

JOURNAL  
WESTERN TRIP  
1955  
June 18 -

Saturday  
June 18

Struggled into Boston via the subway with my 3 bags to catch the 11 o'clock. Arrived N.Y. 3:30 and was welcomed by Sally, looking so pretty + gay.

Had beers + daiquiris at the Statler bar followed by my eating dinner at Child's across the street.

Rushed back to the station to catch the 5:30 for Baltimore. How I hated to watch Sally go! I have never less wanted to say goodbye to anyone in my life.

Arrived Baltimore 8:45 with Rodney there at the station. Drove to Lutherville to the Coopers, a nice home in a country suburb north of Baltimore.

Immediately left again for a play at a nearby summer theatre. "Here Today" was a rather funny play,

essentially a satire on  
 Beethoven's in a Mason  
 setting. Ann Cooper, an  
 attractive girl of 17,  
 and Joan Earley were  
 our "dates". Milkshakes  
 followed. Both girls  
 have unusual charm for  
 17-year olds. There is a  
 distinct accent down here. "o"s  
 are pronounced like "u"s.  
 There are many German  
 names in this area.

A very hot night but  
 a fan helps immeasurably.

Sunday  
June 19 - Mileage 50500.

Up and off early in  
 the rain but the weather  
 cleared as we approached  
 Gettysburg. Lovely open  
 rolling farm land which  
 Rodney said looked  
 similar to the Cotswolds.  
 Reached Gettysburg late  
 morning + saw Philipoteau's  
 cyclorama of the height  
 of Pickett's charge.  
 Quite dramatic scenes  
 painted on an enormous

circular canvas housed  
 in a round brick building.  
 A brief tour of the  
 battlefield and a half  
 hour electric map demon-  
 stration of the 3 days  
 of fighting. A quick  
 sandwich and on over  
 steep ridges (went up  
 to 2200 ft. at one  
 point) to the Pa.  
 Turnpike. Drove steadily  
 to the Ohio connection  
 which is completed for  
 only 22 miles. After  
 much hunting we finally  
 found an open field  
 in which to sleep  
 near Lake Milton in  
 a resorty area. Drove  
 15 miles to Warren  
 for dinner.

Not a very good  
 night in that field.

Monday  
June 20

Drove through Akron  
 looking for a place  
 to eat breakfast  
 + finally found one  
 on the west side

of the city. A hot, hazy day with the terrain gradually becoming flatter as we went along. Bought our own lunch + ate outside Toledo.

Reached Detroit about 2:30 + toured the Ford River Rouge plant. An enormous plant over a mile long + 1/4 mile wide. Saw the entire steel manufacturing process up to and including the stamping of parts operations. Fabulous system of conveyor belts, complete automation, etc.

The Ford Rotunda looks like something out of the year 1990. Reminded me of the World's Fair.

Rodney left his wallet in the men's room but somebody was good enough to return it.

He lost his pen + letters, however.

Had considerable trouble locating the Fishers in Grosse Pointe. Finally arrived for a late dinner preceded by cocktails in the den.

Quite a mansion overlooking the lake. Servants: maid + governess, at least.

A walk out on to the pier of the "Little Club" after dinner. Attractive "210" sailboats with many motor boats, some enormous. Grosse Pointe is obviously the home of the tres riche in Detroit.

Fred is so much more genuine + down-to-earth than his mother, who is pleasant but uninspiring.

Tuesday  
June 21

Had breakfast with Fred and left early hitting the Detroit boulevard system leading out of the center of the city.

Skirted across the rolling farmland of southern Michigan, which was reminiscent of parts of Vermont - less hilly though.

Driving down to South Bend where we bought and ate lunch at a roadside table. Missed hitting the Chicago boulevard system and smacked straight through the Gary, East Chicago industrial areas. Just like N.E. New Jersey. The refineries go on for miles & miles. Finally hit Lake Shore Drive.

Impressions of Chicago: growing, prosperous. New apartment houses & buildings all along the lakefront. Tremendous area. It took over 2 hours from Gary to the

Eden boulevard leading out of Chicago; perhaps 50 miles. Found Wisconsin to be cool, green & lush. The farms looked immaculate & prosperous and everything had a fresh, well-scrubbed look.

Couldn't reach the Lamberts on the phone, so had dinner in a restaurant in Fond du Lac & drove on to Ripon. No one home so we waited in front of the Lamberts house until Bob appeared a few minutes later.

Beer, good talk & bed.

Wednesday  
June 22

Bob Lambert was off early for work so Rodney & I got our own breakfasts & then went out to see "Green Giant" canning factory. Bob gave us a tour showing how the peas are processed from the stripping from the vine operation to labeling &

storage. ~~to~~ Visited the little schoolhouse in Ripon which was the birthplace of the Republican party in 1854. Just a meeting of a few local people around Ripon. The party became established along more formal lines in Jackson, Mich. in 1855.

