

CALIFORNIA OCT 1970

Monday morning, 19 October 1970 Boy, do I have a complicated life! Saturday morning I drove Marion Holske's car with Marion, Hope Brown, and Dorothy - a friend of Marion's and Hope's, to Northfield, Massachusetts where we all attended a weekend reunion of the Labrador Cruise group of AMC, with Ron Gower as leader. Ron had invited me as a friend and guest and I shared Ron's room with him. We had an enjoyable twenty-four hours with a hike Saturday afternoon and another one Sunday morning. There was an enormous buffet dinner Saturday night and a wonderful beef dinner Sunday noon. After Saturday night's dinner was slide-viewing and I ran the slide projector for most of the show, taking everybody's slides and projecting them to the entire group of approximately thirty people.

Sunday, right after the dinner, we left about 1:30 and I drove Marion and Hope in Marion's car to Logan Airport. Ron had agreed to take Dorothy back home in Winchester. We got to the airport comfortably in time for me to check in and get seat assignment about four o'clock for my five o'clock flight to Los Angeles. Marion drove on home with Hope, whose car was at Marion's house.

About 4:30 Peg showed up and found me in the Terminal Bldg. and she watched my bags while I went back to the entrance and picked up the cat box with Kay's cat and two kittens. I checked them through on my ticket, but regardless of the fact that I was first-class and no checked luggage, I still had to pay an excess of ten dollars.

As I got on the plane and found my seat, Roy Crocker came up behind me. He was just heading back to California for about a week prior to returning to Honolulu where his Manufacturing

Representatives' business is located. He is in the States expediting and about a week ago he was in The Foxboro Company. and I had a chance to talk to him a little. Roy was in the Tourist section and I was in First Class and anyhow I couldn't stay awake, so I didn't see him on the flight. I did sleep at least three hours of the five-hour flight - I'm not sure how much more. When I got off the plane Faye Hovey met me right at the gate and back a few feet further was Kay, so I introduced them. Then we went down to collect the cat. Kay had come down from San Francisco by plane and had hoped to spend the evening talking with me and sleep in Los Angeles for the night and then go back by plane to San Francisco with her cats. Peg had told Kay that Faye was meeting me, so she wasn't surprised, but Faye had no way of knowing the whole story and she had come to take me to my hotel and take this opportunity to talk about the Malibu fire and some more about her conservationist activities. About the time that we got the cat, Roy Crocker showed up for his luggage and I introduced him to the girls. I went off and called the Holiday Inn to see if they had an extra room for Kay and also if they would allow the cats in the room. Fortunately, both answers were positive, so Faye got her car and we bid good-bye to Roy and came out to the Holiday Inn here in Van Nuys. Just as we pulled up Marty and Harriet Rubin with Hiro Yamasaki showed up from a day at Disney Land. Marty was getting a cold and wanted to get home, it being about 9:30 or 10:00 by this time, and they had not had any food yet, so Marty asked me if I would see to it that Hiro got some dinner. Well, the plot was thickening, obviously, because I had eaten on the plane and we had stopped at a grocery

store to pick up some cookies and milk, we had also picked up some Kitty Litter and milk for the cats. We had planned on checking in the rooms and then looking at some of the stereo slides I had with me and then Faye would go on home. So we checked in the rooms and Hiro helped carry the cats, then I took Hiro down to the dining-room and with the menu posted outside the door we went over it to be sure he understood where everything was and I let him go on in to eat by himself as I went back up with the other two.

Tonight, Kay and I are invited to go out to Faye's house which means I will have to get a rental car, take Kay out and then take Kay down to the airport to catch a plane back to San Francisco, then return here to the hotel. Today, Kay will move into my room at checkout time to avoid additional day charge on her room, and Marty will pick up Hiro and me at nine o'clock this morning. I'm not sure why he made it this late. WE made plans to meet at eight and then he left a message at the desk downstairs that it would be nine.

Monday evening Well, it is still a topsy-turvy world. Tonight Kay was supposed to catch a bus at ten minutes after ten to take her to the airport. We got there maybe five minutes early but then no bus came. Still it didn't come and after fifteen minutes or so a man came out and asked if I would join him in paying for a taxi fare. I said that I would check my daughter to see what she thought. When Kay asked him how much he said the taxi would be at least ten dollars, so I said I could drive down for less than that and so I asked the guy if he wanted to ride with us. He said, "No, I'll tell you what I'll do. Why doesn't she come with me, because I've already got a

taxi called. Finally, after another fifteen minutes, the taxi showed up. In the meantime this fellow had said that he had called the bus company headquarters and they had tried to reach the bus by short-wave radio but unsuccessfully. So anyhow, finally the taxi came and of course, no sooner the taxi left than the limousine showed up - thirty-five minutes late. It turned out that this man was going to Boston in connection with some special antennas they were making there for his company out here, so I guess maybe Kay found a reasonable guy to ride to the airport with.

