

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 15

**“A 7000 MILE MOTOR
TRIP WEST,
CRATER AND RAINIER”
1921**

1921.

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a 7,000 mile motor trip west.

Chalie and Rainer.

July. 13. Greetings! I never have I had this novel experience: to begin a new journal and a trip on the same day. I see thru these white unwritten pages only our long, long motor trip. - - - - -
En route: Again it is "the Way of Wags." After a sleepless night we were off at 6:30 A.M. We enjoyed the morning: the long, dusty road, the summer fields. But I discovered myself sitting "tense" with clinched hands, "trying to let go." At startings we began to feel startled. Experienced our first puncture shortly before dinner by the road side. We reached Staldrege 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. At Bertrand the country greatly changed - no longer level fields of eastern Nebraska but steep hills deep canyons, bluffs and miserable roads. We reached Curtis at 6:30: hot and almost exhausted. We had traveled 250 miles. How good to see my old Ellis Staldrege and his family! Our first day has been a hard day.

July 14. En route.

Off again over the hills trying to find W.C. Cook, after a pleasant morning with Walter and his family. We arrived about 12:30 and had dinner on the cool grass of the city park. The well marked road of the "O.S.W." was a pleasure all the afternoon. But it was too hot to enjoy travel. Even the wind burnt. We had nearly given up making Fleming by night, when we remembered that time had changed, given us an extra hour. We stopped here, only to give up at Staxton, Colorado. The way was too long. We had gone 200 miles and were so very, very tired. We made our first camp in the dark and went to bed supperless. Such are the vicissitudes of camp life motoring.

July 15. En route.

Morning sunshine even brings promise of a better day. We had breakfast at 6:30 and broke camp. The cool Colorado wind fanned our lagging spirits. A few miles out of Fleming we arrived at Waverly and Alma's. A little new house with the level fields all about it, for the Stannan's have become farmers.

We enjoyed dinner and a fine little visit with our good friends. Then off again! A pleasant afternoon to motor. Much of the way was familiar. We left Stirling about 3:00 P.M. and were off for Ft. Morgan. The sun disappeared making an ride of fifty miles delightful: sandy roads, level fields and irrigation ditches. How well we remember this country three years ago! We are beginning to enjoy our trip. We are getting to feel the spirit of it. This is Colorado! The blazing summer sun of Nebraska and hot corn fields are back of us! Ahead the snow-covered peaks and cool fairs, and the long trail into the Unknown. - - - - About 20 miles out of Ft. Morgan we made camp No. 2. at a school house, where mosquitoes made supper and sleep an interesting undertaking. Mosquitoes won.

July 16. En route.

Up at five o'clock. One cannot afford to waste so sunny a morning. Off our sandy roads, more level farms and level fields, with deep

irrigation ditches flowing thru. And at each crossing of the Blatte River still evidence of the dreadful flood this spring. At nine o'clock the Blue Range came into view, growing plainer and plainer as we motored on towards Lone Land. We came to Lone Land about eleven o'clock: a smiling village with streets densely shaded by tall poplars, the gate way into Estes.

The Thompson River Cañon drive of 32 miles into Estes Park will be more treasured hours "laid up for ourselves." At the very start a heavy mountain shower fell, and a fine rain fell much of the way. Our way along the Cañon with its tumbling waters was the loveliest because of glistening rocks and dripping pines. At four o'clock we arrived at the Village of Estes, a sunny valley with the Range all about. - - - Like three years ago we sought "Rose Wren" and John Rasborough! We were now disappointed. A fine welcome and "Rose Wren" was ours. We soon had the cabin looking inhabited, supper, and to bed early - all oblivious of the glories that lay all about us here in Estes Park.

July 17. Sunday: Estes Park, Colorado. "Rose Wren." Our cabin to-day thru the gracious spirit of John Rasborough. We have had a very quiet day here in this charming place with its rustic fire place and wide windows that look out to lovelier views. The rain has fallen and pattered on the roof as it did three years ago and white clouds have hung about the peaks. We have read and written and rested in spirit, and withal perhaps, tried to appreciate the Force, or Being, or Goodness we call "God."

July 16. "Rose Wren." Estes Park, Colo. A rainy day here at Rose Wren. Within a blazing fire in the fire-place; with our wet cedars and dripping pines. On the distant peaks shifting feathery clouds. This morning Mrs. R. came in and later I went over to see "Brown Cabin." About one John M. took us to the Village for supplies in his new limousine. We did not have dinner until four. One follows no rules here in "Rose Wren." And "Barney" spoils our evening walk!

July 19. Em route.