Drove to La Crosse from Ripon across somewhat less fertile (sandier) territory. Stopped at a strange geological phenomenon consisting of a thrust of eroded stone rising some 100 feet above the surrounding terrain.

Crossed the Mississippi at La Crosse and drove upstream a ways. Full of sand bars, mud + snags.

In Minnesota the hills continued for the first few miles + we detoured at one point passing a lovely little Lutheran church on a little hill top. A perfect jewel, both inside and outside.

On across flatter ground for dinner at Albert Lea and the night at Blue Earth.  
Thursday  
June 23

Up at 6:00 and off by 6:45. Rodney wanted to drop down to Iowa and so we found an excellent road running west just a few miles south of the Iowa - Minnesota line.

Reached Sioux Falls, S.D. by midmorning and struck out across S.D. The cultivation thinned out rapidly and by the time we reached the Missouri ~~the~~ at Chamberlain the country had become quite prairie like, uncultivated + only occasional trees.

Very barren from Chamberlain west to the Bad Lands. The latter reminded me of the surface of the moon. Worn down by erosion, wind + rain ~~then~~ these strange formations look

as if they were one of  
Dante's circles in the  
Inferno.

After leaving the Bad  
Lands we stopped at a well  
which had been advertising  
its fabulous drug store  
for the past 200 miles.  
Actually it was quite  
a place, selling everything  
from cigarettes to clothes.  
We had planned to sleep  
out but it looked very  
dark approaching Rapid  
City - we decided to  
take a motel.

Dinner at Rapid City  
in an attractive restaurant.  
Even had daiquiris. Rapid  
City is clean, neat and  
thriving.

Friday  
June 24

We found the Black  
Hills surpassed our expectations.  
Despite much commercialization  
in certain areas they  
are wild + beautiful. Great  
crags mixed with handsome  
stands of pine (ponderosa, I  
think). Mt. Rushmore

is impressive, with Washington  
dominating the group. A  
fantastic piece of sculpture.  
The project was done in  
gradual stages between 1927  
+ 1940. Artist: Borglum,  
who directed the men from  
far below.

We took a back road  
through really wild country  
and came out at the  
"Needles". Very cold, cloudy  
+ exciting. Highest point  
in Black Hills: Mt. Herman  
7700 feet. We reached  
6300 on the road. Much  
wild life is supposed to  
be in the area, even  
bison, but we saw  
nothing.

Pushed on to Jewel  
Cave. Took a 1-hour  
tour via oil lanterns.  
Enormous cave with  
strange formations of  
calcite throughout  
suggesting all sorts of  
images - disappointing  
compared to the Kentucky  
caves, however.

Crossing the Wyoming line the country became even more desolate than that which we had seen in South Dakota. Great sagebrush plains broken by rolling hills + eroded mesas. Saw Devil's Tower rising above the plain far to the north.

A strong east wind pushed us into Sheridan. We again planned to sleep out if possible. Approaching the Big Horns the clouds became darker + darker, and reaching the top of a hill near Sheridan we had an extremely dramatic view of the entire range some 40 miles away. Great peaks dotted + lined with snow. Lightning to the north + south + low, black, ragged clouds with a high wind made it quite a sight. Although we found a site suitable for

sleeping it started to rain after dinner and we had to take a motel again.

Saturday  
June 25

An exciting trip from Sheridan over the Big Horns climbed the east side quite steeply on a series of switchbacks and found ourselves in the clouds. However, reaching the plateau on top the clouds broke for us. Patches of snow here + there. A great levelish bowl of green with peaks all about. I entertained myself by throwing snowballs at Rodney. Bad construction on the west side above Shell canyon, which was as dramatic as I had remembered it. The Paton Ranch is now called the "Bluejacket Guest Ranch". Still the same as ever. The Patons live a mile

Granite Pass  
thru Big Horns  
9035 feet

down the road towards  
Shell.

Stopped for lunch bought  
in Greybull, just outside  
the town.

Saw the Buffalo Bill  
museum in Cody. Most  
interesting. He had contacts  
with everyone from the  
Indians to Edward VII.

On into Yellowstone through  
Sylvan Pass with snow all  
about. Found a good  
camp site just above  
Yellowstone Lake east  
of Fishing Bridge. A  
good meal in the cafeteria  
at F.B. was surprising.

Clean, neat with fewer  
people than in 1946.  
I insisted on sleeping  
in the front seat of the  
car as it was very cold,  
threatening rain + wild  
animals roundabout. Rodney  
braced a log against the  
hood of the car + rigged  
himself a tent from 3  
ponchos. My front seat  
wasn't quite wide enough  
but o.k.

Sunday

June 26 - Mileage 53050.