Tuesday night Hiro, with Marty's help had contacted Dr. Tomota's son, Haruo, who is a doctor in training at one of the hospitals in Los Angeles. Marty had a cold bothering him, so I drove Hiro to meet Haruo and then, at Marty's suggestion, we went over to Sunset Blvd. to the new Chinatown and a restaurant called General Lee's. We had a very nice Chinese dinner and a nice talk about Haruo's work on arterial contraction related to various excretions and drugs and then took him back to his apartment near Sunset Blvd. and Hollywood Blvd.

Wednesday morning We have a slight sprinkle but Hiro and I went the few feet to Dennie's Restaurant right close to the hotel and then drove out to get here just at eight o'clock.

Wednesday evening - A free evening so after leaving work at almost six o'clock Hiro and I came down and went to the Ford Garage Restaurant by name of Galpin for a small fried clam dinner. Today we decided that Hiro was going to have to stay a longer time and that I should stay here also. Also, at Tosi Arima's suggestion I have now made arrangements to take Hiro to Grand Canyon over the weekend. I'm not sure whether Marty is going to go along or not,

but I do hope to hit Las Vegas, Zion National Park, Glen Canyon Dam, maybe the North Rim, certainly the South Rim, and then back again to Las Vegas and Los Angeles - maybe four hundred or five hundred miles of driving.

Thursday evening Another free night for Hiro and me, so I drove over and went down Van Nuys Avenue, suddenly saw Farrel's Ice Cream Parlour. It is a very fancy Western saloon motif but specializing in ice cream. Hiro and I went in and were quickly ushered to a small table by a Gay-90's costumed waiter. While we were looking at the newspaper type of red, white and blue menu a waiter came out beating on a drum and several congregated at a table across the room. Suddenly one of them called out, "Ladies and Gentlemen, let me have your attention." And then he gave a speech about some one who was having her 19th birthday and first thing you knew we (most of the patrons) /were joining in this birthday greeting. We got some chilli and friend shrimp and a corned beef sandwich, but while we were eating suddenly a fire-bell started ringing and a siren sounding off and two or three waiters came in, one holding high a tray on which I recognized must be their fancy No. 10 sandwich, the name of which I will not try to pronounce -Gastronomicaldelicatessenepicurean's Delight. It consists of an oven-fresh loaf of French bread 14 inches long filled with all sorts of stuff like corned beef, pastromi, ham, roast beef, Swiss cheese, lettuce, tomato, and I don't know what all else. And then about the time we were finished with our foot high chocolate sundaes, a player-piano started running back behind us. Hiro was quite impressed with a mechanism like this that was based on patents on the patent plate dated 1904-1919. It was arranged so that you could select and put on your own roll

and put in a dime and hear it and watch it go through. Farrell's is quite an experience. The menu gives its history starting back when Emperor Nero played his fiddle.

We finally talked Marty on going on this trip this weekend. All the plans are set now. We are leaving Los Angeles at eight o'clock Saturday morning and we ought to be back by six or seven o'clock Sunday evening.

Friday evening , I left work a little early and beat it quickly out to Malibu Canyon where I took several pictures of very sad views of burned trees, burned grass and burned houses. Faye met me and showed me around the lower canyon which I had never seen in its better days, now there are many concrete slabs - the only remainders of many of the houses. Quite a few houses were saved by people hosing down the roof or where water was more scarce taking a barrel of water up on the roof, soaking rags in it, and then pouncing on each little fire as it started on the roof. There were many houses in which the very close trees had all burned but the houses had been saved in this manner.

We then went to Malibu Pier, a fairly old substantial pier jutting out into the Pacific. Out on the end is a restaurant called Pot au Feu. Back home to the hotel after that so that I can get some sleep and still get up at five-thirty in the morning to get going on the trip to the Grand Canyon.