Over the Divide to Grand Lake.

We shall long remember going over this new Pass from Estes to Grand Lake: A bright sunny morning when we said good-bye to "Rose-Wren" and wondered when we might see it again. We took the Fall River Road over the Pass - a ride of forty miles of incredible scenery and some stretches of inconceivable roads! About nine miles up we came to Charm Fall. Some of the afternoon the mid-day shower fell. We took it slow - up and up the side of the mountain, - wonderful trees, craggy peaks, and coming closer and closer to the snow. Going over the Pass we went thru dense clouds. Altitude 11,000 +. Two miles of fearful roads along the summit delayed our progress and road workers helped us out of our bad mud holes. We had been warned of melting snow! The slide down was not bad until within about 12 miles of Grand Lake. Along this flat country of black dirt the roads were terrible. We just floundered in mud-holes - but we always got out! We arrived at Grand Lake nine o'clock, hungry and dead tired.

July 20. Grand Lake, Colorado.

Camp No. 3. How fine to be here in our same camp for the third time! We were awake early and hungry for breakfast. Then we left everything and were off for our morning boat ride on lovely Grand Lake, and returned with our first catch of trout for dinner. We straightened up and got settled in camp this afternoon. We have a convenient and pleasant camp, and to us quite like home.

July 21. Off on the trail for a hike this morning - and it was a pretty warm trail, too, going up to our old fishing hole - "De Manpassant's Fishing Hole!" Over it is a beautiful spot. I sat much of the time on a big pile of rocks - absorbing scenery - while Edward fished in the reedy stream below. He caught eleven speckled beauties. We cooked our dinner over a camp fire and ate it under a big pine tree - while it thundered off in the mountains. Altitude got the best of Edward - so we started down early. We arrived home to camp from our ten mile hike about five o'clock, just as it

began to rain. Well we did for it rained all evening. We sat in our tent and listened to the rain and some unfortunate campers next door trying to get "housed" in the shower. All a part of camp life!

July 22. A quiet day here in camp. Edward not feeling any too well. I did a lot of writing. The heavy shower that fell just before supper spoiled our farewell boat ride on Grand Lake. I waited down at the Post Office until late for the stage to come in with the mail, but the rain in the mountains had delayed it. So our last day here passed quietly, and our third visit to Grand Lake is over.

July 23. En route.

Whipping trees and a wet outfit this morning! We did not leave Grand Lake until eleven o'clock, but the delay brought me a letter from home. So we were off on the trail with high hearts. A pleasant road to Grandby with the beautiful Range in the distance. But the shower that fell there made miserable roads for five or six miles thru the foot hills to Sulphur Springs. We arrived at two o'clock,

made "the big hill" known that coming over, and had our dinner by the side of a pleasant stream. On our way again towards Kremmling we were leaving the trees and the stretches of sage coming. We left Kremmling 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 Pass when tourists warned us of a clod bust in the mountains ahead. A few miles and we were plodding along with chains, but we persisted until we left mud. We made Camp No. 4. in the sage with the less peaks about. A lovely spot - but a car from Anahie came along and camped near, taking all the romance away! We came only 65 miles to-day but that is a long ways in the mountains - sometimes.

July 24. Sunday: En route.

The glorious morning sun seems to arrive early in these high hills. We had broken camp and were off by eight o'clock, only 15 miles to the Pass! Fine roads, up and up, the green pine again: We crossed the Continental Divide about 9:30 - over the Ridge

for the second time. And Edward stopped to fish - how fine to fish in the clear waters on the Rabbit Ear Pass - with "Barney" wading in the tall reeds scaring the fish away! Then down - - the long, long slide into Steamboat Springs: sand and sand, ledge after ledge, the green valley below becoming flatter and flatter. We were so hungry for the big "chicken dinner" we got at a 'Tourist's Cafe' in Steamboat. We were off at 1:15 for Graig. Our way lead thru foot hills for miles, much of the time on a high ledge, the broad Bear River below us. Then gradually we left the hills behind and came into the sage. We arrived at Graig about 6:00, but I was too tired to ride 25 miles farther to find Sadie Barick. We made Camp No. 5 at the City Camp Grounds. How very disagreeable to have such a camp after so hard a day of travel! - - - One crams so much into a day. One forgets. It is Sunday. We have known little of quietness. We can appreciate best of all there is a municipal camping ground. A slightly too cosmopolitan experience.

July 25. En route.

