

Honeymoon Diary of Dial Winifred Davis Moorehead

**Lee Coddington Moorehead
Dial Winifred Davis Moorehead**

Recorded in The National Diary of 1912

Monday, Jan 1 (1912) Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Missouri

Married at one o'clock in Decatur, Illinois, the Rev. Dr. Willits officiating. Bridal party consisted of the groom, Lee C. Moorehead; best man, Fred Railsback; bridesmaids, Mabel Edmonson (sp) and Emada Griswold; Maid of honor, sister Haldeen Davis; ring-bearer, little Geraldine; bride, Winifred Davis; and father Davis.

Left at 4:40 over the Wabash for St. Louis. Large crowd at the station to see us off. Rice in large quantities. Porter said we acted as if we had been married for ten years. Took the bridal suite at the Southern hotel; three large rooms and bath. Supper a la carte at the hotel at 9:30. Wrote cards home.

Tuesday, Jan 2 On the train to Memphis 10:00 p.m.

Breakfast at 10:30 a.m. in our rooms. Wrote long letters home afterwards. Found a write-up on the "Decatur Newlyweds" in St. Louis Globe Democrat. Went to the Columbia Theatre, saw some good vaudeville. Wanted to see "The Pink Lady" by (sic) no matinee. Afterwards shopped a little and then back to the hotel. Hated awfully to leave our rooms. As we left, hotel clerk congratulated us. We certainly shall go back again to the Southern some day. Had dinner at the station. Boarded the "Dixie Flyer" for Memphis. Had drawing room A in the car Berkshire, #101. Repacked our suitcases and found more rice. Far from home, but happy. Goodnight.

Wednesday, Jan 3 St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans

Arrived in Memphis at 7:30 A.M. Had a search for a hotel. Saw some of the city and finally went to the "Arbington" hotel for breakfast. Awful looking on the outside, but a very good breakfast. Train was to leave at 9:05, but was 1 hr. 30 min. late. Had a whole section (#11) to ourselves on the Pullman Otranto. Had lunch and dinner on the diner. Came through a very swampy country. Saw lots of niggers, cabins, mules, & one razor-back hog. Stood out on the rear end of the coach and one of the train-men told us all about the country. Went over the longest railroad curve in the world, eleven miles long. A bride and groom got on at Jackson, Miss. And sat opposite us. He was either a preacher or a professor. Arrived in New Orleans at 10 o'clock. Took a taxi to the St. Charles hotel. Secured a fine room and bath all done in red. Wrote eight cards at Memphis.

Thursday, Jan 4 St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans

Arose late. Received our first mail from home — a long letter from Haldeen with our telegrams of congratulations and good wishes, paper clipping of the wedding, a letter from Mrs. H.P. Jones, a card from Butchers. Wrote letters and cards home. Had lunch at Fabacher's café. Then went to post office and got a card from Shepherd's. Walked down to the wharf and took the steamer "Sidney" for a trip around the harbor. Saw many interesting things including the mammoth U.S. dry dock, Stuyvesant Docks of the Illinois Central, U.S. Jackson Barracks, American sugar plant, U.S.

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Wireless Telegraph station, Chalwette battle-field, Loading ocean vessels for foreign parts, Ursuline Convent, also a steamer named "Winifred." An orchestra on board & Mr. & Mrs. L.C. Moorehead had their first dance. Landed 5 P.M. Walked around through the business section. Looked at caps and bought a pocket book. Returned to hotel. Found a long letter from Dad and one from Emada. Wrote more letters. Had dinner at Fabacher's at 10:30 P.M. Mallard duck & chicken salad.

Friday, Jan 5 St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans

The first thing we did was to have Lee's trunk sent up. Opened it and found notes from all the folks pinned to things. Especially funny one from Haldeen. Had lunch in the hotel restaurant. Second best meal we have had. At two o'clock took an automobile ride through the Creole or French part of the City. Saw the famous dueling oaks, Straight University for colored people; Metairie (sp) Cemeteries with bodies buried above ground; Country Club; Monk Alley, home and blacksmith shop of Lafitte, the pirate. Afterwards we took a walk over the city and took several pictures, went through the New Orleans museum; shopped a little, and came back to the hotel and rested. Received cards from Mother & letter from Dad. Had dinner at 8:30. Wrote home and went to bed early, very tired.

Saturday, Jan 6 On the Sunset Limited to California

Arose fairly early. Packed our suit-cases and trunks. Wrote cards home. Had breakfast at 10 o'clock in the hotel restaurant (sic). Received a letter from Mabel. Took a taxi to station. Boarded the "Sunset Limited" for Los Angeles. Had drawing room A in car "Sunol." Were ferried across the Mississippi, eleven miles from New Orleans, on the second largest ferry in the world. This ferry will carry 24 cars and two engines. While the train was on the ferry, we got up in the cab of the engine and looked it over. It is an oil-burning locomotive. We have been riding thru Forrest (sic) swamps all day on account of hot boxes. About two hours late to-night. Had dinner on the diner - 3rd best meal. Spanish macharel and broiled sirloin. To bed early.

Sunday, Jan 7 On the Sunset Limited to California

Got up to find that the diner had been taken off the train and on account of the strike, they could not get another one for some time. The train stopped at Rosenberg, Texas for breakfast at one of the "Fred Harvey" lunchrooms. We had a good breakfast of wheat cakes and milk, but had to hurry awfully. Passed through a very interesting country all day. Saw many ranches and great bunches of Texas cattle. Lots of sage brush and cactus, many Mexicans, and a few Indians. Lee talked to a silver-miner from Old Mexico, and heard many interesting things. One was that during the Revolution they had no mail for 3 months, we can hardly stand it for 3 days. Got to San Antonio about 8 o'clock. Got off and mailed post cards and took picture of a grand-looking station. Our train is now about 8 hours late. Had dinner at 7:30 — the best red snapper (fish). Wished Mother could have had some. To bed early.

