SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 24
“A LITTLE TRIP TO THE OZARKS”
1928
A Little Trip to the Ogala.

1924

On the boat, she is coming down with distemper. Hela to leave her last lesson. House will take good care of her. There are always reasons why one can give up a trip.

Sept. 13. We are going in the morning. I am almost too tired to think. It is eleven o'clock - the clock is just striking - and at last we are packed and the last things said to friends. It is quite as if we were going for months! All the work and worry to get it all for two weeks! And "Satchmo" so likely to get very sick. Any way we plan to go just as though our things were cloudless. The main lesson of it all anyway.


Off for the Ogala! We left home at 6:00 a.m. Kind and not very enthusiastic. But we did not seem far to Nebraska City where we had fresh lists and...
Sept. 15. Seeing Kansas City. A 36-mile sight-seeing trip. This morning around the hotel yard to get some idea of this great city with its beautiful half a million people. It seems to be thoroughly alive and American. (There are so many automobiles on the streets.) Our drive took us through the busy commercial district, and then beautiful parks and out into the residential districts where little and beautiful houses have been transformed into picturesque streets and driveways. A glimpse of the fine Union Station. A distant view of the steel yards from nearby Cooke Drive, along Cliff Drive, rugged and beautiful. Kansas Valley Barle, Reoadee, Rockwell. Vance. We found a "country club" residential district. Drive forth along the Boulevard, a quiet and a quiet ride. The Liberty Memorial where we ascended the stairs. Our minds were made up as we always promised and earnest "joy" in these memorials. We others do. It was a good morning sight.
"Seeing Kansas City". We were so tired and hungry for dinner. We spent the afternoon at Swope Park. We had not visited this beautiful park since 1911.

19. In the third largest park in America with 14,000 acres of woodland, we spent a happy hour in the zoo and the children played in the park that brought much laughter like us! And we had our supper by the side of the Pawnee Valley Camp and our camping amid confusing lights and traffic. Our little tent and night.


We did not leave camp until eleven o'clock. The Indian Chief gave me his tobacco! We window-shopped until dinner, then went to the theatre where we saw "The Tempest" and it finally came to us that this little "Tempest" was as lovely as your children.

Evening: We left Kansas City late in the afternoon and drove for quite a while down the sandy road until within a mile of Harrisonville. This is a new clean camp with clean tent and queer Camp. No. 2.

Sept 17. Off for the Grables! The morning cool. Good highway and little to suggest Southern Missouri. We had a good dinner at Fairview. The middle of the afternoon brought wooded hills and more or less winding roads. A few miles below the town of Sharp Rock we could see the town at our destination made "Saline" welcome, although "getting in wrong" is not good for any town! We made Camp No. 3 just north of town on a hill in a grove of oaks, with a view of the James River below.

So this is "Saline", the town in the Grables that Earl and Galen found attractive enough for a Sunday visit.
Sept 15. "Camp Salma."

At 9 o'Clock we formed a boat trip up the James river for the day. I packed up a bunch of lunches and we all off with visions of fry- ing our lunches on a prairie wigwam. Some romantic spot along the shore, big trees hanging over the stream, an ever changing shore line all day— at noon we returned to the camp jacked at the boat landing to get dinner off our gasoline stove. We had dined the night before the even and we still refused to go. After dinner we drove up into the village of Salma to see the town. It has real attraction for us. Three tobaccos— chewing, whisking, Missourian and gold bull company. We left into the "Belle cabin" and took a picture of the pretty view of the hills from the front door. Well, the "float" trip seems to be the only thing here, and we have "salt" on the prairie half a day now. I think we will go on in the morning.


Our last trail must as we have been taking down the year our cattle at many interesting places. We sometimes think we have been particularly fortunate. So night we camp here at "Auntie Mattie" cabin after a day spent in this "Shepherd of the Hills" country. There is the cabin where "Pi and "Auntie Mattie" lived, the old barn, the friendly trees they owned. And here— in a little cul-de-sac— a few rocks away "Belle Ford Wright" made this story of the Ozark people. From the top of the ridge there is a commanding view of wooded hills and lovely valleys on all sides. It has been an interesting day. From Salina we drove to Reed Springs and on to this country. The morning we came to "Marvin Camp". It was not a white but rather muddy and met with the similar cases. One comes and climbs a wedge and all 20 of us and then rejoices with the finally climbed up
Sept. 20. (Our "Sammy Lane" Camp.)

