SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 15
“A 7000 MILE MOTOR TRIP WEST, CRATER AND RAINIER” 1921
July 13. Greetings! Never have I had such novel experience as to begin a new journey and to sleep on the same day. To see the sun rise while in mid-trip was one long, long Mater Trip. Again we are in the way of ways. After so many nights we were off at 6:30 A.M. We enjoyed the morning: the long, dusty road, the ruminating fields. But this covering myself, sitting "vance" with chin and hands, "singing to the bugle." As we started we began to feel-planted. Experienced our first SAMURAI shortly before dinner by the road side. We reached St. Aug. by 3:00 P.M. and by that time it was so very hot that the rest of the day's travel was merely a test of endurance rather than a pleasure. Our Portland is country greatly changed - no longer level fields of earlier description. Our steep hills, deep canyons, bluffs and mineralized roads. We reached Clinton at 6:30; laugh and almost exulted. And, indeed, traveled 200 miles. What a good old family!

Off again over the little hills to find my Uncle, a pleasant morning with Uncle and his family. We arrived about 12:30 and had dinner on the 200 feet of the city house. We went to the point of the "Palisades." We flew all the afternoon. Gods in was too hot to enjoy them. Even the wind burned.

We drove carefully to find my mother. Fleming by night. When we returned to their home, we agreed to wait there. We went to the room.

July 15. Our route.

Morning Automobile to Govt. Premises.


We engaged dinner and a nice little visit with our good friends, Uncle.

July 17. Our route.

We were off again! As pleasant as noon is.

July 18. Our route.

We flew the Wright farm. The farm was up.


We engaged dinner and a nice little visit with our good friends. Uncle.

July 20. Our route.

We drove carefully to find my mother.


We engaged dinner and a nice little visit with our good friends. Uncle.

"Rose Dew." On a leave day, I say.

From the quietness of Estes Park.

Our fire was in the charming.

We have had a very

good day, been in the charming.

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July 19. Fort Rosalie

Quill the Vaudeville to Grand Lake.

We made long3nember arving out

this new Bear from Riiki to Grand

Lake. A bright sunny morning when

we rode over to "Rosa-Dew" and

watched while we might see it again.

We rode the Bear River Road over the

Bear to a side of forty miles of indi-

cible scenery and some sections of

unreconizable roads! About 11 miles

up we came to "Charm Falls. Some-

after visiting the midday shower fell.

The road is slow - up and up the

side of the mountain - wonderful trees

spotted pines and coming down and down

to the same being over the Bear we

were thru three orders. Altitude 11,000 +

Two miles of forest road along the

summit thighs our frequent and road useless

helpful out of our best march before

we had been warned of rolling snows.

The slide down was not slow until

within about 10 miles of Grand Lake.

Along this first country of black birds

the roads were terrible - we just

grounded in mud - baby - not we always

got off! We arrived at Grand Lake

nine o'clock, hungry and butt tired.


Camp No. 3. This fine is the base in

our range camp for the last time!

We were awake early and hungry for

breakfast. Then we left early thing and

went off for one morning round ride

on lovely Grand Lake, and returned with

our first catch of trout for dinner. We

straightened up and got settled in camp

the afternoon. We have a convenient

and pleasant camp, and so we quit like

leaves.

July 21. Off on the trail for a hike

This morning - and it was a pretty

warm. We had a good old

fishing hole - "The Nymphossant! Fishing Hole!

There is it is a beautiful spot & so

much of the time on a big pool

of water - abounding scenery - while fish

fished in the very clear lake. The

casting excitement especially, we

catch on time now a camp fire

fit. It is inside a big fish -

while the thundered off in the mountains

Altitude gives me a view of music - so

we settled down early. We arrived

here to camp from our five mile

trudge about time or a little... just me it
began to rain well we sat for it sand
all evening. We sat in our tent
and listened to the rain and some
inflatable campers next door trying
to get "dowed" in the shower. All
a kick of camp life!

July 20. A quiet day here in camp.
Edith was feeling very well. I did
a lot of writing. The heavy showers
had just before finally started our
first ride back ride on Brand Lake. I waited
down at the Post Office until late for the
sage to come in with the mail. But the
rain in the mountains had delayed it. So
our last day here passed quickly and
our trip ride to Brand Lake is over.

July 23. On route.
Drifting snow and a walk out for the
morning! We did not leave Brand Lake
until eleven o'clock, but the delay brought
me a letter from Denver. So we were
off on the trail with high hearts. A
glorious ride to Brandley with the beautiful
mountains in the distance. But the showers
that fell there made miserable roads for
five or six miles down the foot litter to
Emigrant. We arrived at the estate,
made the log hill known at Colorado
and had our dinner by the
side of a frozen stream. On our way
again towards Remington we were
leaving the river and the distance of
sage coming. We left Remington at
4:30 and were off over the sage for
the Rabbit Ear. We were humming
along with high hopes of a camp near
the Bass, which tourists warned us
of a long hike in the mountains ahead.
A few miles and we were staggering along
with claims, but we exclaimed until we
left and. We made Camp No. 4 in
the sage with the last quite clear. A
hurry right herd of cattle from Colorado
came along and camped near taking
all the romance away! We came only
15 miles to day but there is a long
way on the mountains - sometimes.

The glorious morning run seems to
arrive early in these high hills. We
had started early and were off by
eight o'clock, only 15 miles to the Bass.
The roads up and up, the queen finds
again; we reached the Continental
Breaks about 9:30 - and the Ridge
for the second time and Edward stepped
in field—how fine to fish in the
dead-water on the Rabbit Bay Pass—
with rain in the air rising in the Vale over
scenery the field away. There down—
the long, long side into steam boat
sailing—sand and sand, ledge after
ledge, the great river below downstream.
Again and again. We were so happy
for the big "india dinner" we got at
a little camp in steam boat. We were
all at 115 for steak. And very good
that foot hills for miles, much of
the time on a high ledge, the
wood Great River below us. That
gradually we left the hills behind
and came into the sage. We arrived
at Gage about 5:00, but it was too
nice to ride the mile farther to find
Rodie's Bistrel. We made camp. We
on the Cliff Camp Grounds. There
very
fine place to have such a camp
after our hard 2 day of travel! —
One could not move into a day.
One forgets the sun. Sunday, and the
eleven little of quietness. We can
appreciate, less of necessity, here in a
municipal camping ground. A slightly
no cosmopolitan experience.
July 27. Our route.

Morning sunshine in huge Wasatch.
Good little lunch on the road.

July 24. Salt Lake City camping sound.
So nice! We got to rest.
The road and canyon so beautiful.
A great and the silence.
Sleeping well.

Early. Only 96 miles to Salt Lake City.
We followed the high land trail and
with red sand stone in the distant range,
red rock and snow on the direct route.

That was really nice to appreciate for
the first time the beautiful coloring
of sage and mountain sandstone.

July 24. We came
on fairly good roads to Roosevelt.
In the first irrigated State city.
Where we had dinner at a cafe'.
Then streets and running water.

July 24. We did
rather quick roads of poor grade out

Our "Ocean to Ocean" road and so we went.
Brook 30 miles followed a slight graded
road down a canyon. Going up and down.
We began to realize we were wrong.
After dinner in the city we discovered
we finally came to a stack and inquired.
Chambers was more too well, so came
we were in the Wasatch mountains.
Tracing the Range thru, Enders Canyons,
87 miles out of our way on the inland
trail. Oh, if we could be back!

At an altitude of 9,800 ft. and so
finally rest.

At a little. For Enders Canyon is lovely.

So nice! We got to rest.
The road and canyon so beautiful.
A great and the silence.
Sleeping well.

So nice! We got to rest.
The road
July 29. Still camp No. 4.

I am so glad to be well enough to
well care of Edward. So day he is at
chick on bed and nursing my little fever.
and six o’clock. I saw a doctor on the
ground, so called home in. The nurse
and medicine all night. Thankful
I have been so day for a good camp.
not fit a bed off the ground, chains.
A good bed, clean candles, and ice.

July 30. Camp No. 4.

Still here in this dirty camp with its
undesirable surroundings. Their belief in
亮度: Edward could sit up and eat
breakfast for dinner. --
At five o’clock we got in the car and
arrived here to the city; we had a bill
of night at a cafe with electric fans!
Oh, the joy of civilization!!! We look
at every show ride about town and enjoyed
the cool rainy evening. We passed the
beautiful Mormon Temple, passed the
new Capitol building. Then home to
our dirty camp with the turmoil.
We must come out with these. We
determine to go out tomorrow, if only
for a very short ramble — to a clean
camp on the river.

