SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 9
“A THOUSAND MILE MOTOR TRIP THRU WESTERN NEBRASKA”
1916
1916. A Thousand Miles in a New Tri-Five from Western Nebraska.

18th June.

Sunday. - The Way of Life Again!

This is the way we tried to keep - the "Dustless Method of Life," from Western Nebraska.

The morning was gray and misty. We rose early at nine o'clock. Already it is true: "A new day begins in which angels fear to tread." The rain and cold made the air very heavy. However, when eleven miles out of Lincoln, we got off the road, covered the bedding with water, and quickly took a breakfast around. When we took off our gait jackets - and by the time we had reached Council, every thing was damp. Soon our spirits, and the spirits of our own life and mind, were improved. We arrived at York - 50 miles from home - about one o'clock. We had dinner with Nettie and Alma, enjoyed Baby Frank, a nice hour and a half on our way again. The next 40 miles of travel the roads were heavy and travel slow. We reached the Platte River at midnight. The next day, we arrived at home; a long red road, across the way over the sand bars. But the way difficult was not new. Oh, no! We were to experience a full
measure of the material's calamities! We rowed the canoe in on the edge of the wide and near a grassy meadow - and think! The near wheels ground in and sunk with every turn! We rowed our way and deliberated on the next move; but strangely the canoe would not move for some time. It was early, night was coming, we were weary and tired from a hundred miles of west travel. We sat on the bank near the canoe as we talked and told each other the story of the trip. With the dusk came the night, the situation became more serious - now we were told by the plying rifle. Next we were upon the water, for the canoe, which was waiting to come in around the wheels, and it was still going down a little from its own weight — in all possibility before morning a Chinaman would reach us from the other side and tell us. So we made Chinese wisdom; we seated to rest for a while. We first found some branches near the bridge and dragged them to the canoe, then the men proceeded to "play" we near shore.

my, while we body carried the lightest round, thought the moon encroached the moon with his face that the canoe was nearly level! We even oared the canoe. Little Chinese was landed near our canoe and pushed round again, and we went to land. Time made the first day of the thousand miles water only six or seven.

Rev. 16. Who could believe the story with the sun rising above the level hills of the river and the sun rising and cold! Time and it had a wild run of the sand. There was no body to see. Then we packed up the canoe and moved seven miles into Proud Island to break fast. Only hope good and really break fast tonight! And we went away. We found the road leading to the better man exactly. And then ——— we had traveled about 50 miles and were near entering Providence, when we our course, they we had broken the canoe again on the canoe! We had now found the little "creek of Al- lude" deep enough in the sand at the Chalotte River; i

Dec. 18. Snow! Snow! Snow! the little "snow-
flakes," of ill-luck is after us still! the
snowing did not come. No getting out of
town to-day. The snow-interrupted all
morning; finished all the after noon. We
had this- meal domestic - for dinner and
as it made no snow for Uncle James. A
little in warm weather with our life. So, say
a noon was "cheerful" address, and did
some writing, too. We were done a very-
pleasant day. Thus ended the third day
of the thousand miles under "Snow" and we
are only 160 miles from home.

State Burlington. The whole camp and
literature packed off noon. We covered 68
miles in a cold northern wind to Graham
Port. Arrived at 3:30 so chilled that
we decided to get up for the night,
and, after a fresh start "for the Front"
the next morning. Shooting along the
way till and this cold wind is just the
thing. A good way and to bed early - a real bed. So ended the fourth day
of the thousand miles under "Snow".

in the thickest near some river.

We proceed to a white world; a heavy
snowstorm in October. We had one
breakfast early and off to an hour of
recreation decided that we could make
this next town in spite of the cold
and drenching snow. We would go
all "toasted-in" in the car. From the
boiled window it looked dead cold.
We motored about 30 miles in sand and snow over roads that would turn the horses and sleds moonshines. Often three hours of struggling thru drifts and digging out of sand, we came in sight of a large and well-built camp near the "Bone River." The men cleared a space for camp in a windbreak of willows, and threw the snow away, and we got a camp fire and tried to warm out. The men were trying to sleep until the worse "housebreaking difficulties" should yet experience! At six o'clock we filed off to see the sun on the hill and crawled in, clots and all. The men were suffering with a cold so that the man had to get up to cover him every time he satched his fleshes. Under the green ledge reasonably quiet, we fell asleep--something listening to the cold winter wind flapping the tent and in the back the icy dawn of the world. 

And thus ended the Eighth Day of the Thousand Mile Winter Camp.

Dec. 20. Setting off in a snow bound camp and another load of frozen goods was a nice experience, not nearly a burden. 

And a roaring camp fire right in front of the tent room cheered camp. The sun was brightest mark of the day, but the north wind kept cold. The man and the boy hunted all day. We stayed at camp. The day one short when we went to bed at night. So ended the Eighth Day of the Thousand Mile Winter Camp.