All day, a long, long ramble, winding miles and miles over the hills thru the sage, nearer and nearer the Colorado-Mt. Lake line. A treeless, desert country of dry streams and miserable rutted roads. We had hoped to get to Vernal, Utah by night. Just over the Colorado line we got a real thrill when our car skidded on a high cliff - turned middle in the road with a sheer drop of 200 ft. The color of the soil had not revealed a recent rain. We put on chains and made the descent safely. On a little ways, then made Camp No. 6 on a fine school-horse grounds. Had fried rabbit for supper, too, cooked by electric light! And two woman boys brought us a quart of fresh milk! Perhaps these incidents serve to enlarge our vision and mark the end of all travel?

July 26. En route.

It is a novel experience when one fills up his water jug in the morning and starts for a day in the desert, to find himself camped in the evening in cool mountain breezes and the smell

of nearby mines - - - - - At Vernal, Utah this morning we got ready for some desert stretches. But the morning's travel did not bring us desert - rather the Utah we are more or less familiar with: red sandstone in the distant range, tall jagged in straight lines; green valleys now and then in the waste land of sage - and warm and kind lines. We had fairly good roads to Roosevelt, where we had dinner at a cafe. Then rather rutted roads of poor grade on to Wichman. At Wichman we missed our "Ocean to Ocean" road and for more than 30 miles followed a splendid gravelled road thru a cañon - going up and up we began to realize we were wrong. We finally came to a shack and inquired: we were in the Wasatch Mountains, crossing the Range thru Indian Cañon, 27 miles out of our way on the Midland Trail. As if we cared in the least! How fine to cross the Wasatch Range at an altitude of 9,000 ft. + and to finally set Camp No. 7 in this foot hills. For Indian Cañon is lovely! And Camp No. 7 isn't bad. A great flock of sheep bleating near. It is going to be pretty cool to-night.

July 27. En route

Morning sunshine in these Wasatch foot hills found us on the road early. Only 95 miles to Salt Lake City! We followed the Midland Trail and had good roads and beautiful scenery all the way. I came to appreciate for the first time the beautiful coloring of the Wasatch Range. At 11:30 we came to the first typical Utah city - wide streets and running water. But we did not coast into Salt Lake City until nearly three o'clock.

Evening. Camp No. 6

Here we are at the City Camping Grounds: a crowded, cosmopolitan place. After dinner in the city, we discovered "Barney" was none too well, so came out here and set camp quickly. I counted 57 tents here this evening. They gave in covered with dirt and dirt from everywhere. We are both so disappointed here.

July 28. Salt Lake City Camping Ground

So sick! All day so sick! The heat and the flies; this dirty camp and the people. Such a long, miserable day in bed.

July 29. Still Camp No. 4.

I am so glad to be well enough to take care of Edward. To-day he is so sick. In bed and burning up with fever. At six o'clock I saw a doctor on the grounds, so called him in. He must take medicine all night. How thankful I have been to-day for a good camp at all: a bed off the ground, chairs, a good table, clean towels, and ice.

July 30. Camp No. 4.

Still here in this dirty camp with its unspeakable surroundings. But skies are brighter: Edward could sit up and eat toast and drink tea for dinner. --- At five o'clock we got in the car and drove down to the city: we had a bill of supper at a cafe with electric fans! Oh, the joy of civilization!!! We took a very short ride about town and enjoyed the cool rainy evening. We passed the beautiful German Temple, passed the new Capitol building. Then home to this dirty camp with its turmoil. We never can get well here. We determine to go on to-morrow, if only for a very short ramble - to a clean camp in the open.

July 31. Sunday:- Camp No. 9.

On the shore of the Great Salt Lake. This morning we drove out 25 miles to the south side of the Lake and while stopping to rest and enjoy the view of the Lake, decided to set our camp. By the time we got the tent up, I saw Edward's fever had returned. So he had to go to bed again. I wrote and enjoyed the view. Barney and I had supper alone! I had noticed a storm in the mountains across the lake gathering as I got supper but was not prepared for the gale that came upon us: the tent collapsed! But the ropes did not break and we managed to keep it over the bed. While hanging on to the tent with both hands and feet, I had a mental picture of our camp blankets blowing across the rocks and Edward with flaming cheeks after them in a wet night gown: the worst seldom occurs. --- The gale over - I stepped out into a gray twilight to view the glory of a fleeing sunset: a flaming sky across a tumultuous lake flashed with white caps! --- Emerson was right when he wrote

of the irrevocable 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 handicap of a collapsed abode. It has been a great Sunday.

Aug. 1. Boole, Utah.

We came here to-day - a ride of about 15 miles from our last camp. All are at the hotel to-night, for I realize that Edward is far from well. We are on the edge of the desert and cannot go on now until Edward is fit to take such a trip. That I am far away in a strange little Utah town with a sick husband I can't appreciate to-night. Our days seem so filled with the unfamiliar.