Well, here we are, all registered into the Wahweap Lodge, just outside of Page, Arizona. Marty, Hiro and I left the Holiday Inn in Van Nuys about 6:30 this morning, drove to the airport where I turned in the Hertz car, and we took the 8:00 AM flight to Las Vegas, arriving at 8:45. There we got an Avis car - a very nice Dodge that they are trying to get back to Kansas so won't charge the \$15.00 returning fee. Drove down Las Vegas to the Circus, which we went into and wandered around. Hiro and Marty both paid dollars to see a couple of rabbits go through vigorous antics that resulted in Marty getting a pen and pencil set and Hiro a little beaded purse. Finally we got away and on the road at 10:30. We were in St. George, Utah, by 12:30, having covered 148 miles. You can see from this that the roads are still a little rough and unfinished. We went to the old Morman church, ^{caretaker} took quite a few pictures and talked to the carekeeper there. He was a very dedicated but quiet man who delighted in talking about the church and its history but didn't force anything on us at all. This is the oldest standing Morman church. The earlier ones in Eastern states have been burned down by persecutors as they drove the Mormans West. The one in Salt Lake City was started before this but was not completed until several years later.

We ate lunch at St. George also, filled up with gas, and started for Zion which we reached at 3:50. After a few minutes in the headquarters building we drove up to the end of the road at the Temple of Sinawava. From here we went about a mile up the Narrows Trail to the point where it fords the river and took a picture of many places, both during the hike and coming back down .

We left the headquarters about six o'clock, heading up through Bridge Mt., which has a very interesting tunnel with several places you can pull off to the side and look through holes showing the picturesque canyon down below. Beyond this the road was good but very windy until we got through the east entrance of the park and then we had a chance to get up to speed again. We stopped at Kanab and ate at the guide-book recommended place called The Chef's Palace, which is a fairly normal, simple restaurant with the major adornment being a khan hanging in front of a large mirror. We arrived at Kanab at seven o'clock and after eating dinner got away at 8:10. Then we got on the road again getting to Wahweap at 8:05. Please note in the times above that there was a time change between St. George and Zion from Pacific Coast Daylight Saving to Rocky Mountain Daylight Saving, and there was another change from Kanab to Wahweap from Rocky Mountain Daylight Saving to Rocky Mountain Standard, so now my watch - which I didn't change from Los Angeles - is the correct time here, but with the Daylight Saving change coming tonight I'll be wrong by an hour when I get back to Los Angeles.

This time of the year there are very few other people around here so that we had to slow down for other cars only two or three times all day.

-- Back to St. George. We ate at Dick's Cafe - a very new building but a sign saying Famous Name in Eating for 100 Years (I think it said).

Sunday Evening - Back to the Holiday Inn in Van Nuys about 11:00 Sunday evening. This has been quite a day. We got up before dawn

We saw a beautiful sunrise as we ate breakfast. We then went down to Glen Canyon Dam, drove around and took pictures at various places while we were waiting for the Dam to open at 8:30. Then we went in and went on what they call a Self-Conducted Tour. There are arrows pointing the direction and every once in a while a button to push with a recorded voice that gives the story about that particular part of the power plant.

We finally got away from Page at about ten o'clock and drove for the Grand Canyon. Time wasn't so good here. We stopped at a couple of Trading-posts and the 118 miles took us three hours. We ate lunch at the Desert View Tower and then went along the rim, stopping at Lippon Point, Zuni Point, Morans Point, ^{Grandview} Manview Point, Yaki Point, Mather Point - then over to Hoppi Point. By this time the day was getting pretty well along, so we drove fairly rapidly down to the airport in order to get there a half hour before the six o'clock flight. The only trouble was the winter schedule of Air-West calls for this plane to come through at seven o'clock, so we went back up the road to Moqui Lodge and had a very nice buffet,=shopped some more - this must have been about the sixth or seventh shop we stopped in although we didn't pick up too much in any of them. Went back to the airport and this time the building was jammed with people rather than only two or three as before. I turned in the Avis car and we went by Air-West directly to Phoenix, Arizona. Our time was pretty close now. Fortunately, the flight from Phoenix had been an hour and thirty minutes free time; and now we had only thirty minutes, but it worked out all right. We got good seats on a 720, which is a 4-engine jet as opposed to the 2-engine prop high wing plane we had come down from the Grand Canyon.on.

We got into Los Angeles and found an Avis compact all set for us. The car we had yesterday was a Dodge Monaco. This one now is a Ford Torino. All in all over the weekend I drove 492 miles in the Monaco and about 40 miles each in the previous Hertz and the new Avis - about 575 miles total.

Gosh, I forgot to talk about the Grand Canyon.

As we approached the National Forest the weather was closing in and getting darker and by the time we had taken our snack at the Desert View Tower it was starting to spit snow. As we drove along the rim sometimes it was snowing very hard, although most of the times when we got to a point to get out it stopped long enough for us to take photographs. We did take a couple with the snow at Lippon Point. There was a stone tower that appeared some distance away from the edge but we noticed a man out there and kind of wondered how he made it there. Just before we left this man came back near me so I commented on his going out there and he said, "Oh, yes, you can get a very good picture of the rapids from there - maybe the only good place." So I strapped my camera on and headed down over the side. If this guy could do it I guessed I could. Sure enough, there were a couple of fairly narrow places but nothing really dangerous. I found myself out on the edge there and took a couple of pictures I hope came out. It is so hard to tell the lighting under these conditions.

