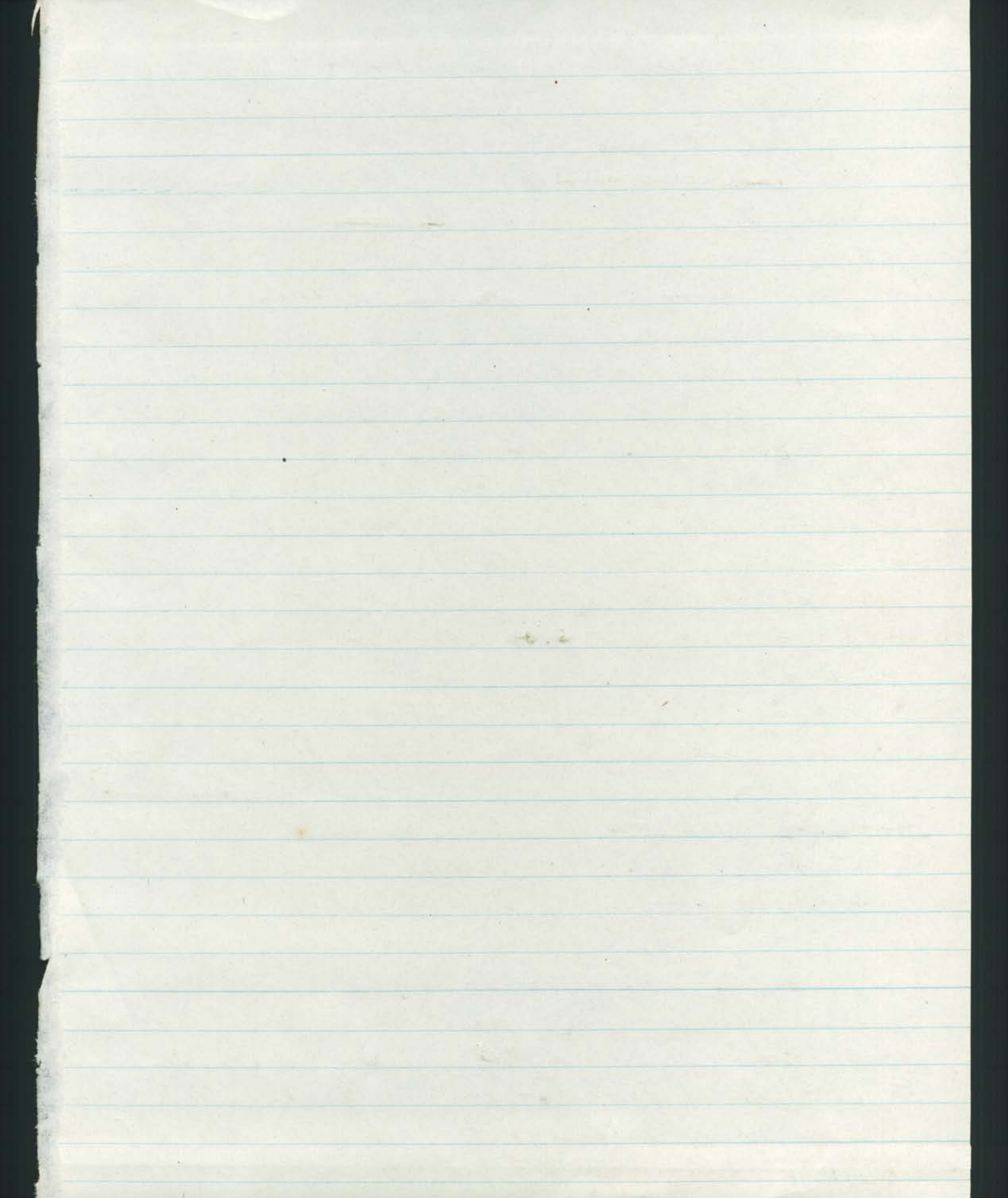


Vacation June 14-23 incl. 1947
at Camp Mather.

We, ~~Maurice and I~~, had been looking forward to this vacation ~~in June~~ at Camp Mather since Maurice had signed up in ^{March} for the first two opening weeks of the Camp opening in June. All week before leaving we gathered what paraphernalia - such as camp cots, blankets, clothing, extra light, flash lights, cameras etc as we might need. Friday night we retired before 11 P.M. and the alarm ringing at 3:20 A.M. ~~awakened~~ ^{awakened} us with a start. Everything was stowed away, last minute preparation made - and at ~~5:00~~ ^{6:00} A.M. we were on our way.

