

## MY TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO SEPTEMBER 19-OCTOBER 2, '46

Thursday, September 19

I left Topeka at 10:10 Thursday evening. Ann and Em Bahr, Faye Huber and Esther Raaf took me to Topeka—brought a corsage along with a lot of good wishes and advise. The porter let me stay on the platform until we left Topeka. Then I waited for the conductor to get my ticket; got ready for bed and climbed up into Upper 8, Car 90. Thru the night as I looked out my peep hole about all I saw of Kansas was plains and elevators.

Friday, September 20

At Denver I was having breakfast and taking my first look at the Rocky mountains (any mountains, for that matter). We went north to Cheyenne. There were hills and lots of small bunches of yellow flowers. There were few roads, just hills with grass. The hills were not high—but in a distance they were much higher. There were corrals at various places. The rocks were round—no sharp edges. Here my ears popped—again. Must be getting up in the world. There were little yellow flowers—looked like sunflowers about 6 inches high along the way. There were blue flowers, also—could be forget-me-nots. Here we began to see wooden fences—looked like rail—or perhaps snow fences. It must be dreadfully cold and snowy up here at times. By the sound of the choo-choo we left our deisel engine at Denver. A steam engine no doubt pulls up the hills better.

We left Cheyenne late and went up and up. This was really range country—no houses nor roads. Railroad stations with their yellow houses and two red barrels and ladder for FIRE are about the only signs of life. To the south are the mountains. To a person who's never seen mountains, those towering peaks of the Rocky mountains are really a sight.

Here I saw the first sheep grazing on the range. Occasionally there is a corral and small buildings—a ranch, maybe? The highway runs along side of the tracks here—and once in a while a train passes going east. Just noticed a sheep herder—with a horse and dog. There are fences along side the highway and any fences. The trees here are cedar—and not very tall. Must be because of the high altitude. The rock formation is like something I've never seen. There are immense red rocks that look as if they had been washed with

mountain side and occasionally a tunnel. The Lawrence girl and I went to the back of the train for a while—I'd begun to be so jitter that I couldn't sit still. When we came back it was noon so we went to the diner. Had dinner as we went thru Sacramento.

The man in Lower 7 went to the Ferry station in San Francisco so I went with him on the Ferry across the bay. He told some about the buildings, bridges and island as we crossed the bay.

When I got off the ferry I followed the crowd to the left and the station looked like Bill had described it. I saw the Florist sign but no Bill. I was supposed to have arrived at the Ferry station at 2:20 and it was almost 4:00 by the time I got there. I walked over to the sign and was looking one way when here comes Bill from the other side. We went to get my big black suit case—but it wasn't there yet. Bill's brother Arthur was waiting for us in his car. We went to 1331 Kansas and met Mrs Yturriaga and Ruth. They had dinner practically waiting. After dinner Ruth and George took us down to the station and we got the suit case. They brought us back to the house.

Bill and I went to the Beach and saw the Pacific—what we could see in the dark. The place we went was near Cliff House and there were various rides and concessions — something like at the Topeka State Fair.

Sunday, September 22

Bill and I had breakfast together. Went to the Ferry station to see about getting reservations for me to go home. There was none to be had on the Overland—but the woman said she'd try to get something by the end of the week.

From there we went over San Francisco Bay Bridge to Oakland on the "A" train. Went to Lake Merritt and rented an electric motor boat. Was nice riding out on the smooth water—and looking toward shore. We came back to San Francisco and had Extra Special Milk Shakes at the Owl Drug Store. They took their time waiting on us—they weren't going any place.

We went to the Beach by street car thru the Twin Peaks tunnel. The tunnel ride took about 20 ocean, white topped waves dashing up on the beach and lots of people out there for the day was warm. Hottest of the summer for San Francisco—91 degrees! We took pictures at the beach—one of me bare footed with the water

to work. Bill saw that I got on the bus and in 20 minutes I was back at Army and Potrero and walked back up to the house. Mrs Yturriaga was up and washing dishes. I got into my housecoat and went out to Willie's room and doped my cold sores. I read the paper I bought on the way home and slept a while. Then Mrs Yturriaga called me to the phone—Willie wondered if I got home okay.

After dinner Ruth and I went with George—Bill Griffin — in his car for a drive. We went part way up Twin Peaks. It would have been a sight if it had not been foggy. We didn't go all the way up because of the fog.

From there we went to Golden Gate Park. Stopped at the aquarium and saw lots of different varieties of fish. George was a good guide—he put on a speech like the man on a sight-seeing bus. We walked around in the Japanese Tea Garden. It's operated by Chinese. We stopped at the casting pool and Stow Lake near the top of Strawberry mountain. The water was so clear. We came out by the beach at Cliff House. Came by Lookout point—where the navy station is that recognizes each ship that comes in. Again it would have been wonderful except for the fog.

