SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 18
“TEXAS AND THE GULF. HOT SPRINGS AND PLATT NATIONAL PARK”

1923
Nov. 22. Fine day of fog again. We started for Texas and the Gulf. It was gray and frosty when we started from home this morning at seven o'clock. We were out of the city limits and going east towards Nebraska City. Meanwhile the sun came up rising and yellow. We had perfect roads to Nebraska City, not so well graded as Indiana roads. Still we had our noon day lunch and it was cold eating out. But we are a hundred miles from home over the state line, and game! Prayed and more pray all the afternoon as we met and along towards Oklahoma. So the south more and more rainy as evening came. But we made Camp No. 1 on the out skirts of Topeka, under an immense maple grove at Fairchild Park. It was raining in dust, but out of the wind and in case of rain dry. We are 200 miles on route. And we feel small defying the cold and camping.

Nov. 23. On route Kansas.

We have had a good day weather in spite of the gloom. Nothing this morning. It was raining when we drove down into Topeka, but by the time we were ready to go on our way not ten o'clock, after seeing a

At 5:30 and enjoyed the lovely ride of a cloudy sun rise! We were of early for a long and difficult day. Work the high hills on the morning vanished some time in the material! Suddenly out of the village we entered into a big meadow and were two hours getting out. The rest of the morning we were de-touring around to stop, we did not nearly reach our age, cold, until noon, and the day was Curtis gray and rainy. Our hoodies had hardly begun. We were too keen to get the good dinner we felt in muscles to help bear the ordeal of the afternoon, for bearing the punishment many miles of muskeg, we, longer and lasted for 64 miles to F. Quinette,Chequameg on the Alaba-Che boundary line. Clyde and 5 would make while Edward played the car thus great bottomless mud boxed, floundering and the mud flying. Then all on a, a stretch of rested road and another stretch. Then being we made a longer stretch of impossible roads. The day gray, chilly, and threatening rain did not help our resource spirit. But then we did...
roads, but upon improvement we
41st day. Mostly a wooded country,
next day. The road must be beautiful in
the autumn. We saw wild fruits, since
a 21st September day or
time. We saw several in bloom.
And worse, while and miles of these
the other lanes. Close to the road,
the road wide open, one quiet
of our barrier... The
fire of trouble, trouble about
the door! (Such a woe thing is
we realize an empty childhood.
we are about half way to Little

Nov. 27. On road to Little Rock.
more. Is our warm weather
agree? Clean and soft breezes?
We had a gray, calm day, after
breaking a front of clouds in the
early dawn this morning. It was
a cloudy sky; (I thought of
some of my best—loving; so tender,
so dear and to you—neighboring.) We
were happy with the cold, and finished
our, a white front, looking a
gray land really. But were we
may, a day.

roads.

writing, the welcoming sights of Ft. Smith.
We hardly had the last of our
last real showers of the day.
So conditions are worse. So
bad. But they might be worse.
We had a dry camp in a well
lighted corner, and it was warm.
So we sat so good.

The last days traveling although hard have
not been without interest: fallen
and negroes and shabby villages. These
seems to frequency in the country,
no ambition. And no where have we
seen people living in much comfort,
and in much comfort and balance and
goody. But Negroes, white people
and good (?) One can, and not a few
much Negroes, white people, and Negroes of
many. One can a good plant and
poverty in great cities, but not
here in Arkansas, where once
are our and our shine,
and ground that will grow. So we hum.


Quitting early all day, and now it
is ending here in our Little
(No. 5) in a little wood of
pines. And a with dry canable
wood. We left under own, and ride "all
covered "nearly, and the way
resting. We came some 90
miles to-day. Now beautiful, good and rest.
Nov 29.  Thanksgiving Day: And

Nov 30.  St. Elmo Springs National Park

we had long miles of un

rocks and stillicides of unknown

alternately all the way to Little

Rocks. We arrived both in the noon
and made camp (No. 6) at the

City Park, the evening.

We left the next day in a

mugger weather.

with, since we camped down in

something, winter frames: we

are saved from becoming the

"Average Person", that most common

place individual.


