

AROUND LAKE TAHOE IN A ROW BOAT



Our Honeymoon Trip in a Double Row Boat

Dedicated to
The Bride and Groom of October, 1911
and to
Tahoe, Land of Romance

By: C. W. Vernon
Arranged By: Ethel Joslin Vernon

Marriage Certificate 4412

State of Nevada,
County of Washoe)

This is to Certify that the undersigned Arthur A. Brown
of the Methodist Episcopal Church, did on the
Sixth day of October 1911 join in lawful wedlock
Clarence W. Vernon of the State of California and Ethel Joslin
of the State of California with their
sole consent in the presence of Mrs. J. S. Moore and
Eugene Danforth who were witnesses
Arthur A. Brown
Clergyman

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Herein the reader will find the actual day by diary as kept by the bridegroom on the honeymoon trip in a double row boat, which the young couple enjoyed during the month of October, 1911.

The bridegroom, Clarence W. Vernon, was a member of the Tahoe Tavern orchestra throughout the summers of 1909-10 and -11, and first met the bride there in June 1909.

At the present time his home is with his family in Tahoe City, and he fills the office of General Manager of Public Utilities. In his own words, as of October 1911, the honeymoon diary is arranged, to the best of her ability, by the bride —

Ethel Joslin Vernon,
in this year of 1953



Tahoe Tavern and Lake Tahoe



**The Bride – Looking Forward
to the Honeymoon Trip.**

Around Lake Tahoe in a Row Boat

by
C. W. VERNON

(Daily diary kept by the bridegroom)

Our marriage in Truckee, Calif., and honeymoon around Lake Tahoe in a row boat:

Thursday, Oct. 5th, 1911: After a separation of five months we met in Truckee at 7 p.m., and were married at 8 p.m. at the home of the Methodist minister here. There being no evening train to Tahoe, we are spending the night here at the New Whitney House.

Friday, Oct. 6th: This morning at 8:20 we took the train for Tahoe Tavern, arriving at 9:10 and surprising all our friends. After a hearty breakfast in the Casino dining room we walked to Tahoe City and took lodging at Tahoe Inn, where we expect to make preparations for a camping trip.

Monday, Oct. 9th: We visited Mr. Duane Bliss last night and engaged a large fishing boat for our trip. This morning we got together our camp outfit which we rented from Wert Tong of the Tahoe Inn, and loaded it into the boat. After lunch we set out for camp number one, a distance of about a mile north of Tahoe City. In this camp we got supper over a camp fire and made our beds on the pine needles beneath tall pines.

Tuesday, Oct. 10th: After a good night's sleep in the open air and a good breakfast, we went fishing on the lake. E. got sea sick and landed on the little island near Lousy Point to rest while C. went on fishing. After two hours without luck we returned to camp, and prepared to move on the following day.



Bridegroom "Waiting at the Boat"
Near the First Camp

Tuesday, Oct. 17th: Today passed very quietly. After breakfast we took a walk up the beach, and later went rowing along the shore and among the rocks. We spent most of the day in camp, except for a short walk in the evening, and rigged up a self-taker on our camera by attaching a long string to the clicker and fastening the camera in a solid position with heavy rocks on both sides. With the lens aimed at the bride and groom beside their pine bough castle, C. pulled the string and both hoped for the best in the way of picture.

We ate a canned goods supper and threw away what little remained of our mutton, as we feared it might be getting a little old. During the evening C. repaired the leak in the boat, (started by the former battering of the waves,) while E. carved picture frames from cedar bark.

Wednesday, Oct. 18th: Today ended our stay at Sand Harbor. Leaving at 11:30, we arrived at a little sandy cove a half mile from Glenbrook, Nevada, at about 3 p.m. We had to keep near shore most of the way to avoid the full force of the wind which blew against us. E. is getting to be very good at the oars so now we move along much faster than when we left Tahoe City. Tonight our bed is on the sand between two drift logs which form a good wind-break.

Thursday, October 19th: We left our camp on the sand this morning at 10:45 and rowed to Glenbrook where we stopped to enquire about sending for mail and groceries. The latter we are nearly out of, and the first we haven't had since we left our first camp. Later we rowed about a mile south from Glenbrook where we unloaded in a sheltered spot which had evidently been an old fisherman's camp. After pitching camp we again set out for Glenbrook with a grocery and mail order to send from there on the steamer. Returning to camp we ate, like hungry apes, our second meal for the day. We have just finished eating, and it is now 4 p.m.



