

A T O U E

A TALE OF THE 'EVANS

for

FAPA - FALL

1947



A TALE OF THE 'EVANS

VOLUME V

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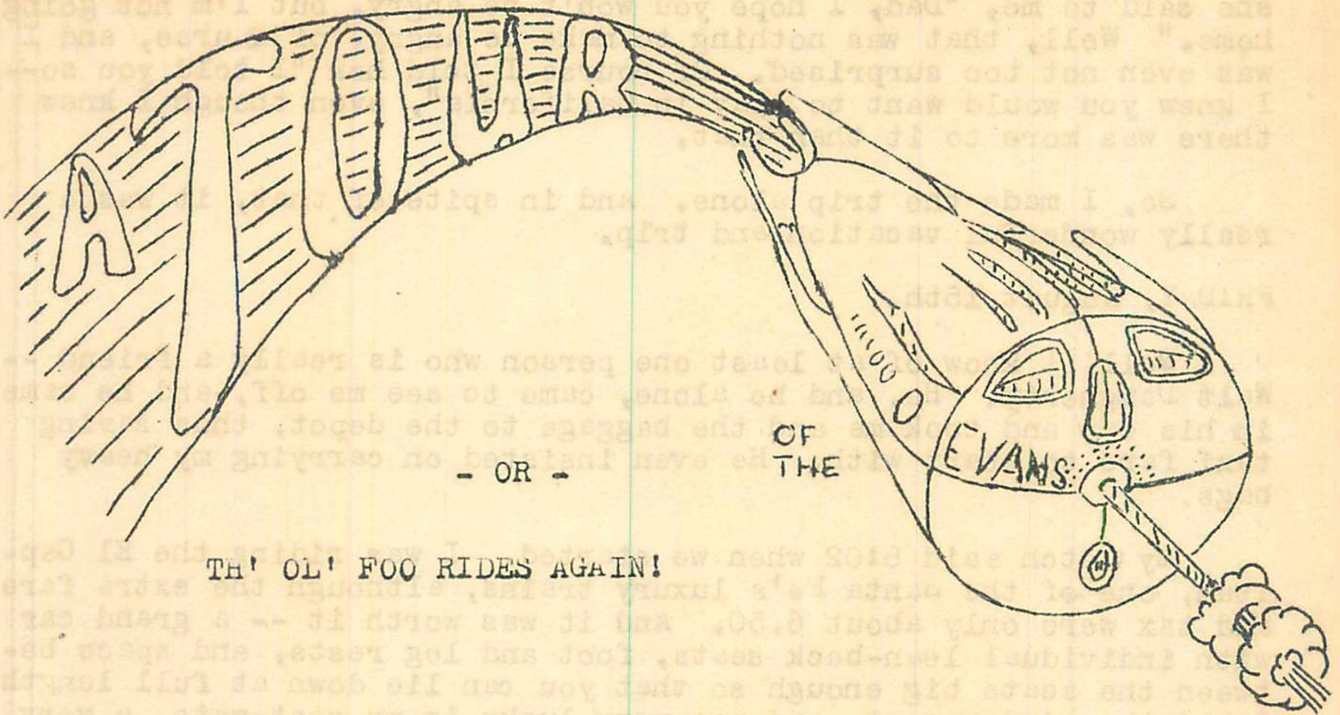
Number 1

The main portion of this issue of A TALE OF THE 'EVANS will be taken up with an account of my trip East, to visit with my family, friends, and attend the PHILCON. I will admit that I have made it somewhat longer than I might otherwise for the benefit of my family and friends more than just for the FAPA readers, altho I hope they may find some points of interest in it. If they do not, they can easily skip it.

Because of that length, I shall not attempt at this time to review the previous mailing, although there are a number of comments that I had noted down to make about various things printed in some of the mags. On the whole, I thought it a very interesting mailing, even though it was not overly large, and though it was quite apparent that some of the members took advantage of the fact that it was advertised to be sent by Express rather than by mail, to see just how filthy they could make their contributions. I suppose it is useless to deplore such tactics -- nevertheless I think it very childish and akin to the writing of dirty words on fences and sidewalks by immature smart-alecks!