We went across Golden Gate bridge to Sausalito. The bridge, mountains and roads are a wonder to me. On the other side of the bridge there was no fog. We could see Alcatraz Island in the bay much better from that side. We got home around 4 and Ruth went out with George.

Bill and I had supper then went down town to RKO Golden Gate theatre. The show was "Notorious" a spy affair and rather punk but the stage show was swell. First there were aerialists, a family of four dancers, a fellow who selected four people from the audience who helped him with an Amos and Andy skit. It was really clever. Then a young fellow sang several songs—the last "The Lord's Prayer."

We bought doughnuts on the way home and I made cocoa. We sat out on the back steps for a while. Really gets cool—practically cold—in the evening.

Wednesday, September 25

Bill woke me and we ate breakfast together. Then I went out to work with him. I came home and went down to the Mission shopping. I got overalls for Joe and cards for me. I had a bath and wore my blue suit out to Merced Manor — to ride home with Willie. It was still foggy

Saturday, September 28

Bill's day off. We went down to the Ferry building and got chair car reservations for September 30. We went to Fisherman's wharf and took some pictures. Had Crab Louie at a restaurant. It was good! We walked up along the beach and out on one of the piers. Could see Alcatraz clearly from the pier.

We waited nearly an hour for a Mill Valley bus. Finally one came with a woman driver and we had a fine ride to Mill Valley. The scenery was nothing short of marvelous—at least to a midwesterner like me. We went up to Miur Woods and sat by a stream. The trees were Redwood and so big and tall.

On the way home we stopped at the Library downtown near the City Hall. There is a lot of information in that building.

We came back to the house and had supper. We were down in the basement when Jack and Emil met—and then Bill and I walked home with Emil. We spent the evening walking—and sitting on the steps.

Sunday, September 29

We took sandwiches and fruit with us to the beach. Walked down the beach quite a ways—barefooted, with our slacks rolled up and walked in the water part of the time. Some fun! We found a house in the sand—made with boxes and boards so we took over and relaxed and read the paper Willie had bought. It was clear when we came out but by noon the fog had started in and it began to get cold. About noon we went back to Fleishhacker's and watched the people at the pool—and at the merry-go-round for a while.

We went home, cleaned up and had supper. George came and had supper with Ruthie. Then I took pictures of Mrs Yturriaga, Ruth and George—and Ruth took pictures of us.

Otto and Arthur came home as

Bill and I left the house, about going to church—but we were a half hour too early—so we just walked and talked—or just walked. We walk good together. Both of us were feeling low—because I was having to leave. When we got back to the house I packed the big suit case so it would be

Monday, September 30

Bill and I left the house about 10 o'clock and went to the Ferry Building. Bill bought candy bars and cookies for me and then we went across the bay on the ferry to Oakland and found my

cedar—and not very tall. Must be because of the high altitude. The rock formation is like something I've never seen. There are immense red rocks that look as if they had been washed with water—like soil erosion. There are more of those wooden fences—by now I'm sure they are snow fences.

At Buford was Sherman hill gravel. There are banks of gravel all of 25 feet high—of nothing but pure gravel. This really is a big country—and so much of it no one ever sees. Here this is NOTHING but sage brush and hills. The train is moving slower as we go up the hill—as soon as we cross the continental divide it should go faster. The train is running more than an hour late.

Wyoming where Union Pacific goes is not much. You go a long ways and see the same things over and over. It was dark when we got to Ogden, Utah, and we were in our berths as we crossed Salt Lake. I looked out—but couldn't tell much of what I saw. I slept good Friday night—wouldn't take long to learn to sleep in a berth. I awakened before we got to Reno and opened the slide to watch the scenery. Read the novel in the Red Book that I had started the night before.

Saturday, September 21

As soon as we left Reno, I dressed and went out for breakfast. I'd been at my table a few minutes when the girl from Lawrence who had the berth across from me came in—so we had breakfast together. She was nice—seemed to have about the same principles as I have. She told me a little about her particular difficulty—of deciding to live her own life or staying with her 74 year old father whom she apparently loves. It goes to show—we all have our troubles.

The scenery from here on was a sight to behold. In fact it was so—I don't have words to describe it—at least, the mountains and valleys were high, deep, wide—some covered with trees and some with rocks—and what rocks. They were different colors—some flat, some round. The couple who had the lower berth were from near Sacramento—and were ardent admirers of their state for they kept us entertained with history and gave us names of the various places we passed—like Donna Lake, a gap where the '49-ers went thru, and so on. There were snow sheds built along the

ing up on the beach and lots of people out there for the day was warm. Hottest of the summer for San Francisco—91 degrees! We took pictures at the beach—one of me bare footed with the water rolling in. The water was cold.

Not far from where we went to the beach was Fleishhacker's Pool and Zoo. The pool is 1000 by 150 feet and there were people all around—various sizes, shapes and conditions. The zoo was quite a place—animals of all kinds, rides for the kids—besides the pretty flowers and wonderful green grass.