Monday, Jan 8 On the Sunset Limited to California

Arose at eight o'clock. Had breakfast and then went back to the observation car. Lee wrote a letter home, Fritz read magazines. Sat for a while on the observation platform. Saw foot-hills and desert land. Came back to our drawing room and changed to lighter weight clothing. Had lunch about one o'clock — halibut and tenderloin steak. Got to El Paso about three o'clock. Got off the train,

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went into the station and bought a magazine and some chewing room (?), tobacco and ink. Took several pictures. Rode on the observation platform for a ways out of El Paso. Took a snap-shot of the bridge over the Rio Grande river. Took a nap, wrote a letter home. Had dinner at eight o'clock — cream (??) and chicken salad. Read awhile in the observation car before going to bed. Celebrated our first anniversary — married one week ago to-day.

Tuesday, Jan 9 The Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles, California

Stopped in Yuma before we got dressed. Hurried up and got off the train just as the conductor called "All aboard." Saw Indian women with their bead-work to sell. Crossed over the old Colorado on the big bridge. A man told Lee that Yuma was now the most God-forsaken place. It used to look pretty good to the Davis' after being out on the desert. Rode out on the observation platform until the dust drove us in. Had lunch at one o'clock — a big tenderloin and chicken salad. We were then getting into the pretty part of Calif. & saw large orange groves, pepper trees, lemon trees, & olive trees. Packed up our suitcases and got ready to leave the train at Los Angeles. Passed through Pomona where Lee attended an athletic meet when he went to school at Throop. When we got in Los Angeles we almost decided to go out to Pasadena right away. But decided to wait until to-morrow, & came to the "Angelus" where we have a lovely room with a bath as white as snow. We wrote 10 "thank you" notes & Lee took a nap. Went to the Mission ice-cream parlor then took a walk and went to the nine o'clock show at the Pantages theater.

Wednesday, Jan 10 La Casa Grande Hotel, Pasadena, California

Took a walk in the morning and went up on Temple Street to Uncle Edgar's store. He didn't know me, but seemed glad to see us. Told us Aunt Alice would have us up to the house. Had lunch on the way back to the hotel at a cafeteria. We had to eat everything in sight to please Lee. Walked around through the business part of the city. Took the 2:25 S.P. train for Pasadena. Checked our suit-cases soon as we got here and went straight to the post office. Found letters there from Dad, Mother M., & Ed Ross. Got our suit-cases and came to La Casa Grande. Didn't like the room very well, but decided to stay for the night. Had a very good dinner of soup, fish, salad, and dessert. Took a little walk afterwards and went to bed early. Lee left "his wife" at the hotel for a little while before dinner while he went to look at other hotels. Found us an old friend, Mrs. King, the owner of the "Mira Monte." Hotel. Rained a little bit in the evening.

Thursday, Jan 11 La Casa Grande Hotel, Pasadena

Breakfast at 8 o'clock. Started out afterwards to look for a "home." Went to the "Mira Monte" and called on Mrs. King. She could not give us a room with a bath. Went to the "Guirwaldo" but no better success, - didn't like their rooms. Came back to the La Casa Grande and they showed us their bungalows. We got quite crazy about the smaller one, two rooms and bath. They told us they would fix it all up nice for us. Talked it over at lunch, and in the afternoon, decided to take it. We move in tomorrow. Walked down to the P.O. and found a letter from Fred. Came back and got ready for dinner. A Mrs. Tyler came up & spoke to us. She used to live in Decatur. We talked quite a while about Decatur with her. Had another good dinner. Took a walk afterwards. Read ourselves sleepy.

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Friday, Jan 12 The "Bungalow", La Casa Grande, Pasadena

Had a good breakfast at eight o'clock. Went to the P.O. and got 3 big letters from home and 2 cards from Hulbens. Sent some cards. Saw Mt. Lowe for the first time. Came back to the hotel and walked over to the bungalow where the housekeeper was getting ready for us. Offered a few suggestions & then went back to our room and read until lunch. After lunch, moved over to the bungalow. Unpacked our trunks, put away our things in drawers & on shelves, & put up our pictures. Our bungalow is great. It has a large bedroom with two single beds in it, w living-room with a big fireplace and a window seat, and a large bath. We are crazy about it and hate to go away for very long. We have had a big fire in the fireplace all evening. More "thank you" notes. Lee brought W. a big bunch of violets to wear to dinner. Had bad news from home about Haldeen's toe. Hope to hear again tomorrow that it is better.

Saturday, Jan 13 The "Bungalow"

After breakfast we had a lunch put up for us at the hotel and after writing a few letters and doing a few things, we started off for a day's jaunt. We took a car out to Altadena and walked from there on to the foot of Mt. Lowe where the incline railway goes up. It was 2 ½ miles and awfully hot and we were pretty tired when we got there. We went up into Rubio Canyon and ate our lunch, & afterwards went up to the falls. Had such a good time but were too tired to walk home, so we took a car back to Pasadena. Not very good mountain climbers as yet. Rested awhile when we got home & then dressed for dinner. Afterwards wrote a long letter home and took it to the post office. Stopped in on our way home at the nine o'clock show of a vaudeville theatre. Hurried home and W. washed Lee's hair. Read awhile before the fire, and then went to bed.

Sunday, Jan 14 The "Bungalow"

Had a late breakfast. Received a stack of mail - four big letters from home, one from Lois S., and one from Herbert Scott. Spent so much time reading them that we were late to church. Went to the first M.E. church. Heard a fine sermon and some good music. W. wore her white suit and hat, Lee his wedding clothes. Had a grand dinner at the hotel. Afterwards went for a drive. Drove all over Pasadena. Saw hundreds of beautiful houses, the Sunken Gardens, took the Arroys drive, and gathered pepper tree to decorate our living room. Saw Pasadena's two largest hotels, the Raymond and The Friew (?). Went by Bedford French's home, an old friend of Lee's. Had a good supper and then came home and wrote twelve and fourteen paged letters home. Read awhile.

Monday, Jan 15 The "Bungalow"

Right after breakfast we went up to see the Pasadena hotel which has burned during the night. It was almost a total wreck. Afterwards shopped a little and then came home to lunch. Lee washed W.'s hair, the very best shampoo she had ever had. As we were going out in the evening, we took a nap in the afternoon to fortify ourselves. It was our second anniversary (having been married two weeks) and we celebrated the great occasion by going into Los Angeles to the "Orpheium" at night. We saw some very good vaudeville acts and got home tired but happy at twelve o'clock. Went to bed as quick as ever we could. Pretty gay for people who had been married two whole weeks.