Some time ago, in FAPA and other fanzines, there was considerable talk about working out a Code of Ethics for Fandom. It is quite apparent that this is needed now, more than ever. And one of the childish things that should be ruled out is this growing habit of sending telegrams that try to get other members into trouble, or to cause dissensions and stir up feuds. The two or three jokesters (!?) who do this are making it worse all the time, but now they are signing other people's name to these telegrams which have no basis in truth. They are taking advantage of the fact that they cannot be sued for forgery, by using telegrams in cases where they would not dare to use the mails. It is a cheap, puerile trick that should be stopped. I say this in full knowledge of the fact that some of our "top fans" are the main culprits. It has passed the stage of being funny. Why don't you guys grow up!?

My apologies for any errors that may be in these pages. I am so near the FAPA deadline (and Burbee says it is going to go out on time, so there is no extra weeks in which to work on it), that I am typing directly onto the stencils, without first either working out my material or correcting it afterwards. For my trip, I am relying on the notes I kept during it. I hope it does not turn out too badly.



TH' OL' FOO RIDES AGAIN!

S T A T I S T I C S

Crossed 25 States, the District of Columbia, and Ontario, Canada, as follows:

California, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ontario Canada, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas.

Traveled by train	6,893 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles
by bus	133 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
by automobile	195 "
by street car	6 "
by taxi-cab	14 "
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Total	7,242 miles

Left Los Angeles August 15th at 8 p.m.; arrived back in Los Angeles September 9th, at 9:45 a.m.

PREPARATIONS:

I had a lot of fun working out the details of my schedule a long time before it was time to go. I had all the dates and hours of each portion of my trip arranged, and even the actual trains I was to ride on. Jonne was going with me as far as Chicago, and I would see her later in Battle Creek and Coldwater, and perhaps we might even get to Georgia together.

Then the Wednesday evening before we were to leave (on Friday)

she said to me, "Dad, I hope you won't be angry, but I'm not going home." Well, that was nothing to make me angry, of course, and I was even not too surprised. Of course I told her "I told you so-- I knew you would want to stay in California", even though I knew there was more to it than that.

So, I made the trip alone. And in spite of that, it was a really wonderful vacation and trip.

FRIDAY, August 15th.

Well; I know of at least one person who is really a friend -- Walt Daugherty. He, and he alone, came to see me off, and he came in his car and took me and the baggage to the depot, thus saving taxi fare to start with. He even insisted on carrying my heavy bags.

My watch said 8:02 when we started. I was riding the El Capitan, one of the Santa Fe's luxury trains, although the extra fare and tax were only about 6.50. And it was worth it -- a grand car with individual lean-back seats, foot and leg rests, and space between the seats big enough so that you can lie down at full length. I had the window seat, and was very lucky in my seat-mate, a very lovely young lady who autographed my trip book. Her name is Marcella Morgan, of Chicago.

It had been a long day, working my usual stint, getting final things done for the trip and getting down to the depot and aboard the train, so it was fairly early when I put on my little black eye-shade, let down the back of my seat, and started trying to get a good night's sleep. And for a wonder, I made it.

SATURDAY, August 16th.

Although I had slept but fitfully, I got in plenty so that I felt OK when I finally awoke fairly early, especially after I had washed and gotten ready to start the day. We are in the mountains now -- I could tell before I looked out because my ears were "popping" occasionally. It is raining, and the clouds are low, sometimes on the ground. Lots of scrub cedar on all sides. The higher we go the thicker and bigger it gets. A good breakfast, and back to my seat to read the new FAPA mailing which was given me just before I started.

Am continually struck -- through Arizona and New Mexico -- by those tremendous mesas and escarpments or whatever they call them. Reminds me of "Fantasia" in "The Rites of Spring" sequences. The panorama views from the car windows reminds me of the old days at sea, when you can see sun-shine along some portions, and heavy clouds and rain in others, all at the same time.

Had a fairly good lunch. Haven't seen many cattle, but did see one big flock of sheep -- nearly a thousand, I judged. Used as I am to the generally-quite-clear-water rivers in Michigan, the

muddy-yellow ones I have seen so far seem quite peculiar.