As we went around, however, we could see in the distance that it was clearing up a little and every once in a while a ray of sunshine would hit across the canyon. Finally, when we got to Hoppi Point, the last one and the one we had to rush, the sun was out beautiful and bright and so we got a number of pictures there.

If we had only known the plane was an hour late we would have been

able to take advantage of the situation.

Monday evening, 26 October. Tonight Hiro went with Mat Gelso and some of the others while Marty, Lindsey and I stuck around discussing future programs. We finally decided to break up at six o'clock when I took Lindsey home - not too far away from the plant. When we got to his home his wife invited me to come in to eat dinner. She had eaten before with the youngsters, so she sat and talked with us through a very enjoyable dinner and then an hour or so of general discussion afterwards - a very pleasant evening.

Tuesday evening Perfect weather in Los Angeles since we got back Sunday evening. See mountains every morning from the room.

(Still no new amplifier batteries so I can't do much dictating.)

(I have a makeshift of 5 penlite batteries in a bundle outside of the machine - seems to work all right.)

This evening Hiro said he would like to have some Italian food and as we were on our own I drove down Van Nuys Avenue clear to Ventura Blvd, turned east, keeping my eyes open all the way and suddenly I saw a big sign Barone's - Italian Food. We went in and had what I thought was very good Italian food. Today/^(Wed.)~~when~~ we checked with the people at the Valencia Plant it turns out this is a famous Italian restaurant, so I was fortunate again.

Wednesday evening Just before we left the plant today, Mat called our attention to the fact that there was a big fire burning in Newhall, south of Valencia. As we drove down this way toward the hotel we could see the fire burning very viciously in the distance with a large amount of black smoke coming off of it. Hiro commented that this was the largest fire he had ever seen. I think it is the largest I've ever seen also. Sure hope it

doesn't get out of hand again like the rest of them a little while ago. The Santa Ana wind is still blowing pretty hard and it is extremely dry. The weather report last night said the relative humidity was down around 12. We took a couple of pictures of the fire and hope we got something but it is not even mentioned in the news reports I have heard so far tonight.

Things have been going kind of slowly in any one direction but we've been going in many directions, so now it looks as though I may have to stay over another weekend and at least the first two days of next week. That will make it almost 2-1/2 weeks away from Foxboro on this trip.

Friday night We got through with our tests at Douglas at about 3 to 3:30, so Hiro and I took Marty back to his car at the Holiday Inn in Van Nuys and then we changed our clothes and got away about 5:00, heading south on the San Diego Freeway. We concluded that everybody in Los Angeles was going south on the San Diego Freeway! We had bumper to bumper traffic that Rinichi calls Stop, Stop, Go - slower than Stop & Go. We were in the Newport Beach area about 7:00 so we pulled off and drove into an A&W Root Beer Stand, where we read the menu posted above a speaker and then talked back and forth with the speaker and before long an attractive young lady came out with our order, which we enjoyed. We got back on the road. The traffic had cleared up a little bit and before long it was going very smoothly at quite high speed - the freeway speed being 65 going up to 70 as we approached the San Diego area. Not knowing the area too well, I was pretty lucky and I think took the shortest way. There may have been a slightly shorter one.

Then hunted around a little bit for Hugh's and Marge's apartment. We were there about 9:00.

Beautiful cloudless morning on Saturday. We called on Marge at eight o'clock. She fed us some breakfast and insisted that we take Hugh's car to drive to Ensenada rather than the Avis one because she knew the insurance was okay on his if we supplemented it with the about three dollars a day additional insurance one can buy right at the border. So off we went to Mexico.

We got to Tijuana okay and got the insurance just before we got to the border. When we went over into Tijuana and missed the turn for the toll road, thereby we had the opportunity of touring the town quite thoroughly before we found the toll road. This road is a double barreled highway with a speed limit ranging around 100 to 110 kilometers/hour, so we got to Ensenada in pretty good order. We had quite a time finding a parking place and finally found one quite some distance from the center. What scared me a little was that I saw a policeman putting a ticket on one parked car that had a little pinkish color on the curb and I couldn't see any sign on any post around, so I looked around until I found a place with no sign and no color on the curb. We walked down through Ensenada, stopping at a nice-looking gift shop where Hiro and I bought some souvenirs. I asked the English-speaking lady where we might eat. She told us about a block away and up another street was the Cafe Colonial. Since it was now about 1:30 we thought it a good idea for us to get some lunch. After lunch we went back through the town, stopped at two or three other small shops, bought a few other trinkets. It seems they must be having an election soon down there because there were sound-trucks all over, one with an entertainment on the back

consisting of a troubadour and two somewhat scantily clad females and another man, I'm not quite sure what he was doing. This group didn't seem to be making much noise - most of it seemed to be coming out of a loudspeaker system on the truck. But at least they were getting some attention - enough that Hiro and I both took pictures.