July 31. Sunday: Camp No. 9.

On the shore of the Great Salt Lake.
This morning we drove out 26 miles.
In the south end of the lake, and
while fishing to rest and enjoy the
view of the lake, decided to visit our
camp. By the time we got the fish
up & gave Edward’s face had returned.
So we had to go in and rest again. It
was hot and enjoyed the view. Barney
and I had supper alone! I had
metido a storm in the mountains.
around the lake gathering at 3 got
supper but was made for good for the
gale that came upon us the last
called. Since the captain did not
break and we managed to keep it over
the bed. While hanging out to the bed
with little boards and feel I had a
mental picture of our camp deserted.
blowing across the water and Edward
with flaming cheeks after dinner in
a wet night gown the worst seldom
occurred. -- -- -- the gale over --
stepped our into a group thinking to
join the group of a fleeting moment:
A flaming red person by turned
led me down with weight of gear. -- --
Edward was night when the wind
of the inevitable law of compensation. If one is to be chosen by the gods to camp on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, one must also experience the incidental hardship of a salt-pan abode. So had been a great Sunday.

Aug. 1. Board, Ogden.
We came back to Ogden - on side of boat 14 miles from our last camp. All are at the boat to-night, for I realize that Ogden is far from well. We are on the edge of the desert, and cannot go any more until Ogden is fit to take a rest. There are four away now, to Alton - little Ogden town, with a nice breakfast. I don't expect to eat to-night. My days seem so filled with the unaccustomed.

Aug. 2. A long, miserable day. Dined with worry and an overwhelming sense of responsibility. Ogden is no place. We all feel the music done a doctor. I got the boat people up and a doctor called more than twice unwilling to come out at night! Packed the same - 20 days had been so long. A little gone to a restaurant, some even for hot water and milk. And "Barney" got it with the dirty garbage.

The doctor came to-night - 3 am and 2 can be little. The man was ill. He is a deaf, not more than a bowel infirmary. I must give him back to Ogden to-day. City - the song of the long trail now light and beautiful. live in this little

Another town on the edge of the desert.

Aug. 3. Another long day, long with constant care of the sick man. The doctor gave me hope that it is well.

But Ogden is so sick any-way - as weeks as if he had been ill never. Only until he can eat he can take any strength. So am so glad for a cool level - altitude about 5,200

And the boiling house lady is so careful each, their bodies, too. Emile and but now usually little busy in a strange little town 1200 miles from friends and friends. "Barney" and the little wife walked together and we little thing over. Now the official has our mail in and our supply - how well all been. Times tightened again when "Wally" is well again - "Barney" learned everything! —

Plant one utterly: we do not even usage of the journey.
Aug. 4. A little earlier this day for Edward is slowly getting better. The doctor found his temperature normal this afternoon. I got family cards and letters off telling the disappointing news of our journey. I hope to get sometelegram soon that he may know how things are at home. We are so glad to see Edward drink so freely from his queer witch noody. Off with the Jew gone. We wager to come soon. So another at Google is ever.

Aug. 5. The last day, yet Edward seemed so much better — no fever and stronger. The doctor said next to day he'd call him up. All day we got really much delight for me. Monday 8 get off a bundle of packets. I take Sunday out, get my swamp over to the boarding house, carry ladder back and forth for Edward and enjoy how the old room's main bright day to put things as mister. Will we remember these days, so at Google, once?

Aug. 7. So glad for the frequeat that Edward has made to days was able to get cleaned up at the barber shop. Home and meal around the corner to dinner. The first meal he had eaten in ten days.

Of course she is weak, and looks so sick and yellow, but I am so glad she is not much improved as she is. She has been a beautiful day. I wrote a few family letters and read a while this after noon. — Some how it seems strange to find a new self named Emerson in a little mining village!

Aug. 7. Sunday in July of long, long day it had seemed! But the grounds, one from home and one from the office were really very welcome indeed. A small battle in the boarding. Wookett, Brumfield, and the old lady bebe city figures. It has been a really beautiful day. Edward is much better, up and about, and able to go to his meals and lounge about the room. The small help we even managed to give "Stanny" a better cure he is far from well and for tos reasons & de street "going on." Of course normal matters day, black and not the usual affairs. Thank entirely a grinder in unknown lands! We do your work to be thankful for!!!

Aug. 8. So hard a feeling we are going to give these words my consent, so.
Aug. 7. Noon. I suggest that one of the best lines of action is to move due west in this valley; Edward feels quite fit this morning, and in the event of going on.

I would rather stop here a day or two, or until some one arrives to.

So it is in the way across the desert and 'good-bye' little 'Buffalo Jones,'

Evening: We reached Camp No. 10.

We left Buffalo about 2:30, but good to see on the range again! - and wonder if miles due to Oakey Ranch. Oakey Ranch claims the distinction of being the only habitations between where we went and road, at a distance of 90 miles.

We are little canvas houses with a few cottonwood about us.

Off to the east is our last range even while we came from this region, before we slide down into this desert valley. So we start.

The sun is going down for another day and before we must earn it tomorrow.

There is a lot of rainbows in the west at 8 or 9. We have gotten our little supper - the wind blowing it cold as we sit - and now we are going to 'turn in' for the night.

Aug. 8. Expo felt Camp No. 11.

A ride of 120 miles to-day with the varied experiences brought us here to this little camp under a sort of willow tree. This morning we were up with the morning dew and off over the country to 'see' for salt. We enjoyed the cloudy morning, the roads flowing but as well needed trail across the little stretch of desert. On the road we came to what is called the Big Basin of the Great American Desert and for two hours followed a badly rutted road with its running water. Miles and miles of salt flats. Two miles of salt flats, three miles more, four miles more, and five miles. We are little, almost mud to walk on.

A dark and dirty mining town where we eat our dinner in a garage. So we walk to the sun. Two or until the sage again. Great stretch of sage. Around 4 o'clock at low mountain range - no trees, no habitation, only the sage, sage and sage! Lago in the after we get into a dusty desert with

winding the most ahead of us. And the rain brought an eagle down from the ridge. Fine to find this little irrigation salt and green willows to camp under to-night.
Aug. 10. En route, Camp No. 12.
A cool night is settling, so we did not
leave the camp early. We left our windows
open at first light, and made good time.
Next, we reached a more
habitable place, a little above the
village of Austin, near a
roasted, and found a
nice place to camp.
Baked beans and
mushrooms made
us welcome. We slept
for dinner at a cafe and supper.
Here, the population of over
2,000-in the town, with
small town between
Spring and the
junction
of ways. There is no
labor mining
district in the country so dry and the
length of table in the world is located
here. The afternoon trail led from
the ridge, lost in a
manner, coming
with dense forest and sage, sparsely planted
with many clusters of trees. Rain light
in the afternoon made us feel
quite relieved one of these hot days, but we
made the miles again, and night almost
found us looking for a suitable place
to camp for the night. We finally
made camp close to top of the
ridge in an open
cluster of trees. Here we built
our tent, went to bed and
made no big feast of song. Our
first a little eventful! XIX!

So day we came over the most beautiful country yet traveled. The road passes over a broken range nearly level which is made habitable by a few small creeks.

This is one of the driest sections in the United States and was called the "Forty-mile Desert" by the early emigrants who crossed it on their way to California. We drive is "for sale" or one on the old station. But the day was not without its pleasant sensations; Edwin caught some water before we were off. This morning, we left the "mirage" clearly; and stopped for dinner at one of these ranches, so important to travelers in this section of the U.S. This was "Back gate Ranch," where we had a hot dinner, dinner served on various dishes and old clothes! Where towns are a hundred miles apart, these ranches serve as food, office and supply station, and often accommodate one to the best. After more than sand but one fifteen miles again, the ranches Çome on fast, office and supply station.

After every scene sand but one fifty miles again. Where there is no road. Since miles from Fallon, Nevada, we come into an irrigated section, and the cool, pleasant streams of springs were a joy to travel.
Aug. 13. Em route. Six o'clock A.M.
We were off for Carson City and Lake Tahoe. Mosquitoes engaged, at
4:30 we gave up the fight, got
up on bare hands fame, and were off.
Despite, we looked upon the
mountain Lionel of Tahoe!
Lake: Quite a place: a running side
of sage, with sage: solitude away
as far as the eye; could see a gray
trail thru the sierra. At 10 o'clock we
made fifteen miles from Carson
City, Edward and Tommy settled a camp:
We reached Carson City about 11,
now time: furnace: dinner; walk
attended to, and supplies. Even remembering
"hit Carson" and "made waves" failed
to keep interest in this lovely delightful
residential town. A range of mountains
and trees: at Reno, Nevada, many
little villages. But we strive to find
Lake Tahoe and the California Snows.