5:00 a.m. Heard scrambling  
sounds outside the car +  
the next thing I knew Rodney  
had tumbled into the front  
seat mumbling about a bear  
with his (Rodney's) eyes  
popping. The bear played  
with ponchos + air mattress  
and then came over to find  
out what was inside the  
car. He looked quite harmless  
with large pitiful looking eyes.  
Rodney opened one window  
to photograph the bear +  
got it shot just in time  
as the bear poked his  
nose through it. Then  
he wandered off into  
the woods + we saw  
him no more.

Spotted a bison on  
the Fishing Bridge -  
Canyon road with deer  
in the woods above.  
I think I saw a female  
moose near F.B. last  
night but not sure.  
Drove to Canyon for  
breakfast at the cafeteria,



stopping off to see a couple  
of hot pools + the upper falls.  
Went back to Inspiration Point,  
the top of which was closed  
due to the imminent collapse.  
Therefore a full view of the  
lower falls could not be  
obtained. However we had earlier  
had an excellent view of the  
lower falls from a point  
almost directly above them.

We then drove to mt.  
Washburn + proceeded to  
climb up about half way  
from Dunraven Pass. Rodney  
wanted to climb further  
than I so I arranged to  
meet him at a point on  
the road. However, on  
the way down I got caught  
in a violent hail +  
thunderstorm. The ground  
turned white + was  
muddy + wet by the  
time I got down, Rodney  
even more so. Much  
snow still left in the  
pass + in the mountains.  
Thence to the Norris  
Geyser Basin + old Faithful.

Saw many bear en route.  
old Faithful put on an  
excellent display for us  
right on time although  
we had to interrupt on lunch  
to see it.  
Got the South Entrance  
in rain + thunderstorms on  
a new road to the Tetons.  
Fortunately the range was  
mostly clear of clouds,  
but we didn't go into  
Jenny Lake due to the  
necessity of paying a fee.  
Saw the charming little  
church in Moose with its  
window directly facing  
Grand Teton.  
On along the Snake  
River to Idaho Falls for  
the night in a second  
class motel. Giant thunder-  
heads piled up behind us  
over Yellowstone looking  
exactly as if an atomic  
bomb had exploded.

Monday  
June 27

West from Idaho Falls  
to Atomic City + Arco.  
The New Atomic Project  
lies in the middle of  
the most desolate area  
imaginable.

Stopped at Craters of  
the Moon to secure  
lava specimens. The  
lava fields are immense, ex-  
tending for at least 5  
to 10 miles in all  
directions.

A picnic lunch in the  
desert outside Shoshone,  
including an excellent can-  
taloupe bought in Greybull,  
Wyoming 2 days previously.

Reached Boise late  
in the afternoon + I  
lodged up the house on  
Franklin St in which  
I had lived in 1950.  
Boise still much the  
same as ever. Through  
the fertile Payette Valley  
area + into desolate  
eastern Oregon. Even sand  
in some places. We were

planning to sleep out near  
Baker but I wanted to  
get nearer Portland. Un-  
fortunately we could find  
no place near La Grande  
+ discharge was upon us.

We almost decided on a  
place near a cow pasture  
but we spotted a state  
camp ground in the moun-  
tains beyond La Grande.  
So we took a chance in  
the dark + drove up  
there + found it quite  
satisfactory with a stream  
flowing past.

Tuesday  
June 28

Woke up at 3:30 with  
the rain ~~hardly~~ coming  
down. Rodney was already  
in the front seat of  
the car + I crawled into  
the back seat for another  
3 hours of unsatisfactory  
rest.

Breakfast in Pendleton  
on the other side of the  
pass. Across the desert  
to the Columbia + down

it to Portland. Hit first  
Tree at The Dalles. The  
Columbia was very full  
with vigorous currents.

Stopped briefly at Binnville  
Dam + Multnomah Falls.

Into Portland to collect  
mail, preceded by trip  
across the river to Van-  
couver, Washington.

South through the  
Willamette Valley via  
Salem to Eugene for the  
night in a good motel.

Wednesday  
June 29

From Eugene up into  
the mountains on Oregon "58"  
Passed Salt Creek Falls,  
over 200 feet high +  
quite spectacular. Roadway +  
hiked through the woods  
to the top of them and  
looked almost straight down.  
Beautiful spray + rainbow  
at the bottom.

On to Crater Lake,  
which in many ways, was  
the 'highlight' of the trip.

Deep <sup>snow-</sup> drifts all around the  
rim, some 2 or 3 times  
the height of the car.  
The water was the deepest  
blue we had ever seen,  
making a beautiful con-  
trast with the light blue  
sky.

Height of lake: 6100'

Rim above lake: about 1000',  
at one time Mt. Mazama  
is estimated to have been  
about 12000 feet high  
before it "blew its top."

