SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 7
“Canada and the Northwest” 1914
Canada and the Northwest.

Sep 15. Another day of days! When we arrived this morning a heavy blizzard came over everything, indicating the warm September day it is to be.

We leave here at 4:30 for the West.

It is to be a great trip; the long trip over the Canadian Rockies, Winnipeg and all these interesting places again.

I wonder if I do appreciate all this travel? Do you know I am glad to go. Good-bye, and good luck, Nell.

Evening: Omaha, Neb.

The first stop of the journey.

Ear in line at 6:10. Had time for a good dinner with Mr. Jaffe before leaving at 10:30. I am glad to be on the way.


Arrived at 9:30 this morning two hours late and no dining - car on! One had breakfast, the usual glimpse.
After leaving Moose Jaw, the country had been more hilly this afternoon, and seemed to be getting rougher as we traveled west.


Again, in this meteorological beautiful object. We arrived about 9:30. And spend the morning traveling a long distance. We are going just west of us and we did two years ago. This afternoon we did some red mountain climbing. We left at 1:30 for a climb to the top of Biggar mountain. After we, 9:00. We was a good seven miles to the top. The last two or three miles of the climb was made more difficult by the muddy bottom and the snow. The view from the top is excellent even though the day was cloudy. The wind was blowing cold. The weather was nothing but fine. We got back into the village of Biggar at 1:30, started our very little trip after our fourteen mile walks. We are at the Biggar house. Everything seems so familiar. We go on our way in the morning. We just go down the good mountain climb to Biggar.
we can only wonder about this never-faltering. As a result, we caught our wonderful Sheriff—deep red cloud on a never-faltering gleam. Night had come with the deep gloom.

We leave the train at Sicamous for the night.

\[\text{Page 23.}\]

\[\text{Eastbound.}\]

\[\text{Again toward Kamloops.}\]

\[\text{S. P. R.}\]

\[\text{The deep gorge.}\]

\[\text{The winding waters, and little tumbled rocks.}\]
we can only wonder about but never know. All around me cowered one wonderful stillness; deep, calm, and on a moon-swept sea. Night has come. With the deep twinkle
and silence the train has Eiroman for the night.

Eiroman. Eiroman. Eiroman.

Westward bound again toward Yen-County. The train Eiroman at 11:30.
New experiences for the next day: all along the Eiroman are low-lying
Sondeh gardens in the valleys and the long mountain sides like masts. As
the morning advanced, however, the scenery quite lost its novelty. The
was quiet ugly, dreariness, clay color, sandy, but by two o'clock the scenery changed.
The Eiroman narrowed into a gorge, then the coloring was wonderful, but
and as the scenery did not compare with the Gardens which we followed
for 25 miles after leaving North Bend. Then was truly grand: the deep gorge,
the whirling water, and black, polished rocks. Then was a kind of fearfui
Oct. 24th. Very nice and settled for a while.

Goodnight business pretty in a while.

We have travelled nearly 600 miles since early Friday. We are in a long way from the middle West into British Columbia! It is nice to have a good room. We feel like reading the Bible and drinking hot coffee! It is good to thank our dear friends. I have written several letters of thanks and a long letter to mamma. Once are going to stay in a nice hotel in a quiet town. The "little hotel" likes me!

Oct. 25th. Victoria, B.C.

Today determined to see some things of this quaint little town to-day. Victoria is the capital of British Columbia, admirably situated at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island. Situated between the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Gulf of Georgia, the Olympic mountains are in the distance. The location strikes me as ideal. Once look a valley here ride this morning. The natural motion is strongly gymnastic. The
strikes down now since surveyed, but follow old Indian trails, being said our with this Seattle bridge from convention adds greatly to the Picturesque of the town. One thing we liked greatly was the custom of scaling the front yards with string for wood bridges. This is an old English custom and affords a genuine selection near many city homes gardens. One drive thru Ballard Hill Gate which contains some 400 acres of natural forest. One next visited was Parliament Bridge, thru in the museum Ballard enjoyed the specimen of native games. After luncheon we took a little launch to the Duwamish, a natural sight. One enjoyed the dense growth of trees, moss and ferns. The autumn colors were lovely, too. Then we returned to Victoria to get ready for our 4 o'clock dinner in Seattle.

