

PART VI

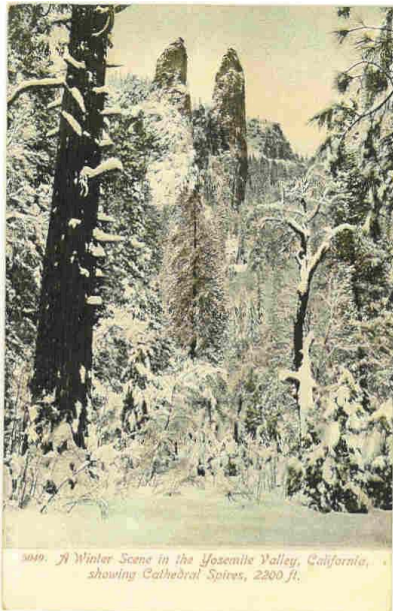
April

Wenesday the 9th

We arrived in Merced late in the forenoon and have a wait of two hours and more for the El Portal train there. A park near the station allured us and after a short walk about a small section of the town & after procuring a few post cards & apples, we eat them there in that park. It was very warm and even after we had filled our observation car seats we were obliged to sit in the hot sun & view– the Chinese-looking side of little Merced. Merced is only a town of about 500 or 600 inhabitants - & it struck me as being a nice little place after all. The ride to El Portal was a beautiful one, although a rather - hot - one. For the first hour, the ride did not suggest the later – gorge – we entered. But afterwards, the hills began to develope & finally the lovely Merced River, deep in among the Mts. Began to show up and the colors were lovely in the sunshine. Some of the hills were made up apparently of a reddish soil, covered over with a grassish stubble, yellowish green & the effect was most lovely. Just as we reached El Portal an oldish lady , Mrs. Savage we later learned spoke to us and remained with us more or less the rest of the time she was there as she was travelling alone. When the train pulled into the station, we were greeted by a sea of faces – men almost entirely – the rough mountaineer kind. It just seemed as though the whole of El Portal had turned itself loose to greet us. The Station was a “log cabin” effect and at first we were misled into believing it the hotel itself, since there was no other building at all hotel-like visible. Finally however, we were directed up the hill, there we came upon a nice comfortable hotel with an uncomfortable price (costing \$6.00 per day American plan for the two of us). In all Inns, Taverns & Hotels among those Mts one finds fine large roaring fires in big huge fireplaces. We retired early, and arose early next morning.

Thursday the 10th

After breakfast we leave on the stage for “Yosemite” on a 16 mile ride. Passing through the canyon, where the Merced River flowed between two steep mt. Walls on either side, with only room enough beside for the road – it was a lovely ride. In several places there were pretty little cascades tumbling over the tops of the mts – results of melting snow – and the driver explained several strange phenomena – such as – the “veiled lady” – the “elephant” and the “tree in the hollowed out place on this side of the Mt.” The mts in this section were really wonderful. Great rocks lifted up their tops – seperated from other ones in truly a marvelous manner. I never saw anything like them although I suppose many people have.



1919. A Winter Scene in the Yosemite Valley, California, showing Cathedral Spires, 2200 ft.

There were the Cathedral Rocks towering two hundred and seventy ft above the floor of the valley, which, itself is about 4,000 ft. above sea level. Then there were the three brothers to the left & the “three graces” on the right. Samantha, Jane & Molly gazing across at Tom, Dick & Harry. The Sentinel Rock & El Capitan – beautiful El Capitan! with its projecting top and massiveness! Besides these there were the wonderful “domes” – the “Half Dome” – the other half of which had fallen off at some time – and the “North Dome” whose beautiful round top towered up so high – ahead ----

In the afternoon, we take a carriage drive to “Inspiration Point” which is rather a steep ride up the side of the mts, from where a good view of “Bridalveil Falls” can be had and all the rainbow colors. These colors are the products of the mists caused by the spray from the Falls with the sun light falling upon it. “Inspiration Point” is over 5000 ft. above sea level yet it does not give such a fine view of the Valley as can be had from the “Inspiration Point” across the valley on the “Wawona” road. On this drive, the guide was very interesting and talked most all of the time telling all kinds of stories. One story he told was about a man who had scaled most all of the peaks in Switzerland and came to the Valley to try some of these. He took a young man with him to scale one wall and succeeded in reaching the top. He however, turned about to help the young man up, warning him not to look below on his life, as he was then taking the most sickening part of his trip, when, without warning, the young man saw the body of his friend shoot down by him. He kept a cool head, did not look down and returned to the Valley that night and next day a party found the body of the other one in the ravines. All over these Mts are heads & figures of people & animals that guides dote on pointing out. On the way we passed what one geologist termed “Petrified Hornblend” a star * rather sun shaped black hard mass in granite – a rare thing it was said. Our room was across the road in the house where the “big tree room was” This room is one through the floor & roof of which a large tree grows. I did not go down to dinner as I was weary. The good hearted chamber maid however came in * insisted upon sending over some tea, which tasted good.

Friday the 11th

We decide to take a morning drive to Mirror Lake, only about a seven mile drive, but a very pretty one in the valley toward the opposite direction from Inspiration Point one. We left early, before sunrise in the mts, so to get the clear reflections in the lake of the mountains & also to see the sun rise in it over them. It looked about like a huge search light and the reflections were truly wonderful, looking so very real. We were much disgusted, however, with ourselves for failing to find the Vernal Falls, as we did not venture far enough on the trail. However we did find what the guide called the Illilouette Falls, which were pretty but are not so very large. –

That afternoon mother & I walked to the foot of the “Yosemite Falls” which is a pretty walk, not far from the hotel. There are three falls in this Yosemite Falls – 2600 ft in all – the topmost one being 1600 ft. the center one 600 ft & the lower one 400 ft. Although not very near the fall we could feel a quite heavy spray which was like a shower! We spent the afternoon there beside the little stream, outside the range of the spray – until we became so cool we just went back to the house. We do not stay up late talking as we have to leave in the morning for Wawona – a stage ride of 26 miles.

Saturday the 12th

When we go over for breakfast we find a Mr. _____ from Tilton N.H. who talked with us and took breakfast with us. He was very interesting and had only recently run across Alan Paterson. He was interested in forestry & lived in Washington D.C. I do not know whether he was in the service of the gov. or not. – The trip to Wawona was exceedingly interesting. Climbing the mountain to Inspiration Point we had a most splendid view of the whole valley & the mountains. As the whole mt. Or what we passed over mostly, until we most reached Wawona, belongs to the National Park, it is therefore protected and the deer roam about quite tamely. We counted 40 and

so often saw so many uncountable ones in such large groups that surely we saw anywhere from 75 to 100 in all. They were lovely creatures and often we got quite near before they darted off. There was scarcely no snow until we neared the top of the mt. And then in clumps. We had a nice driver & were the only ones on the stage. Most of the way we sat on front but finally I got in the next seat back in order to readily jump out & procure the large cones we passed on the journey. 'Twas a lovely day and a lovely ride and we finally reached the "half way cabin" where the driver & ourselves ate our lunch.

End of record