Evening: On the shore of Lake Tahoe.
Sierra side. Camp 15. We have not
had time to explore our magnificent
Lake side! Out of Carson City, this
afternoon our request: we were
suddenly driven to the summit of the
high Sierras. We receive the snow
at Lake Tahoe, Mr. Thore of Tahoe and
followed the shores for over ten fifteen
miles, fine嘉宾 and windish, a
windy road. And not being satisfied
with the side of the "Old Tahoe Dams".
we decided to return. 11 miles to this
island camp "spotted" on the way.
But "Lake Tahoe" must be ideal.

Shore of Lake Tahoe."
Here fine air privilege is with a
general siding, sitting in our old "Tent".
Dinner amidst beautiful lakes, sedans,
looking over both the shimmering waters
of beautiful Lake Tahoe. Chile, late after
noon even; a golden gate around the
sea of neither blue. --
Lake Tahoe is one of the largest
and grandest lakes in the world. Every
more suburban sea famed Italian lakes: it
is 13 miles in width and 23 in length,

This morning went with campy. walked and the after noon setting my camp near the lake. It is a very pleasant and wonderful lake. Now went back and went up to the ledge and looking out. Now I am feeling GREAT. Now camp is near the lake. And the lake has been lovely and lovely.

Aug 15. A day long to the cathedral. we spent the early day walking the # mile cirque of Lake Elahad. we walked along along with long days, taking many pictures and viewing the lake. we were then brought down to the lake. we spent a day. we all camped on the lake. for pictures for home. After leaving dinner at the beach. we left "lake Elahad" about two. first a wonderful mountain road runs down that leads to the shore of Elahad. then the ridge around the lake. sometimes coming through and the lake alike. all the after noon we spent changing the scenery of beautiful. we came to "Lake Elahad" about eight - a fine big lake. we left the lake. a lake quite off beautiful Lake Elahad.

Camping No. 16.

Sonora Lake, my first from the summit of the Sierras — a picturesque, delightful lake, named after the ill-fated Sonora party of emigrants who in 1846 were once bound and punished from прожитием вне оранж. блок. ... Опять, Oakland, Sausalito late yesterday afternoon. Upon we followed the swift waters of the Tuolumne river to Sonora, Calif., then on to Sonora Lake. Fine roads and an ideal region in which to camp and motor. We are staying till to-day. In mid on the lake is fine and suitable fishing for Edward but no can write.


Morgen sunshine and the blue waters of Sonora blue near the breakfast of 5:30, when we were off for the summit of the High Sierra. We met a Plywood cruiser near our camp, named: Moon Rib, in the loins, and United States, and miles and miles of mountains. altitude of the snow is 7,145, surrounding peaks and granite ridge with 3,000 ft. higher. Above the

Pleasant driving all the way to Sacramento. a beautiful winding mountain road. Slipping over into small valleys with pretty green meadows on the sides. The first rain we at 4:30: Some trees; meadow roads! Fine trees near California, hidden California! Olive trees, timber frame and vine yards! Abundance in full bloom as large as fruit trees! Beginning of fruit fruit for sale all along the highways in California. --- Every excellence of fruit must be subdued: at the village of New Castle, we had a collision with another car on the top of a hill! The little car got the worst of it. We are driving in. We went out our way a little back near by, with a dead horse and a jammed bump! And just as we were going to our camp we came to Serra marvel. We found the little capital city, with the historic old "Fort Sutter," and its miles of checked arehands, very well. We made camp No. 17. Air Asia in the city. Santa Anna, a good home. Breeze blowing, a little leaf thing, Spec. then the usual "free camp." We need to avoid every vehicle.

A busy morning. Getting out of Sacramento and ready for the Nip Steets town. A native American. Sonoma. Waiting near the Sacramento Valley. So pleasantly straight roads. One hour's drive. Farming country. Open, arid, and large fields of rice. The first 3 hours saw grinding. It was still hot. The day. We had dinner at a schoolhouse under a palm tree. The gray outline of the coast range was visible west of the day. To the west. Our early campfire just beyond a group of trees of the highway and found myself up, where a rise went down for the third time since all day noon. The yard and new choice for body - this Camp No. 14. Will do. After the excitement of the evening was over, I went to camp. Got into little footprints. A long walk in the long time: bright moon light and not a leaf stirring, only the endless number of automobiles passing our camp - a strange one every five minutes and more of them synonyms. I was up. Soon had been with fine family - bright ways.

Aug. 20. Ew route. Pacific Highway. Out of Camp No. 15. Late, and a long wait to the nearby village to get the mail. Finished. Late mail caused trouble. One lost dinner and a group of big cats used single log trees and in the fields see a feature of the Sacramento country.

A long stop this afternoon of the Pacific Highway. Looked on thru a writing hillary, we went back out and mostly north. The Sierra seen and added interest and we did not reach our objectives. Redding, Camp until nearly five o'clock. There we learned that the ride would tentatively planned to not leave well was 10 minutes on account of difficult roads. (it would be sensible not to go. Be the sensible is to the common fate. So be common fate is unavoidable. To make up this decision.) One was off to make the foot hills for Camp. Twenty miles straight to an ideal start on the W. Road. Quiet. A beautiful river, cool and clear water, the trees about - warm at Camp not as one read in magazine or dream on the library table - the beginning of El Dorado glory. Camp No. 19. 'W. Road'.

We left Camp "My Cloud" about noon, and arrived here. We turned aside to visit Bumpass Hell about noon. We saw a fine mountain road with lovely views all the way. The first view of the Shasta mausoleum of snow-capped peaks came from the fire line, long the middle of the alluvial flats, and became prominent until we came within a mile's distance of it. We returned, stopped off at the railroad station, and went on our way.

Camp site - but a fine view of the Shasta Range No. 20. "Shasta View." We shall call it. And we have had a quiet evening around the rural campfire. Just after dark, while the moonlight shone down upon Shasta, looked down upon the level fields of Nevada, too.

August 22. On route to Shasta Region.

Up early - and made a fresh start to reach the western edge of Shasta. All morning we were moving among the base of the mountain. On the majestic peak is full right - a winding road runs out a perfectly levelled region, giving us a splendid unobstructed view of Shasta for miles and miles. Such a view we were gradually approaching until we felt that we were almost upon the foot hills. We had dinner near a shallow river - and we drank and we loved our delicious - and made our way into a lovely farm land, with the hills above. On the returning homeward, I met the face of the great mountain falling away in the blue distance. But we were soon climbing again! The foot hills country of the Klamath region. And when we came to the Klamath...
Aug 23. Em sail

A long 50 miles to day end 8 very difficult mountain road. Several water, steep, mild, steep, gradual, and high grades, straight and to Klamath Falls by high.

So close, in sight of debates. On a long narrow ridge with no view, all of Klamath Pines below, another car wedge with snow in Virgin.

The next boat to waste an hour, and view are the line to get the car 500 cancer and no place for the fence without 365 days no way like

An empty, dense, forest. Above 20 miles from Klamath we came to a fine town of Klamath Canyon: acres of land colored with old the river white, fished, and sage. Along buffalo.

The forest road continued to Klamath.

We were near a couple of vacant places, the road and a couple of places, the road, but very close, and not many miles.

Aug 24. Em sail towards Crater Lake

Eugene's Birthday.

A day of boating along the way.

Mostly - Rain. The fine Oregon fruit

Em sail, cloe our road led by the shore of Klamath Lake - the temptation to stop and too quiet. We looked about, saw a boat and went our way for a couple of homes. We enjoyed Klamath Lake with its green water, its miles and marshes along the shore, and its Indians sitting like we have heard and the sailing. We met "Good Company's" first boat side with us. The Ag Bedwell slept hillside "Sunday fisher girls" in the water for the first time. The Klamath region is a big game country. Deer, deer, and mountains lions and big fish. Too there was a man and very boat at 7:20 started for dinner in a pretty green clearing, where after dinner Boled right went fishing again with a fellboat camped 300 away on again.
Aug. 23. 5.40 a.m.