Down to south side to  
Klamath Falls + camped  
for the night in Dunsmuir,  
California. Before reaching  
Dunsmuir we had the  
most gorgeous view of  
Mt. Shasta (over 14000').  
It is almost perfectly symmetrical  
when seen from the north  
side.

A good cool sleeping  
night in the park.

Thursday  
June 30

off early and spent all morning driving through the flat, dry Sacramento Valley. Looked most Mediterranean, said Rodney. Many olive trees, palms. Had another picnic lunch near Woodland + drove on into the Bay Area. Collected mail at the Berkeley P.O. including 5 letters from Sally, a birthday present (sport shirt) from her and satisfactory grades from the B-School, thank Heavens.

Tried to contact the Buttner in Piedmont but no answer. After killing some time we finally drove to the house and found a note saying that they had gone up to Lake Tahoe for the weekend + writing us up ~~and~~ as soon as we could make it. We got the key from a neighbor + made ourselves

at home. It is a beautiful house built at the head of a gorge on a sharp slope. It has all the modern conveniences but is also very tastefully furnished. After cleaning up we went down to a rather plush restaurant in outer Oakland + had steak dinners, preceded by daiquiris while sitting in rocking chairs gazing into a fire. The steaks were excellent, incidentally.

After getting back to the house we tried to reach Ted several times at Lake Tahoe. But no answer.

Caught up on laundry in the Buttner washing machine.

Friday  
July 1

Up early, breakfast at the Buttners, and over to San Francisco to keep an appointment (8:45) that Rodney had made at Continental Can Headquarters. Rodney put in a good

word for me during his interview, and the two of us were redirected over to the CCC Oakland plant. Rodney, although CCC had tried hard evidently, could not be placed anywhere else in any position other than hourly labor.

We had parked the car in a garage under Union Sq. in S.F. with exits leading out and entrances from each of the 4 streets in the block. I was a little worried about the gear in the car as we had to leave it unlocked, but it was all there when we got back.

At the Oakland plant we were interviewed by a Mr. Casey, a friendly back-slapping type of person. He told us that although they had nothing available at the moment, they planned to expand operations tremendously in the next week or two. Pay: \$1.65 an hour. Filled out lengthy application forms + returned to the Buttress for lunch and call Ted.

Ted told us to come to Lake Tahoe as soon as possible, it being about a five hour drive.

We packed up again and left around two, but encountered heavy fourth of July traffic after passing through Sacramento. It is a long gradual climb up the west side of the Sierra Nevada towards Emigrant Gap + Donner Pass. It was so hot in the valley that we had stopped for a beer, but found it very cool as we climbed into the pine-covered mountains.

Stopped to call Ted again about seven as we knew we would be late on account of the traffic. Donner Pass Elev: 7150.

Finally reached the top of Donner Pass which is rocky + wild-appearing. Donner Lake just below the summit on the east side is where the Donner party was trapped in 1845.

Reached the Buttress in time for a very late dinner. They have a lodge right on the lake (north side near Brockway). Ted, Rodney + I slept in a nice loft-type deal over

the garage.  
Saturday  
July 2

Lake Tahoe was much rougher than usual so we had to forego the planned waterskiing. However, we picked up the Meglen's speedboat, the people who actually own the lodge + were also at Tahoe, which was a beautiful plush Chris-Craft about 20 feet long.

Drove over to Squaw Valley in the afternoon, which has been selected as the ~~sixth~~ site of the 1960 Winter Olympics. The vertical ascent is 2000 feet but the lift is 3000 feet long, gradual at the bottom but very steep at the top. Somewhat disappointing is a ski area, which practically everything yet to be built for the Olympics. Two college girls were running the lift, one an attractive girl from Virginia.

Went to "Cal-Neva" during the evening, which was pre-ceeded by a bit of water skiing in the late afternoon, during which I managed

to "get up" + ski a few hundred yards on the third try. Handicapped by extremely cold water.

"Cal-Neva" was quite a joint with the state line running right through the middle, gambling in Nevada + dancing, swimming pool, auditorium in California. I managed to lose some \$22 between the slot machines and black jack. The place was absolutely packed with poor misguided people, some very handsomely dressed or I should say overdressed. Peroxide blondes by the sea.

Ann Southern was the highlight of the floor show + she was really quite funny, emulating the "Private Secretary". Made a quick trip through other "joints" and back to bed at 2 a.m. These places all run 24 hours a day.

Sunday  
July 3

Still a rough lake so caught up with letters and prepared for an afternoon party. The

party was somewhat fun but all older people who all know each other. Mostly the "nouveau riche" type with few intellectuals. Ted's mother is a wonderful hostess, very sweet - considerate & reminds me of Mrs. Shirley.

Shot off fireworks from the dock at night with Ted & Mr. Mecland leading the affair. Ted had built a special "launching" platform which worked very well.

Some interesting boys from the U. of California joined the party late & we talked to them for some time.