Finally saw Albuquerque, New Mexico. More or less what I expected, having seen so many pictures of it. Saw the Indian women selling souvenirs, but no blankets in sight. Didn't buy anything.

Just after a good dinner, we saw a beautiful sight -- a double rainbow, two big complete ones, very bright. A really wonderful phenomenon.

Marcella got transferred to another car, to be with her mother and at Las Vegas, N Mex., I got a new seat companion, and again was very lucky, for she is a nice, lovely, red-head, who signed my book as Marjorie K Cheeseman, of Pittsburgh, Penna.

As we get ready for sleep, the train is an hour and a half late. There has been so much rain that the road-bed is very soggy, and the engineers prudently are taking it easy, preferring, as do their passengers, to arrive safely even if not on time.

SUNDAY, August 17th.

Awoke at 6, after quite a good sleep. We were just coming in to William Allen White's town -- Emporia, Kansas. Two hours late, now. It is a beautiful morning. Certainly a much different sort of country than what we saw yesterday. That was mostly mountains, this is the plains country.

We finally arrived at Chicago, very late. By rushing a lot and taking a taxi instead of waiting for the Transfer Bus to get to the LaSalle Street Station, I made my train, the Mercury on the NY Central. Boy, was it hot! They hadn't yet turned on the air-conditioning, and it was really a furnace. Besides, I had been hurrying so, and carrying those heavy suit-cases, and I was about all in, I can tell you. But I had another touch of good luck -- another nice seat-companion, who signed the book as Audrey Wyckoff, of Jackson, Michigan. We had a dandy talk, and she was a very interesting companion, and the time passed quickly.

Was really surprised when the train pulled in to Battle Creek. I had expected Ed Counts to meet me, and he was there. But so were my son Carl, his wife Helen and baby Judy, and his mother, Beth. We went to Beth's apartment where I also met Aunt Angie, and Carl's new baby, Valerie, whom I had not yet seen. They were all looking very well, and seemed glad to see me, as I was to see them. Judy is growing and is a very beautiful little girl; Valerie is sweet as can be. I'm quite proud of my kids and grand-kids -- or have you folks gathered that before now from various things I have said and written?

After a short visit, they drove me to Counts' house, and there I met the rest of Ed's family, and Earl Perry. We gabbed for some time and then started the expected poker game. I won \$1.35. Late at night, Ed took me down to the Williams Hotel where I had a room.

There I stayed up until about 2 a.m., reading the first part of the typescript of Doc Smith's new story, "The Children of the Lens" which I had picked up at Ed's.

MONDAY, August 18th.

Up about 10 a.m., and hunted around town for a place to eat breakfast. There have been so many changes in the two years I've been gone. All the old restaurants I knew seemed to be closed. Went down to the Michigan Carton where I worked for so long, and had a nice chat with Lillian Etter, personnel director, and others of the old gang. Went up and had a nice gab with my old friend Carl Gray. Had lunch with Beth, and a good talk about the kids. Had my eyes tested for new glasses by Dr. Dodge, and spent some time seeing about getting the new glasses made. They certainly are fixing up the old town, Hardly knew it.

Ate dinner and read some more of Doc's story until Ed and Earl came to my room, and we played poker again. Lost \$2.40 this time. We had a meeting of the Galactic Roamers, and I turned over to the boys the club's money, which had been in my safe-keeping. The boys left about 10:30, and I sat up until 2 finishing Doc's story. WOW! WHAT a story!

TUESDAY, August 19th.

Didn't get up until 11. Had breakfast, did some running about town to see old friends, and about my glasses, and then to the Bus station. Got the bus at 1:53 for Jackson. My sister Edna and Mother met me and we drove to Edna's home. Later I went with her in the car to get Fred after work, and after supper we all went to see Jim's new house he is building. Later we went to see the Cascades. These are a great set of artificial water-falls, illuminated. It is really a grand site, marred somewhat by the fact that they are so patently artificial.

To bed about 10:30, worn out.