A long 50 miles to-day over a very difficult mountain road, most steep, narrow, cut by steep, sharp, and high granite, straight to the Klamath Falls by three o'clock, in spite of delays. On a high narrow bridge with a clear, clean draft of 1000 ft. to the Klamath River below, another car wedged with sure in King to pass. The rain kept to walk an hour, and we were the first to get the end at 5.30 dam. But no place for the family tonight! All day our way led into beautiful, dense forest. About 20 miles from Klamath, we came to a fine point of Klamath Canyon: grades of 40, 50 per cent., clear, well cut, the river, white, sparkling, running along between. The good road continued to Klamath. We were late to couple of hours for supper — and did not meet any line to see fall out to our exit — than move on our way again! We drove

Aug. 24. 5.40 a.m. towards Siskiyou Lake.

Squire's Birthday.

A day of boating along the way — mostly down the fine Siskiyou forest. By 11:30 o'clock our road led by the shore of Klamath Lake, the temptation to stop was too great. We looked about, got at boat and went out for a couple of hours. We enjoyed Klamath Lake with its green waters, its rocks and mountains along the shore, and the Indians sitting like white birds on the water. We were "Brown Squirrel's" first boat ride with us, too! And Squire dipped his fine "Sunday fish pole" in the water for the first time! The Klamath region is a big game country: deer, bear, and mountain lions and big fish, too. There were an owl very late at 2:30 settled for dinner in a pretty green evening, when after dinner Squire went fishing again, with a fellow camper. Then on again.
Aug. 26. We go to Crater.

One mile, dried. Still marching into Crater National Park was a rewarding mountain road along the foot along the edge of Lena Creek Canyon, with many fine views from points along the way, and none more beautiful than the "sacred of the Gods." A lovely fairy-like scene: at the foot of a gray wall a little village of relics green, with a nearly silent stream of lilies and lilies, all on a lawn. Surely earth-like scene! Who could doubt? But who would be any suspicion wanting? ---

Over 12 miles in about an hour a fine road and at noon we came to Crater Lake, like the Grand Canyon and Niagara the first look terrific.

 Truly one of Nature's grand surprises. A lake of an unbelievable depth. Occasionally blue in a depth of 1,000 ft below the gray, heavy rim of an extinct volcano. Simply one of the most beautiful spots in America.

We stopped our car and got our dinner on the very rim of the crater! Then made camp late evening.

We rode on a slight elevation with a fine view of the lake, just as calm, and the rough. The sand was so close we could hardly see our tent. At 8 we left.

A couple of miles we set out for the trail to the shore of the lake, 12 miles winding down the side of the crater. Unlike so many lakes the water seemed to flow slowly as we approached the shore. We used a boat and took a little boat ride. The water was very rough and quite unlike those returning entirely tailed from above. But how like, how uniformly alike! But as I lifted my eyes it was mysterious gray, heavy, cold, cold. Suddenly, fantastic — a black bear rose and made some awful notes and the light was coming — was frightened — followed one, indeed!

The roadelride was an experience, not a pleasure. Smoke to our camp. 10.24 a.m. Alleluia and fine weather.

After a morning writing and visiting Crater Lake lodge, we broke camp, and after our early dinner, at one o'clock we were off for the 35 miles "Quinoo Road," a motor road just completed this last year around the lake. It is one of the queerer scenic highways of the West: a fine road here steep grade, sharply turn and dangerous high pinnacles, a road made for the in experienced mountain driver. We viewed the lake from every possible point of view, and on the other side enjoyed our ever changing panorama of Crater Lake mountain scenery.

With many long rides looking over the precipices in was difficult to see or these range Wizard Island on the

Chalmette Bay and all the mysterious lava formations. As four o'clock we said good-bye to Crater Lake - much

satisfaction, no forget to, in comfortable.

Crater Lake.

Aug. 22. En route: Cause we note on Quinoo the Rock.

Loved our to the Wishing End, making about 30 miles of motorizing in the National Park in all. We camped ten miles from the exit of the Road on the Rogue River. Our second camp will be for Aug. 25.

Aug. 27. En route: Towards midday. As.

A morning ride thru the forest for a whole weeks we have been in this Snake Oregon forest. Sometimes a long straight road, sometimes a short, steep grade, sometimes miles and miles of beautiful road. Stopping camp at the Rogue River this morning, we have followed the winding course all the noon, first confined in jagged gorge, then into wild timbered canyon, and finally our to a broader, quieted water - a beautiful river angling thru the

forest. - - - - - - The stream grows too. During: at eleven o'clock we abandoned our intention of walking up and down the road.

Aug. 26. Line on the road. This may be at five miles to the mouth sand in disgust in the camp.
Aug. 24. Sunday. Camp "Rogue River." A quiet camp. All marring inside. We are fishing. We are fishing long while we did dinner. We got on at Campfire. Edward is fishing. Yes we are sitting up. We tell we will go on after dinner & we start of this place. 

Evening. Camp No. 27. "Tonnel Stone." We drove 20 miles into Medford, Ore. This afternoon got near finding a cold site. Camp site. We drove on our to this farm. Mistaking the camp site for campfire. The family are camping. We found the people here still and have not camped. Three fine big trees with their related under and the old chimney standing near evidence of the fire. Poor this is a nice place. Camp site. No room with, and bundle aside all about.

Aug. 25. Camp No. 28. The river side camp again and the | great | eating | out | on | mid-stream! The "Gold Ray" came to | great | unexpectedly. Edward has been asked to go deer hunting with the fellers or "Tongue Stone," the back of the valley. So fellers think until this, we are salmon fishing here our from Medford. We will come another time of summer! There is not a very shall camp but we might catch a big fish! 

Aug. 26. Camp "Gold Ray." Well business. This Gold Ray camp: It costs only 10 miles a little and with a little, with Edward fishing for the big fish! And the weeds washed along. Some rain winter. Watering people are camping near running for gold. 3 or 2 kind of having sand out of my shoes at night! Some big fish would "get on."

Aug. 27. Camp No. 29. Here we are at "Tongue Stone." Again! We came into Medford, hod dinner and did some shopping, loaded the village over, and got out here along the middle of the afternoon. Edward has fixed up it nice, comfortable camp for me while he is gone. Everything is ready to night for the early start in the morning!
Sept 1. A new month, and still on the long, long trail! First to-day I live in camp—thinking much of the snow off on the shore—think they go back 20 miles in the Coast Range—along the Oregon-Cali line—felt in with the bosses there in fancy—my law and his son George and Edward. I have thought here for a successfully hunt! I have written nearly all day to-day getting this diary up to date.

Sept 2. Gray, clouded skies, and a cold, grayly wind. Quiet sleep. Rise breakfast and上级ing all day and writing morning card and telling friends what we can. Enormous time we were hearing, and the while wondering to myself what "camping out" in October would be like, judged by this Sept 2nd day! All evening & sat huddled up in Edward's big red sweater reading "Main Street" by the mountain fields of a candle. The mountains have looked nice and cold to-day away in the California line where Edward is deer hunting. I hope the laws haven't many times in the yard to come— & won't mind playing or bowing for play.

Sept 3. Warm sunshine flooding the tent before 5 get up, finished a pleasant day. I finished my cards, read, and visited with my home, who is west land. I'd hear lady is stuffing me with real cream, hardbake, fruit vegetables and eggs and pie! Making our feet & can scarcely be romantic enough to miss the "fahh-mow"!

Sept 4. Sunday. Snow now the day, hard, a little snow. O little feet! Just to the garden is getting warm, and great eating, "grain stew" with aspirin melt-online, and still we have drag. Perhaps the mind will come home to-night—& wonder!