On route. S.F.R. Glimpse Adelaida. Spilling along toward Seattle. One saw one name little boat, too. One was none into Seattle at 9 o'clock.

Raining! Our visit to Seattle落下 our plane was met with great joy! We gave up going over to Tacoma because we would have so little time over there and we voted to get the 3:45 train for Portland. One spent our time just "looking around." Some time Seattle is a big, growing place.

On route. S.F.R. Rainy. Rainy, wooded with pines, firs, and ever greens; naming most of the way. One got into Portland at 10:00 to-night.

Sept. 27. Sunday: Portland, Oregon.
A beautiful bright morning. Sorry we can't stay here all day.

On route North Route Road. Entering wood and pretty scenery for about a three hours' run along the Columbia River. Took a trip over the country near Astoria. Along the river at first were green woods formations while resembling old towers, castles,
June 30. The month goes on! The boys
left this morning on their hunting
day — Edward, Frank, and Arthur
went from the Ranch. They will
have a great good time, I trust, so
now after big game. I shall miss
the boys. To-day I made some
cards, prepared my elecctric, and
worked on my journal. And in between
I have visited with brothers Fred.

May 29. Wished we knew.

Some more more! George came in to
town for us this morning. And this we
are! & am all unwell, have had
a good battle, and feel quite all
alone. So in going to the June or
the Ranch again with Eliza and
all our fine big brothers. Such a
jolly bunch. Any one, too. Well, for
some good times now.


Are seems nice to see these old
friends again. Yes & in June, too.
This afternoon we went over to visit
with the big need. &J has been a
beautiful day. We are going to Council
on the evening train.

May 29. Wished we knew.

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some good times now.
Sat. 17th October. Mr. Findlay and I came up to Edinburgh on the morning train. Track's "family" came up to the city to shop. So to meet Track's "wife", Kathleen. This afternoon, I met actress "xmm", Track's "wife", etc.

Our family group! This evening I went to see the theatre in "The Virginian" - music, with all the young folks. The three old ladies' children are quietly grown up and distinctly good looking.

Act. 5 was quite short, all day with the washing and Lad. work. I think it very dull for the day! Entertaining.

Act. 6 Tuesday: A beautiful, clear October day and "George Washington". So, to Bell's and referred to go to German Church to be joined, as Track and I went to the First M. E. Church. The City Church, beautiful music, and the relatively German was a trial. The service was especially liked Mr. Paul. On the afternoon, Track and I, Walter and Emma, visited mum for a long walk. We went through the new union bridges and over to the Meadows. It was better than staying...
Dec. 9. "Meadow Grove."

Stone again. We came from
Goble on the morning train.
Edward and I were glad George
met us at Edwall to bring us out
to the ranch. We had a big
afternoon. I helped Fred glove,
then George took me out where
1200 sheep were feeding. When
we got back Edward and I played
croquet until dark.

Dec. 10. A rainy Sat. morning.
Ella and Goble are getting ready
for "the big Sunday dinner" tomorrow.
The family will gather here.
I finished "Baddie" and am now
reading "You Never Know Your Luck."

Dec. 11. Sunday: The Sunday dinner
at family reunion takes place. It
is an affair to be faced in a
manly fashion, and to be endured
with a brave spirit. The dinner
was great; we might have been
at the table three and enjoyed it,
but it was "gallahed" — country fashion.
We tried to avoid the "War" this summer and to visit a few states on it. Our plans miller's and mother have been made in advance. They are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Wood and will spend the evening alone on their farm, but we are glad enough to another service on "the world beyond."