Jim, a nephew, has done a splendid job on his house, which he both designed and has done most of the work on. He has a lovely wife, June, and a swell little daughter, Janis. Mother seems just the same as always, even if she is 89. I certainly come from a line of long-lived people, and can see no reason why I should not live to be 90 to 100 as I hope to do. Edna and Fred, too, seem about the same, a little grayer, perhaps, but still two of the happiest married people I know.

WEDNESDAY, August 20th.

Up about 8:30 and had breakfast with Mother. Jim came home in mid-morning and said he had taken June to the hospital. No word at the time of my leaving about the baby, but later heard she had it all right, and everything was OK.

Down to the bus station and away for Angola at 1:15 p.m. Had a heavy rain part of the way there, which cooled it off a bit. Carl met me with the car and drove me to his new home and store. They have a beautiful home, nicely furnished. The grocery store is very clean and well-stocked for a neighborhood store, and Carl is doing a fine business there.

We had a good talk about family things and so on, and after a good supper went for a drive around one of the near-by lakes. It was quite a bit cooler. Judy has a light touch of whooping-cough, but Valerie hadn't got it yet, and they were giving both babies shots for it. Valerie is such a sweet baby, laughs and smiles almost all of the time. At six months she is strong and healthy, and stands up in her jumper. She looks a great deal like Carl did at her age, but has some of Helen about the eyes. Judy is really a sweet kid, too. In fact, a grand family, says I.

To bed about 10:30, and ready for it, too.

THURSDAY, August 21st.

Up a little after 8, quite a good night's sleep. After breakfast helped Carl in the store a bit, sweeping and unpacking some stock. Went downtown on a trip with Carl, then stopped in some of the stores. Sent cards to various people. After lunch it rained, hard, with thunder and lightning. Much cooler. After an early supper, Carl and I went fishing. Got 4 not-too-big ones, and 3 we threw back. Got home just before 9, and Helen and I went to see "The Hucksters".

FRIDAY, August 22nd.

Up about 8, and after breakfast I again swept out the store and did some other chores for Carl. Phoned my sister Harriett, in Coldwater, about the reunion. Helen and I drove to Orland to see my nephew John Evan Storer, and his new Electrical and Radio shop. In the evening went to Rotary dinner with Carl. Everyone seems to like him immensely here in Angola.

Most of the day just loafed; talked with the kids, played with the babies, and started re-reading Doc's story. 'Twas another hot day. Ate the fish for lunch, they insisting that I eat them all as they were so small. 'Twas certainly good to taste some fresh-water fish once more -- so different from ocean fish. Bed early.

SATURDAY, August 23rd.

Up about 8 and after breakfast took the bus to Coldwater. Was met by Johnny and went to the house. Came sister and husband and mother, came nephews and nieces and spouses and kids, for the family reunion. 28 of us, out of a total of 50, but I, alas, was the only one of my family present. Saw a lot of babies and spouses I had not previously seen. Dinner at a near-by park, and then some of us went swimming at the lake where we had a cottage when I was a kid.

We all signed cards to those who were absent. After most of the rest had gone, Harriett, Johnny, Marjorie and I went to a picture show, "The Two Mrs. Carrolls". To bed late, and tired.

SUNDAY, August 24th.

Up about 9 and had breakfast with those of the family then up. Afterwards, a walk down town to mail some cards, see the burg, and get some milk. Looked through the phone book to see who was still living in the old town that I knew. Not too many of them.

Then one of the high-lights of my trip. Called on one of the girls with whom I went to school -- my first love. Hadn't seen her in too many years. She looks fine -- doesn't show her age at all, by 10 years or more. Unfortunately, she was just leaving on her own vacation trip, but we had two hours of wonderful reminiscences about old times and old friends. She's still so very sweet, as she always was. If only she had loved me as I did her way back then; I wonder what life would have turned out to be? "The Worlds Of IF", huh!

Took it easy the rest of the day, Gabbed with this one and that. Another nice rain, and it cooled off a bit, but still hot. Took niece Emily to a show after dinner. To bed rather early.

MONDAY, August 25th.

