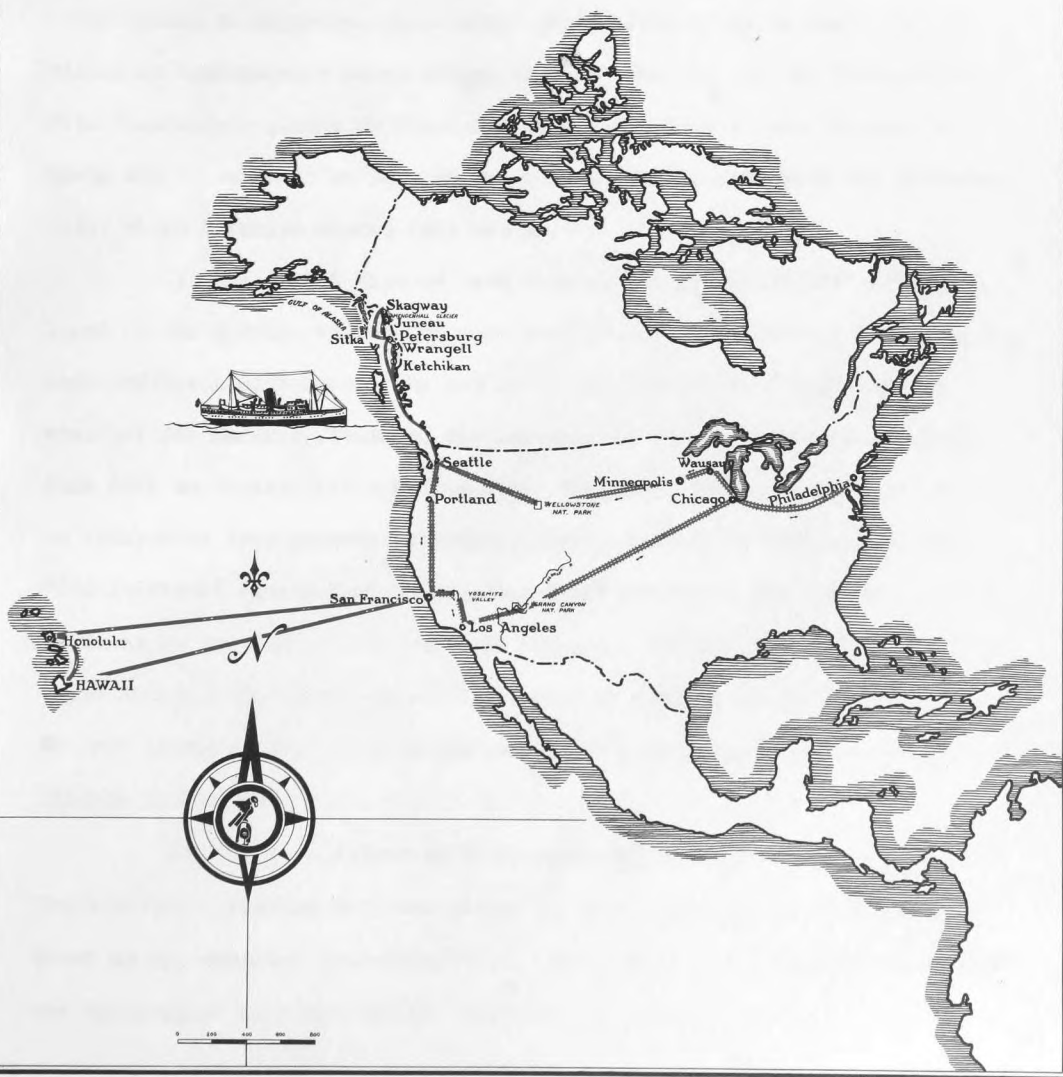


TO
HAWAII & ALASKA
1927



CHAPTER XXXI

ALASKA AND HAWAII

By Ruth

On June 27th, 1927, Grandmother, Grace and Ruth started on a trip which would include the Pacific Coast, Alaska and Hawaii. The first stop was Wausau, Wisconsin. The town of Wausau, singly and collectively, did itself proud to entertain us - bridge party given by Agnes Laut; Masonic Picnic at Rothchilds's Park, dinner with the Edmonds at the Wausau Club, Miss Kavanaugh's picnic to the Dells of the Eau Claire, Mrs. Crocker's party and so on until we left on the sleeper that night bound for Indianapolis, where Cornelia Mathie Bell met us.

It was so hot that we took a short drive through the parks, had lunch at the Quinlan Store, and were glad to get to Cornelia's house for a bath and clean underwear! She put us on the sleeper that night and we were off for Gardner, Montana, the entrance we chose to Yellowstone Park. June 30th we arrived for a week's stay, which was intensely interesting - in everything from geysers to bears. Having entered at Gardner, we saw "Old Faithful" first, then Canyon, Roosevelt (where we did not stop due to a mix-up on the baggage) and Mammoth Springs. We left Yellowstone loath to leave such a magnificent spot but anxious, as always, to see new sights. We left by way of Gardner also and thence to Livingston where we caught a sleeper to Seattle.