Aug. 2. A long, miserable day filled with worry and an over-whelming sense of responsibility: Edward is so sick. At eleven o'clock I realized he must have a doctor. I got the hotel people up and a doctor called - more than half-unwilling to come out at night! But he came. To-day has been so long. I must go to a rooming-house now even for hot water and meals. And "Barney" gets tired in that dirty garage.

The doctor fears typhoid - I am sure. I can do little else than wait. If it is that, rather than a bowel infection, I must get him back to Salt Lake City. The joy of the long trail has left an heart's here in this little smaller town on the edge of the desert.

Aug. 3. Another long day busy with constant care of the sick man: the doctor gave me hope that it is not typhoid. But Edward is so sick anyway - as weak as if he had been ill weeks. And until he can eat he can't get strength. I am so glad it is cool here - altitude about 5,000 ft. And the boarding-house lady is a careful cook, that helps, too. Chairs are not utterly black even in a strange little town 12 hundred miles from home and friends. "Barney" and I take little walks together and we talk things over: how disappointing has our taken us on our journey - how we'll all have good times together again when "Waddy" is well again - "Barney" knows everything! - - - - - Plans are utterly upset - we do not even speak of the journey.

Aug. 4. A little easier to-day for Edward is slowly getting better. The doctor found his temperature normal this afternoon. I got family cards and little off telling the disappointing news of our journey. I hope to get some telegrams soon that we may know how things are at home. I'll be so glad to see Edward start to rally from his great weakness. And with the fever gone this ought to come soon. So another ^{dark} Soole is over.

Aug. 5. The best day yet. Edward seems so much better - no fever and stronger. The doctor did not come to-day but called up. All days are pretty much alike for me: to-day I got off a bunch of cards. I take Barney out, get my meals over at the boarding-house, carry dishes back and look for Edward and every how the old sooty train puffs by to and from the smelter. Will we remember these days here at Soole, Utah?

Aug. 6. So glad for the progress that Edward has made to-day: was able to get cleaned up at the barber-shop here and walk around the corner to dinner. The first real food he has eaten in ten days.

Of course he is weak, and looks so sick and yellow, but I am so glad he is so much improved as he is. It has been a beautiful day. I wrote a few family letters and read a while this afternoon. --- Some-how it seems strange to find an old worn "Emerson" in a little mining village!

Aug. 7. Sunday: - what a long, long day it has seemed! Two telegrams: one from home and one from the office were surely very welcome indeed. I wrote letters to the Starmans, Woggetts, Arundales, and read the Salt Lake City papers. It has been a really beautiful day. Edward is much better, up and dressed, and able to go to his meals and lounge about the room. With small Joe's help we even managed to give "Barney" a bath. But he is far from well and for this reason I do dread "going on". If only normal maturing lay ahead and not the dreaded desert! But surely I glory in unplanned plans! We do not want to be bluffed out!!! And so I have a feeling we are going to live this major trip across, too.

Aug 4. Noon. I suppose these are the last lines I shall pen here in this village: Edward feels quite fit this morning, and is determined to go on. I would much rather stay here a day or two, as it's some as staying is. So it is the way across the desert and "good-bye", little smelter town, Soele, Utah.

Evening: En route. Camp No. 10.

We left Soele about 2:30 - how good to be on the road again! - and motored 35 miles here to Orr's Ranch. Orr's Ranch claims the distinction of being the only habitation between Plover and Gold Butte, a distance of 90 miles. It is a little ranch house with a few cottonwoods about it. Off to the east is a low range over which we came this afternoon, before we slide down into this level stretch. To the west the sun is going down far away over the desert we must cross to-morrow. But there is a bit of rainbow in the east as I write! We have gotten our little supper - the wind blowing it cold as we ate - and now we are going to "turn-in" for the night.

Aug 9. En route. Camp No. 11.

A ride of 125 miles to-day with its varied experiences brought us here to this little camp under a row of willow trees. This morning we were up with the purple dawn and off over the country God forgot. We enjoyed the cloudy morning, the roads choppy but a well-marked trail across the level stretches of desert. At 9 o'clock we came to what is called the Salt Basin of the Great American desert and for two hours followed a badly rutted road over its shimmering white miles and miles of salt desert. Then 12 miles over the hills brought us to Gold Butte, a desolated mining town, where we ate our dinner in a garage, to get out of the sun. Then on into the sage again: great stretches of sage-covered flats and low mountain ranges - no trees, no habitations, only the road, the endless road! Late in the afternoon we got into a heavy shower but missed the hail ahead of us. And the rain brought an eagle down from the hills. Fine to find this little irrigated spot and green willows to camp under to-night.