Crossing over the SF Bay Bridge and turning East a Highway we followed Highway 50 through Livermore, Tracy and ~~turned~~ ^{so out to} ~~Highway 120~~ at Manteca where we switched to Highway 120. We stopped at Jacksonvilles about 9:00 o'clock. It was already very warm and checking our tires we discovered the pressure was up to 45°. Drinking down a coke we resumed our way over the Priest Isada and Buck Meadows, ~~over~~ ^{over} winding upgrade roads, steep dips and sharp turns and eventually reached the entrance to Camp Mather. Over this preceding road we passed through very



interesting country, ever changing - grain fields, cattle country, fruit orchards of various types, dairy farms, lumber country. The soils and landscape always different.

Towards 11:00 o'clock we drew closer to our destination over a one lane paved road with ~~several~~ adequate points for passing another car. This road wound through the trees, sugar and yellow pine, cedar and digger pine. We drove over the ~~new~~ railroad tracks and turned ~~left~~ ^{right} through the arch way to the parking area at Camp Nather. We were one of the first arrivals at Camp - the personnel were busy elsewhere - as registration and assigning of guests to their cabins would not start till 2 P. M. So we locked the car and walked around the grounds to prepare ourselves for our stay.

~~And~~ So we might remember our first day arrival we took pictures of each other standing by one of the many trees that grow there. There he smoking his father's day pipe - and holding his glasses that have dark lenses attached. ~~for drinking~~. He is dressed in Marine summer gear - with cap - Buckle on his belt was made by Steve Carroll while in the Navy. I had on my first pair of peddle pushers - denim - which I painfully made myself. I say painfully because of what I suffered while sewing them.

directly in back of the trees can be seen

a building which - I might say - is newly erected this year - it contains the P.O. all run by Martin Murphy - the remainder - and larger part of the building is the Camp Store run by this same gentleman - and one may purchase cards, cold drinks, coffee and sandwiches ready - and such things as flashlights, bathing caps, and many other items one might forget to bring from home. Maurice gave him a bad time ribbing him about his smile when he played the cash register, especially the higher notes.

We went back to the car, to wait for the 2 P.M. - Maurice decided to stroll around some more, and as I felt tired, I soon fell asleep in the front seat. It seemed only a short while when Maurice came back and started unpacking our things into a two wheeled affair that is used to transport our things to the cabins. We had been assigned Cabin 82 that was across the tracks and left for perhaps a ^{longer} block. There were trees all about - along the trail and surrounding our cabin. There were two bunk beds along one wall and a three shelf cabinet in back - one long ^{sliding} ~~with sliding~~ on that wall - one on back wall and one across the room - another bed on that side - a stool - a closet with plenty of shelves - one beneath the other, hangers - and a broom for keeping the place clean.

~~The picture in~~ one picture shows Maurice

sitting on the rustic railing in front of the house
which shows the window on the ~~south~~ ^{west} side of the house
where the bunk beds are.

We arranged our clothing - and all the equipment
in suitable places - put the chest between the
beds, the alarm clock & radio on top - made
up the lower bunk bed and the one across
swept out the room, put down a floor mat.
~~locked up the cabin - and~~ And then I continued
my cat napping - Maurice locked me inside -
so he could come back and get in the
cabin without disturbing me.

As meals were served in the evening from
5 to 6 - breakfast 8 to 9 - lunch 12 to 1 -
we drifted over toward the large dining
room - shown in the picture - about 4:40 -
By this time there were many more people
who had arrived and we looked to see if
there were any we knew. The meals are served
cafeteria style so after receiving our portion
on trays we brought them to a table.

At the next table we saw a couple with a
son ~~around 3 or 4 years old~~ - and the wife
recognized us first. She went to St Paul's
High with Clara, her husband Walt Young
known Maurice from the Y. M. C. and also
Eana from New Valler - So we teamed
up and spent our entire time in
their company. Their cabin was through
the trees directly across from ours.

The line up before the dining room didn't occur till the last few days when more people had arrived. When we left there were about 290 people with full capacity of 350 expected in 2 or 3 days. Directly in back of our cabin is a large field where the horses are allowed to roam and feed on wild grass. So we wandered over by the fence and took some pictures of the stock.

There was no Mass on Sunday anywhere in the area - we even checked with the Ranger Station a mile up the road - he called the Ranger Station at Yosemite. There were Masses there but it would take ~~an~~ an hour and a half to drive thirty miles into the valley. So we said the rosary and prayers for an hour and satisfied ourselves that the following Sunday a priest would say Mass in the Camp Mather Zen air church.

Sunday afternoon the ~~four~~^{four} of us and Richard "what's his name little boy" wandered over to the Corral and signed up for the breakfast ride on ~~Wednesday~~ Thursday. Some of the horses were being shod so we watched this process - ~~dy~~ shoeing also fed the horses great armfuls of wild grass which we pulled up by the handfuls -

Tuesday ~~Monday~~ morning after breakfast - Maurice and I with Erna and Richard started out on a walk up to the Ranger station. Rich found the walk too

difficult as it was mostly uphill so they stayed behind and Ned and I caught up with the rest of the group. The naturalist, Neal - ^{pointed out and} explained ~~and~~ different sights as we walked along.