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Tuesday, Jan 16 The "Bungalow"

Had a lunch put up for us while we were at breakfast. Started for Los Angeles about ten o'clock from where we took a car to Long Beach. Enjoyed the trip so much. Ate our lunch as soon as we got there, and had all the ripe olives we could possibly eat. Sea-birds flocked around us while we were eating, and almost but not quite, spoiled W's appetite. We also drank a quart of milk. Afterwards walked out to the end of the pier. Then we walked down the "Pike" and took in all the sights. Watched the bathers in the pool for awhile. Both got weighed. W. weighed 123 lbs. Lee - 138. W. has gained. Saw two or three bathers in the surf & decided to go in ourselves. W. was awfully cold, but we enjoyed it. Took a plunge in the pool afterwards. *(last line didn't copy)*

Wednesday, Jan 17 The "Bungalow"

To-day hasn't been a very exciting day. We have written letters nearly all day. W. wrote sixteen letters and seven cards and Lee wrote two letters. All the thank you notes are now written, except one. Lee brought W. a big bunch of sweet peas and asparagus fern to wear to dinner. She wore her green silk dress low neck. After dinner, Lee talked to a fellow from Italy and W. watched some ladies play bridge in the hotel. Took a walk before coming home. Had a fire built up when we got home, and read awhile before retiring. Had a letter from Ruth & Jack and a card from Cora Ireland.

Thursday, Jan 18 The "Bungalow"

Wrote letters home in the morning. Received letters from Dad and Mother D. Lee spent an hour down town while W. wrote letters. Rested in the afternoon. Had a grand dinner - roast chicken, cucumber and tomato salad, straw-berry ice-cream. Played awhile with Celeste after dinner. There was an entertainer at the hotel, and we stayed to hear her. She was a negro impersonator, but was not very good. Afterwards we took a walk, bought some candy, and talked awhile with a fellow from Italy. Read a little when we came home and then went to bed.

Friday, Jan 19 The "Bungalow"

As usual wrote letters in the morning. Had letters from Dad, Mother D., and Mother M. Got ready before lunch to go over to Los Angeles. Took the 2:35 train. When we got on the street-car at the station in Los Angeles to go up town, Lee asked the conductor where the court house was. The conductor told him, but smiled all over his face. Then another street-car man said, "They don't marry people at the court-house any more." Lee informed him that the rites had already been said, and he had the papers to prove it. We paid Papa's taxes at the court-house looked up Cora Ireland's man, looked for a belt for Lee and a violet pin for W. but didn't find any to suit. Returned home in time for dinner. Had clam chowder and lobster. Went to Chinn's (?) theatre in the evening.

Saturday, Jan 20 The "Bungalow"

In the morning wrote long letters home. Spent the day quietly at home resting. Dressed for dinner in the evening. Lee brought W. a big bunch of violets. Stayed awhile after dinner at the hotel. Then came home and read before going to bed.

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Sunday, Jan 21 The "Bungalow"

Had a late breakfast. Read our mail from home, then dressed for church. Went to the first Methodist again and heard another good sermon. Had a grand dinner at the hotel - young imperial valley turkey and strawberry ice-cream. Started out to look up Morrows, friends of Lee's after dinner. Walked miles to find the street and number we were looking for and were disappointed when we got there for it was not the Walter Morrow we wanted. Afterwards took a long street-car ride to get cooled off from our walk. Had some ice-cream and then went to the hotel for supper. Sang and played awhile with some young people afterwards.

Monday, Jan 22 The "Bungalow"

Intended to get up real early, but the office failed to call us and we overslept. Ordered horses while we were at breakfast to take a horse-back ride. W. had trouble getting into the divided skirt they sent her. Got it on backwards and it looked too funny. Rode out on Colorado Street until we came to a house for dogs & cats. We went up to see if they had any dogs for sale. They didn't have any, but told us of the "Arroyo kennels." We went there & got crazy for a little Boston terrier. We wish we could take him back home with us. After lunch Emada's friend, Anna Drill, came & took all & spend the afternoon with us. We both like her so well. Lee bought candy and flowers. Hurried through dinner and went over to Los Angeles to the "Orpheum". Home at 12 o'clock. Third anniversary was celebrated pretty well.

Tuesday, Jan 23 The "Bungalow"

Late breakfast again. Wrote letters home, read our mail, W. shampooed Lee's hair, he treated her hair and massaged her face. Got ready before lunch to go over to Los Angeles to the Aviation meet. Left on the 12:25 car. Got to the field about two o'clock. Saw some pretty good flying and one woman aviator. Saw the famous aviators - Turpin, Parmelee & Beachey.** (See notes at end of Diary). There were two or three rather exciting races. One was between man, beast, motor-cycle, automobile, & aeroplane. Needless to say the man didn't win. Left the field at 4:40 but didn't get home until 6:40. Cars were packed all the way. Had a good dinner, but hurried home right afterwards. Too tired to even read.

Wednesday, Jan 24 The "Bungalow"

Wrote letters. Went to lunch early. Right after lunch walked down to Franklin street to see some little dogs that were for sale. They were cute little things, only four months old, and were white French poodles. Came home and straightened the house up a little for we were expecting our cousin, Earl Stone out in the afternoon. He came about five o'clock. Went over to dinner about 6:30. Took a notion afterwards that we wanted our dog, so all three of us walked down to get it. The people weren't at home, but the neighbors said they had gone to church. Came home and visited with Earl until the 9:00 o'clock car back to Los Angeles. After he had gone, we walked back after our dog. The people were at home this time and we soon had our little "Buster" and were at home & gave him a bath and put him to bed in the wood box. Tickled to death to have our dog.

Thursday, Jan 25 The "Bungalow"

Arose bright and early to see how Buster was getting along. After our breakfast we gave him some, and played with him in the yard. After lunch we went down town and bought him a blue ribbon, a

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comb, two eating pans, and a can of condensed milk. Came home and combed his hair and tied on his ribbon. Lee took him for a walk down town. However, although he was the cutest dog alive we decided after thinking more wisely and carefully about it that we would be better without poor little Buster. Therefore after dinner, we took him back to the lady we bought him of & told her our troubles. She very kindly offered to keep him for us until we found a buyer for him. Returned home without Buster and felt a great load off our minds.