Up about 8:30 and got my own breakfast. Afterwards went down town to see how many of my old friends I could find. Most of the men who were in business when I was a boy are gone, of course; so many of the kids with whom I went to school are now scattered all over the world, if still alive. However I found a few. "The boy next door", Harry Hutchins, is now Chief of Police. Others are in business, either those left them by their fathers, or ones they've developed themselves.

Loafed the rest of the day, gabbing with the folks. Got some little presents for mother, Harriett and brother Bob. Took a little ride with Harriett and niece Betty, while they did some errands after supper. Boy, are my dogs barking, after so much walking!

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26th.

Slept until 10; and after breakfast put up the awning over the kitchen window which I had got for Harriett. After lunch went up to see Aunt Angie, but she wasn't home. Left a note and went back. Tried to phone Carl, but after 40 minutes the operator still hadn't made the connection (about 25 miles away -- wonderful service!) Had to leave then for Battle Creek. Harriett drove Mother and I over there. I got a room at the Cody Hotel, and then went out to see the town again. Counts was in Muskegon, and couldn't get hold of Earl. Saw some old friends, so back to my room and read Doc's story for the third time. It gets better and better as you really get into it. How that man can pack stuff into a yarn!

WEDNESDAY, August 27th.

Up about 9:30. Had some eats and did a little shopping. To see Carl Gray again, but he in Kalamazoo for the day. To the store to see Beth again, but she on vacation. Phoned her, however, and said "Goodbye". Finally got the train at 1:30 p.m., on my way via Detroit, Canada and New York state to Boston. Read some, worked on the revision of my story "Up-Surge", but couldn't do much on it except thinking about changes to be made, as I can't write well against the jiggling of a train.

Changed at Detroit to a chair car, but not as nice as the one on the El Capitan. Under the Detroit River into Canada, and on to Buffalo and Albany.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28th.

Up about 6, at Albany. Not too bad a night's rest. Breakfast and finally arrived at Boston, 1½ hours late.

Another high-light of my trip -- finally meeting Doris Currier, with whom I have been corresponding for nearly three years. We (including Bill) went to a hotel across the street and got a sitting room where we could gab all day. Doris is just about as I expected her to be, as I had become so well acquainted with her via letters during all that time.

They went over Bradbury's treatments of my Vampire story, as well as some of my other work, and I read some of hers. We gabbed of everything imaginable, even to telling each other stories we thought good. Had a nice lunch and later a good dinner. It was a really enjoyable day. They had to leave at 7:45 p.m., and I found I could get a train at 8, so did not wait for the 10 o'clock one I had planned to take. Yes, a high-light, finally meeting one of my most prized correspondents. It will make future letters so much more interesting.

FRIDAY, August 29th.

Reached New York about 2 a.m., and got a roomette in the Hotel Pennsylvania Turkish bath. Woke up about 8:15, had a steam, rub-down and swim in the pool. Breakfast and sent some cards, and then on the 9:30 train for Philly. No one met me at the train, so took a taxi to the hotel. Found out later that the gang were at the train, but it was such a long one that we missed each other.

After dinner all the fans then in Philly went out to the club rooms, where we had a grand general gab, and met a lot of old friends and made a lot of new ones. To bed around 2 a.m., after a long gab in my room with Richard Franks.

SATURDAY, August 30th.

Am not going to attempt to review the convention as such, as

a lot of much better reporters than I will do this. Shall only jot down some of the items which gave me the most pleasure. However I do want to give all credit to the Philadelphia boys and gals for putting on a grand convention, one of the best I have yet attended.

I got up about 10, and when I got down to the lobby the first ones I saw were Gus and Genie Willmorth. More and more came in, and at last the ones I was waiting for -- Doc and Jean Smith. It was wonderful seeing them again.

The mad rush of seeing old friends, making new ones, getting autographs . . . the program, under chairmanship of Milt Rothman . . . introductions . . . Campbell's fine speech . . . Sam Merwin's short talk (and the laugh when someone asked Merwin when HE was going to revive UNKNOWN.) . . . Speer's bid for his annual ego-boo with a request that we pass a resolution against Palmer et al, which I think Jack knew would be turned down . . . the book publishers listing the stories they intend to put out in the future . . . the auction . . . more and more and more gab with fan-friends . . . the poker game from 12 to 3 a.m. Won about 2 bucks.