On the way back from Ensenada I decided to take the old road because I thought it would be much more picturesque and it sure is. It winds through hills giving very nice views of countryside and of two or three Mexican shanty towns. In the morning we had had some apprehension about going through the border but we were waved on through by both the American and Mexicans but apprehension was much greater coming back. I don't know whether it was the insurance sticker on the windshield or our looks or just the fact that there was an awful mob coming home from the race-track at the same time when we answered the question "Do you have any plants? or food?" and we didn't have any, we were passed right through with no further questioning. even though quite a few cars were being shunted over to the Inspection Area. So we sighed in relief and came on back to the LaJolla Racquet Club where Marge was waiting as planned. Coming back we found the way that we should have gone in the morning. As it was in the morning we had a very nice scenic tour of LaJolla and surroundings. We could see our Freeway No. 5 down below many times but couldn't make it because our car wouldn't go across that rough terrain! We had to find a road - which we finally did, but it wasn't the right one. Somehow we got to the interchange further north than the one we wanted, and thinking back I can't see how it was possible because we would have had to cross over or under the correct one in order to do it.

I implied above that coming back to LaJolla was not difficult. That's not correct because I took off down in San Diego, went over near the airport looking back across the bay at the tall buildings in the city all lit up, also we were able to see big battle ships in the harbor. We both tried to take a picture of downtown across the water. I had a little difficulty finding my way back up onto 5, but we did it.

With Marge's guidance we all three went to Anthony's Fish Grotto down in LaHolla where we enjoyed three different meals - Marge and Hiro got fish that is unique for this location and I got abalone cooked very nicely.

Sunday morning Again I woke up almost exactly the right time - six o'clock. I got cleaned up and even though the fog was very heavy I decided to walk along Torrey Pines Road for half a mile or so and here I am now going back down. The sun is almost burning through the fog already. I left Hiro asleep. Maybe he will be up when I get back.

Sunday evening Back in the Holiday Inn. -- This morning Hiro and I, after breakfast with Marge, went down to Sea World in San Diego, getting there just after it opened at 10:00 AM. First we went through the Sea Grotto, getting out just in time for the 10:30 Killer Whale show, in which a whale was doing all sorts of fancy tricks - turning over, talking, giving his trainer a ride. Then we went through the Marine Aquarium before the 11:00 Underwater Show. This was in a tank with the audience all around glass windows. There were several girls swimming around inside but the dolphins were the most interesting. One dolphin would be blind-folded and one could very easily hear him chirping away to

find a bunch of hoops to go through and then later in the show two dolphins swam around in all sorts of simultaneous tricks. The most interesting one to me was when they did cartwheels -one clockwise and the other counter-clockwise simultaneously. They swam around and did this in unison four or five times.

We then went by the California Tide Pools over to the Dolphin Show at 11:30. Here were dolphins that could do all sorts of jumping tricks with the finale being two of them swimming side by side with the trainer riding standing with one foot on each all around the pool and back without getting wet.

From here we stopped briefly at the Seal Pool on the way over to the Seal and Penguin Show, where the Penguins didn't show too much intelligence and one of the Seals showed too much. He wouldn't go up on a platform to dive down through a flame on the surface of the water, so they had to get another seal to come in and do that. Leaving this we went briefly through the Japanese Village and saw the Ama girl pearl diver starting to show her skills. We went over to Good Time Charlie's for a brief lunch. By 1:15 we were on our way, having also stopped by the glass-blowers shop long enough to buy a couple of souvenirs.

On the way back up to Los Angeles I left Route 5 where it crossed Route 1 and came up along the highway so that Hiro could see that part of California and could also see some oil wells.

Monday night This was a free night again for Hiro and me, so we went out walking looking for another place to eat. Neither one of us wanted much so when I saw a big sign saying Bob's Pancakes, Hamburgers, Milk-shakes, we went in and had a very nice light dinner. Afterwards we went down the street about a block or so into a record shop where they had some very big bargains,

some of which I couldn't resist. I worry about whether or not I got stuck, but I won't know until I hear them on record players.
