

# Impressions of Journey Along Highway 101 Given by Visitor

(Editor's note: The following article was written for the Mail Tribune by Emile Abbott, Los Angeles, who has been visiting relatives in Medford. The article offers her impressions of the trip along Highway 101 in California and Oregon. The author is professionally associated with the Tony Lease radio show, "Lease on Life," in Hollywood, Calif., working as assistant to Lease. Option on copyright is retained for the Lease-Abbott enterprises.)

By EMILE ABBOTT  
There is in the heart of every man the desire to return to the land of his secrets—wherever and whatever they may be.

The business man encumbered with cares forgets to remember sometimes, but he knows it; the hustling more simple man knows, and may blush even to admit it; the sensitive man knows it always, frequently admits it and goes then to seek.

The young have it endowed upon them at birth, and what their lives shall be will determine its expression. But it is there, slumbering or awake, in the heart of all men.

**Journey Once a Year**  
Perhaps a journey once a year is the way most of us try to express this feeling of the intangible. For it gives strength to those who would take it, and refreshes the heart for its daily task. And so it came to me, and once more I sought the land of the myrtle tree, the Rogue river and the Christmas tree.

Along the ocean, all the way from southern California, miles and miles, each one is a treasure. There are some things nearer prayer than the heart of man can reach. Upon a hilltop have I seen a loveliness beyond all earthly things. Wildflowers, gold, blue, flame-colored—flung like the carpe's of ancient merchants upon the hills stretching to the sea.

Valleys have I seen and a blue mist drifting. Shadows hanging over mountains in the twilight, blessing me with a soft certainty; wide-winged bird uplifting in flight the sheer joy of my heart; the sighing of the silver birch; the rushing rapids of the Smith river, proud and thunderous in the soft hours of the day; a great black eagle fishing for his supper from high on a rock above swirling rapids below; and still waters, too, silent with mystery mirroring clouds that in roguish play pass sweet hours not measured by instruments of men; butterflies being born from a moonbeam web on a stalk of tall grass; a fleeting glimpse of a startled fawn; the soft crackling of dry bramble as the deer, safe in their forest refuge, came to the low meadow when of the trees to find their evening banquet.

And the ice plant of spring, in its pale yellow dress, snugly sitting, blossom visiting blossom feeling safe by the sea though swept by a late chill wind.

**Rainbows from The Hills**  
Rainbows I saw from the crest of hills and I was breathless at the sight; they seemed to shatter radiance like a thousand tiny crystals in my face they were so near.

The first sweet-scented Hawthorne I found hiding north of Santa Rosa; the dogwood in white flowering glory gracing the green of the redwoods by Crescent City. All this I saw as I journeyed to the myrtle tree, all this I saw in twilight for I had chosen these hours to see the shadows.

The animals of the forest are hungry then, and the flowers prepare for slumber. The birds, great and small, are on a hundred twilight errands. I followed a strange one looking for his supper on the fern floor, and in the dim half-light of the redwoods we went far together, until I snapped a twig on the soft leaf-mold thick at the tree's feet.

The shafts of sunlight are like golden ladders to the sky, and in their filtered rays is a special magic for the soul. I stood beneath the giant redwood—tall, silent and old.

**A Happy Time**  
To journey early in the day at dawn, or at twilight, is perhaps a happy time to follow this ocean pathway along Highway 101, for then you shall find more secrets to keep. My eyes have seen only half the wonder and beauty of our planet Earth.

There are the inexpressible sights, the awe-inspiring, the breathtaking—of great sweeps that stretch as far as eye can see. There are the warm lush waters of the South Pacific, the fronds of palms nodding in gentle tradewinds above white

sands, the strange sounds of the marketplace in a land where music has a five-ton scale and so is strange to our ear.

**Refreshment for Heart**  
My home before, many years ago, and now once more a refuge, Oregon is a

refreshment for my heart. What I see around me daily is not given everywhere—robins nesting in blue spruce, a white throated sparrow almost tame, a springtime in the pink and white rain of its blossoms, the sight of the black top-knot quail and his mate on an evening walk, newborn cedar, the lily-of-the-valley, the aspen leaf, the laurel leaf, the bay, and the daphne and fir, and the coral bell hiding by the rock. Flame colored sunsets,

diamond dawns, the myrtle tree, the miracle of the salmon and snowcapped mountains that rise in white glory from out of a green nowhere. An evening stroll through a meadow gave sweet peace. I saw tiny butterflies sleeping in the meadowgrass, I heard the meadowlark and the robin sing their sunset praises and pause in their rounds of evening.

A pheasant flew up, startled and frightened me, but I found his sweet soft hidden bed.

Old rocks and abandoned stone steps, and from their heights are blue mountains in a gold sunset bathed in

**TOURIST LURE**  
Rockport, Mass.—An entire house made from newspapers brings thousands of tourists each year to Pigeon Cove on picturesque Cape Ann. From Boston go north on Route 128 to Cape Ann.

misty-haze. White clouds kiss high mountains like soft wool blankets.

And tell me, in how many cities, is there left today a meadow for a man? Rare, indeed, but it is here. There is beauty throughout our world, but that of Oregon embraces a special blessing. Where else is the laurel and manzanita so close a friend?

# 21 Franciscan Missions Still Draw Many Tourists

By ARTHUR M. SPANDER  
United Press International  
Los Angeles—Stretching some 600 miles along the California coast from San Diego north to Sonoma is a chain of 21 Franciscan missions—all still standing in part or whole—that two centuries ago were the cultural backbone of the state. Though dimmed in their glamour as tourist and historical sites in recent years by shiny, new attractions such as Disneyland, the missions—their crumbling adobe walls weather beaten by decades of wind and rain—still draw many visitors who come to California.

Built as outposts a day's journey or about 40 miles apart from each other, the missions were connected by a traveled path known as El Camino Real—literally The Royal Road or The King's Highway. Today the modern stretch of U.S. 101 follows approximately the same path of the Spanish priests who trudged the rugged coast country to bring religion to the Indians of "Alta (Upper) California." All the 21 missions, from the first built at San Diego to the final structure at Sonoma—some 40 miles north of San Francisco—are easily accessible by car. Some are in the cities. Others, as San Antonio de Padua are located away from humanity—reached only by a single loop of road.

Most famous of the missions is beautiful San Juan Capistrano. Located about 60 miles south of Los Angeles, it has drawn attention for its connection with the swallows which—according to legend—return every March 19, St. Joseph's Day, and leave Oct. 23. San Diego de Alcalá, located about six miles from the present city, was the first mission built, begun on July 16, 1769. From there Padre

Junipero Serra, generally known as the founder of the mission chain, headed northward. The next mission was San Carlos Borromeo de Carmelo, built in 1770 near the present Monterey Peninsula town of Carmel—about 450 miles up the coast from San Diego. Later missions were established up and down El Camino Real. Santa Barbara, in the city of the same name and known as the Queen of the Missions, is one of the most photographed of all the Franciscan chapels. Its twin bell towers are a famous sight.

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