Had lunch with Doc, Jean and Campbell; grand talk. Dinner with Johnny Millard and others. A wonderful day.

SUNDAY, August 31st.

Up about 10, breakfast with Doc, Jean, George O Smith and others. Then to Doc's room where we had another of our good old knock down-drag out scraps about his new book. I won 2 out of 3 points with Doc -- a record. Either I'm getting good or he wasn't up to par that morning.

DeCamps fine address on Occult matters . . . Chan Davis' leading the discussion on whether Science was catching up with Stf . . . Korshak talking about rare books. Saari, DeJack, Pam MacInnes and I drove several miles to find a place to eat, looking for something different. . . The evening entertainment, very good, especially the reading of his fan letters by Phil Klass, who writes as William Tenn. These were a scream. Best of entertainment was very good. Another poker game. Won \$1.75. To bed at 3:15.

MONDAY, September 1st.

Up about 11:30. Had "brunch" with several of the boys, more gab, and then the afternoon meeting. . . George O Smith . . . Willy Ley . . . Dt Tom Gardner . . . all very exceptionally interesting. A fine talk with Dr Gardner afterwards. I like him. . . To my room with Paul Carter to show him the Bradbury work on my story . . . A lot of grand talks with Dave and Pam MacInnes; wonderful people. . . The final banquet and entertainment . . . the sorrow of having to say "Good-bye" to those who were leaving at once, including Doc and Jean. . . I knew it was bound to happen -- lost about \$6.00 in the poker game.

All in all, a swell convention. Am already planning to go to Toronto next year. I get a great bang out of these meetings.

TUESDAY, September 2nd.

Up about 10:30. Breakfast and a good gab with Sam Moskowitz, Harry Moore and others. Packed ready for leaving and checked out of my room. Gabbled with what fellows were left, especially Sam and Harry. We went down town and binged around until train time, including a visit to the home of Jim Williams. What a slew of books that guy has. They over-run the house. Left at 8:10 for Washington. Had an hour's wait there for my train, but it was too late to see anything of interest. Sent some cards, had a milk shake, and out at 11:35 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, September 3rd.

Not much sleep last night; only ordinary seats, and not the reclining chairs. Breakfast, then read, and worked on my story. Lunch and then waiting for Cornelia, my station. Only about 15 minutes late this time. Dave met me, and after we did a few errands which he had, we set out for their home. Stopped at Macedonia, and I met several of the people connected with the project. This is a co-operative community where my elder daughter, Virginia, lives. Then on to the house. My first glimpse of another granddaughter, Patsy, a healthy, brown little youngster who is sweet as she can be. Ginia was tanned and healthy, and as happy as ever. She is absolutely the happiest person I ever knew. Wish I had it. Patsy is a pure platinum blonde; has the Evans' eyes, a pug nose like Ginia had as a youngster. It is wonderful to watch the comradeship between the baby and both parents.

To bed at 9:15, and I do mean P. M.

THURSDAY, September 4th.

Up about 7:30 and breakfast. I did the dishes all but one meal of my stay there -- said it was my share of the co-op work. Talked a lot with Ginia about their community, and have come to the conclusion that they are really doing a marvelous work. They purposely settled in one of the worst run-down districts of Georgia, and are showing what can be done with scientific farming on such poor land. They also have a co-operative creamery, a factory in which they make wooden artifacts, they cut and sell logs for paper pulp, etc. For anyone who likes the communal way of life, it is a worthy project. Even though I know that I could never fit in with such a set-up (I'm essentially too selfish), I am in full sympathy with their work, and am glad to see Ginia and David getting along so well there.

Their houses and buildings might seem crude, but they are serviceable and comfortable, and they have far more of the conveniences than their neighboring "Georgia Crackers" do. . . It was very hot most of the time, but cools off at night a bit.

FRIDAY, September 5th.

Up about 7, breakfast, and did the dishes. Did much the same as yesterday -- a lot of talking with Ginia, and playing with the baby, who has come to accept me as part of the family.