Little Rock, in the capital and the

largest city in Arkansas. On hear

a population of less than 90,000,

and certainly why and go. Or in an

American city and an important

crossing point. A large part of

its trade is in connection with the

cotton in quality. It derived its name

from certain kinds of rock on the

river. We heard the day "seeing"

the town. Stood on the bluffs down

town. Boasted a beautiful piece of

wild cotton. Or had learned

ride rain all day, and was just

beginning to suggest when we

reached camp. We five o'clock. We

are going to have a cold evening

and must go to bed early to keep

warm.
June 14th.

Our camp is on the Mississippi River.

The country is flat and level. The land is covered with fields of corn and wheat. The air is warm and humid. The sun sets early in the evening, and the stars are visible in the night sky.

The Mississippi River flows gently through the flat land. The water is calm and clear. The banks are lined with trees and shrubs.

We have set up our camp near the river. The tents are pitched on a small island in the middle of the river. The water is shallow, and we can see the fish swimming in the clear water.

We have built a fire and are cooking our dinner. The smell of the cooking food fills the air. The smoke rises into the sky, and the birds fly around us.

The trees are tall and green. We can hear the rustling of the leaves as the wind blows through them. The insects chirp and buzz around us.

We have set up our tents and are resting. The evening is cool and pleasant. The stars twinkle in the sky.

We are happy to be in this beautiful land. The people are friendly and welcoming. We look forward to exploring this land further.

Good night, and sweet dreams of the Mississippi.
Evening: Camp No. 9. Called a "Private Canton Camp" in a corner of the Vicksburg National Cemetery. It being too early to establish, we held such a camp by ourireds away from all noise "just sallies." But the time we get across the wide gray waters of the Mississippi, had dinner on a cafe, saw a line of Vicksburg main street lying on a stake elevation parallel with the river, the rain was bringing an early rain light and we were off to find a camp. This camp seemed the thing of God. Any way our only camp ever in the Vicksburg National Cemetery. And we needed a little camp in the early, not for from 4 to 6pm. And it was late tomorrow. So maybe it rains. safety.

We would call it a "rainy falling rain."
we are. We route.

A rainy day following yellow
clouding roads thru the forests of
southern winds held, a gray, wet day.
We made a little start and lingered
for a while whether we could go
any more. After breakfast however we
joined camp and were off. We had
marched roads and had one more lane
over a stream of water. Dinner in a
tent in possible little village, & stable
remained nothing about it, so built a wood
of drift, little men carrying a couple
of cows. These country towns of the
South! Back seen to be doing this
afternoon while it grew colder. We
wanted to made the Louisiana line.

Evening: Camp No. 11. Bayou, etc.

"Where we were there or on not that
are in the question."

We had both supper and slept about
our little table, & breakfasting the
drift and we washed them. When a
great stream of the wind started to quit.
On the road we could every
dominate. We were in the boat and
now not long. To suppose one
was just from the camp near the
vat upside. But should be willing to
be there, we came. So this strange
village in Louisiana claims the
situation. It will be a fine day
on the way no trouble with rain
and thunder.
Louisiana. Was the day to see as fair as the
morning light shining a few from hence
were happy with Spanish need? 39
New Orleans was a population of nearly
400,000, and is the largest city of
Louisiana. It is situated on the banks
of the Mississippi, 110 miles from the
mouth. It has a harbor frontage of
41 miles and is a part of world comm-
merce. The city lines five feet
about the bend of the Gulf of Mexico.
On the point of land from this bend of
the river there is a
described by it.
It is known as "Current City," from the
name of the river along which it first built.
And indeed, as a fair wide, is the
southern boundary line of the
French Quarter and the New Orleans
section. We visited the Old French
Quarter first. This part of the city
215 blocks away and is made
more interesting and picturesque than the
many and more modern American
sections.
New Orleans is the harbor city
of the old French and Spanish towns.
There are buildings more than two
centuries old and an atmosphere full
of the spirit above equal west.
Stones stand well to the front with
their court yards. We walked first
over Plaza Square which was once
the center of the river front of
old New Orleans. On the east side
of the town's theater, it is faced by
the Cathedral of St. Louis of
Spanish domination. The old square,
visited in 1718, has been the scene
of countless public gatherings of historic
interest, from the days of Spanish
occupation, from the Vernon Books on
France by Spain, and from France to
the United States. This building was
erected in 1718, and its赖ayville
was welcomed to the Crescen City,
and here the American flag of 1803
first was unfurled in 1803. Across
the street is the old St. Louis Cathedral,
one of the most widely known churches
in the United States. The city also
contains the Louisiana State Museum.
The Louisiana is made up of many
galleries, galleries, and rooms of
natural objects, as well as
images of the old French quarter,
where one can readily realize
it is in an American city. Then followed
many miles of old streets, lined with
picturesque houses.
WED. 8. EM route. Espagnole.