Friday, Jan 26 The "Bungalow"

Rained most all the day, and as W. didn't feel very well, we stayed at home all day. Rested and took a nap in the afternoon. W. wasn't well enough to go to dinner so Lee had to go alone. A cruel separation. Lee had a grand big dinner sent over to his poor sick wife and she enjoyed it immensely. Read awhile in the evening and then went to bed.

Saturday, Jan 27 The "Bungalow"

W. still felt rather badly but went over to breakfast. Afterwards took a walk while the housekeeper cleaned our rooms. Got ready before lunch to go over to Los Angeles. Took the 12:50 car and went straight to the Auditorium as soon as we got there and secured seats for "Madame Butterfly". We enjoyed it very much, although it was all sung in French. It was presented by the Paris Grand Opera Co. Returned home in time for dinner. Found letters from Dad, Mother Moorie, Geraldine and Doctor and Edna. Spent the evening at home reading and writing.

Sunday, Jan 28 The "Bungalow"

Lee had a headache so we did not go to church in the morning. Wrote letters instead. After dinner we took a car and went out to the Cawston (sp) Ostrich farm. Saw some wonderful sights out there. Saw one ostrich swallow fourteen whole oranges one right after another. Had a good time and came home and wrote some more letters before going to supper. Talked with a man who had been to the Grand Canyon and knew all about it. He asked Lee if he were over nineteen years old. Hard on Lee's dignity. Went to the Christian Science church in the evening.

Monday, Jan 29 The "Bungalow"

Spent the greater part of the morning over in the hotel. Wrote letters after lunch. Romped most of the afternoon. Mildred Custing (sp?) and her cousin called on us for a little while. After they left, Lee went down town without "his wife" but brought her a beautiful bunch of purple sweet peas and a big box of candy. After dinner we stayed at the hotel for an entertainment. First there was a short musical program by a violinist, then a lecture and the reading of everyone's palm by a palmreader. The future she predicted for Lee was great. She said he would be a Senator within nine years. Everyone congratulated him and called him the Senator and me the Senator's wife.

Tuesday, Jan 30 The "Bungalow"

Lee talked with some men on the hotel porch about automobiles and W. crocheted with some ladies. In the afternoon W. wrote long letters home and Lee took a nap. There was a party at the hotel in the evening. Lee played progressive bridge and W. played five hundred. We had a very nice time with good punch and cakes for refreshments. Went to bed awfully late.

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Wednesday, Jan 31 The "Bungalow"

Arose rather late. Wrote letters after breakfast. Lee got a hair-cut and W. sewed on buttons. Got ready before lunch to go over to Los Angeles to the "Orpheum." Took the 12:55 car over and saw a good bill. Got home in time for dinner. Went to the Christian Science testimony meeting after dinner. Came home and wrote up our diary and added up our expense account. No mail from anyone to-day but Mother Moorie.

Thursday, Feb 1 The "Bungalow"

Arose early (for us.) Lee shampooed W.'s hair the second best shampoo she had ever had. He took an electric bath and a salt rub at a Battle Creek treatment parlor. After lunch W. got ready to go to Anna Drill's (a friend of Emada's) party. Lee took W. to the party and then went in to Los Angeles and spent the afternoon. W. had a grand time at her party where everyone called her the little bride. Five hundred was played and W. captured the prize, a dear little tray made of ribbon. Anna told her that when she was making the prize she told her mother that she hoped her little bride would get it. Went to Chinn's theater after dinner.

Friday, Feb 2 The "Bungalow"

(Notice the change of person in the writing.) Arose horribly late. Had a lunch put up for us. I sewed some buttons on Lee's shirt and we hurried fast to get the 11:55 car into Los Angeles. Received an awfully cute and interesting letter from Mutt & Jeff, (Ann and H. Keeler.) From Los Angeles we took a car to Venice. Ate our lunch as soon as we got there. My toe was killing & I could scarcely walk so Lee took me to a doctor down there. He painted my toe with iodine and helped it some. Afterwards we got suits at the bath-house and went in the surf. It was glorious but a little cold. Lee took me way out where the breakers rolled over our heads. We walked from Venice down to Ocean Park and Santa Monica. Got home in time for dinner. Mabel E.'s picture came to-day. It is mighty sweet of her. After dinner talked awhile with some people, then came home to our cozy fire.

Saturday, Feb 3 The "Bungalow"

While we were reading our mail on the hotel porch, Mr. McManus came up and asked us if we would like to go for a ride with him in his automobile. Of course, we didn't say no, and were soon speeding over Pasadena's grand streets. Mr. McManus' son drove the car for awhile and then Lee drove it because the son had to go into Los Angeles. We had a most lovely drive, getting home in time for lunch. Lee hurried over to Los Angeles on the 12:25 car to go with Howard Varney to a prize fight for the championship between Couley and Conlon. Conlon won. I stayed at home and wrote letters and read and slept. Lee brought me something when he came home.

Sunday, Feb 4 The "Bungalow"

We did not go to church in the morning. Read and rested in our little bungalow. Had a grand dinner at the hotel. About four o'clock we went out to Anna Drill's. Mr. Drill was rehearsing part of the cast for the "Chimes of Normandy" and we listened to them for quite awhile. We stayed for tea there and afterwards everyone left but Anna and her friend Mary Borden, and Lee and I, and we all sat around the fire and told stories and talked to nearly eleven o'clock. When Lee and I got home, we had something hot to drink and it was 12:30 before we landed in bed.

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Monday, Feb 5 The "Bungalow"

Lee spent the morning making out the schedule of our homeward trip to send home to the folks. I sewed a little bit, got our laundry ready to go and tried to be very busy. We got ready before dinner to go over to Los Angeles. Anna Drill came to dinner and we all three went over to Los Angeles on the 6:50 car. We met Howard Varney at the Orpheum and proceeded to enjoy the show together. Afterwards we had eats at the "Chocolate Shop" and took a late car out to Pasadena. To bed at another unearthly hour.

