocks, the Golden Gate, and other attractions for about 20 minutes, we started on our return trip, not even stopping to bathe our feet in the great ocean in order that we might tell it to Eastern friends.

After supper we started (with others and a guide) on a trip to Chinatown, where we saw many interesting things: a Chinese temple, a typical Chinese family, and many religious images of curious form and design, arriving at our boarding place at 10 P.M.

Tuesday, Jan 22. Emery being with us today, we went to the Mining Bureau and saw many wonderful things, among them an Australian gold nugget weighing 2100 oz. with a value of \$ 41,800. The registering book for visitors measured 3 ft. by 6 ft. when open.

Taking a car we were soon at the cemetery where Emery's wife's [Emily Gunn (?-1905)] remains repose in the great building where the ashes of thousands are resting in urns of various forms and beautiful designs. (The key must be left at the building.) In entering this sacred place, one is at once impressed with its solemnity. We moved forward with silent steps and with bare and bowed head. This building is within the confines of an old cemetery, and the crematory is nearby. Returning to our Hotel at noon, Floyd and I rested during the afternoon while Grace and Emery went to visit some of his friends.

On Wednesday, Jan. 23, we left San Francisco at 8:30 A.M. We crossed on the ferryboat to Oakland, got the Auto, and we were on our way to San Jose by 10:30 A.M. We soon passed a small body of water covered with ducks and mud hens. Then comes Fruitdale, Haywood, and Niles (here we got stung on our dinner: big price and small lunch).

We visited Column Rock, a summer resort. Although mostly deserted at this time of the year, we found many thing of interest. There were about 16 artificial caves of various forms and many kinds of mineral waters arising therefrom. On this trip we saw a meteor by the roadside (estimated weight 2000 tons).

San Jose, Thursday, Jan 24. We had breakfast at 7:30 and, with one of Emery's friends, we started for Mt. Hamilton to see the Lick telescope on the Coast Range mountains, arriving at our destination about 11:30 A.M.

After lunch the janitor showed us the great telescope. After reminding us that Mr. Lick's body lay beneath it, he showed us the many delicate instruments used, including the one that recorded the great San Francisco earthquake .

After looking around awhile, we began our descent about 1:30 P.M. We were soon at the foothills again after making the 365 turns in the road from the observatory, we stopped at one place and picked some California poppies, and we saw a large field of spineless cactus of immense growth.

We arrived at Santa Clara at 4 P.M., went out to Oak Hill, and saw Uncle Alex's and Aunt Janes' graves [Rev. Alexander Barrus (1812-1899) and his wife, Mary Jane Morrison]. In this Cemetery, the Donners were buried. They perished in one of the great storms to the Sierra Nevada. We saw one of the houses that Uncle Alex lived in. The other had been burned. As supper time had now arrived, we did justice to the meal, spent the evening with Emery's friends, then went to the "Elite" hotel and to bed.

Santa Clara. Friday, Jan. 25. We arose early, got breakfast, and started for Dinuba at 7 A.M. It was rather cold but soon warmed up. We passed the town of Coyote at 7:30 A.M. We stopped at Los Banos for dinner. We were on our way again by 12:30 P.M. There were lots of cranes and mud hens in the wet places by the roadside. Near Dos Palos, we saw a drove of 2000 sheep. We stopped and took their picture. Nearby was a tractor drawing 25 plows, also an irrigation ditch dredge drawn by 24 mules elevating the soil from the bottom of the ditch to the top and depositing it on the sides.

We were in Mendota at 3 P.M. When within about 20 miles of Fresno, we had a blowout. We changed tires, went a few miles, and it was flat again. We pumped it up and started for Fresno with all speed. Soon it was flat again. We went 12 miles on a flat tire and arrived in Fresno at 5:30 P.M. We stopped for repairs and supper.

