

Book Lib  
9.7.94  
C386c

Case J. Smeaton  
California Coast Trails  
New York, 1913.

2-21-38. H.  
Monterey

### Mass Landing

pp 225-27.

The inland heat was rather trying, and I determined to make for Mass Landing, on the coast a few miles away. Following the directions of an old man whose confident manner impressed on me, I left Castroville on the right, and turned into a road that seemed to lead directly there. After following it for a couple of miles. Aton pretty tired and aching every bone and gateway with anxiety, the road came to an end, and a wide blough, quite impassable, barred the way. With hearty blessing on that old gentleman we returned to Castroville, and took the main road, arriving at the village of Mass Landing long after dark. It took my utmost arguments to get me supper of bread and tepid coffee. --  
Morning showed that Mass Land possesses Wharves and other facilities of commerce,

Barbrie  
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2-21-38. H. (2)  
Maunabo

Moss Landing

pp 225-227.

and I found that a good deal of grain and other farm produce is shipped from this little place. For the rest I gathered that in winter it is a main resort of duck hunters. The landlord told me that he often shot ducks from his back door, which there was no reason to doubt, since a family of them were peacefully quacking fifteen feet away from the table at which I was eating breakfast.

It was a fine morning, sunny but cool. The road led among placid lagoons, where platoons of tra-fowl were manoeuvring, and old boats lay moored at cozy landing-stages. Grasses of Eucalyptus gave off their faintest scent after the dewy night, and the mountains to the north were now near enough to show the timber on their crest — that sight always so refreshing and delightful. Trees in park or garden are good for trees are always good. Trees on an open plain are better: but trees on a mountain

Bark Hill  
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2-21-38. H. (3)  
Mentoring

Mass Landing

pp 225-27.

sky-line seems to me to make the scene of  
charm in Natural Beauty.  
The people of this region are strong on that excellent  
thing, White-wash. The farm houses gleamed  
like patches of snow against the brown hills,  
and the roadside cottages were whitened to  
ultra-whiteness, and made the prettiest of pictures  
with their gardens of blazing Nasturtiums  
and geraniums, — always a charming  
combination in connection with whitewash  
suggesting contentment, pinafores, bread  
and milk, and such wholesome childlike  
things.