Tuesday, Feb 6 & Wednesday, Feb 7 The "Bungalow"

This really should have been written on the top of Mt. Wilson, but as we did not have this book with us up there it could not very well have been. We tried to arise early but failed. Took our lunch and camera and went out to Sierra Madre. There we secured burros and a riding habit for me and started up the Mt. Wilson trail at twelve o'clock. We had a grand trip and spent lots of time looking along the trail, taking pictures, eating our lunch, and drinking mountain water. The trail is nine miles long and very steep in places. Arrived at the top about 5 o'clock. Were coming down again after night but it was too cold and dark. Decided to stay all night at the hotel on the top. Had a good dinner there. Afterwards went with some people from our hotel who were up there and a man they knew who worked in the big "Solar Observatory" which is there. He took us into all the buildings and explained everything to us until our heads were in a whirl. This was quite an opportunity for hardly anyone ever gets to go inside the buildings. We had a dear little one room cottage in which to spend the night and went to sleep to the music of the wind in the pines. Awoke early in the morning to see the sunrise. Started down the trail about 9 o'clock. Walked a good part of the way down. Got to the foot about noon. Arrived at the hotel at 2 o'clock. Was lying down and almost asleep when Mrs. Keener, Mabel Edmonson's friend, came to call on us. After she had come Anna Drill came to tell us she had tickets for us for "The Chimes of Normandy." Had a good dinner and went to bed early, tired and sore. We think our Mt. Wilson trip was the grandest one we have had yet.

Thursday, Feb 8 The "Bungalow"

Arose rather late and were hardly able to walk. Rested all morning. After lunch we went out to San Gabriel mission. It was a very interesting trip and we enjoyed the old old mission and were allowed to ring the famous bells. As we were coming back through town, Lee bought me a huge bouquet of pink sweet peas. We called on Mrs. King at the Mira U—(?) and then hurried home to dress for dinner. There was a party at the hotel so Lee donned his wedding clothes and I wore my lavender and pink a la butterflies (Lee says) dress with my sweet peas. One lady called me and another girl the "brides."

Friday, Feb 9 The Angelus Hotel - Los Angeles

Got up early and went to packing like good children right after breakfast. It looked like a hopeless job when we had emptied out all the drawers, shelves and closets, but we worked hard and by noon had almost everything packed. I received a money order from Dad to use as pin money he wrote, and Lee had it cashed for me. We left our dear little Bungalow and Pasadena on the 2:30 car for Los Angeles. Went at once to the Angelus and we have a lovely room and bath all done in bird's-eye maple and Alice blue. Had dinner and afterwards met Anna and her friend at the

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Magestic and saw "Chimes of Normandy." It was awfully good and we enjoyed it. Were introduced right & left by the Drills as the bride & groom.

Saturday, Feb 10 U.S. Grant Hotel. San Diego

Had to get up horribly early to make our car for San Pedro where we were to take the boat for San Diego. Saw Anna and Mary at the station and they teased us about our new suit-cases. They were gong over to Catalina. Our boat left at 10:30. It was the "State of California". We had a pretty good dinner on board. Lee took me to see the engines and we had Wireless Telegraphy explained to us. I wasn't seasick but I didn't feel very good along in the afternoon. Lee got steamer chairs for us and we both took a nap. Arrived in San Diego at 4:30 and came at once to the hotel. Had dinner and then went upstairs to a dance, but only danced a few dances as nearly everyone was in evening dress.

Sunday, Feb 11 U.S. Grant Hotel. San Diego

Had a lunch put up for us and took a boat for the Cornado Islands. It was a gasoline launch. The "Golden West." It was an awfully rough trip and nearly everyone on board was sea-sick, but Lee and I managed to keep up. We both felt pretty funny though. It took 2 ½ hours to go to the Islands and every one was mighty tickled when we finally cast anchor. Lee and I and another man were the only people on board who were game enough to go clear to the top of the island. It was a long hard climb but the view from the top repaid us. Lee said it was the straightest climb he had ever seen. Coming back on the boat I slept and so did not feel so badly. Wrote long letters home & went to bed early.

Monday, Feb 12 U.S. Grant Hotel. San Diego

I could hardly raise my head from the pillow when I woke up in the morning. The motion of the boat was still with me. Lee got up and went down stairs for his breakfast but I didn't get up until about eleven. We had a light lunch and then took an automobile ride down to Tia Juana, Mexico. We enjoyed the trip so much and bought several Mexican things. Tia Juana has lately had two battles and the town now is under military control. We came back for seven miles and a half along the ocean, and came through Cornado and were ferried across the river. Had a grand dinner here at the hotel and afterwards went to the "Empress" theatre.

Tuesday, Feb 13 U.S. Grant Hotel. San Diego

We were both so lazy this morning that we had our breakfast sent up to our room. I had a most delicious baked apple with cream. We went out to Julia Fisher's home in the morning and she came back down town with us and took us to lunch. Margaret Grubel also had lunch with us. After lunch Julia, Lee and I, Margaret couldn't get off from her work to go with us, went out to La Jolla. We spent a pleasant two hours out there watching the ocean. We also went down 80 feet into a cave and saw some beautiful colored rocks. We had to go down 136 steps through a tunnel. The cave was beautiful. We had a good dinner, but did not go out in the evening.

Wednesday, Feb 14 Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles

This should have been written on board the "President" somewhere out on the Pacific Ocean. I wasn't crazy enough, however, about being seasick to sit up and write it, so I waited until I got on

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land again. In the morning Lee and I visited the "Torii" shop and saw many beautiful things in leather work and pottery. I bought some lovely little place cards. After lunch we went to see Margaret Grubel and then out to Coronado Beach. We had an awfully good time over there and sat for a long time on the rocks and watched the ocean. We were standing away out on a rock when a big wave came in and got us going almost up to our knees. We soon dried out, however. We went down to the boat about ten o'clock. It was such a large and good-looking steamer and we had a lovely stateroom. Sailed at 11 P.M.

Thursday, Feb 15 Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles

I awoke in the morning with a reeling head and could not get up for breakfast. Lee went and had an awfully good breakfast. When we got into San Pedro harbor, I got up and dressed and was ready to land when the gang-plank was down. Lee and I both felt the effects of our night on shipboard and both rested awhile before lunch. We had a lovely lunch at "Ye Sigue of Ye Orange Blossom," and then went out to Pasadena for our mail. Found thirteen letters and a stack of newspapers waiting for us. Went to the bank to deposit some money and then into an ice-cream shop to get something to drink and read our letters. Then went back to La Casa Grand and Mr. Ferris invited us to stay over to dinner. We did and certainly enjoyed the meal. There was an entertainment in the evening and a dance afterwards and we stayed for both. Everyone said Lee was the best dancer and I was so proud of him. Got back to the Angelus at twelve o'clock.