Steamer Tahoe

Wednesday, Oct. 11th: After breakfast and a walk back to Tahoe City for mail and groceries, we packed our camp into the boat and set out to find a new camp site. After rowing about two miles we stopped on the beach, went swimming and each had a shampoo. Nearly froze in the water but soon warmed up in the sand. From here we rowed about four miles to an un-named point where we pitched camp on a narrow beach beside a fallen pine. The beach is so narrow here that the foot of our bed is only about two feet from the water's edge and there's no limit to the rocks under the bed. But the soft song of the water is restful.

Oct. 12th: After a better night's sleep than we expected, and a good breakfast of cereal, hot cakes and coffee, we left the camp site (which we found has a name after all—Carnelian Bay) at 10:40 a.m., heading for Sand Harbor. We fished across the bay to Brockway, but caught nothing but a good sunburn.

We ate our lunch today in the boat, anchored between the large rocks of Dead Man's Point, a short distance off Brockway. From here we rowed along the shore looking at the peculiar rock formations in the deep, clear water. Farther along the shore we saw a small animal crawl out of the water onto a flat rock to sun itself. C. shot at it but it was only wounded and got away among the rocks.

We arrived in Sand Harbor at 5 p.m., unloaded our boat and got supper, which consisted of fried potatoes, rice, cocoa and crackers. Now we are sitting on the sand beside a big camp fire, listening to the mountain stream which runs into the lake a short distance to the south of camp. Today's move was about six miles.

Friday, Oct. 13th: This is the day that was set for the big hunt. Both deer and bear were to be hunted. We set out at 10 a.m., C. with a rifle and E. with a big butcher knife, ready to carve the first bear which came in sight. We climbed through bushes, over logs and rocks, and jumped streams until we had nearly reached the mountain summit. Then we decided it was time to turn back for camp.

After a long and tiresome tramp over a new route we reached the beach to find our boat sunk in the edge of the lake and high waves rolling over it, filling it with sand. It is still so rough that we will have to wait for the lake to calm before attempting to raise the boat. E. is very tired from the long tramp, and from looking in vain for the bear that was always just a little way further on, and is in bed resting now. There for me too. Till comes the dawn, good night.

Saturday, Oct. 14th: After a good rest and a hearty breakfast we began the task of raising the sunken boat. This included unloading a half boat load of sand and tipping the boat over with the aid of timbers and logs. After floating the boat we began the puzzle of un-tangling the two fish lines and rope, which the waves had woven into a net. This done C. went swimming and E. wading to cool off after the two hours strenuous work. While C. was dressing and E. still wading, two men with a pack mule came down on the beach from the trail above. While all were talking, suddenly a vicious looking animal was seen running down along the shore in a bold manner which said more plainly than words that it had little fear of the group of humans. C. rushed for his rifle and brought the fearless beast down with his second shot. The visitors helped to dress the animal and later departed with the understanding that we bring them some fresh meat when we proceed toward our next camp tomorrow.

Friday, Oct. 20th: Left camp at 11 a.m. and after three hours rowing along the rocky shore we met the Steamer Tahoe and drew up beside it as the Captain kindly stopped to give us our groceries and mail. There was a large accumulation of the latter, mostly congratulations. We spent some time here, with our boat adrift, reading letters and laughing over comic post cards of congratulation. Later we rowed on to the State Line, a distance of about 11 miles from our previous camp, arriving there at 3:30 p.m. We are now within a quarter-mile of the state line dividing California and Nevada. It is a windy evening, but we found an old stove, at an abandoned camp, which we carried out near the shore, and after stretching a canvas around some trees to break off the wind, we now have a comfortable kitchen and bed room.

Saturday, Oct. 21st: This morning we got up just after sunrise. C. took a plunge in the lake and one plunge only, for the water was somewhere below zero. After breakfast we had a long chat with two fishermen who gave us a few fish and some pointers on snagging white fish. By noon we were packed up again and on our way toward a new camp. After a short stop at State Line, where we looked over the resort grounds and buildings, we rowed to Al Tahoe where we are now camped. After our arrival here we met Bill Grey, a former acquaintance, who paid us a visit this evening and fixed up a snagging rod for catching white fish. He is coming over in the morning to take us fishing. For supper we ate the last of the fish which were given to us.