Aug. 10. On route. Camp No. 12.

A cool night to sleep, so we did not break camp early. We left on willows some of the night, and made good time across a vast sage-covered flat more than 20 miles long and ^{finally} arrived at Ely, Nevada about eleven. We stopped for dinner at a cafe and supplies here. Ely, with its population of over 2,000, is the only good-sized town between Salt Lake City and Reno on the "Lincoln Highway." It is one of the largest mining centers in the country to-day and the largest copper pit in the world is located here. The afternoon trail led thru the hills: low mountain ranges covered with dwarf shrubs and sage; steep grades and weary stretches of flats. Rain fell in the afternoon gave us a hard pull across one of these, but we made the hills again, and night almost found us looking for a suitable place to camp for the night. We finally made camp here on top of the range in a little clear spot - desert stretched on every hand and sage-covered hills. It is a desolate spot - made more so by the barking of coyotes. One feels a little lonely! X!X!

Aug. 11. On route. Camp No. 13.

We came a long ramble after the sage to-day: and we are camped on a little grassy place, a few miles out of the village of Austin, near a narrow gauge rail way. A nice place to camp. Last night we were not eaten by the wolves! We opened our eyes, as usual, to the glorious sunlight of another day. No place is more morning sunshine quite so wonderful as in camp! At noon one is in a hurry to be on, at night one is tired, but in the morning the very gods of the air doors rejoice! - - - - - Five miles (left over from the day before) brought us to Eureka, a miserable little village, and our trouble kept us here until ten o'clock, so we did not get off on the day's ramble until late. All day the old story thru this endless country: rutted roads, a hot sun, and fording gray dust over vast sage-covered flats, then grinding thru the hills, barren save for dwarfed shrubs, and down again into the next flat, where the long, long road again winds away miles and miles across the sage to the next ridge of

hills. Before reaching the town of Austin, Nevada, we crossed the Sierrita Range, summit of elevation 7501 ft. The little village of Austin is interesting as being typical of what is now popularly known as "Ghost Cities of the West." One first catches a glimpse of the little town from the high summit of the range, a patch of pleasant green nestled in an otherwise desolate and narrow canyon, with a wide expanse of desert valley and the mt. Airy range beyond. From the summit the road descends on what was formerly the old overland trail of the "Bony Express" riders. The discovery of ore was made by one of these riders accidentally in 1862, and the camp has since produced more than \$50,000,000 in silver. The numerous ore dumps on either side of the road represent the failures and the successes of thousands of people from the time of the original discovery to the present day. No where is the present business stagnation more apparent than in these mining towns throughout the state of Utah and of Nevada: mines are shut down, shops closed, tiny dwellings nailed up. So it is pleasant to learn a little as one comes along.

Aug. 12. On route. Camp No. 14.

So far we came over the most desolate country yet travelled. The route traverses a barren sage brush country which is uninhabited but for a few ranches. 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. Water is "for sale" at one or two gas stations. But the day was not without its pleasant diversions: Edward shot some ducks before we were off this morning; we both saw a "mirage" clearly; and stopped for dinner at one of these ranches - as important as villages - thru this section of the U.S. This was "Eastgate Ranch" where we had a real home dinner served on thick china and oil cloth! Where towns are a hundred miles apart, these ranches serve as post office and supply station, and often accommodations are to be had. Often even these ranches are fifty miles apart. Hence their importance. Ten miles from Fallen, Nevada, we came into an irrigated section, and the cool pleasant greenness of things was a joy to senses grown

many with miles of desert travel! We got supplies here and after the usual indisposition drove out a few miles and set camp here at a school-house.

Aug. 13. En route. Six o'clock (A.M.)

We are off for Carson City and Lake Tahoe. Mosquitoes conquered, and at 4:30 we gave up the fight, got up and got breakfast, and were off.

Where, we leave you soon for the mountain loveliness of Tahoe!

Lake Tahoe: But we had a morning ride of sage, still sage: stretching away as far as the eye could see a gray trail thru the desert. As a last event less than fifteen miles from Carson City, Edward and Barney killed a coyote! We reached Carson City about ten, and here we had lunch: dinner, mail attended to, and supplies. Even remembering "Kit Carson" and "Mark Twain" failed to lend interest to this utterly distasteful western town. A degree of lawlessness here and at Reno, Nevada, very little appreciated in our orderly middle-western villages. But we leave it for Lake Tahoe and the California Line.