Friday, Feb 16 Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles

We didn't do much of anything to-day but bum around town. We went into a Japanese Auction sale but didn't buy anything. Saw some wonderful pieces of Japanese art sold. In the afternoon we went to the matinee at the "Orpheum." Had dinner at a Chinese Restaurant. I had chicken chop suey and rice which was awfully good. Went back to the Auction for a little while after dinner, and then came back to the hotel.

Saturday, Feb 17 Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles

I was terrified almost to death about three o'clock in the morning when the fire wagons went to a fire in this same block. Lee dressed and went to see it but the fireman soon had it under control. Arose rather late. Had lunch again at the "Orange Blossom." Right afterwards Lee went out to Pasadena to get our mail and trunks and as he was going out and right back, I didn't go. I paraded all round the streets of Los Angeles by myself and felt like a lost lamb. I went to the "Hamburger's" the biggest department store here and shopped and had quite a lovely time. Lee came back about three o'clock and I was certainly glad to see him. We had dinner at the Angelus Grill and afterwards went to "Pantages."

Sunday, Feb 18 Metropole Hotel, Catalina Island

We arose rather early and took a 9:15 car for San Pedro where we took the boat "Calaillo" for Catalina. Everything went well until I went down below to get a veil out of my suit-case. The waves were getting pretty bad about then and as soon as I got down-stairs, I knew I would have to lie down quick. I no more than complained of feeling badly until Lee had a place for me to lie down, a pillow for my head, and a blanket to put over me. I wasn't exactly seasick but I didn't get up until we arrived at Catalina. We registered at the Metropole and had a good lunch there. Then we took a trip on the glass bottom boat and saw the beautiful marine gardens and the seals on the rocks. In

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the evening we went to a little Congregational church and heard Mr. Trotter, a rather noted mission worker. Afterwards had a light lunch.

Monday, Feb 19 Metropole Hotel, Catalina Island

Lee started off at 8:30 on horseback with a guide to hunt mountain goat. He felt so badly about leaving me alone and didn't want to go, but I knew he was crazy about hunting and it was too good a chance to let go. To please him I took a stage ride to the "Summitt," an eighteen or twenty mile ride, and enjoyed it so much. We got back in time for lunch and I ate lunch all by myself. Afterwards I read and wrote letters until three o'clock when Lee came. Poor dear, he had ridden forty miles and was so tired but he had killed two goats. He only brought the head of one back with him though and had it sent into a taxidermist in Los Angeles. Lee rested awhile and then we went for a little walk. As Lee was so tired, we retired early.

Tuesday, Feb 20 Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles

We arose early and took the 7:45 boat, the "Hermosa" back to Los Angeles. The return trip was made without any sea-sickness, but we were glad when we were on land again. We would have loved to stay a week over at Catalina but could not this time. It certainly is a delightful place. We had lunch, then went to the taxidermist to see about the goat's head, but the head hadn't been delivered yet. We called up Earle and made a date with him. We had dinner at the Angelus Grill and afterwards went to hear "John McCormack" the celebrated Irish tenor, at the Auditorium. He is certainly wonderful and we enjoyed it so much.

Wednesday, Feb 21 Angelus Hotel, Los Angeles

This was certainly a busy day. In the morning we hurried out to Pasadena, got our mail, told all the people we saw at the hotel good-bye, called on Mildred Cushing, also went to see about our dog, went up to the bank, and then back to Los Angeles. Had lunch and then went to see the taxidermist. Lee decided to have the head mounted and shipped back home, and now we can hardly wait to see it. After that we went out to call on Lucy P.M. and had such a nice time with her. She has a lovely boy baby. Then we hurried back to the hotel and got our trunks ready to go. After dinner we met Earle and all went to the Orpheum. After the show was over we talked with Earle awhile at the hotel and then told him goodbye.

Thursday, Feb 22 Argonaut Hotel, San Francisco

This should have been written on the Pacific Ocean but when the time came to write it, I was flat on my back and couldn't get up. In the morning, before we took the car to San Pedro we called on Mr. Carter, Cora Ireland's friend. He was so glad to see us and rode a little ways with us on the car. When we got to San Pedro, our steamer wasn't in yet and we were told it would be several hours late in leaving. We walked around the town a little and sent some cards and tried to amuse ourselves. The "Green" came in before noon so we had lunch on board. We didn't sail until about 7 o'clock, nine hours late. We had dinner before we left so we had two good meals. After dinner I played the piano for awhile but couldn't stand it long when we got to our stateroom, I could not stay up any longer, and had to undress lying down.

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Friday, Feb 23 Argonaut Hotel, San Francisco

Such a day, such a day, such a day. As I look back over it now, I don't see how I ever lived through it. I was not able to raise my head from the pillow all day long. I slept as much as I could all day for when I was asleep I was fairly comfortable. Lee felt it too, but went down to eat some lunch. He had a lovely lunch sent up to me but the very sight of it sickened me and I could not even bear the odor of it. The day passed however, but when night came I could not sleep. Lee had the stewardess bring me some tea and crackers and I ate a little, the first I had had that day. They were having the worst wind-storms in years so that perhaps accounts for my illness.

Saturday, Feb 24 Argonaut Hotel, San Francisco

We arrived in San Francisco about six o'clock, only eighteen hours late. When the steamer was tied up to the pier, I got up and dressed, and we lost no time in getting on land. We took a carriage at the wharf and came straight to the hotel. We found a lot of mail waiting for us here and we were soon enjoying it. Lee went down and got his breakfast and had some sent to me in the room. We were both about done for and spent the morning recuperating. We bummed around town in the afternoon and in the evening, Mrs. Hall, Dr. Mason's sister, and her little boy, came to call on us. We had a lovely time with them and made arrangements to spend Sunday together.

Sunday, Feb 25 Argonaut Hotel, San Francisco

We had arranged to meet the Halls at the Cliff House down on the beach about eleven o'clock. We all met there and went down on the sand and ate the grand lunch that Mrs. Hall had fixed up. After lunch we saw the first ship that ever crossed the Pacific Ocean. Then we took a car for Gold Gate Park. We spent all afternoon walking through the park and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. This park is certainly a wonderful place, and the Halls told us we could spend days and days in it and still not see it all. We left there about six o'clock and came back to the hotel. We were both tired so did not go out this evening.