I managed to spill all my food off the paper plate during the buffet supper. Most embarrassing.

Monday  
July 4 I'm 26!

Decided we needed some exercise so we 3 drove to the South end of Lake Tahoe over a picturesque, winding road. Emerald Bay, on SW side of the lake, is a little jewel; almost completely symmetrical & beautifully colored.

Drove over a rough dirt road past Fallen Leaf Lake to the end of the road. Climbed past Lake Agawa Lake to Upper Angora Lake where Ted & family stayed for a couple of summers. Little camps clustered at the edge of a tiny lake with Mt. Echo ~~dropping~~ rising abruptly & spectacularly from the far end of the lake.

Climbed Mt. Echo along a ridge line with excellent views to the North of the lakes.

A rough, tumbly mountain full of rocks & old land slides. The top had much snow left, making climbing difficult.

After descending we borrowed a rowboat to cross the little lake to a charming little water-fall.

Called Sally for 3 minutes, but confused conversation and felt pressed by time limit and lack of privacy.

Saw "Battle Cry" in evening, the only local film that we could get to see the beginning. Marie story, long-winded & not so hot.

Tuesday  
July 5

Rodney + Ted waterskiied in the a.m., both doing very well on the calm surface. Ted is especially good. One slip, jumping etc.

Mrs. Buttace joined us for a cruise along the west side of the lake towards Hayward. Passed the Kaiser place, with its elaborate layout + land-water plus racing boats. Ted managed to waterski all the way back, a distance of at least 7 or 8 miles.

A routine drive back to S.F. with Ted + Rodney. Stopped briefly to see the Donner Memorial at the lake.

Wednesday

July 6

Started apartment-hunting by going to U. of C. at Berkeley for help. Couldn't place us because not registered students there. Bought an Oakland Tribune + scanned a long list of apartments, checking location on map for desirability. Picked out 10 or 12 + the first few we saw were very disappointing + ramshackle, one of

them apparently being in a Negro district.

Finally narrowed the choice to 2 apartments, one less attractive but with 2 beds, the other very charming + modern with plenty of room but only 1 bed. Decided on the latter + made arrangements to move in the following day. Had to buy basic cooking + eating equipment mostly at 5 + 10, the total costing only about \$15.

A check with Casey at CCC showed that nothing was available yet.

Thursday

July 7

Spent most of the day moving into the apartment + cleaning shelves, papering them, etc. Plenty of room + we can practically rattle around in it. Got gas + electricity turned on by PGE.

Found a modern shopping center down by Lake Merritt about a mile from here. Should serve our needs adequately.

Still little encouragement from CCC.



Friday  
July 8

Checked with companies all over the East Bay Area for job possibilities. Nothing at American, Ball (application in though), Fruitvale, or Pacific. Rather discouraging.

Paula Hynes was my "date" for "Desert Song" at Woodminster Park up in the hills behind Piedmont. Rodney + Geoffrey, Ted + Mary Ann ~~the~~ were the other components. I was quite impressed by the show. Excellent music, dancing + comedy, all by unknowns. A beautiful night-time view of Oakland + the entire Bay Area from high in the hills.

Back to Ted's for drinks + chatting. all 3 girls very nice, especially Mary Ann.

Saturday  
July 9

Got phone installed today + arranged for garbage collection. Must burn trash in incinerator behind kitchen. Rodney went off to Claremont C.C. for tennis with Ted while I caught up on letters.

Invited to Paula's for dinner with Ted + Rodney. Her two cousins, Sabine + Freddie were there along with another very strange girl. Freddie very attractive. Drinks and croquet on the lawn followed by an excellent dinner. a huge, rambling new house in the modern style complete with swimming pool. The Hynes' returned after dinner + drinking + jazz-style dancing until midnight. Mr. Hynes really "living it up" + Rodney put on an exhibition of English dancing.

Sunday  
July 10

San Francisco for dinner with Ann Collins (Rodney's friend from the boat) + her room-mate Wilma whose last name I never did find out + case even less. She was as cold and as impersonal as a mask, with no life or spark whatsoever. Ann, on the other hand, very pretty (bland) + gay + charming. A good dinner was followed by a drive across the Golden

gate to Marin Jr. College for a square dance exhibition, more exactly an International Folk Dance Festival. We four sat on the grass and watched the gay, colorful costumes. Done by local groups in the Bay Area but not experts by any means. Music via a tinny-sounding P.A. system.

Ice cream cones in a nearby drug store + then to the Muir Woods via narrow, winding roads + very hilly, a beautiful area in which to live with trees growing practically in the narrow lanes. Good views of S.F. from a hilltop near Mill Valley.

Muir Woods impressive. Highest redwood: 264 feet and 1800 years old. Cool + dark down in the little valley in which these trees are concentrated. They have unusually soft bark which you can punch without hurting your fist. Wilma getting to be a real pain for me by this time.