Evening. On the Shore of Lake Tahoe. Nevada Side. Camp 15. We have not had time to appreciate our picturesque camp site! Out of Carson City this afternoon one begins at once the steady climb to the summit of the high Sierras. We reached the shores of Lake Tahoe at three o'clock and followed its shore for more than fifteen miles, fine, fringed and indented, a winding road. But not being satisfied with the site of the "Old Tahoe Tavern", we decided to return 11 miles to this ideal camp site "spotted" on the way up. The "Tahoe Camp" must be ideal.

Aug. 14. Sunday. Camp No. 15. "On the Shore of Lake Tahoe."

How fine a privilege to write a journal entry, sitting in an old "travel" hammock among tallies two leaders, looking out over the shimmering waters of beautiful Lake Tahoe. The lake after-noon sun: a golden path across the sea of restless blue. - - - - - Lake Tahoe is one of the largest and grandest lakes in the world even more superb than famed Italian lakes: it is 13 miles in width and 23 in length,

spreading out its entire surface before the eye at a single glance. The snow-capped peaks of the Sierras rise above it to a height of 11,120 feet. It is noted for its crystal clearness and wonderful blue. But what does all this matter to one sitting and looking out across it? It is simply - beautiful. Our camp site is ideal: on little tent in a group of pines and cedars. And it has been a wonderful day, not withstanding I spent much of the day at the common place task of getting cleaned up, laundry sorted, and a general straightening up after a week of steady motoring. But one doesn't mind the homely task within sound of the swirls of these blue waters and the cool of mountain pines. Our little camp and the lake reminds us of another camp: beautiful Lake Mead and the happy days in 1919. Is Lake Tahoe more beautiful? Late Evening: What could be more fitting to end this day than a big, blazing camp fire, sitting about it listening to a philosopher tell of life as he sees it? Neighbor: came from Washington D. C. drop in - hence the philosophy.

Aug. 15. Camp No. 15. Lake Tahoe.

The morning went with camp work and the afternoon getting my journal up to date. Edward spent some time on the car. He is well again and enjoying food. Barney is resting - the lazy dog. We have had a "lonely" time to-day. And the lake has been blue and lovely.

Aug. 16. A day long to be remembered: we spent the entire day making the 75-mile circuit of Lake Tahoe. We motored along slow, with long stops, taking many pictures and viewing lovelier scenes than words express. We made a long stop at Al Tahoe Inn for pictures for home, after having dinner at Beja Camp. We left "Al Tahoe" about two: first a beautiful mountain road thru pines that led to the shore of Tahoe, then the ledge around the lake - sometimes growing higher and the lake bluer. All the afternoon an ever changing panorama of beauty. We came to "Tahoe Tavern" about five - a fine, big hotel - most delightfully located. Blue we left the lake - a last glance at beautiful blue Lake Tahoe.

Aug. 17. Wormer Lake, Calif.

Camp No. 16.

Wormer Lake, six miles from the summit of the Sierras - a picturesque alpine lake, named after the ill-fated Wormer party of emigrants who in 1846 were snow-banded and perished from starvation here on its shore. - - - After leaving Lake Tahoe late yesterday afternoon, we followed the swift waters of the Truckee river to Truckee, Calif. then on to Wormer Lake. Fine roads and an ideal region in which to camp and motor. We are staying here to-day: a wind on the lake I fear has spoiled fishing for Edward but I can write.

Aug. 16. On route. Sacramento, Calif.

Morning sunshine and the blue waters of "Wormer" bluer than the bluest of skies, when we were off for the summit of the high Sierras. It was a stiff climb but over well-sanded roads: cool wind in the pines, and umbraged rocks, and miles and miles of snow-sheds. Altitude of the Pass is 7,016, surrounding peaks and granite crabs tower 3,000 ft. higher. Then the

pleasant descent all the way to Sacramento. a beautiful winding mountain road slipping out into lush valleys with pretty green orchards on the hill-sides. The first palm-tree at 4:30; fig trees; macadam roads! This must be California! Golden California! Olive trees, turkey farms and vine yards! Oleanders in full bloom as large as fruit trees! Baskets of fresh fruit for sale all along the highway. It is California. - - - - Such exuberance of spirit 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, as it deserved to. We went on our way a little less merrily, with a bent fender and a jammed bumper! And just at sunset we came to Sacramento. We know this little capital city, with its historic old "Fort Sutter", and its miles of checked orchards, very well. We made Camp No. 17. at once in the City Park. A good south breeze blowing - a little less dirty spot than the usual "free camp" - we seek to avoid everywhere.