Sitting the these Indians reminded red-headed and writing with nice scent! They come about five o'clock. We had sung all together to enjoy variety. So is fine. So a new idea to have Edward home again. We must the on our way now all same—we have delayed the party more than a week. Aunt Emma had a fine engage hunting—she will never forget—

A new significant experience, she says.
This morning leaving camp at "Coyote Home" and saying good-bye to three friendly people who have contributed to the joy of the trail so unexpectedly, and at ten o'clock off to west. We travelled thru a mountainous country all day: montaine, snow-capped peaks, and everywhere evidence of the hill - rising - granite and quartz, granite, and quartzite. The hills of red sandstone - despite big drifts - rising slightly. Grasshopper village, self-important and aggressive, bore many visitors. A small "Cook's rule" village, before of the week. A good long day making into the distance. Evening: Quiet at dinner. We pulled off the highway to make the evening camp. Why pine up the hills on a quiet place? Mightn't likes this? Why not? So we went to sleep. Looking up at the stars - Away above! And just dropping off to remember: home, the first Monday in Sept. - Labor Day - the first numbers of Oct. Fair with the primitive farmers, the small show - farm, the exhibition of our fed animals.
Travelled Salish inquired, "If we leave Eddie Wilkey will get us in Lincoln?" — Eddie said, "I know where in our division when our position in society is so easily recognized! We came to the little city of Eugene just in time for dinner. Inspection means well. Be filled of material soil that appearance. This is enough the mere glimpse of the University of Oregon, and my heart leaped with joy! (Stop quickly so we might be in Lanning in the last train!) — All the after more can even! Changing junctions of the Salmon River, while the Willamette Valley: high road where the material, "fine or", and rusted delirium where the "noble is!" A pleasant wooded country of film. 
Driving far. Along the little, film near us caught a glimpse of the broad green nature of the Willamette. In men these hills that the city of Eugene, the capital of the state, is located. It is a city of slate, in-stillness, fine views, and serenity. A little less than 20,000 population. There we made camp at the end of the day at the City Camp Ground.

Sunday, July 7, 1907, Portland, Ore.

Time off in "Camp Salish", July 31. To get cleaned up and even some attempt at personal adornment, before we left to Portland: to phone on the real people and Edward has his luggage behind. Then we saw a little of Salish. Interesting, it is a town of 12,000. Population our house is in driving city and cosmopolitan, while at home there, population is urban and "villagey"! We left Sunday before visiting for Portland — Grant on the shore and were reminded of Washington. On, and see the little cafe' along the canal! Noon and away to Portland.

Evening: Portland, Ore.

A real city! With a city's story, rich in history, the memory of Oregon, its brave heroes, its millions, and Ohio families and bright-eyed nights. Fifty-five miles and half roads. Brought us to Portland. We got my mail on board and learned how that return home Angie is away and still at home; that all the hills were well in Washington; but Elsie would soon be home from her trip to the South; and all the family was O.K.
We got out to Begin Camera's little home in time for dinner and spent a pleasant evening (in spite of my nervous dyspepsia) getting acquainted with his wife, and adopted daughter, and little son, and a morning a fine trip with Begin with his memories of the "370" 3° 10' 15" and University Days.

Sect. 4. Top Astoria! Out to the Ocean! 10.2 miles along the Columbia River to the Sea! At last a misty gray day, breaking the raining of the rainy season here on the Pacific Coast.

Walking down a saw mill 100 long days. Breathing the coming of the rainy season here on the Pacific Coast.

Passing round a saw mill 100 long days. Dined at room with a nice dinner at our familiar school, little town about half way. Back the road with fine
daylight. Slowly turn and considerate grade. A country of marshes and a hill and trees and scattered ruins. The wide watery of the Columbia growing broader and broader as they near the sea. We arrived at Astoria about nine and the sun came out for the first time this day. To show me the green old town in convenient and uncomfortable, sitting on the bank of the river with the feet

in the water! Astoria is interesting from more than one standpoint. It was founded by John Jacob Astor in 1811, and was the site of the first American settlement on the Pacific Coast; it is in the heart of the great forests from which we went thence to the foot of the world; and the Columbia became in matching saw guns its world-wide

person – - - - - - - - - - Then we were away to the ocean: meeting toward the getting away on the Pacific – we care to see around our sea! And

we went – almost – for an our low

shot up the last range of hills:

the gray ocean, dark before us, bounding the seaward, the same half sand

in its depth! A glorious sight to

the ocean – hungry middle Westeners.

We have arrived. We have reached

the Pacific Coast. We camped by the sea. 59.32. A nice little camp. The high green hills over

sand in the shadow and 

of a

knob. A happy campfire when we

got a trim driftwood from the beach,

and the salt air with a ABSTRAIT OF

sails. – That was our second day on the road.
Sept. 9. Back to Portland, 11 a.m.

A glorious morning ride on the fell: the gray stream lashing away in wide, broad sweeps as we pass, the soft, cool wind in our face! Sea gulls and seagulls flying in the surf: the gray

morning, the gray stream, broad, cool, fresh! How we enjoyed our ride!

Then back to quaint Astoria for dinner—salmon of course—and the long ride back to Portland this afternoon. Our little bright stream was a very different aspect from that day. We went through across the Columbia

River and made early Do 25. at the municipal camping ground of Portland.

Sept. 10. For Mount Hood

The Columbia River Drive to Mt. Hood.

We have wanted to take this drive ever since it was completed. Perhaps the "Rose City" is more grand of its own. The Columbia

River is a sight to see, and we stopped at the falls. We went through the city, and returned in the evening.

The drive is very picturesque, and we enjoyed it. We had a glimpse of Mt. Hood-

the snow-capped peak. We drove over the side trail to the base of the mountain. At the base of the mountain, a

large camp and the men's mountain road "off the beaten path." We met off with bright lights to make camp at the foot of Mount Hood—when
Beaufall Sunday:- Meaner took and drove down the Columbia highway.

We were from our road-side "bed of ferns" in the gray dawn, morning came and it was a beautiful world anyway! The sun fought it's way thru the dense fog and filling thru the trees; moonlight shone in on symmetry, looming into the clouds. The quiet quiet covered with a heavy blanket of freshly fallen snow!!!

Rainbows couldis to view our Judish man was a friendly one - armed man with a big truck pulled us out! We climbed up - more the worse for the experience - and were off! A few miles brought us still nearer to the base of the mountain, where we crossed our dinner and not in the sun to keep warm while we enjoyed the view of the quiet snow-capped peaks.

Then at quiet Sunday after noon side roads to Thank you thru a quiet apple country - farms the world over for it's britttening and musical variety - a quiet drink after the experience. And from Thank you returning along the Columbia drive -
The dead gray water of the great river changing to a very gray green as the))
orange bow wave came. Camp No. 35
was ideal: a little secluded spot off
the highway and the camp fire was
welcome. Camp "Columbia Highway."

May 12. On route into the State of
Washington.

Fifty miles into Portland this morning
along the Columbia Highway, with a
beautifull glimpse of mountain and a
short stop at the Vista House to
purchase vino - a welcome drink from
growing cold weather - and on again
into Portland. A town a go to get
a beautiful meal and a good dinner with
muffins and ice water - how it comes
a tagging material! Bless, where
Edward got the muffins, and when the
train left, a car 35 cars off and
British with the

mass number of people who always
come up when and can stand along
the car. Many of them asked
who inquired of Bryan! Late in
the afternoon we were off to call
at great Cool Summer. We found
him living in a pleasant home,
looking a little worn but the same

Great of "35" days, with heavy set,
brown hair and a cynical face,
and the manner of fine discriminating
looking daughters of various ages from
12 to a full-blond wedding baby!
Our ride was more or less torture -
we do not want to bone much in
common - and we were off to get
stuck towards Seattle before camp
time. -- -- -- We left the State of
Oregon before we knew it! In four
miles out of the Auburn we passed
a great railroad steel bridge over
the Columbia and before quite our
were across the line into the State
of Washington. From the little City
of Vancouver and off to find a
March 15th, but a slight grade and
leaving Wright on the road until
after dark. We finally made Camp
No. 35, back of a garage in a small
village - too small to have any place
to disturb us! On bright moon
came up to help get supper,
three elephants for Washington!

It is to mean "Rainier National
Park", the "Glow" and the wood out
the long long trail leads to old
Nebraska.
Sept. 13.同路线

Aff to Tacoma, waking along the

day. Trolley route where the Pacific

Highway was once paved. Mostly thru

a wood and sawmill in the evening.

Seattle and Westlake were the early

village of any size until we reached

Olympia, the capital of the state.

We arrived at noon, a clock and West

point line. Off to bed the little city.

Olympia has a population of 10,000.

The mountains can be seen on every

side: 3600 in the end of the Oregon

Vail. A pleasant little town anticipating

a fine new capital building.

Off to make Tacoma before sunset,

for 30 miles and a fine road,

highway into the city. We arrived

in the early evening, a charming

city built on the hill. We have

lived Tacoma since our first visit

in 1912. We make Camp No. 37

at Manchester. Sound. Tacoma.

We begin to have much mail camps

"all is now reset." On in easy time.

in this Puget Sound country. Falls

are getting done while we both.

along the way.

Sept. 14.同路线

to Rainier National Park.