I get a great bang out of the dirt all through the South -- a sort of red clay that looks so much different from the black and dark grey dirt with which I am familiar. (Later, I found that it is general all through the South, clear into parts of Texas.)

I also re-read (for the fourth time) about 3/4ths of Doc's story. Each time I find more in it, philosophies, sociological implications, etc., that are impossible in only one reading.

In the evening we all went to the main camp where they were having a group meeting. Found a chap there who reads science fiction. Gave him a few fanzines I happened to have with me. We had ice-cream and home-made cake. Very good. These people are very interesting to talk to, and certainly show that they do not live cloistered lives -- they can talk intelligently on many subjects.

Home and to bed about 9:30/

SATURDAY, September 6th.

Up about 7:30 and breakfast. More talk, and finished the MS. Worked some on my own story, using a typer that I had given Ginia years before, and had forgotten about. Had lunch and then Dave took us all to Cornelia, where I was to take the train to resume my trip.

Was disappointed when I got into and out of Atlanta, because we did not get close enough to Stone Mountain to see it, much less the carvings which have been made on its face by Borglum and his associates, and which I had hoped to see. We got into Birmingham very late, and couldn't see much except the steel mills (or some of them, at least.) It was the worst night I had spent on trains in all my trip. Practically no sleep.

SUNDAY, September 7th. Up about 6:30, with less than four hours of fitful sleep. First thing I noticed out of car windows was Spanish moss on the trees. We were in the Bayou country, although not the "deep" part of it. Crossed the 7-mile-long bridge over Lake Ponchartrain. There is an automobile bridge alongside the railroad one. It's quite a lake -- more like an inland sea.

Got into New Orleans about 1 hour late, and was met by Moore, Greenleaf and Russell, with a car. We went out and had breakfast, and then the boys took me all over the city and environs. Was particularly interested in the Creole quarter, of which I have read so much. Very "picture-sque", as Moore says. Got some card views of it. Then to the station and onto the train and away at 11:30 a.m. Thanks, Gang, for a wonderful three hours.

Have a window seat on a reclining chair car, the best one I have been on except for the El Cap. Have a nice young fellow as companion. He is A M Pitelo, of Biloxi, Miss.

Aww! At Houston, Texas, the air-conditioning broke down, and until we got to San Antonio at 1:00 a.m., it was far too hot to sleep. Most of us stood on the platforms at the ends of the car, with the top-half of the doors open for air. However, after it was fixed, I got about 5 hours sleep.

MONDAY, September 8th.

Woke up about 6, in spite of the short sleep. Breakfast, but couldn't enjoy it, for the robber prices. Am expecting to pay more for train meals, but this was too, too much. However, the lunch and dinner prices are not too bad.

Was rather disappointed in most of my trip through Texas, as the part we passed through was so much like Arizona and New Mexico and not part of the Great Plains. So I didn't get to "look two days straight ahead in any direction", as they say you can do in some parts of Texas. There were small hills and small mountains, sparse vegetation, sage-brush, etc. And I'm disgusted with the wild and wooly West. Nary a cowboy have I seen on any trips thru or across it. Wonder of wonders, though, this train is on time.