Sue, 82. The boys came back from the hunting trip early this morning bringing Alton and Henry Ogleman with them. With nine small ones in the house & am in my element! Of all the boys I admire Alton most — our good-looking and morose but accomplished cousin. He holds a good bowing position in our excellent musician, a Champion tennis players of Shapleigh, and on the inside a rather interesting soul — fond of boating, wild, and travel. The younger boys is less naturally, mechanically inclined, more fond of outdoor life, and naturally I like him best. Of our brother George was from the military service, for genuine and good-minded miss Harvey is still a result boy.

So we are having jolly times together.

Sue 13. Read most of the morning and played croquet this after noon. D am learning a good deal about Western Canadian life. D is good for training.


Mom says it never seemed a particular day? Why this day has been a pleasure! We decided to go to Shapleigh on the automobile train with Alton and Henry. We had dinner at Martha's and started out on our 36 mile drive about 1:30 — Edna, Ella, Ada, Henry and 1 — a gay crowd! We went an island July day, all ready made for a white — then we all "Chose" began to PRONE! As much or may or may not depend on its natural function! We did not know the self-piloting, higher powered and moved us sitting on the bed of power with our own seated engine. It was run by the car by a child, all the people would laugh, turn their eyes on and after the engine started sounding down hill. We had no sight but a dim
Dec. 16: Auntie Fred's have a pleasant and comfortable home. Merry, but I am tired to-day! This morning Edward, Sally and I went down town shopping. This afternoon Ella, Walter, and I went to the theatre. The play - "Smiles a little Queen" was a pretty thing and had a whole dinner of wonderful. A real good to see my dear old "Sister dear" again and Auntie Carrie does love me. Yes! Auntie Fred, Uncle Will and Benny came in off the evening train to Edwold. 3 and lots of fun going home on the train for to arrived in my arms the big kind Auntie Fred's love mounted for Edward! Auntie met me at the station and in was late by the time we got over to the Romans. And when we did I like the songs all over everywhere before we could go to bed. Well! No, well. And this is the day we should die at home, too. It begins to worry about my school work, for it shows it in failing up. From the first week of going home is not pleasant or all seem may.
Nov. 16. "Theodore's home," again, but we
must make over to visit there and see
the berries. Our nine we were off at
9:45. Married and the children all went.

After dinner & did have a Big Time
playing bridge. Then five year old
one yelling off & rig drilling into
the tree. At this minute all the
years

rose message of back papers of books

Dear Peggy & Joanne,

I am very glad. This is indeed an
times country.

This evening we had a picnic! We
went to a prohibition meeting held in
the town-hall - an old red sand brick
building. God, God! & thought it would
expire! The old boys - wooden crows;
the wooden benches, the black
signs, the noisy people, the mattress
organ. God! God! & thought until I nearly
passed away! God! God! the picnics!

Words were oozing from Williams &
I started writing "Novel" more than I
more interesting. We were fully occupied
and ready to bed for midnight.

The same day.

Nov. 17. We started out for Snow this
morning in a bright sunny day. For
sure we did have a good time. The
usual good dinner and then at the
afternoon we played "Clue" - a very
interesting card game. About
five we started home to the house.
On the evening all the family went
into Edwell to a political rally.
Again a nearlly finished!

Nov. 18. Sunday: One month ago to-day
with light clouds.
Of course we had to go to morning service.
Also had invited guests for dinner -
the boys, "parents" - Kathleen & Viola.
Also "Boy's Club" for boys. We
enjoyed all the afternoon. We played games
and had a big time. We finished the
evening at home - just Frank, Christy,
and we. We played cards in every body,
then went to bed.

Nov. 19. Easier the morning getting my
neglected journal up to date. This
afternoon I went to town with George
in order to have a ride through old
"Myrt and Self." The Bridge--- It was quiet! While I waited for George in town I visited with Edward's mother. Edward and Frank were fishing this afternoon. We had a gallery evening at home. I wrote a long letter to mamma while some of the kids read, some played a newspaper guessing game with sheets, Ella played, and Edward made judge. I hate to leave the gay times here.