Eighty miles of nothing. Only broken

road to Paradise Valley. At the foot

of Mount Rainier. Our way lead thru

a timbered area, with only occasional

clearings. Many of these the result of

fires. Within the trail boundary,

dense virgin forests line the highway.

One crossed and uncrossed the mountain

stream, with deep gorges and some blue

sped. Coming nearer to the Blue Lake.

The last eight miles is a single

two-way road - the road running

on an embankment - a steep climb to

a glorious view of Paradise Valley. We

are truly said that line the flowers and

gladiolus meadow. A lovely green valley

leading up to the 14,400 ft climb of

Mount Rainier. The great mountain

reached an altitude of 14,400 ft feet -

measuring nearly three miles high from

the base, with a glacier running for

exceeding any other mountain in the

United States. One farm is assembly an

evergreen forest area, as it is seen rise

in the green valley of wild flowers

and splendid forests of fir and cedar of pine.
Deb. 15. At the end of the day "Came Queetsally" on the Queetsaly River, just one of the interminable Peaks. Brooding in the beauty of Mount Rainier the morning - the peak a huge mass, capped by a shower of liquid white, almost undulating in a bright cold morning; will fly to summit at 5 a.m. We took a little ride and then slept a peaceful hour at Sandhill Camp with the beaying fireplace. Back with a homely little doggie waiting for us down at the Bank Entrance we left the dawn at noon - plants had already hidden the peak of the mountain - and wound our way down thru the great lightning to the entrance. "Doomsday" was once joyed in our return - how from the trees who find no joy in the companionship

of animals! A keen working supple dog! We met and took a short walk and made an early camp here on the Queetsaly River, a swift glimmering stream with a wide, stony river-bed. Camp No. 59.

Deb. 16. Day route: back to Baccama and out for Seattle 16 day. Arrived in the bustling city about noon after a pleasant morning motor trip. Took dinner at a cafe, strolling through looking in the window. We spent much of the after noon dawdling around the city recalling our memories of Baccama and incidently joining the in habitant's novel sport - a Seattle car in the Northwest! We both enjoyed a glimpse of the stadium giant of any thing - a fine stadium seating 20,000 people. Baccama had grown: a population of 14,000 now. A beautifully located city, 40 miles from the Pacific coast on the Puget Sound. We like every thing about Baccama - half way thing: the remarkable inns, we are saying amount Mount Rainier, "mount Baccama." - We said good-bye to fine vehicle and made our 20 miles, "Seattle-ward" to
made camp in the village of Auburn, whose public camp furnished us a delightful and convenient "cook-house" with water and fuelwood, so stone, and a well with running water — how nice to really "cook-house" at Camp No. 40.

July 17. Back Seattle and out of Seattle. Equally fine the morning. Tiring of the cars for more mountain climbing ahead, while we make and keep up a fire in the wet coals. Some we had dinner, tea, and ate coals, which were off for Seattle 20 miles away: a pleasant town of 10,000 people. From a flat and scattered country of dairy farms. Packed and went out feeling in the valley, running me of "Carnation mills"! the sum struggling with the heavy fog of the morning — the rains are coming! We must hurry out of this Baker Sound country. — On arriving at the city of Seattle with the gray fog, we woke colder, and fog boats — we have reached our first real obstacle, and in running our faces backwood — we have turned homeward. — We were in Seattle two weeks home, but enjoyed our town nights: busy streets.

July 18. Sunday — the smile of Seattle and a fine drizzle of rain, with fumes and dripping trees! We were on the road by eight o'clock off for the Cascades, thru the fog, thru the woods; were soaked and the grade easy. We met and a hundred miles near the Cascades, fog across, trees, visions forth, dripping with rain, and patches of scattered foliage on the mountain side. We came to Snoqualmie Falls. By the middle of the forenoon, but the water was very low. We came over the scene known for its falls — about noon. We are on the staid for sunshine by the side of the faling. Above. The rain had stopped and the
now was self-mowing. Since a landing
wise our farmer, we left the
Columbia and began to drop out of open
foot trails and fertile valleys into the
Delta. Sage covered hills of Eastern
Washington. We sight Ellensburg at 4:30,
the junction point of East to West,
North to South high ways. We would
leave sage hills of sage and rock
grade for 40 miles to Vancouver Ferry,
where we camped for the night on
the Columbia River. The rain set in before we got to town, and
we spent the evening in crowded
quality, avoiding goodnatured digging trees.
Camp "Columbia River" No. 42.


Leafless trees bore no evidence of the
rain that fell all night on ruby soil.
We made firm across the Columbia —
gray waters flowing between dark-shading
hills along the shore — and were off
eliminating a fine mile grade winding out
of the river valley to a higher ridging
while bank of intimate shrubbery of
sage and some grass. We made good
time and formed bushed resteds roads. 
are morning and all was dimmer and the
same of early days — will named — and
were "missed" the use of our stove
for ever after. Still with the other families.
All the afternoon we covered the
immense wheat fields of central and
eastern Washington, bright sunshine,
and a strong wind blowing heaps of
sawdust over the wide fields. Good roads
and convenient roads of wheat will
lead us to safety and to bishop's store
for a late figure with Eastern etage!
Better. We missed! Edweili!!


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rain that fell all night on ruby soil.
We made firm across the Columbia —
gray waters flowing between dark-shading
hills along the shore — and were off
eliminating a fine mile grade winding out
of the river valley to a higher ridging
while bank of intimate shrubbery of
sage and some grass. We made good
night and formed bushed resteds roads.
are morning and all was dimmer and the
Aug. 11. At the Ranch.

This was the first time we "meated" horses.

The only important event of the day was Edward's return from hunting and a golf match. We weighed out the scales at 10:15 AM.

Went a little later.

Aug. 12. The weather was ideal. We walked to the beach.

It did the morning work for us.

Timelew walked much of the day in his slippers. Edward was fishing off the bank.

Toy went on a "balsy" ride. The horse arrived from the Ranch at 10:30 AM.


Their arrival at the Ranch is always a great event — a sure welcome always. 11 AM. Windy. This morning made the ride with the City. The horses were fine. Ella gave a delightful dinner for us. This evening, round house for 10. A man so good to all, little Tom, ran and won.

Owen, Bill, and Edward came. We had the gay times with the "plan" again — we are off!
Aug. 28. Was down town much of the day with George and Mildred. While we were there the day will end, 1:30 - a miserable dull day. The weather is much better. Went down about dinner at noon, where we had a good time and fine music! So the matinee in the afternoon and back to Killarney for supper. A big day, all this!

Aug. 29. Weather fine. Day full face all day. Ella worked but could not get her last out. To clean up the house, only to have all my work undone. Before night we work in town all day long for going to a fire in the neighborhood after supper.


Emerald, at the small storm over so we decided to go. The road dinner down town before starting and at noon were off for an eight mile hike down a good highway from the Salmon country to Moscow. It was a winding road of considerable grade, leaving the city and ended about Idaho. For dinner long on the border of the wide sea of "Salmon," we arrived sometime before dinner in the evening. Brother, Sam and family are full of pride over this new country home with all modern conveniences. And back to walk in Moscow and the University of Idaho. A splendid way evening with the young girls - most college students.

Aug. 31. Magnus is a rather old college town, many things like 4,000 in population. The University was founded in 1852. We in a small university of less than 2,000 enrollment but a picturesque location and good buildings. We have number of the railroad from this morning. Plane left one of several round trip dinner we started home. The night ride was ideal. July 3 was so fatiguing that the ride seemed long. The town gets a number of birds and we listened along the way, not missing Mr. Blake and until seven o'clock. We reached eleven o'clock arrived to us. Straight to bed.
Oct. 1. Golden October. The month of gold brings me home from our long sojourn. A day with Ethel, Maggie, and family. Ethel's mother celebrated us. Came home a little wearied with endless industrial and school... The little girls are nice, well-guided children. Second anticipations of early marriage and in no promising. But Earl is a good man, a little Earl.

Oct. 2. Sunday: rallies to keep dinner—"feast"—they call them—spite dinner! There were 24 of us, including Baby Earl, honorable. We had a good repast! We ate prodigiously! We made up in eating for what we lacked in conversation! We lacked a good day.

Oct. 3. A golden autumn day! Ella married and I helped a little. Harry came in for luncheon. Then I went to write. All the afternoon late Carl and Maggie spent in. Equally came home from the city with a lovely gift for Ella: an electric percolator. Winter will move in its footsteps—the afternoon went.