Back to S.F. to drop off the girls + home. Tried to call Belmont twice but no answer.

Monday  
July 11

Called in at CCC again in the afternoon to see Casey. Most discouraging as I have had just been laid off. However, he still held out hope for the future.

Checked in at Ball who said applicants might soon come in, and also at Cal Pac #24 who have nothing until Aug. 1.

Registered at the Cal. State Employment office but don't expect much help from them. Very nice people, however, far better than in Mass.

Up to Ted's in the evening to collect mail + talk. Ted had just submitted his first bid of some \$30,000.

Rodney cooked his first pie tonight. Not bad, but only had syrup for a filling. Also had lamb chops, peas + sprouts, our best meal yet.

Tuesday  
July 12

Car polishing by Rodney + shopping in the p.m. Spent some time browsing through the Oakland Library which is joined. Allowed to take out 5 books

Cal Pac #8  
expect to roll Wed. or Thurs.

on our card.

Saw "Love me or Leave me" by myself at night. Excellent actup by Cagney + Davis. Day has improved tremendously in this respect. A most enjoyable picture with good tunes throughout.

Wednesday

July 13

Drove over to San Francisco and parked downtown near the Ferry Building, thinking that the Bay Cruise boats left from there. However, we discovered that they actually left from Fisherman's Wharf, some 2 miles to the north along the waterfront. Feeling energetic, we decided to walk it, moving fast to catch the 12:15 boat. Upon arriving, we were chagrined to discover that the next boat didn't leave until 12:45. Had a rotten lunch in a nearby coffee shop while waiting.

The cruise was marvelous, in spite of the diesel fumes which pervaded the atmosphere throughout. We swung west towards the Golden Gate, which was enshrouded in fog so that

just the very bases of the giant towers could be seen. Then we skirted around Alcatraz, which is the damndest place I've ever seen. A huge pile of rock is all it is (12 acres) and 1 1/2 mi. from the nearest land near Fisherman's Wharf. The top of the "Rock" is the site of the main cell block, with other buildings clustered beneath it. There are only 275 prisoners there, but they are the most incorrigible of all Federal convicts. No escape has ever been made, especially since the currents in the Bay are very strong and the water is cold enough to numb a man in a matter of a very few minutes.

Passed down underneath the massive, two-level Bay Bridge, constructed for \$80,000,000 in the 1930's, twice the cost of the Golden Gate which was built at the same time. Back along the shore for an excellent view of the San Francisco skyline + hills. Much foreign shipping in the piers, including a Chilean

and Japanese freighter and a British Battle Cruiser on a goodwill tour of West Coast ports.

Walked up Telegraph Hill from Fisherman's Wharf and took the elevator up Coit Tower on the top of the hill. At this point one is 500 feet above the water + there is a terrific 360° view of all of S.F. and the Bay.

Bade in Oakland, a call to Casey at CCC was encouraging. He claimed that we had all but been hired today, but had to take back senior men first.

A call to Cal Pack #8 revealed that operations there had been postponed until Monday.

Rodney + I had a terrific argument at dinner regarding the use of margarine vs. butter in reference to cooking our salmon for dinner. We were actually screaming at each other with anger, and over such a silly subject. We both felt very badly about it later. I suppose it is not a good idea for two men to live together for so long. I wish I were living with Sally instead.

Thursday  
July 14

A trip to see Casey at CCC was useless. He put us off again, and just when our hopes had been high. Checked again at Ball (nothing) + Fruitvale (nothing) but Cal Pac #8 said that they were certain to start rolling Monday.

This afternoon we checked with Pacific Gas + Electric and the East Bay Municipal Utility District. Neither had anything at all although they had hired college men earlier in the summer.

Rodney + I disagree on our food tastes, so tonight I cooked hamburgers for myself while he had spam (ugh!).

Went up to the Bittner in the evening to collect mail and managed to blunder into a rather formal dinner party. I had on tropical worsted pants and a sport shirt (underwear showing) + Rodney had on levis + looked like a cowboy. Rather embarrassing. I hope they understand.

Friday  
July 15

Decided we needed a little exercise, so, studying the map, we decided to drive some 30 miles east + thence up Mt. Diablo (elevation 3800). It was foggy in the Bay Area, but, after going through the Walnut Creek tunnel towards the interior the fog burned off and it was a beautiful blue sky day. The town of Walnut Creek, surrounded by walnut orchards, looked as though it had sprung up overnight.

The drive up Mt. Diablo was rather dull and one did not get the sense of height. The top had a fire lookout, television + radio towers, etc. A good view into the San Joaquin Valley to the east and back towards the Bay area, still fogged in, to the west. A dry, hot + rather uninteresting mountain.