We were soon in good shape again and on our way, arriving at Dinuba at 8:30 P.M. where we received lots of mail from home. Thirty minutes later, the faithful Dodge with a final huff landed us at the residence of E. Barris, Barris Hill, safe and sound, thus ending a pleasurable, eventful and greatly instructive trip.

We had a pleasant evening talking about our trip and reading our letters and papers.

#### HOMeward DEPARTURE

Dinuba. Sunday, Jan. 27, 1918. We awoke refreshed this pleasant morning after our San Francisco trip, and all hands went to church.

During the following days up to the time of our departure for home, the time was spent very pleasantly. We picked mangos, trimmed palm trees, took many trips to nearby places, and had several dinners at Emery's friends, also at his expense. As it is now nearing the time when we must go home, lunches were thought of. So Emery and Grace went hunting at night with the Auto—Emery shot two rabbits which were fried to be taken for lunches. On the last day of our stay at Barris Hill, Emery arranged a picnic at the wigwam which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. As darkness came on, we adjourned to the roadway where there were a long line of small piles of dried palm leaves which we set afire and made a very pretty scene. As the fires died out and darkness again hovered around, we bid our friends good-bye and went to bed and pleasant dreams of our last night in California.

On the morning of Feb. 6, 1918, after bidding Emery good-bye at Sultana, we were on our way to Utah by 7:30 A.M. As the train moved on, we watched Barris Hill and Hayden Heights until lost in the distance.

We change cars at Stockton. But on arriving at that place, we find that on account of an accident on the other road, our train is four hours late. This is somewhat disappointing as it deprives us of seeing the glories of Feather River Canyon which is now passed at night.

However, the following day, we arrived at Grantsville [Utah] and found that Cousin Owen Barrus [Owen Henry Barris (1853-1927)] had been waiting for us a long time, but he knew his business and soon conducted us to the home of Aunt Emeline [Emeline Abigail Barrus (1859-1933), wife of Martin Henry Tanner] where a glorious chicken dinner (prepared by herself and family) was waiting to be eaten. It was certainly enjoyed by all. In the evening we were taken to a party and forced to eat again, where we met many friends and relatives.

The next day being rainy, we were glad to stay inside most of the time.

Feb. 8 was pleasant, and we enjoyed Grantsville and its surroundings. Cousin Owen took us to see Cousin Benjamin [Benjamin Barrus (1838-1921)], Uncle Ruel [Ruel Barrus (1821-1918)], and other relatives, coming back to his own house where his wife had an excellent dinner ready. You bet! And a

chicken dinner too.

In the afternoon, accompanied by Aunt Emeline, we started for Salt Lake City, arriving at the “Cullum” Hotel and met “Dot” Barrus and saw many instructive and interesting things. We went to church at the Tabernacle, saw the Mormon Temple, and heard the guide tell of the wonderful achievements of the Mormons.

Right here let me state that in a couple of days after we saw Uncle Ruel, his freed spirit soared to light and glory above, and later we learned that Edward, Cousin Owen’s son, gave his life for his country on Flanders’ field.

“Call not back the dear departed,  
Anchored safe, where storms are o’er.  
On the border land we left them,  
Soon to meet and part no more.  
When we leave the world of changes,  
When we have this world of Care,  
We shall find on missing loved ones  
In our Father’s mansion fair.”

But duty calls, and we must leave our friends amid the glories of Utah, and turn our focus homeward, so we leave Salt Lake City Feb. 10 for Pueblo, Colorado, and Kansas City to Chicago where we arrived Feb. 13 and were royally entertained by Fred and Will Record [Fred Allen Record (1876-1964); Willard Nelson Record (1866-1921); brothers of the author’s first wife, Helen Almeda Record (1872-1906)] for a couple of days, arriving home [Silver Creek, Chautauqua County, New York] Feb. 16, 1918. Thus we escaped one of the most severe winters of the East in our memory while enjoying the delightful climate of the West – far beyond the Rockies but this side of the Golden Gate.