Evening: we were in Old Book to welcome Fred and Aunt, where? for dinner this evening. A pleasant family—and always enjoy a visit with them. Betha, Denny, and Walter will be visiting some. We drifted in too. So we are getting around the "world."
Oct. 4. - Calville, W. A.
A sunny and sunny day. Set off for Calville. We left Seattle about eleven o'clock. Quarry and Wallace, and Edward all gain with us. We were at long distance of 30 miles due north. Some wooded mountains country. With numerous erifs for birds. At half past 11 we made the trip. We stopped at some house for dinner and spent a pleasant hour fishing for salmon from a boat that had to be belled out. It was a lovely autumn day. The road seemed long. We arrived at 4.30. Above six o'clock and found McCallum with well draw.

Oct. 5. - A long day. Live in this little place in the foot hill. The brother will go - wanted - hunting. It is a quiet country for birds. We went for a ride towards evening and saw the little village of Calville and some of this Calville valley - sneaking away. We took all McCallum to make the foot hill.

Oct. 6. - A long day. Live in this little place in the foot hill. The brother will go - wanted - hunting. It is a quiet country for birds. We went for a ride towards evening and saw the little village of Calville and some of this Calville valley - sneaking away. We took all McCallum to make the foot hill.

Oct. 6th. - Going Christmas, British Columbia.
Left to the Canadian boundary. A long ride of over a hundred miles took us over the line into British Columbia.

Oct. 7th. - Came back to Seattle. We spent a very easy time at dinner. We rode the Van from Seattle, 20 miles. We were at Seattle Christmas and having a very good time. The day was very bright and warm. We were ready for the return trip. The emotion of tears now
Event 4. April 15th. Raleigh! Eighty miles
Raleigh to the city to-day. It was a
busy autumn day and the boys
were tired all along the way. We
stopped at noon sale again for
dinner and then went out on the
tracks for a couple of hours. I
enjoyed 'quilting' but I still
found the atmosphere condition of the
day. The weather was gray - quite a
true gray day. We got home
about eleven and found the flocks
laying over our return.

Event 9. Sunday. We had made no
definite plans for the day, but in
the afternoon relatives dropped in
for dinner. Even George & Viola came
from Elizabeth Town. We had eight
for dinner with more arriving in
the afternoon. We all sailed over
to the Washington Bank Company
depot in the afternoon to see the
near dawn soon to be again. A
few good boys there did quite a bit
of a little for elimination process -
much of not got to attend the meeting
in the evening. Some boys Sunday
in Raleigh with the flocks!
Dec. 10. When we were fetched that we
would not stick home until Wednesday,
I felt rather lone in the hall. 10
So anyone it did a lot of the
more particular packing this morning.
On noon we were breakfasted well
for one of these delicious breakfasts.
Dinner. And after dinner found the queer
weigh 110. During the afternoon did a little shopping — got a quilt off
for some of the Bryant boys. Saw some Indians,
since were the side of the crowd went
to matinee. Edward and I came home
and gathered the families ——— etc.
and went into dinner very late.
in the evening. Miss D. stayed and was
very lovely over looking out! We talk a pleasantly
to come into such a home —

Dec. 11. The hurry and confusion of
attending to all the "last things" was
never over by the evening's relaxation.
When Edward got back, and we
ate at the "Dover Park." Six of us,
so pandemonium dinner, exquisitely served:
quiet music, violin string, deaf waiting,
awkward dinner — the sort of a dinner
we enjoy! Perhaps half of all was
wine from sleeping eyes. Edward,
was not able enough to soldier on any time.
Though will we have another dinner at the "Dover Park?" 1926?

Dec. 12. The breakfast was well! Good boys
fixed the morning room with excitement.
I crammed my self into my clothing,
etched on the census to look like a
bride! Relatives dropped in all
morning until we had quite a crowd
waving fare well as we rolled
away from "Dover Park." We
had luncheon with in the "Dover Park.
"Barney" termed his new motor
cool with the big silver; more
good boys; Edward did best on the radio;
the "Dover Park" began to move; we were off.
Our route. How good to be on the Road again! The joy of the journey still on! A hungry bellied afternoon. We walked 50 miles. Seeing the fruit farms about Spokane we were soon in a mountainous timbered country following for many miles the irregular shore line of beautiful Coeur d'Alene Lake. The Yellowstone Trail winds thru the famous "Fourth of July Canyon" for 14 miles making the summit of the Coeur d'Alene Range at an altitude of 3000 ft. We were well down in the foothills when we made camp. Once more "by the side of the road" No. 43. "Camping Coeur d'Alene."

Oct. 12. Our route. The rain that followed our camp the last night did not move until 5 a.m. This morning we were off by 7:30 thru a gray fog. We were thru a Prospect mining district this morning, where the streams ran gray with lead ore workings. We were slipping out of the Coeur d'Alene Range and limbing the Bitterroot Mountains.

We stopped for luncheon on the summit where we crossed the Bitterroot Mountains right line and changed from Pacific to Mountain time. Proceeding the range we traversed miles of dense forest - thousands of acres of black charred trees - then back to green forests again. The mountain road winding on, the hills lovely in patches of yellow, the afternoon slipping away. At four o'clock we entered the Missoula River Canyon whereby we are to follow for more than 50 miles. Until night gorgeous scenery. At night open space for camp and a campfire. Camp No. 44. "Camping Missoula."

Oct 14. Our route. Woke at morning. Richeaux treasure of sand and sheep. Off with the gray dawn, broke fast by a delaying campfire, mimosas, lillias, blue sea - ice in the water fall. Slept on the roof at the near cocoa to flood these gorgeous autumn hills; green water of the Missoula, flowing colored canyon walls, forests happy in morning mist, patches of glistening yellow. We follow a
leaving road sifting thru our fingers
the golden sand of this glacial
fluvial mire.

Morning: Camp 46 "Lovely Well"
We followed the missoula river
ranging for many miles, emerging into
a broad farming country before we
reached missoula at one o'clock. There
we saw a little of the town including
the state university of missoula. We
were riding in the hills all the
afternoon - fine coloring, nothing more
beautiful than the mountain wild.

Soth of our camp for tonight: a rock
well sprinkled with blemition red in
the graupel. We are in a little clearing under a big
tree with yellow gold about.

A rather late start out of "Lovely Well"
for it was raining rain and mixed
our east. Alive the morning's melody
rode we out of the gray and into the
sunshine we wind. For a while we
left the gray behind riding thru
down brown hills. We had lunch
by the side of the road just before
entering the missoula station. Today.

The foot hills of the Rockies! Early
in the afternoon we climbed to an
elevation of 6,400 ft. thru fine scenery
passing along the shore of hangtown
lake. During the afternoon we descended
a thousand feet arriving at the city
of Butte, Montana, at five o'clock.
Butte is a major mining center and
boasts of "the richest hill in the world." 
While Edward got cleaned & watched
the galleries running along the narrow
street and decided to make his 
meal in Butte. Finding the city camp
sleep we made camp at "Shovelfoot
Ranch", a public park. mine miles out
of the city. Camp beside No. 46.

Saw for the Continental Divide! But
we were in no hurry. We went
Sunday, and meaning sunshine pleasant
in our camp at this high altitude.
And I seem to have no end of desire.
Why hurry? --- We engaged
the Divide at 10:30 at Donald station,
altitude 6,900 ft. A rather low pass
over the Rockies, and utterly lacking
the picturesque scenery of the great
gorges in Colorado. We were quietly
out of the mountain, too, into a rolling, hilly country. We made good time on fair roads, and had dinner at a school house, where we avoided a sudden shower. We took possession of the "newage" for the town. So the Sunday afternoon slipped away. We watched snows off in the distant range and noticed that we were nearing down the eastern slope. At last the end of the day we decided to settle down from a chilly night at the lonely camp at Bogema, which sounded like a word among other end words. The day's melting dust was lowered the altitude more - still 4714 ft. - and cold. The city lights were shimmering along a railroad. The main street where we arrived was tougher, an important city of 18000 sometimes called "the city of Amiens." We were too cold to look for anything "Egyptian." We made a camp fire of the "Thousands" and got "Egyptian" food and "Camps Egypt." Oct. 14.

Oct. 15. On route, "Yellowstone National Park." A good big overeas day; blue skies, warm sunshine, and the glories of the Yellowstone are ours. It is like being at a great play and see the main spectacle. The sun, the yellow transportation cars, the clang of hungry...