Stopped for picnic lunch and sunbathing halfway down. Returned to Oakland via the southern route, through the rather scrubby looking Redwood

Regional Park + the San Leandro Reservoir below. A good view of Oakland from the skyline drive above Piedmont.

Showed + shared + changed to go to the Young Republican Club cocktail party in S. F. to which we had been invited by Freddie Pyzle, Paula's cousin, whom we had met last weekend. I had to be strongly urged by Rodney to attend this affair, as I was more to eager to go. It turned out to be a large, alcoholic event on the 21<sup>st</sup> floor of Mills Tower in downtown S. F. About 300 rather fashionable, social-looking young people all babbling at the top of their lungs. We were greeted by Freddie + Paula, and introduced to Freddie's room-mate, Ann Williams, an attractive blonde from Coos Bay, Oregon. Spent the whole time talking to those three plus various boy-friends.

Afterwards, it being 8 o'clock, I didn't feel like going back to the apartment for dinner, so got a bite downtown + decided to go see "Mr. Roberts."

42.

There was such a line I couldn't get in and so went to a psychological drama called ~~"The Strife"~~ "The Cobwebs" with Richard Widmark and Laureen Bacall. So-so or the best.

A bus back to Oakland driven by a lady busdriver, of all things. She seemed quite skillful, as a matter of fact.

Saturday

July 16

Rodney took off early to go to the Rodeo at Salinas with Ann Collins. I wrote a long letter to Sally + pattered around the apartment listening to the Yankees-Tigers game from Detroit. Ted stopped by 3 to take me up to the Claremont C.C. for tennis + swimming. Between Rodney's ultra lightweight tennis racket and a very hard asphalt court I couldn't seem to get started, constantly netting the ball. Ted won, 6-2. A good swim followed in the pool and met a whole flotilla of Ted's friends. Mrs. Buttner very kindly

43.

Rodney didn't get back until 2 a.m. He likes Ann a lot, I think.

invited me to dinner preceding the "Pops". The latter was held in the S.F. Civic Auditorium, Arthur Fiedler conducting. He has come out here to conduct the S.F. "Pops" the past 4 or 5 summers, the program of 9 concerts limited to the month of July.

The "Pops" was rather disappointing, perhaps because I have heard the same arrangements so often. "T. Viana" for instance I can practically hum in my sleep + it pales very rapidly. Ran into Bill Warner there, who also lives in Piedmont and is in Ted's section at the B-School.

Back home via Ted's house. Mrs. Buttner is so sweet + nice, but Mr. Buttner seems very self-contained, keeping his nose in his newspaper or magazine most of the time as if he wasn't aware of your presence. Rather shy, I imagine.

Sunday

July 17

Went out to the Knowland Arboretum in South Oakland, which was very disappointing +

full of Sunday picnickers. No trees that seemed particularly interesting + very dry + dusty. I realized how much I enjoy the good, soaking rains we have on the East Coast + the changeable climate. Even beautiful weather can become tiresome.

Since we had had a very late breakfast we decided to see "Rear Window" + "Sabrina" without any lunch. It was the third time I had seen them but still very enjoyable. It is fun to scrutinize the actors very closely when you already know the plot!

Got back a little before 7 p.m. and called Belmont, Harrie + Betsy being there during their vacation.

Then I called Chappoqua + I didn't even recognize Sally's voice for a second. She sounded so wonderful + so happy. Betsy had been there for the weekend + I spoke to her for a minute. Apparently the two of them get along very well together, for which I am so happy.

The sound of Sally's voice only made me yearn for her

all the more. I love her so much + can hardly wait until I get back.

Rodney baked an apple pie tonight, but the crust came out much too heavy. Apples good, though. We were hungry enough to eat anything.

Monday  
July 18

Got up at 6 and got down to the Cal. Pacle Plant in San Leandro by 7. Waited in a long line of people for the Employment office to open, during which time we met an interesting 18-yr old boy named Dean Judd who is a student at U.C., also a job applicant. Finally, about 8:30 the whole group of us, both men + women, were informed that no help was wanted today but that full scale operations might start up Wednesday or Thursday. This is the same old story we've heard for so long - Rodney even more upset than I.

Stopped in at Continental and Casey surprised us by telling us things were looking up. He sent us downtown for physicals, and, when we got back, we

Called Roz Bailey tonight  
in S.F. She was as cold as  
a machete - I don't see why we  
can't remain friends.

were put to work in the warehouse.  
Rodney was assigned elsewhere and I  
was installed in freight cars,  
which run through the warehouse on  
tracks, loading great cartons of  
cars in stacks four deep. The  
fork lift truck ran the cartons  
into the cars + dumped them  
there and my job was to stack  
them. The bottom three rows  
were o.k. but the top row was the  
devil to reach, as it was about  
8 feet high and the cartons,  
although not heavy, were very  
awkward to handle. My shoulders  
+ arms really began to feel it  
after a while, but the exercise  
felt good.