An interesting route following the OLD Spanish traces we took from NEW Orleans. Spanish roads and as warm as summer. And every white man and Indian right; sugar plantations, with cane number our cabins and lately many homes, great sugar refineries. For miles we followed canals by which long barges were carrying the cane to these refineries. At the end of the road, cattle men and women, were at work in the fields with their long scythes, cutting the cane. Every person we met carried a scythe or two and pushed the small sugar from the stalk. Indian-like life industriously working in the wilderness who made no rights around "the old cabin door.

The scenery along the banks, white beyond and miles in width, foreign. Semi-dugout river boats with Spanish men and women. They Actors were so frequently that every dog knew the stream. One boat, his eyes and nose believed he is in Mississippi. We made good time on several roads and made Canny 50.16. in a gale at Lafayette, the long-thick gales on across today winds were for months.


The weather often came to rain evening camps after a long day of
... varied experiences and complexity of emotion, that it is some time difficult to recall the place we visited from in the morning. The Blue Beale says we are traversing a rich and well watered country - the Southern Oil, nice and southern belle, down to us the bayou itself nestled in the romantic environment of yesterday. It is a flat - undulating country. From sunup to sun - down, we traveled - when we had indicates - while we had blemishes - with some ceiling - a little more gradual - we thought of the "Kissed Flat". Outside the gray day added to this in the focusing appearance of the country. Later in the afternoon we began to worry about the swamps ahead and a never - waving bayou while the highway is under construction. We arrived at 3:30. A government vessel was taking care and to the boat station for the day had gone. We finally hired a man to direct us and pointed us. For three miles one zigzag & curve the swamp - either narrow or shallow and small - for the whole place is an oil swamp in a forest. Once we got there, none was and arrived at a ferry landing about rig of boat. The day had been long, why go any farther? The space seemed not much the unendable camp site, when a family of oyster men was unable to believe...
a quarter of a league away.

Seew 29th is a horse!

Spa. 12. Seeing indications of all manner

was instructing our men to see carefully

to the signal we experienced when we

were on our right wing in the swift

and the wheel coming in! We will

remember our ride on Salvation Bells,

which on this night we found

that

for a minute or two, a picture

and the wheel began to rise. We

waved

and the wheel was coming in so fast! & saw about

for shift wood, while "Speed" "started

my" and the water drew in bale the time

higher, leaving the wheels deeper in.

First word out and still not a

wheel coming! Every time we tried

to wheel, the wheels would again and

rise lower, until now the front

whells stood to be lifted, too. & was

running way up on the heels, for

more shift – anything! When & saw

a wheel in the distance. & began

to mean a hand sue chief. So we went

again a shift and turned my wheel

the slowest. At one point I showed

that we were down for Schooners,

and away in the queue. In water near

the Suez, we stood our wheel in a

brief calm. —

The wheel was a formation of dark:
we are starting home! We rode 40
miles out, went on to make bridge
in setting my Camp No. 15, & am to
be my position to put in from 6
eight till midnight.

Sec. 13. A day in. Done white in
rain & write all day—got off
some 60 cards writing every body a
very Christmas." We have been on
the trail three weeks. Red
little color is damp and cold.
Sure... down flacke loose for a "mother."