Dec. 21. We were up with the larks, a hard team flitting in the dead grasses. We ate our bread bread with the early sun in our faces, warm and bright, giving promise of a fine day. Then we broke camp, started, and went on our way again. We motored to the mouth of 25 miles over roads that were sandy and silly but passable. We made inquiries about a run and just our side of the village behind, and ate our lunch by the side of the car. Mike was so delighted with this manner of eating that he no longer himself took the time gingerly make one pit in another. And we continued our way. Then began the long roads & there were blizzards.
Oct. 22. We were in the sand hills. For 40 miles we wound in and out, and generally down the sand, as indicated by wagon trails made before, if in every direction. We miles and miles of

indefinite prairies with rarest a spring

as a guide to indicate we were 40 miles from a sand road, no paths, and

way rarely a trace of water. We used the only direction we could get

was to "follow right and then walk." We did.

One day only remain here we have

received no news. Suddenly its welcome lights showed my head of my as we

entered a shelter. We arrived at

seven o'clock. We were all in! We

sent my six doves, one fly, and

went to bed. Thus ended the troublesome

way of the thousand mile water trip

some 225 miles from home.


Anderson. It was a very quiet day in —

sleeping, reading, writing, and sleeping. The

men and the boys were away to the

house to dinner all day. Returned about

dusk with a nice dinner of huckle. It is

moving to-night, but I can so lapping

over the Nebraska valley over Oregon

and to the near end! To end the Eighth

Day of the Thousand Mile Water Trip.

Oct. 24. The morning brought a fine

"sandy day" — calm and a slight wind. The

men and the boys were away to the

house ready to start the day again. We

sent off a bundle of false cards and

had a long walk before dinner. This

afternoon I spent my formal trip to date.

1869 now marked being done. The

men will leave much a splendid hunt,

for shooting is fine here in the sand

hills. So bring in forty or fifty doves

is not unusual. We must to have a fine

dinner dinner if Edward goes home in

time. This is our last day here. We

plan to motor on tomorrow to begin

the home work way. We have seen

lots of country and horse to see some

more. We can expect good roads but

we can expect some were "progressed." The

afternoon worked to end the

Ninth Day of the Thousand Mile Water Trip.
24. Some weeks passed, we left the farm of Cluniversity about nine o'clock in the morning, warm, almost eleven, and we made 50 miles over level and perhaps roads to O'Neill. Most of the time we could not make more than three miles an hour, the roads were so impassably rutted. Night came early, and we thought we were glad to stop, we were most unfortunate in our hotel; first we in an unpassable place, we were on a single road to town. This was the Nebraska way of getting around.

25. On Monday we left Cluniversity, Nebraska. "The Nebraska." We left O'Neill early and drove the distance north with slight success—but always there was always waiting by night! We had made about 50 miles and were anxious to get to Nebraska for dinner, where we turned in an unused road. We turned a road by mistake—good night! She was without doors! Windows, woodshed, and woodstove. We were hungry and would not stop if some resembled any good meal had not been served in our. Neatly five o'clock and

26. So with we could hardly move and no dinner! Was so glad to realize this village. Only, never leave we neglected was. Gathering to good, when we, and, anyone. Then a pleasant surprise, and. So reached near these woods lines here. Country called him up, and she and I. Father started the evening here! She the hotel with us. We enjoyed them so much. House with the married room.

--- And the Eleventh Day of the Thousand Night meteor only has passed.

"Dell's" Callowm, Nebraska. Saturday night.

Railroad Day of my dreams. It was been a splendid autumn day, quiet and pleasant. And, we were remind of all day. Rain has been our "days" the rain and 3. Please rain, quick we many together.

We left Delight about eight o'clock. Earl. 3 could not feel lightly beloved. We found the roads some better and were honestly riding the miles off, when with one a moment's notice we slide off a slight grade into a littleuzzi beside a bridge. Dr. took two forks and a squad of men to drag the car out. There we went
on our way. Colonies are not even interesting any more! We had dinner at Albion. From there on the roads were very much better. We were annoyed most of the afternoon with the radiator boiling. But we made Columbus as the sun was setting. We are so glad to-night for the miles behind us. One more day and will we be home? we do hope so. So the eleventh day of the thousand mile journey begins.

Dec. 27. The last day! We left Columbus this morning with bright hopes. We made the last seventy-five miles of the trip without further mishap, other than a blow-over - long expected - and the discovery that Edward had left this boat at Columbus. We had dinner at Seward and arrived there about 10:00 o'clock. Found all O.K. here. So ended the nineteenth day and the thousand mile trip. We travelled about 100 - eight hundred miles. We had seen a lot of country; had enough new experience to suit anyone. These little little Sallysanna we are led: the trouble is little seized; we are made winners !!!!