Aug. 19. En route. Pacific Highway.
 A busy morning getting out of
 Sacramento and ready for the Mt. Shasta
 tour. A rather monotonous days motoring
 thru the Sacramento Valley - a perfectly
 straight paved road thru a level
 farming country. Grain, orchards and
 large tracts of rice, the first I ever
 saw growing. It was a still, hot
 day. We had dinner at a school-
 house under a palm tree. The gray
 outline of the coast range was
 visible most of the day, to the west.
 An early camp just beyond a grove
 of trees off the highway was forced
 upon us, when a tire went down
 for the third time this afternoon. The
 gods did not choose so badly - this
 Camp No. 16 will do. After the
 excitement of the evening was over,
 when "Barney" got his little foot
 hurt, I lay awake a long time:
 bright moon light and not a leaf
 stirring, and the endless number of
 automobiles passing our camp - I
 believe one every five minutes and
 most of them tourists. The thing
 that ^{has} impressed me to-day has been
 these fine paved highways.

Aug. 20. En route. Pacific Highway. ^{stop}
 Out of Camp No. 16 late, and a long
 at the nearest village to get the tire
 fixed, delayed morning travel. We had
 dinner under a group of big oak
 trees. Single big trees are in the fields
 are a feature of the Sacramento country.
 A long detour this afternoon off the
 Pacific Highway took us thru a winding,
 hilly, wooded road and badly rutted.
 The detour cost us added mileage and
 we did not reach our objective:
 Redding, Calif. until nearly five o'clock.
 Here we learned that the side trip
 tentatively planned to Mt. Lassen was
 not advisable on account of difficult
 roads. (It would be sensible not to go.
 So he sensible is to be common place.
 So he common place is unfardonable.
 I shall regret this decision.) We
 were off to make the foot hills
 for camp. Twenty miles brought us
 to an ideal spot on the Y^e Cloud
River. A beautiful river, cold and
 clear water, the crags about -
 such a camp site as one sees
 in magazines at home on the library
 table - the beginning of Shasta glories.
 Camp. No. 19. "Y^e Cloud."

Aug. 21. Sunday: - On route: Shasta County.
 We left Camp "No. 1" Cloud" about noon,
 when an ill became sunny, and
 motored 50 miles thru the Shasta - this
long-to-be-remembered Sunday afternoon.
 It was a fine mountain road with
 lovely vistas at every turn. The first
 view of Mt. Shasta's majestic, snow-capped
 peak came thru the pines along the
 middle of the afternoon, and became
 clearer until we came into full view.
 To see such a mountain: supreme,
great, isolated is to realize the position
 of a Big Man. - - - This Sunday
 afternoon ride has brought back to me
 all this Shasta country when we
 came thru 12 years ago: I too well I
 remember - late August, on Edward's
 birthday, and near evening in half
 twilight we came over these high
 trusses and enjoyed the cool mossy
 green of these great pines. The gods
 have been very good: I did not even
 have "to motor this" then! Life
 more than fulfills its promises - if
 we are good - if we are good! - - -
 So when evening came we made
 camp a little off the high way in
 an open space - not a desirable

camp site - but a fine view of the
 Peak. Camp No. 20. "Shasta View" we
 shall call it. And we have had
 a quiet evening around the usual
 camp fire: I saw strange that these
 bright stars that look down upon
 Shasta, look down upon the level
 fields of Nebraska, too.

Aug. 22 On route: Shasta Region.
 Up early to see more of these
 glories of Shasta: All morning we
 were motoring around the base of
 the mountain, the majestic peak in
 full sight: a winding road thru a
 sparsely wooded region, giving us a
 splendid unobstructed view of Shasta
 for miles and miles. But we were
 gradually slipping out into the foothills.
 We had dinner near a shallow river -
 an unclean and unlovely car-park -
 and motored away into a level farm
 lands with the hills about. And as
 we hummed along, the face of the
 great mountain faded away in the
 blue distance. - - - But we were
 soon climbing again! The foot hill
 country of the Klamath region. And
 when we came to the Klamath

River about 5:00 clock, we were tired and made our early camp. It was a nice shady grove near a hot springs resort. Camp No 21. and it should even smell "fresh strawberries and real cream"!

Aug. 23. En route.