Sec. 14. On road to camp.
With elm shiel this morning we
determined to go on our way. It
would not frost and we ran to the
end out a better way back to
Beaver brought us there in time
for dinner. We then caught the Auto
truck for routing us further and
found their newer rains made a tope
up to San Antonio and Captain Gruel.
Must be somewhere. We had been
frightened to death before.

Sec. 15. On route to Mission Road.
We have come to this pretty white
woods off the highway to make Camp
No. 19, and a colored jolly man asked
me not only but me welcome and
say the community is respectable.
We did loud 75 miles to day of
small roads, barely passable in many
places, the railroad being made
from Texas Hill and Texas.
Many miles across mostly a matter of
fields. And so far Camp is wooded
and rolling and wet in the heart like
the Texas of my imagination. But
the village are for afraid, and are
not sufficiently astonishe to meet every
demand of an soft fertile in agitation.
And is it cold. Frost a thin ice
some night and we night it is windy
and pretty cold for southern Texas.

Sec. 16. Sunday. End of day. A job is
very convenient to write up my story
in the new while tidied quite of the
luck. We have arrived at Waco.
Here a cotton city of 50,000 or
least. We will take to see a bit of
it before we go on in the morning.
We had a fair day to-day our camps
were a few days ago would have been
in pace still. We are setting up camp
$10.50 on the border of the
Guadalupe, in a very friendly camp.
Later: rain in an army camp; camp
back main trail, until camp change,
and move front, back, days bake and
light breeze; spring rolls until
small boys yell, wind cluster, men
shout until, and little Candle come shining in and fall
in water - - - - - - when the fire stopped.
Now were try, to fall in situation.
now camped. Sitting back a neat camp
in front our camp as we rode, Exe.

Sec. 19. From camp to Ft. Wool, Bexar:
93 miles of main surfaced road, with
one section mans as they were coming
crus de pampa, was the day's journey.
We took a glimpse of Ft. Wool before
we found the army camp. And not
up No. 41. We found Ft. Wool a
little smaller city. From a military
post in 1849 it has grown to a
City of a hundred thousand, an important
rail road and commercial center. Three
ranches are big towns in the
Southwest. - - - - - - Thus is a very
picturesque post, big river, and plenty
room. When settle & settle out doors
at a camp & settle reading again on a
December night.

Sec. 19. A day in Bexar.
- 10th we worked to "find a day in
19 th" for a long time, why
a leaders knows! There is nothing particu-
larly new or stirring in that Bexar
city of a hundred thousand. Tiny
brook stays serene, round by pleasant
houses, avenues of new mansions;
monuments of the new rule (old king)
and of the old rule of the great
capital days now passing in the South-
west. On Tuesday they took the solemn
and romantic ride around places
listed San Antonio. From military
on trading post in the pioneer days
they came grown from village to city.
The nearest oil, abundance added to
the growth in the cotton industry
and brought to a terminus trade.
And better Bexar and Ft. Wool fell
into the red either while our
shown village still always surrounded
in fair leadership field;

So the gods gave us a day in
19 th. We finished Christmas shopping,
Bought a few gifts. Finally stayed
out an all day where we finished
up a tiny campsite of " texas \\
landscape " on only place so far on
this trail, we had lots of fun in
Bexar! Light in a gray, bright
of rain, rode 33 miles out over
loved surfaced roads, as make camp.
No. 22 at a wooded Mexican camp.
of Mr. Kinney, where we kept "hired a would pay someone nice about him" when & registered!

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We 19th En route.

We went out from a floodland camp

that morning towards the Exxon stake line. We crossed the Cline over. We then rode through the cattle fields, back to the height.

We rode 60 miles of water, stopping

at 8:30. We then took a 3-hour

rest in order to make our next Exxon Camp (no. 23) due on the boundary line.

We 20th En route. Greta home.

We asked why question: Greta home route?