Nov. 20. All the days are full! I was busy all morning writing post cards. This afternoon Edward and O, Frank and mother went over to Uncle Elliott's. The men fished and fiddled and O threaded the visiting. We got home in time for Ella's big dinner. She had invited a guest. We spent a gay evening at games, in spite of the old Ella and Ethel who just bumbled. Later in the evening we got a very distant call from Uncle Fred! Expect guests, Steer! Edward is off for Skidmore in the morning. This is an eventful country.

Nov. 21. Edward went to Skidmore on the morning train. I spent the morning writing post cards to friends. Ella and Christine took me over to Emma's late in the afternoon. We enjoyed the bridge post cards all evening.

Nov. 22. Got a nice quiet visit with Emma all day. When the children came from school there was a quarrel as to whether one would take me over to Wayland. The decision falls to Edward. Then the gallery spent the evening as usual.

Nov. 23. I was so glad to go back to the Ranch for dinner. The last three days. The letter from Edward says he went the balsa from the mountains until Tuesday so I won't go to Skidmore in the morning. I am so glad to see the balsa live with Ella and the boys again.
Dear Thursday, it did not feel quite right to the meal and so I spent the entire day reading "Running Daylights" by Jack London, a captivating story of a young Englishman, who travels away from London to avoid a中国联通 visiting old age, and returns to the wildness where his wife and the Oregon made and they lived happily ever after.

Wednesday night's start of a trip to the coast until Monday.

Dear 26. Sunday: The door was at the gate, and George! Aunt G come of the Ethel meant to see me and that first thing have missed a party. The rubber party in Ethel. bicycles were out for dinner. A meal on an entire day is very well, but it is time to the going home to Nebraska, but don't have enough all our good friends, Ethel, and Christine live at my mother's house.

Dear 26. A beautiful morning, and we said "goodbye" to everyone. Frank took me to town. George came up with Stanley and so to Ethel's. We found myself

Sunday.

Dear 27. Sunday. Started dinner and spent the afternoon visiting. About five we came over to Ethel's. George came over, too. We had the evening and a movie - it was, and George was to choose for it! Edward wrote from Ethel's last. Ethel's.

During hours of this beautiful day was done, shall saying: "This is our day - this is the golden day - the day of divine romance - and morning, love, and marriage." And I am sorry that my workman could not be with me.

Dear 27. Sunday. Started a beautiful day here at Ethel's. Decided to "the garden." On the afternoon George came Ethel and I to a movie.

Ethel's entertained in the evening so let's have me to an organ recital - she and his music teacher visited. We had with a pleasant evening. I appreciated the confidences - the pretty glimpses into the house. Of new sounds, glimpses into life, too - all going and its sounds and color. Well, the day passed, and the "innocent man" did not come - my Edward.
Oct. 16. Back home at the Oglebay home.

Saturday the hunters did not come on the morning train, so came over here to go to school. Started for the afternoon train with Maggie. George went back to school on the evening train. We were waiting for the hunters when we walked out - "Good morning boys, good day!"

We jumped with joy. The message was simply: "Came to 3 o'clock to-morrow." Did they really have big game? Our last day only missed the stage? Would Edw. come in time to reach Nebraska before our return? Exchanged? Tea way we settled.

Oct. 17. A long day of waiting. Edward did not come on the noon train. This afternoon & went down to the high school and after school was out. Amanda and I went down town to see "William Tell." We were very good, but my mind was not on it. Old evening we waited with some frisked for evening soup. Old brother asked if clock we had the clock. Everybody realized now! Missed the train. Everybody realized with the name train: "What you got a
Western Nebraska again! The grass is green and fresh.
The scenery about Crawford is quite picturesque - very unlike typical Nebraska - hills and valleys, thickly wooded.
Sunday is a long day on the train usually.
Now we are nearly home. It is such an uncertain day.

November 2. Sunday, Nela. Quite muddy and
walked home. We are home.

The first day home is always a long one. I have simply flown.
Have cooked, and straightened, and
messed, and had callers, and talked,
to all my friends here and the telephone.
Saw a play and Alma came over this
evening. Well, it has been a great
day. All is well at home. I am
glad to see us. Lots of building gone
on. Weather is perfect.