Mr. Weter (a friend of Grandfather's) and his son James met us at the station in Seattle and took us to his home for dinner, after which he drove us up, down and around Seattle's seven hills. Our visit in Seattle was interrupted by a trip to Mt. Rainier. We found it covered with five

feet of snow and in places snow had drifted so that you could not see out of the windows of the hotel. At first the weather was very misty, but before we left it cleared off and we had a beautiful view of the surrounding mountains.

On our return to Seattle, one great feature was picking cherries. Neither Grace nor Ruth had ever picked any before and it is a marvel to say that we did not get sick. We must have had cast-iron constitutions because we did devour cherries by the peck and when we left, Mr. Johnson gave us a huge basket to take on the boat with us.

On July 14th we set sail on the S. S. Admiral Rogers for Alaska. Due to the fact that the National Educational Association convention was held in Seattle that year, we were forced to take our fourth choice in a boat. It was not all that could have been desired, but despite a few inconveniences, such as bad food, we had a fine time. Mr. S. Hall Young was aboard to lecture on Alaska and he was a dear old man and well versed in his subject. He took a great shine to Grace and gave her one of his books when we parted.

Grace had complained of trouble with her knee in Seattle, and it continued to get worse until she finally stayed in her berth a large share of the time, as it caused her terrific pain to get out. Mother and Ruth took turns shopping and sight-seeing in the various ports - Ketchikan, Wrangell, Skagway, Sitka, Petersburg and back to Wrangell.

On the return trip to Wrangell we had a hair-raising experience which we hope never to duplicate. It was a nice evening, dark with no moon, but as nothing else offered in the way of entertainment, Ruth decided to go to the movies. Grace was still quite sick, so Grandmother decided that she had better stay with her, so Ruth went alone. As she left the ship there was a huge sign posted saying that the ship would leave again at midnight.

As she entered the little theater she made very careful notes as to the direction of the ship so that she could not possibly make a mistake when she came out. The show was over a little before eleven and she sauntered out knowing that she had an hour's leeway before sailing time. The street was dimly lighted, but she remembered the way perfectly and made her way to the dock without mishap.

Was she dreaming? The boat was gone!! The dock was absolutely black and utterly deserted. If she had ever felt terror, it was then. Fortunately Grandfather was very careful and foresighted and had insisted that each one of us carry American Express checks signed by ourselves, so that after the first moment of terror was over, she realized that she had money enough to exist until she could in some way communicate with Grandmother and Grace aboard the ship.

She walked back to the main street and spotted a ship's officer. She inquired for the S. S. Admiral Rogers and was told that it had moved to a dock a mile and a half up the line. Upon inquiring the way to the ship, she discovered that she had to take a narrow path through the woods under an over-hanging cliff. It took every ounce of courage that she could muster to leave even that dimly lighted street and set off through that pitch black wood. How she made it, she doesn't know. She remembers tucking her pocketbook under her coat and running, scarcely stopping to breathe until she saw the lights of the ship in the distance. When she finally reached the ship, she found Grandmother upset and from the reports she gathered that even our serene and gracious Grandmother gave that Captain a few chosen words of advice which she is sure he had good cause to remember.

July 26th we returned to Seattle and were met by Grandfather, who

who accompanied us on the remainder of the trip. From there we went to Portland where we were royally entertained by the Vogans. Such luxury - a four-poster bed and a private bath!

During our stay in Portland we spent a whole day driving around the loop and along the Columbia River Highway. It was a gorgeous day and we had frequent vistas of Mt. Hood in the distance. We hated to leave, but Grandfather had planned the schedule very carefully, long in advance, so that we must leave for San Francisco and the many new sights and friends awaiting us.

We were up early in the morning to catch a view of Mt. Shasta which was only partially snow covered. As always, it was terribly hot going through the Sacramento Valley.

At Berkeley we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Eustace and entertained most beautifully in their lovely Spanish home. There were many tricky things about the house, including some hidden closets in which were placed Grace's and Mother's wraps.

Noon of August 3rd found us sailing out of the Golden Gate bound for Hawaii and Honolulu, on the S. S. Matsonia. It was a beautiful ship, the weather was perfect, the food excellent and except for the fact that Grace was still hobbling around on a cane, it bid fair for a marvelous voyage.

There were the usual rounds of deck tennis, bull board and movies in the evening, with a few German lessons thrown in by Grandmother. However, we did not prove very apt pupils. Not nearly as persistent as Grandmother has proved in her thirst for French!

One unusual feature of the crossing was the cafeteria lunch served on deck the day before we landed. Part of the reason, perhaps, was to

enable them to prepare the dining room for the Aloha dinner that evening but as the day was bright and warm, it was an extremely pleasant innovation.