At 3 p.m. we were laid off and  
Casey told us to stand by for  
rehiring in a day or two. We  
made it clear that we needed  
full-time jobs, not just a few  
hours occasionally. He said that  
this was the best he could do for  
us until the season picked up.

Tuesday  
July 19

Went over to S.F. and visited  
the Dolores Mission in the middle  
of the city, the earliest Spanish  
mission established in this area.

47.

Date: 1776. a plain stucco building,  
long + low, in the Spanish style.  
Went out to Golden Gate Park  
+ parked the car. Walked through  
the beautifully green Strydom Ar-  
boretum where even roses were still  
in bloom. Many types of foreign  
trees + shrubs. Watered by many  
sprinklers attended by gardeners.

Rodney + I got separated and I  
walked around lovely Stow Lake  
+ climbed Strawberry Hill which  
rises from its midst like a  
hole in a doughnut. Then I  
returned to Museum Area + spent  
some time in the De Young Museum  
which has an excellent collection  
of old maps + prints dating  
back to the early days of  
California. Also rooms depicting  
California interiors of certain  
periods. Naval + Army ex-  
hibitions of old ships + guns,  
etc.

Rejoined Rodney at the car  
in time to drive back to Oakland  
+ call Casey at 2:30. Nothing  
doing at Continental. What does a  
guy have to do get a job? Temporary  
employment is so hard to get!



Wednesday  
July 20

Another writing day at Cal. Pack. Told that a few men might be hired tomorrow.

Coffee with Doc Judd in San Leandro + went back a half hour later to Cal. Pack. but locked out.

I slept away the afternoon whereas Rodney went out sun-bathing in the hills.

Thursday  
July 21

A wait at Cal. Pack. from 6:00 to 9:00, only to be told no one would be hired. We had stood in the cold + fog for over two hours along with some 300 other people, mostly poor whites, Mexicans + Negroes. Very upset about the whole situation.

~~Came back to Cal. Pack~~

Returned to Cal. Pack. after lunch and really got the lowdown from the Personnel Manager, one of the most pathetic individuals I have ever seen. He told us that he wouldn't hire any more college men but would take

local people first who could be expected to stay with the company during the rush season in the fall.

That killed our last chance at Cal. Pack.

A sad story from Casey at CCC followed. More layoffs since ours, and little chance for rehiring. Apricot crop a-bust, and peaches, due Aug. 1, just as bad. So we are apparently washed up at CCC too.

A check at the Cal. State Employment Agency helped little. We were told that we should check restaurants to see if they needed dishwashers. However, we got the address of the local General Laborer's Union (AFL) and went there. A \$35 initiation fee for students, plus the fact that about 1/4 of the union is presently out of work, killed any idea we had of getting work in construction through the unions.

Ann Collins + Ted came to dinner, which turned out very well. We moved the

table out into the living room and had a very gay time, even serving pre-dinner cocktails. Ann was very much on-the-ball as usual. Ted said he would see if he could do anything for us through his father. I hate the idea of this, but we are desperate.

Friday

July 22

Checked at the big Chevrolet Plant in Oakland (nothing) + Pacific Rubber Co. (nothing).

Finally, out of sheer exasperation we have signed up with the Farm Labor Board to go out + pick apricots tomorrow in Irvington. Rodney pushed this hard, but I really can't see the percentage in it. Perhaps it will be a good experience, though.

Dinner at Paula's tonight in celebration of her birthday. About 20 people there, including Dianne Rexroth, Ann Williams, Freddie Pyzel, Bill Warner + Vera Johnson. Cocktails were followed by a buffet dinner. Fun to see Dianne again.

Saturday

July 23

Got up early again and drove down to Irvington to check in at the Farm Labor Board. We were told that there were no apricots available, so we were assigned to pick string beans in Pleasanton, some 15 miles to the east.

We reached the farm given to us, and, after some delay, started working around 9 o'clock. Some 200 other pickers, mostly Negroes of the poorest type and a few Mexicans or Indians. Our "foreman" was a Mexican who could hardly speak any English except "You pick... there!"

The beans were small + not too plentiful, and it took me 2 hours to pick one ~~of~~ bushel, worth 60¢. The sun burned off the fog + it became devilishly hot. We finally quit about 3:30, Rodney having picked 4 bushels, I having picked a little over 3. I got \$1.86 for 5 1/2 hours hard work! Even at that,

we had to wait 1 1/2 hours  
to get paid.

An interesting experience, but  
I will never do it again.  
The Negroes were the worst lot  
I have ever seen. Anyone of  
them looked as though they'd  
just as soon pull a knife on  
you as look at you.

I am really disgusted and  
fed up. I made air coach  
reservations back to New York  
next Friday via TWA.

Sunday  
July 24