

lay on the bed with the Ladies Home Journal all afternoon. After supper a certain Fred Baker came to call Aunt E. having found where he lived and called him up that afternoon. We moved from the 2nd floor to the 5th.

Thurs. Aug. 4th

Dad packed up and started in a bus to Mt. Rainier National Park 121 miles away. We went through flat country full of truck gardens and fields of hops for quite a while until we came to a village called Eatonville where we got out for 5 minutes ^{everybody} and got great big, luscious cherries at a store there. A man on the back seat having more than anyone else was always giving me some. We went on and kept going higher all the time. We got wonderful views as we went on but there were

so many forest fires that it made it hazy. There were forests of enormous Douglas Firs, the largest trees we have seen yet, and very straight & tall.



Got to the entrance of Rainier Nat'l Park where we took lunch at an inn. Dad & I walked over to ^{Lanquiere} ~~some~~ hot springs before the bus went. The trouble is you aren't allowed to pick any wild flowers in the park. We started in the bus up to the Paradise valley. I sat on the