Sunday, Oct. 22nd: After an early breakfast we went fishing with Bill Grey, who was very kind and made us each a snagging rod. Reaching the creek, we found many Indians there fishing, and learned that they had been doing the yelling and war-whooping which woke us at four o'clock this morning. We fished till noon, catching fourteen fish between us, then returned to camp to enjoy a hearty lunch and general clean-up. E. now has the small trees all decorated with various things known as "washing." C., having only one shirt, had to sit in the sun for a long time with coat buttoned against the wind, while the shirt hung on the sunny side of the camp. We have heard there were four bear seen near here, and E. wants to go after them!

Monday, Oct. 23rd: We spent this morning in camp and met the Steamer about noon to mail letters and cards. After returning to camp, C. went fishing. Came back at 2:45 p.m. with five fish. We ate lunch and supper in one and now we sit listening to the cow bells jingle as the cows are being driven home to a nearby ranch. High clouds are drifting over and threatening the pleasant weather which has continued since we left Tahoe City.

Tuesday, Oct. 24th: After a fish breakfast we went snag-fishing again, catching twenty-six fish. E. is getting to be an artist at it, and caught nearly half the fish this time. On the way back to camp we stopped at the Lake Side post office for the mail. Arriving in camp, we ate a cold lunch, loaded our boat and shoved off at 3:30 for Tallac where we are now. Here we found an old Captain in charge, whom we know and who gave us permission to use a small cottage tonight as the weather looks threatening. This is the first night we have spent inside and it seems very home-like. We have springs to sleep on, a lantern, and a carpet on the floor. Some class!



C.W. and Ethel Vernon
1911

Wednesday, Oct. 25th: We spent the forenoon in camp, then C. set out for Fallen Leaf Lake. E., having eaten green apples, stayed in camp. C. returned at dark and, with supper over, we paid the old Captain a visit. He was very kind and thoughtful, and let us take a room in the old hotel. The room has a fire place in it, so we are spending a very comfortable evening here, sitting before a big log fire.

Thursday, Oct. 26th: After a good night's rest, with the fire glowing in the fire place most of the night, we went to our camp, got breakfast and started on a walk to Glen Alpine Springs, a distance of about seven miles. After covering five miles we stopped on the shore of Fallen Leaf Lake to make coffee and eat lunch. From there we climbed on up the rocky trail to Glen Alpine, arriving there at 2 p.m. We spent half an hour looking around, saw a coyote in captivity, and took a drink from the mineral springs. Then we started for camp, deciding to come again when we can stay longer. Half past five found us in camp again, a little tired from the fourteen mile walk, but able to eat a square meal. This we did under our canvas with the rain pouring down around us. Now we are comfortable once more in our room with the log fire.

Friday, Oct. 27th: Spent all this forenoon in camp. E. did a little washing in the afternoon, then we took a short walk along the lakeshore. The lake was too rough for us to leave for a new camp today, but it is calm tonight, so we plan to move in the morning.

Saturday, Oct. 28th: The water was calm this morning, although it got a little rough later, so we left Tallac at nine o'clock, rowed to Emerald Bay where we intended to meet the steamer but found it does not come into the Bay. So we rowed back to Tallac to find that the boat had taken our mail and groceries on around the lake. We then turned back once more on our course arriving at a point near McKinney's resort at 3:30 p.m. This makes a distance of fourteen miles we have rowed today.

Sunday, Oct. 29th: This being our last camp, we spent all forenoon washing and making a general clean-up before starting for Tahoe City. We left camp at noon, arriving at the City at 4 p.m., a distance of about eleven miles. We cleaned up, dressed and put our feet under a good supper table, and now we feel just as good as though we owned the lake and our fathers were both preachers! Anyway we feel fine. Tomorrow we pack and get ready for our departure on the following day. We have had a wonderful time and we are both sorry that it is over. Tahoe, goodbye!



We Had a Wonderful Time.
Tahoe, Goodbye!



Steamer Tahoe at Tahoe Tavern Pier