From there we went to Merced Manor where Bill works for the San Francisco Water Department. The top of the reservoir is covered with cement and the lawn is beautiful. There also are trees, shrubs and flowers. The grass is what I can't get over, it's practically like velvet. Bill picked some dahlias and petunias for me.

From there we came home and cleaned up. Mrs Yturriaga and Ruth fixed a nice supper for us. After supper we walked up Russian Hill and looked at the lights. You can really see a lot of lights from those hills. We heard some Russian singing as we walked. We sat out on the steps for a while after we got home.

Monday September 23

I ate breakfast with Bill—fried eggs, toast and coffee that he'd fixed; then I walked to the bus stop with him. I washed some clothes, ironed them, ate dinner and spent most of the day in Bill's room—writing a letter to Anna and Helen and waiting for the day to pass. Went to the drug store on 23rd street and got some cold sore medicine. This is really the time to have something like that!

Bill got home at 5. We had supper and walked down to the Mission. Took the film down to the drug store. We looked in all the windows and Bill bought me a lovely silver compact. We had hot fudge sundaes. The fog had started to come in early in the afternoon and as we walked we could feel the mist on our faces. I wore my coat and was comfortable in it. We stopped at the library near Mission street on the way home. I had fruit and Bill drank milk before bedtime.

Tuesday, September 24

Bill fixed breakfast again and then I went with him on the bus

and went down to the Mission shopping. I got overalls for Joe and cards for me. I had a bath and wore my blue suit out to Merced Manor—to ride home with Willie. It was still foggy over on the other side of the mountains.

After supper we went to Mission and got the pictures. They were fairly good—and so clear. Came back to the house—then later mailed some cards and took a turn around the hill. I made hot chocolate and we ate.

Thursday, September 26

I saw Bill off at the bus and came home and washed my hair and wrote cards to the Merry Ones and the youngsters. Went down to get Bill's jacket—and the man said to come back between 5 and 6 o'clock. I went out on the bus and rode home with Willie. When we got to the house, I went after the jacket while Bill went in to clean up. We ate supper and went down Market street. From there we went to Chinatown. Bill bought chop sticks and a Chinatown pillow top for me. Chinatown was really quite a sight to see—and all those up and down hills. We went for a ride on the cable car that turns on a turn-table.

Friday, September 27

The usual thing—breakfast and to the bus stop. I fixed the pockets on Willie's leather jacket and sort of messed around. Armas was there for lunch and afterwards he and I had a nice visit in the living room. He seemed nice—of course, I was all set to like him—for he's Willie's friend. Had fish for lunch. Arthur was home. Still no word from Otto. Mrs Yturriaga is quite worried—as is Arthur and the others. Met Ruth's friend Esie. About 3 o'clock I had a bath and slept awhile. This is the laziest vacation I've ever spent. I mailed the cards and bought a vase for Mrs Yturriaga. It seemed to please her.

Bill and I went to San Jose. Happened to get a local bus and it took an hour and a half. Didn't find Ruth Peek Hunter. On the way back we got a thru bus and sat in the back seat. Two negro soldiers sat in front of us and a man with a whiskey bottle across the aisle was very interested in our welfare. We took ice cream home with us; then went for a walk around the block.

Bill and I left the house about 10 o'clock and went to the Ferry Building. Bill bought candy bars and cookies for me and then we went across the bay on the ferry to Oakland and found my seat on the train. We walked up and down the platform and then I got on the train. The man who shared my seat asked if Bill was my husband.

The train left on schedule. The sun was shining—but as we went east it began to get cloudy and we found it had rained up in the mountains. I noticed an air base between Sacramento and Truckee that I missed going out. There was so much to see.

Tuesday, October 1

It was light as we crossed Salt Lake—you could almost see the salt in the water. We stopped at Ogden and I mailed a letter to Bill and bought a paper. I asked a youngish woman if she'd like to walk with me to the mail box—after I had asked the conductor where to find one.

After we left Ogden I had breakfast. The scenery was super—leaves were turning yellow and some bushes were red. They looked prettier from a distance than close up. As we traveled along—a highway and a stream followed the railroad. The sky was very blue—truly October's bright blue weather. The mountains were sheer rock—some 75 feet up. There were a few scrubby trees and lots of brush. Altitude was over 5000—near Green River.

We got to Cheyenne an hour and a half late. Changed from the Overland to the City of St Louis. We got out of one train and into the other. I had a seat by myself to Denver—then a service man going to Kansas City got on. He talked a while and then slept. It wasn't so comfortable sleeping in a chair car—but cheaper than \$18 for a lower berth.

Wednesday, October 2

We got to Topeka an hour late—and Joe was there to meet me. I would have missed the morning bus—so was glad he had offered to come after me.

I got the mail—and had a letter from Bill! Spent the day washing clothes and cleaning up the apartment. I went to bed early—and the Merry Ones—Faye, Esther, Ann, Em and Velma—came to see me so I got up and talked with them. Bless their hearts—curiosity got the better of 'em!