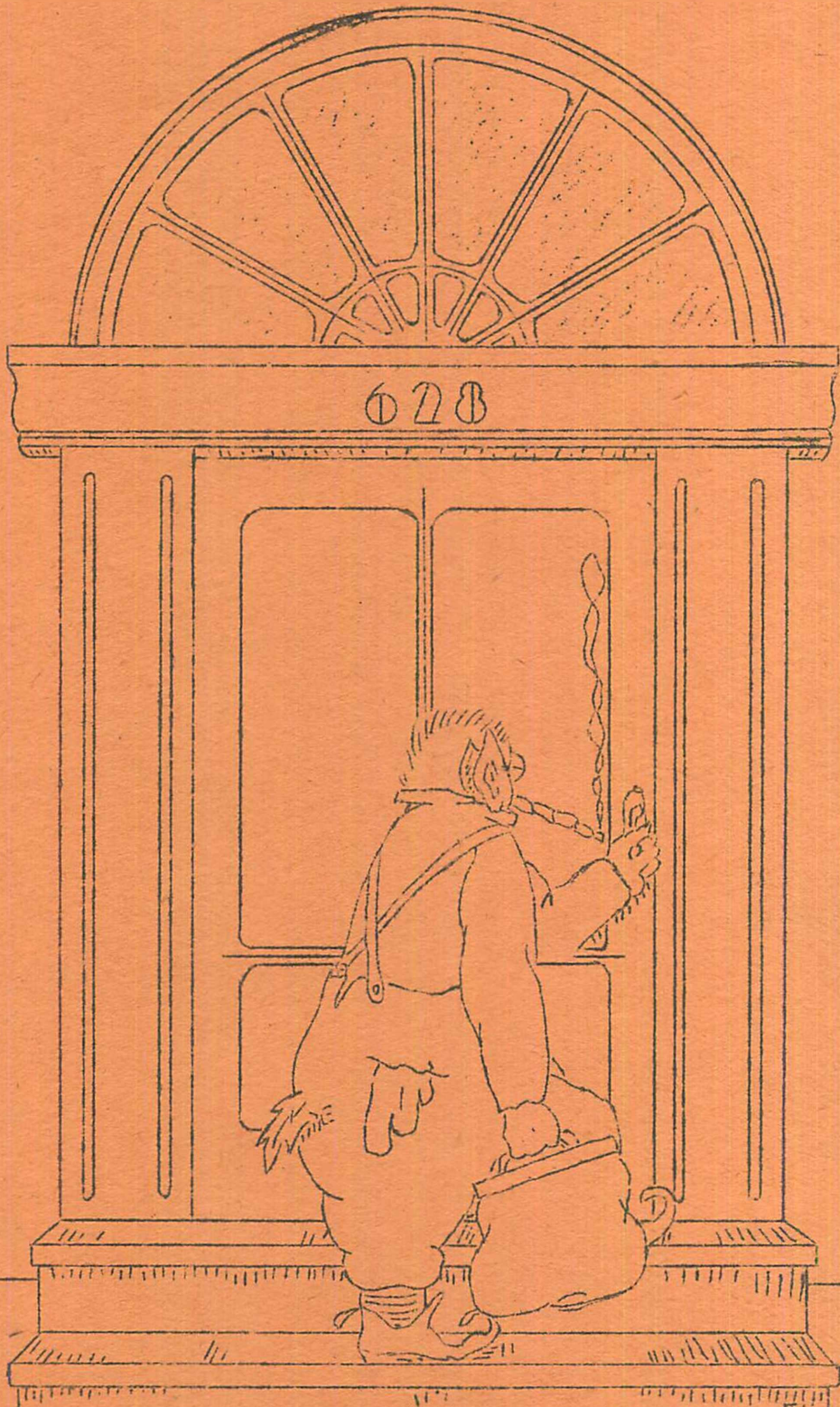
Re-read for 5th time, Doc's story, and made some notes on it to write Doc. Talked a lot with passengers, and looked at the scenery. We had an hour's lay-over at El Paso to work on the air-conditioning. But we made up that time before morning. Got off and walked around quite a bit at El Paso. Also at Tuscon, Arizona we got off and walked around a bit. Started trying to get to sleep about 8:30 -- quite worn out.

TUESDAY, September 9th.

Woke up about 6 -- a good night's sleep and I feel fine. Had coffee and a candy bar -- refuse to pay those outrageous prices for breakfast again. Watched the sunrise among the mountain peaks -- very beautiful. Shortly afterwards ran through a heavy rain storm, and all during the morning could see rain off in various parts of the mountains, and brilliant sunlight in others. Clouds so low they covered the tops of the mountains. Through Imperial Valley and the date, fig, almond, etc., orchards. Very interesting. Train got in on time, and took a taxi back to Bixel Strasse where I glanced at my accumulated mail, then down town for lunch and back to work.

The Tour of the 'Evans is over -- but the hundreds of wonderful memories linger on. So many grand friends I have all over the country. I consider myself singularly blessed with such a wealth of friendliness.

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"THE END OF "THE TOUR OF THE 'EVANS'"