Monday, Feb 26 Argonaut Hotel, San Francisco

We took the 9:45 ferry across the bay for Sausalito where we took an electric train for Mill Valley. At Mill Valley we changed to the Mt. Tamalpais railway. We reached the top of the mountain about noon and had lunch at the tavern there. Afterwards we climbed to the highest point on the mountain where we got a grand view of the Golden Gate, the bay, and the Ocean. At 1:40 we went half way down the mountain in a gravity car where we took a motor car on wheels to the Muir Woods. We spent a long time walking through the woods which were truly magnificent. We arrived home about seven o'clock. We had dinner on the ferry-boat coming home. At night we went through Chinatown and saw lots of interesting sights. We saw Mrs. Howard Gould's sister who is married to a China-man. Pretty tired at night.

Tuesday, Feb 27 On the California Limited Enroute to Grand Canyon

We spent all to-day shopping and had an interesting time in the big stores of San Francisco. Lee bought me a coffee spoon in the "Diamond Palace," the most beautiful store we have ever been in. Later in the afternoon we packed our trunks and suit cases and got ready to go out to the Halls for dinner. We stayed with them until time to go to the train and had a lovely time. Mrs. Hall served a four course dinner and everything tasted so good. The Halls hated to see us go and we hated to

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leave them. They had been so nice to us while we were in Frisco. We took the 9:30 ferry across to the Santa Fe and were soon on our way to the Canyon.

Wednesday, Feb 28 On the California Limited Enroute to Grand Canyon

There is not much to write about to-day. We have been on the train all day and have read, written letters, sat on the observation platform, and talked with some people. We have met some lovely people on our trip. We had a good lunch and a good dinner on the diner. Got off the train at Needles and saw lots of Indians. Met Mr. and Mrs. Schaulter, who were married about a week later than we were on the train on their way to Colorado Springs. Mrs. Schaulter told us to come to the Antlers hotel when we arrived in Colorado Springs and we would get rates for us as he is connected with that hotel.

Thursday, Feb 29 California Limited Enroute to Colorado Springs

We arrived at the Grand Canyon at 8:15 and after having breakfast, we went to see about going down the trail. The regular party had left but a lady and her daughter from Philadelphia were very anxious to go so the four of us took a special guide and went. It was seven miles down to the river, and was a hard trip but we were very glad that we went. We rode mules. Mine was called Riley and Lee's Funny-Face. The trail was awfully steep in some places we had to get off and walk the "Jacob's ladder" and the "Devil's Corkscrew." We ate our lunch down at the river and everything tasted so good. On the way back we saw a wild-cat on the trail ahead of us, but it soon disappeared. The Canyon is truly wonderful and it is necessary to go down in it to realize its grandeur. Our train left at 7:50.

Friday, Mar 1 California Limited Enroute to Colorado Springs

I had dreamed all night the night before about the trail down the Grand Canyon and did not sleep very well, so I made up for it some by sleeping in the day-time. Lee wrote letters and I read awhile in the observation car. All the passengers got off at a little Indian Village where the train stopped to buy things from the Indians. All of a sudden the train started and everybody had to scramble on the best way they could. We stopped half an hour at Albuquerque and had a good time looking at the Indian goods there. We had a late dinner and afterwards talked with some people in the observation car before retiring.

Saturday, Mar 2 "Antlers" Hotel, Colorado Springs

We had to get up at six o'clock and change trains at La Junta. We had 45 minutes to wait there so we ate breakfast at the Harvey lunch-room. We met such a lovely girl on the train and talked with her until we got to Colorado Springs. We got there about noon and went straight to the "Antlers." Mr. Schaulter was there and treated us fine, giving us such a nice room and also a rate on it. We got cleaned up and rested in the afternoon and had dinner at the hotel. Afterwards we walked around a little and finally landed at a moving picture show to keep from freezing. Snow and cold rains were quite different from California climate.

Sunday, Mar 3 "Brown Palace" Hotel, Denver

We arose rather early and after breakfast, took a car for Manitou. When we got there, we took a carriage ride over the town to the foot of Pike's Peak and Manitou Mountain railroads, Ute pass,

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through Williams Canyon, over Temple Drive and to the "Cave of the Winds." We went through the cave and enjoyed it ever so much. It is certainly a wonderful work of nature. We drove back to Manitou and had lunch, and then went back to Colorado Springs. We left there on a four o'clock train and got into Denver about 6:30. We came to the hotel and got a lovely room. We were too tired to go to church, and spent the evening at the hotel.

Monday, Mar 4 "Brown Palace" Hotel, Denver

We fooled around all morning and didn't do anything much. We shopped in the afternoon and went to the Empress theatre. We bought things to take home to the folks and Lee also bought his wife a pair of shoes. He had a hard time getting a pair to suit him. We had dinner at the hotel and afterwards went across the street to the Broadway theatre where we saw "The Pink Lady." It was played by a good company and we liked it ever so much. We got to bed awfully late and were pretty tired.

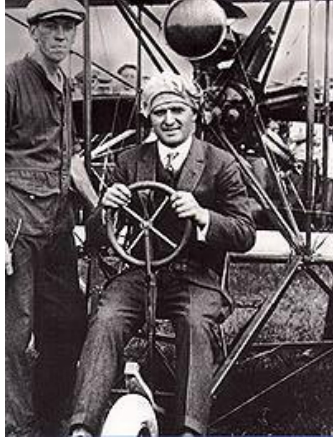
Tuesday, Mar 5 Union Station, Denver

Arose late and packed our trunks and had them sent. Had a light lunch and then went on a sight-seeing tour around the city. It was so cold and we nearly froze to death. We saw lots of beautiful homes and everyone was built of brick or stone. The driver told us that all the buildings in the city were, because of an ordinance passed 20 years ago prohibiting frame houses or buildings. The climate is so dry here that there is great danger of fire. After we returned home, we shopped some more and had some delicious chicken sandwiches to eat. Before we left the hotel I wrote letters and cards and Lee wrote to the folks. We are waiting now at the station to get our train which leaves at 10:30 for Omaha.