At 6 a.m. white frost everywhere. But the sun came warm and bright, and hailed me blue and promising. At 7 a.m. yesterday we started the morning along the Rim of the Canyon. Sunshine flooded the valley, a glorious landscape of color! The peaks looked in consevately crowned and girted in fantactic fantastic tints. Off to the left a wide green stream walled of orange and crimson, golden and purple shades. Black and gold and gray — a revelation of nature dignified.

A few at present morning ride of and show thru the Hayden valley

along the Yellowstone River, with wild dulled and green. Wild animal life has played so large a part in the life of the Yellowstone this time

we have seen bears of all, deer, antelope, bear, wolves, coyotes, and queer flowers of Pride

At noon we made camp side of the Fishing bridge. Off and 8 will

view of the noon trees in the warm
sunshine — "Barney" out industrially at
my feet — the Fisherman fields and
catcher field!

Dec. 20. By route

On our way the great forests of the
Yellowstone rise above, the waters of
the great Yellowstone Lake were
shimmering in wide expanse of blue.
They were, we said, gooped.
For the 'sake of the forests brought
us to the summit of Sylvan Pass —
at 7,000 ft. and at dawn the
green avenues of pines to our morning
camp, 810. A beautiful spot — remained
in my huge lift car every side.
will have a great campfire to night.

Dec. 21. By route

On to Cody this morning. A beautiful
ride of 46 miles' since the Yellowstone.
Forest. A fine sprinkle of rain falling
in the sunshine. Some light standing
and snow before we came to
Yellowstone Lake. The great dam — one
of the largest in the world — is built
on the outlet of the lake. It took for
years to complete the quarter of the Yellowstone Canyon.

The length of its gigantic walls, its
gigantic coloring, and the narrow ledge
high which one winds down to the
edge and mid streamness lying about
Cody. And the town, a little scattered
village from the distance but when
one arrives, a self important "main
district" where all the men were hiding
someplace safe! It was wonder if the
population can call out India "Yellow
Cody" and this out west standard of
civilization.

We went away about noon — making
good time over the wide sage round
district of Wyoming, driven by the
road side and on again. The roads
were dry and broken by a little evidence
of cultivation in the Big Horn Basin.
Country, but in the fall of the
year, their local futility is not
particularly apparent. We made
camp for the night at Basin.
Went, crossing my close to a
shelter house on the camp ground
where we were very comfortable.
Camp 52. We have come down
the Laramie range. From the
high hills to the endless stretch
of sage and "nothingness."
A long day's marching over sand dunes followed this in the homestead Town Station, alternating stretches of sage and smudge jams extended - as least a Big, empty, vineless country with an uninviting low range about. Villages worthy of the name are many miles apart. - - - -

we are learning to live here and here as we handle along - a little picturesque about the prosperity of the North West. We are impressed perhaps not by Loneliness, but by the magnificence of living among these, those, many thousands upon thousands of poor homesteads. So many little round dots afford a view living. Even in fair sight villages so few yips to dot and frequent barking howl. We met the Big Ranch with the modern home, the hundreds of cows, the black and cattle, the army of "hemp" - which all the operation and near the road?

Half after noon we came to Thermopolis, Wyoming, lying in a hollow of the hills, and emitting sulphuric fumes! Thermopolis is significant of the famous Big Horn Deer Springs which from 15,000,000 gallons of medicinal water every 24 hours with a temperature of 120 degrees F. To this also come the deluded public who, after living dissipation, seeks to appease an outraged nature. We rode some time off to visit the well,reeting these and saw some of the victims lying down near and near us, smoking their legs in hot mud! We is a strange hot place, of varied colored water, reminding one of mammoth.

One of Thermopolis we would thru the water, so hot they were almost crimson with the meeting saw up for them a road winding into hot advection, impossible quaddle, and withered mud. We lie at the quiet to nage on a jagged hill and find a bath near in the sage, after a long search for water, learning full well we had missed our road to Fort Laramie. Early 8A. 53.

So and so weil, as every need is got rent, and to laborem in the house, helping mother off in the distance to come one into a flood of life. This is the Way of the East?

The railroad stage - covered street!

What statistics that meet the beholder, when the gray fields of earth and sky seem to meet. For 26 miles this morning we followed an almost impossible road, sharp rocks, mud, rolling grades - a "creek-like" road - winding thru little hills, out of which we finally emerged to a waist rolling high prairie. Then this endless stretch we have been wading away all afternoon on fair roads. Will we be "done" next Sunday?


On our way from Casper to Glendyne.

A day. Some flying miles at the close of the day. Yesterday brought us to Casper, last night. It was dark and the city lights were already sighted when we arrived. The Sunday evening sociale ended "walking" main street. We had supper at a cafe', it was so late, and made camp 8:30 at the City Camp ground. The mind had gone some and it seemed a little warmer.

Before leaving this morning we rode about Casper: the whole town smelled of oil, kerosine oil, exhibit oil, and oil like its seeds. The great refinery runs more than 40,000 barrels daily. The residue section abounds in mud and up to their bungolets, inspecting its ray's frequency, again shot thru the cosmopolitan air, inspecting again its splendid.

Poor the gods! were not good. In the
been a long hard day following a
head wind. 2nd illness, now.

Then, we made it! We had gone on from a short
time when the wind began to blow
and gained intensity until it was a
perfect gale. The hurricane continued
all night. The tent flapped and strained
at its ropes; sand filled in every
where, it was dark, our eyes and thighs
were dirty. Sleep was impossible. On
the early dawn we got up - the
vista. Going seemed so certainly - and
in a gale of sand toward the tent,
packed up, and made our way on.
The wind was awful. We had
baked feet at the first village we
came to, then on again into the
gathering storm. By 9:30 we were
in a howling snow storm. Even
the faithful4 bears were heartbraved and
for a line it seemed so deep, people,
saw snow roads and miles of
snow filled tracks. Made travel
possible, and we finally left the
snow and came to Glengarry, Wyo.,
in time for a late dinner. We
were too cold and the snow fell to
our heads. We were not far from
the capital of the state of Wyoming. We
just kept on trudging through snow and
wind away. On route toward Sterling,
Colorado, under gray skies and a
cold wind. We made good time,
and for a while rejoined in the
prospect of a warm buffet and a
good bed for the night. At a hotel,
which though we arrived late, but
the hotel seemed to be the
"one hard day." We got off the
road, stuck our sandy grade,
and a bridge over. We finally
made up and made camp in the
woods by the side of the road.

Blowing with chilled to the bone,
so luck enough luck. Early No. 6th.

"Where's Sterling?"


We finally arrived this morning after
racing around the country in every
direction! We had a good dinner
here and got cleaned up. About
noon drove over to the "Starman" farm. Found Dewey finishing the
house and Alma here in town. So
October 24, on route.

Swift passage today: homeward! The
wind came up cold in the night
and we rose early to suit morning
and went 20 miles with east winds.
For those few miles we chanced rain,
losing our bow, and went off with
the gray dawn. Roads and villages
seemed more and more familiar:
Huntington, Cowlesville, Medina,
Steele, Lyndon. Steeles - so we fly,
that town after town until fine,
land still plenty hard on farmhouses;
and last good old Whitehouse farm
becoming a genuine frequency - a
gale of wind tending at the side -
胚胎! Nebraska!!! We arrived
at Steele's on fine 0'clock, but
a little land off in the back
muggled us over "100" miles to
Back Ave."! Five miles out of
Steele's we hung our anchor!
A few miles more and must return.
Reluctantly we made "last camp" No. 94, at a schoolhouse where
we slept dry and cool fort acres
night in the barn need not a
piece cover dry the huddling. They
had gotten autumn beams for drying.
Dec. 29. Em route.

On the home stretch, sliding all over the roads in a fine gray drizzle of rain— a regular "Seven Wonders." Break fast at Fairmont at 11:30; sliding on, all the afternoon—Exeter, Friend, Wilford—these villages seemed a hundred miles apart—a miserable day!!! Oh what a pity to end the long candle time—ignominiously, late, covered with wash, corn-producing Nebraska mud! Air lack!!! the pavement!!! wear a relief! And the lights of Lincoln glimmering against a night sky—stone. The End of the Trail.


Our familiar little home, yet strange!
We rejoice as never before, in its cleanliness, comfort, and pleasant charm.
On a whole all day, never aingle!
In bed to little of, dinner, unfailing!
Letter back to Washington to announce
safe arrival home. So beat early.
But next to sleep: the long melancholy path of "home life." Stumbling away
in the darkness—a trail I have found
more difficult than climbing peaks.