What interested me especially was a large rock of granite on which the Indians ground their meal. There were many depressions in this flat topped rock, some deeper than others.

Neal told us that the arrows and flint the Indians used were traded from the Indians of Mono Lake region as obsidian from which arrows are made is not native to this area. They traded furs and skins for them. We took pictures along the trail and the group - some waiting for a drink of water at the ranger station - others standing in the shade resting, before starting the walk along the highway back to camp. At the entrance to Yosemite - this road goes only to Tetch Hotel and does not connect with Yosemite proper - several took pictures - the other side of the sign says - Stanislaus Nat'l Forest - in which Matter is situated.

In the afternoon we went swimming in the Lake - but didn't take any pictures - will next year.

That evening after dinner Edna and I went on a three mile hike to Inspiration Point (I think it is called) - that's three miles one way - we left immediately after dinner 6:15 - the boys stayed behind with Richard - We hiked along

the highway as far as the Ranger station - took a short cut through the woods on the left and came out again on the highway further up. This highway is the old railroad track bed used when constructing the dam. We hiked along further and then left the road completely and started a steep ascension over granite rocks to the top of the point. The silhouette shows some who reached there ahead of us. The stunted cedar makes an interesting addition to the picture. From there one can see Tusulomne gorge and to the right 9 miles away - the dam and lake and falls. It was 4:15 P.M. when the picture was taken showing this view. We started back in almost total darkness - there was a swift flying overhead that startled us by a sudden power dive. No wonder the name - "Swift". At first Erna and I were in the lead but later we brought up the rear - talking over past experiences, etc. It was a very enjoyable evening - we arrived back about 9:20.

Morning of the breakfast ride we got up about 6:20 and were at the corral about 7:20 or so - Walt and Marion Cuthbertson were to take care of Richard. Maurice rode a black & white horse named Gladys, Thelma's horse a big black had no name, my horse was Bubbles and I don't recall Erna's horse. We got started and the trail followed where we had walked with Neal. It continued on past the Ranger station climbing continually - some

spots were very rocky and the hill sloped downwards for a great distance. Once while we were halted to allow the stragglers to catch up - I took a picture of what I thought was a very interesting shot of rocks and hills on our right - ahead of us - but the picture doesn't show much - only the back of the horse and the head of the one in front of that. When we reached the summit we went along a flat for quite a ways and then started down the other side. Our guide let out a call - (we were later told the biscuits and eggs were put on to cook at this point - and when we had arrived at our destination the table was all set - potatoes, already fried as well as the bacon, the coffee made - and the rest about done. We dismounted, tied each horse to a separate tree, and helped loosen the cinches, and walked into the area where the table was set. This particular camp was located between the forks of a stream - trees shaded the entire area - but some sun did filter through - enough to allow the taking of a picture with Super Agfa supreme film. We ate everything in sight - Boyceberry jam for the biscuits - and after helping with the dishes, and wiping the table and putting the flour, etc. away - we prepared to return. Joe Barnes showed us a large can of flour that the bears had broken into since the last time a party had been there. All food to

he left is put in a cooler and this is
hoisted up in the trees out of reach of
the bears. The party split on the way home -
those desiring to go along the trail at a faster
clip went ahead - we arrived back at the
corral a little before 11:30 - for \$2.50 a person
it really was an excellent ride and breakfast, and
enjoyed by all.

Friday we made arrangements with personnel
to take our lunch and go into Yosemite for the
day. The young and ourselves picked up our lunches
right after breakfast and Maurice drove. It's a
beautiful drive and the first view of the valley
we stopped and took pictures - also at Yosemite
Falls, Mirror Lake where we ate lunch and
watched a Blue Jay hide bits of food we
gave him in the oddest places - under rocks -
in the leaves, any place where it would stick.
We next drove to Camp Curry took a picture of
the tepees and also where the drive falls are. We
had milk shakes and a soda and then started
back to camp. Some other time we will do
more hiking and maybe drive to Glacier Point.
Get a picture of Half Dome and on the way back
took a picture of one of the drive through trees of
Mariposa Grove.

Sunday morning Parker Long said that ^{at 7:15} and
though it was almost in complete shade. I took a
picture that gives a vague idea of it all. Next year I
may see a flash.

Monday after breakfast we packed our things and got started on the road home about 11:00 AM we took the road through Yosemite - through Mariposa, - Merced, Modesto, and up to Mantua where we turned West and went as far as Haystack and over to Springton to spend a night & day with ^{Henry & Ruby} ~~them~~ before returning home.

We really had a wonderful vacation - plenty of good food, rest, sunshine, exercise - lots of laughs - and good friends - about -