Early on the morning of August 9th, we docked in the romantic and storied city of Honolulu. We went directly to the beautiful Hotel Royal Hawaiian, nestling among the palms and overlooking the famous Waikiki Beach. That afternoon we visited the Hawaiian Pineapple Company and returned for a swim at Waikiki and a thrilling ride on the surf boat.

Our time there was all too short but due to Grandfather's careful planning, we saw many things - a sugar refinery, pineapple fields (where we sampled the pineapples freely - and what pineapples!), the exquisite Mormon Temple at Laie, then by taking a smaller boat we went to Hilo where we saw the Rainbow Falls, Kilauea Volcano and the opening of a new garage, which does not sound like a treat, but as it was a great affair in their eyes, it proved interesting to us - our first view of a real Hawaiian girl doing the real Hula-Hula dance. John and Joe, two of the drivers had given a screamingly funny imitation of it (in fact, John presented Ruth with his own hand-made grass skirt when we parted) but only the girls are really supposed to dance the Hula.

Upon our return to Honolulu, our time was again crammed with interesting things to do - a visit to a native Hawaiian church where we heard beautiful music, a trip to the windy Pali and Mt. Tantalus, the Oahu Country Club with Mr. and Mrs. Crane, Cooke Museum, a trip in a glass-bottom boat to see unbelievable colored fish.

August 17th we were scheduled to sail once more at noon on the Matsonia, but it was also the day for the finish of the Dole Race from San Francisco to Honolulu. Mr. Smith, our devoted chauffeur during our entire stay, arrived at the hotel at 4 a.m. and drove us out to Wheeler Field to

watch for the fliers. We stayed as long as we dared but by 9:30 there was still no sign of the fliers and very reluctantly we left to return to the ship. Just as we were starting out of the harbor, the first aeroplane, piloted by Goebel, flew over the ship.

We had left our farthest point and were homeward bound.

A bit of excitement was added to the return journey by a stop in mid-ocean to receive a stowaway who had been found aboard another ship. He was just a youngster of fourteen and we all watched with much interest as he and the officer scaled the rope ladder.

August 23rd found us back in San Francisco in the kind hands of the Eustaces once more. As before, we stayed at the Palace Hotel at night but were with the Eustaces all during the day. This time we visited Chinatown, drove with Mrs. Eustace around Burlingame and other beautiful residential spots - Leland Stanford, Monterey, the gorgeous seventeen-mile drive, Carmel, spent the night at Del Monte and returned the following day.

Our trip which had gone as smoothly as clock-work up to this point, very nearly struck a snag as we had planned on leaving San Francisco at 11:50 p.m. and suddenly discovered that the train left at 9 p.m. instead. However, due to Grandfather's quickness in thought and in action, we were soon under way and made the connection all right.

Our next stop was in the Yosemite Valley. We were very fortunate in striking a season which had had some rain so that the beautiful Bridal Veil falls, although not so full as recorded in pictures, was still a magnificent sight. One of the most stirring and unusual sights came in the evening after sun-down, when the Fire Fall flowed down the mountain from Glacier Point with call and answer from the two distant points. The first night we watched it from below and the following night we arrived at

Glacier Point, watched the fire out on the Point burn very low, and then when the time came, watched the attendant very slowly and carefully pushing the burning embers over the cliff so that from below it looked like a veritable Burning Waterfall.

On our way out from Glacier Point we stopped to see the Mariposa Grove of trees and barely made the train which was to carry us to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Head played the part of a very charming hostess to us while there and did all sorts of things to make our stay one to be remembered. Will we ever forget eating chicken with our fingers at the "Jail"? Or the thrill of seeing "in person" so many of the stars of "King of Kings" as they signed in the book at Grauman's Chinese Theater on the night of the Two Hundredth Anniversary?

Of course we did not miss the famous trip to Catalina Island and the glass-bottom boat. In fact, we spent the day there. The following day Mrs. Early, Evangeline, Mrs. Head, Grandmother, Grace and Ruth rented a Herz Driv-ar-Self car (Ruth got the California license and did the driving) and spent a jolly day driving around, among many other things, seeing Mrs. Early's summer place at Venice.

On September 1st, all decked out in corsages given to us by Ruth Anderson, we boarded the train for home, with just one more stop-over ahead. That was the Grand Canyon.

We arrived there early in the morning so we were able to watch the colors change in the Canyon from the rising sun to the setting sun. We took a drive over Grand View Road - it was a grand view, but what a road! We stopped at the Hermit's Nest for refreshments and saw some movies of the first trip up the Colorado, which were very interesting.

A bus, a train, a taxi - and we were home again, all agreeing that it by far was one of the best, if not the best trip that we had ever taken.

For the next two weeks, however, we had little time to think over or to digest the many wonderful things we had seen, because we were thrown immediately into preparations for the wedding which was to take place on September 24th and it was then September 6th. The wedding invitations had already been sent out, so the presents soon began to arrive and there was much to occupy the time of everyone so that the days sped quickly by and it was the eve of the wedding before we knew it.