This is the last entry in the Diary. The date that the newlyweds arrived home, or what stops they might have made after Omaha before arriving home, is not known.

Transcribed by Granddaughter, Rebecca Moorehead Hoag, of Batavia, Illinois in July 2000, from photocopies made of the actual Diary. This Diary is in the possession of Grandson William Dial Moorehead, Jr. who resides in Mt. Auburn, Illinois, where Dial Winifred Davis spent most of her childhood years.

From Frank Marrero's "Lincoln Beachey: The Man Who Owned the Sky"



Lincoln Beachey's amazing career is a piece of American history that most people probably do not know about -and may even find hard to believe. This story takes place at the turn of this century when the idealism of the age spawned a host of heroes: Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas Edison contributed monumental technological advances; Isadora Duncan recalled the dance of the ancients; Samuel Goldwyn and D.W. Griffith began to cast moving stories on the silver screen; Enrico Caruso thrilled millions from the operatic stage; Maria Montessori breathed new life into children's education; Luther Burbank nurtured nature itself into new and vibrant forms; Henry Ford invented the assembly line and gave manufacturing innovative muscle. As these names flash across our memory, it is remarkable that one of their contemporaries, perhaps the most popular hero of his age, is now commonly unknown.

Because he died just before America entered the first World War, his memorials and historical accolades, local and national, were eclipsed by heroes emerging from the war. He was lost amidst a new age. But while alive he was known by sight to hundreds of thousands and by name to the whole world.

He performed for the largest audiences in the history of the United States. On his last tour of 126 cities in 1914 his average audience was said to be over 100,000. When the population of the U.S. was 76 million, 17 million people saw him in one 30-week period. He made more than the national average yearly income every day he performed. The United States Congress adjourned twice from formal sessions, in 1906 and 1914, to witness his performances.

During his life he was compared to Milton and Michelangelo as well as to the leaders of his day. He was declared "the eighth wonder of the world" by a consortium of 100 newspapers. His fame was as vast as any in American history. His only fear was that he would be thought of as crazy and be forgotten. His only vices were "too many women" and an extreme boldness. His funeral in San Francisco was said to be the largest in the city's history. A national hero of colossal proportions has been unbelievably forgotten, and his iconoclastic story will re-write a bit of American history.

Consider the accolades of the 'poet laureate of the people,' Elbert Hubbard: "Each art has its master worker-its Saint-Gaudens, its Paderewski, its Michelangelo, its Milton. There is music and most inspiring grace and prettiest poesy in flight by man in the heavens, and posterity will write the name of Lincoln Beachey as the greatest artist on the aeroplane. In his flying is the same delicacy of touch, the same inspirational finesse of movement, the same developed genius of Paderewski and Milton. The deftness of stroke of any of the old masters cannot exact his touch. He is truly wonderful."

Lincoln Beachey was hailed with superlatives: "The Man Who Owns the Sky", "Alexander of the Air", "The Genius of Aviation", "Master Birdman", and "The Divine Flyer". He was universally declared "The World's Greatest Aviator" by everyone from Orville Wright to Glenn Curtiss, from poet Elbert Hubbard to inventors Thomas Edison and Alexander Graham Bell. He received the regard of Presidents from Teddy Roosevelt to Calvin Coolidge as his acclaim reached the very peak of American adoration. Beachey inspired thousands to invest their lives in aviation, including Charles Lindbergh, Eddie Rickenbacker, General Curtiss LeMay and five-star General Hap Arnold. He was personally and publicly credited with inspiring the reluctant U.S. government to build an air force.

Beachey's records and achievements speak of his time and his stature: he was the first man to fly upside down; first in America to loop the loop and the first in the world to master that stunt; the first man to tail-slide on purpose; the first to figure out how to pull out of a spin; the first man to fly over Manhattan, Washington, Toronto, and scores of other

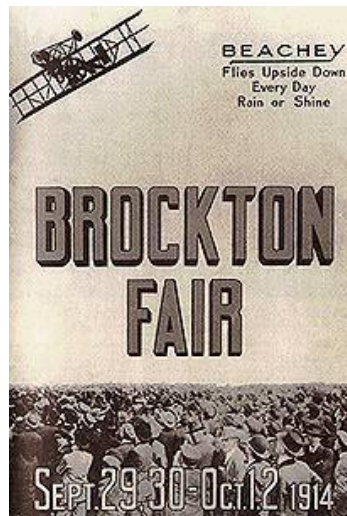
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American cities. He was the first to fly inside a building, the first to point his machine straight down and drop vertically until maximum velocity was reached, the first to pick a handkerchief from the ground with his wing tip. He even invaded the canyons of downtown Chicago, dressed as a woman, dancing 'her' biplane wheels across car tops and cobblestones.

Lincoln Beachey's impact on aviation was enormous. He developed and perfected many of the fundamentals of flying, beginning with the most basic of all, spin recovery. This legacy we can find in research. But his greatest impact was the demonstration to millions upon millions of Americans that flying machines were not only possible, but safe and practical. Beachey conveyed the ordinariness of flying by always piloting in common business attire, (only adjusting his hat to the reverse position) and then guided his flying into the spectacular. His acclaim was perhaps best told in 1952 by the first biographer for the Air Force, Colonel Hans Christian Adamson:

"It is hard to imagine the adoration that followed Lincoln Beachey everywhere. He was DiMaggio, he was Lindbergh at his prime, he was all the stars of stage and screen combined, with a touch of Superman thrown in. From one end of the country to the other, he was known as The Man Who Owns The Sky."

During the latter part of his career Lincoln Beachey earned enormous sums and planned to go into high-end design and aircraft development. But just after his twenty-eighth birthday, when he was being honored by a host of nations at the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition for his contributions to aviation, he drowned just inside the Golden Gate.



Carl Sandburg on Lincoln Beachey, the most famous man you've never heard of.

Riding against the east,
A veering, steady shadow
Purrs the motor-call
Of the man-bird
In his throat
And in his heart always
The love of the big blue beyond

Only a man,
A far fleck of shadow on the east
Sitting at ease
With his hands on a wheel
And around him the large gray wings,
Keep and deal kindly, O wings,
With the cool, calm shadow at the wheel.