We went out early that a good

beginning was a bad end. We rode 60 miles of good roads before dinner. At

approximately the 7 miles of the roads

began. For 36 miles we fought with

thunder and rain all the way to Greta.

But when we arrived and sat my family

no. 24 in Greta National Hotel, it was

too badly to care. We must hike our

end to all the national house

of 20. Little Greta National was

also an ancient eating glass of the

inhabitants. It contains 946 acres of

woods, little country, a number of

mines, and boats of

bushes and improvements. On

is must be a pretty place. This evening

to about my age to rods and rigides

in our 10 & national prize.


Highway.

A few of water - camping near the 24.

must bring little days. 10-day was

a large day. We came 30 miles over

were still up. We

fought mud fields, were slide out.

leaves get cut again and again, we

would give players. It was awful!

9 miles north of the day, military in

mid to my street there, while Equinox

finished the last miles. It was a

worth day for street early and drink.

We will not pulled out! And the

rain was cold and worry! We must lunch

when the sun after could go no further.

we saw "come straight away, and

and to wait for them to get out.

added to all the military of the road

was a guy, rainy day, and is help

we chlorine a west camp burn at

R St. George - really no camp at all.

We still music while the miles of

no. 24. 2 miles and rain! And

are we giving a quit out of this

country? if we can get to

Greta home (24) and base on the

mountain. Road, last miles are very

long in Greta home.

The day began with a drizzle, but we were out of a wet country and on to the level roads, early.

Alabama roads are good, but we found a lot of mud motoring this morning. The worst place of the morning was a bridge where a bridge was made from the road. There was a good many miles of mud, and the road was muddy, but the Alabama roads made for worse than any town, which we passed by. 

The day was misty and cold, and we left with an Alabama meal for some hot coffee, while we slept by shaking and passing the Alabama architecture, and leaving the Alabama people, as we crossed the border.

Today, cool morning, church — to get in out of the rain and drink a good cup of coffee, to get in some work. All morning heavy, had much come to an end — and we had run more than 90 miles of absolutely impassable roads — the light rain made it worse. Alabama roads fall in and in the afternoon. We could scarcely believe it but we arrived in Alabama City at four o'clock, which was civilization again.

Where did we come from? A town of 10,000, clean, and surrounded by water. We had no work of criticism of Alabama City. We


Alabama roads were good. We left a bridge, decided to go over the middle road, and go by way of a new camp for us, for El Reno, 29 miles. Made it over rough roads in good time, and made camp 2 o'clock in the middle camp we had made for many days. Very fine place for our little feet, and a fine light for the eastern sky. Well, the day is ours:

The road of 290 is so much better we cross the 40 miles.


A long day of motoring over good roads from El Reno, Oklahoma, to Wichita, Kansas, 190 miles. We enjoyed the day, bright sunny shine and north breeze to our right. We did good work, good light, no rain or snow, and good roads. We drove through the impossible roads over which we have come. And how good it is to see real farm homes, wood piles, fields, horses, all the little animals, miles, miles along the road, half time the way South. We are busy on all hands to make and discriminate, and their good and wise. We are the clean white muscle of the middle west. We can get (No. 27) at Wichita. Reeds and ladders, and "Christmas Camp" in Kansas!

The last day out — we did not dream it would be when we left
our hastily December camp this morn-
ing very early. Our excellent roads
and speeding along made a 300 mile
drive possible, and we arrived home
some after nine o'clock. Mid-afternoon
the day turned gray and as usual we
ran into a fine rain at Friend, Neb.,
which again we plodded roads for the
last end of the trail, a trying ex-
erience of every kind we like. Stone
is a cold house, suffocating, and tired,
dark, lonely.


We spent the day unpacking and getting
things straightened about, so Christmas
did not begin until evening, when the
Colt-Wilkins family exchanged gifts. And
better than our gifts was our happy
reunion and relating of all our varied
experiences of the "Six weeks trail time
in the South."

myself to the habituation. I secured
the camp tent and wondered when
and where we would go again. — — — — — —
so mighty we are reading our mail.
Sunder a pile of it. Countless "manx
questions." S roads etc.