Branson, Mo.

It is nice to be here in a little cabin, with our radio playing, and a friendly feeling. We were in the "Sammy" Ball Wright cabin all morning. Visited the "Fairy Fall" - a cave of remarkable subterranean and vertical - and pleasantly expressible with a good poem. On returning to Reed Springs we missed our highway and drove twelve miles south to the White River, before we discovered our mistake, coming by seeing some pretty scenery; then back, a way side bivouac, and on to Branson Camp, Branson and quaint Sammy Lane, and finally decided to carry lane at the "Sammy Lane" on the shore of the White River.

Camp $10.60.

Sept. 21. A good day off trail here at the "Sammy Lane." This morning we took a long boat ride up the White River, the little steamboat puffing away, and nothing to do but watch the lovely shore line, a wide glad river with high rocky walls and a heavy growth of willows. We returned to camp at noon, returned and after dinner went out again in his boat but I stayed at home to write a long letter and a lot of cards.

Sept. 22. An early all morning but for a short while we included a visit to the top of President Hill. This afternoon we took a 53 mile drive just to see a wide range range of Ozarks, to Forest Hill to see the dam and cliff house and circled back to
A chilly, wooded country, and gray skies with a few drifts of rain now and then. Setting into a big city is always slow enough, but in night it seemed particularly difficult. We found Forest Park only to learn that the St. Louis Parks had been discontinued three years before, and after that we just went and went and "fell around in the dark" until we found "Sun Down Camp." Well, it was "sun down indeed!" We set Camp No. 4, late and tired.

Sept. 24. En route from Springfield to St. Louis.

Finished the day right with a letter from home saying "Well done" was letter. All day winding roads three
The chief incident of the morning 20
we were the Shaw Botanical Garden,
second only in size to the famous
West Gardens of England. It was
beautiful even this time of year.
At cover 5:00 a.m. On the
afternoon tour we enjoyed Forest
Gade lunch. At cover 1400 passed a
quietly rolling grass and wood covered
hills, the old site of the Louisiana
Purchase Exposition of 1904. The "Zoo" is
very fine but we make only
one stop, tea at the New Gate
where the head entertained us in
quiet style. The City Art Museum
we passed by but saw the Big
municipal Art. air Theatre.
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Sight-seeing over we head to find
our way home to our camp where
Ctree was spent a day day in the
early. The first wait accomplished
after boarding various shipt car
and transferring in all directions.
But we finally arrived at four
Ctree was eager to see us.
Since we have been in St. Louis.

Two hundred and sixty miles up
Missouri straight across the State
of Missouri, connecting Kansas City
and St. Louis. We left Sunday
early and were well out
of the city before in coming
travelling. We had early dinner at
Columbia the seat of the State
University of Missouri and mid-
way to N.E. were in and out
of Kansas City by noon o'clock,
avoiding the commercial centre of
for St. Joe with more straight away
portment. Pauls salted shore
we rememberd "The Old Salt Boat Hill"
and camped early. And here we
make camp on No. 8, the last camp
of our trail to the O. gates.

Sept 27. Off for home! The miles
needed so long all day. We
reached in St. Genevieve for another
break fast. Dinner at two 0 clock
at St. Genevieve City. Then flying
north home. --- And that line
I am home to set a little Forty...
Evening: So excited! "Butcher" had gone and looked fine in spite of disfigure. If Nurse had not fallen some stairs all would have gone well.

Sept. 28. I took one million steps just "putting away" after the trip.

Sept. 29. Spent morning getting camp bedding out and aired, camp tent secured and put away. Nurse swept and I dusted this afternoon.

Engaged with Edward at "Quakers" and to "Biallo." The Humane Society had a display window this evening. When we got home found mamma had had a fall.

Sept. 30. Sunday: A long, hard day. Mamma in bed after the fall. Nurse gone. I ran all day and slept angry tears. This evening Sarah & John, and John's father were in. I was too nervous to enjoy their visit. Very much of this I'd go crazy!