A long 50 miles to-day over a very difficult mountain road of sharp rocks, deep cuts, steep grades, and high passes, brought us to Klamath Falls by three o'clock, in spite of delays. On a high narrow ledge with a sheer drop of 1000 ft. to the Klamath River below, another car wedged with ours in trying to pass. The men had to work an hour, an inch at the time to get the car past. So dangerous but no place for the faint-hearted! All day our way led thru a beautiful, dense forest. About 20 miles from Klamath we came to a fine view of Klamath Canyon: green and plum-colored valleys, and the river, white-capped, racing along between. The forest road continued to Klamath. We were here a couple of hours for supplies - and did not need any time to see falls that do not exist - then were on our way again! We drove

20 miles farther and made Camp No. 22 here in the dense forest. Star Bright the camp-fire, and black the wall of trees! And how cold it is!

Aug. 24. En route towards Crater Lake.
Edward's Birth day.

A day of loitering along the way - mostly - thru this fine Oregon forest. By ten o'clock our road led by the shore of Klamath Lake - the temptation to stop was too great. We looked about, got a boat and went out rowing for a couple of hours. We enjoyed Klamath Lake with its green waters, its reeds and marshes along the shore, and its pelicans sitting like white boats on the water. It was "Brown Barney's" first boat ride with us, too! And Edward dipped his fine "Sunday fish-fall" in the water for the first time! This Klamath region is a big game country: deer, bear, and mountain lion and big fish, too. When we were on our way but at 2:30 stopped for dinner in a pretty green clearing, when after dinner Edward went fishing again with a fellow camper. Then on again.

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A stretch of good roads for 20 miles, brought us to a beautiful camp site for the night, near a forest ranger's station, on the very edge of Crater National Park. What fine wonderful Big trees these are! How pleasant the camp fire! How good our supper here in Camp No. 23. When will we have spent another birthday camping along this a Big Timber?

Aug. 25. We go to Crater.

On a 12 mile drive this morning into Crater National Park was a winding mountain road thru the forest along the edge of Anna Creek Canyon, with many fine look out points along the way, but none more beautiful than the "Garden of the Gods." A lovely fairy-like place: at the foot of gray walls a little stretch of velvety green, with a sparkling stream and trees set out like on a lawn. Surely gods live here! Who could doubt? And who would be any happier doubting? - - - -

But 12 miles is short on such a fine road and at noon we came to Crater Lake: like the Grand Canyon and Niagara the first look terrifies.

Surely one of Nature's grand surprises: A lake of unbelievable depth Russian blue in a crater 2,000 ft. below the gray lava rim of an extinct volcano. Surely one of the most beautiful spots in America. We stepped on car and got our dinner on the very rim of the crater! Then made camp later across the road on a slight elevation with a fine view of the lake, but a cold, windy place. The sand was so loose we could hardly set our tent. At four o'clock we set out for the trail to the shore of the lake, 1.2 mile winding down the side of the crater. Unlike so many lakes the water seems to grow bluer as one approaches the shore. We rented a boat and took a little boat ride. The waters were very rough and quite unlike their seeming serenity viewed from above. But how blue, how unbelievably blue! But as I lifted my eyes to towering gray lava walls, contorted, twisted, fantastic - and our boat rode over this blue awful depth - and twilight was coming - I was frightened - foolish one, indeed!

my boat ride was an experience, not a pleasure. Back to our camp No. 24. of chill winds and fine volcanic ash dust, drifting into everything.

Aug. 26. On route: Rim road around Crater Lake.

After a morning milking and visiting Crater Lake Lodge, we broke camp, and after an early dinner, at one o'clock we were off for the 35-mile "Rim Road", a motor road just completed this last year around the lake. It is one of the great scenic highways of the West: a fine road but steep grades, sharp turns and dangerous high passes, a road not for the inexperienced mountain driver. We viewed the lake from every possible point of view, and on the other side enjoyed an ever-changing panorama of Cascade Mountain scenery. With many long stops looking over the precipices it was pleasant to see at close range Wizard Island and the Phantom Ship and all the mysterious lava formations. At four o'clock we said good-bye to Crater Lake - unbelievable, unforgettable, incomparable - Crater Lake.

Then we rode on thru the Park forest out to the Western Entrance, making about 60 miles of motoring in the National Park in all. We camped ten miles from the exit of the Park on the Rogue River. An ideal camp site for No. 25.

Aug. 27. On route. Towards Medford, Ore. A morning ride thru the forest: for a whole week we have been in this dense Oregon forest. Sometimes a winding hilly road, sometimes a long straight road, but still miles and miles and miles of beautiful trees. Breaking camp at the Rogue River this morning, we have followed its winding course all forenoon, first confined in jagged gorges, then into wide timbered canyons, and finally out to broader, quieter waters - a beautiful river angling thru the forest. - - - - The stream proved too shallow: at eleven o'clock we abandoned our intention of making Medford to-day and have set camp No. 26. here on its shore. This may be a fine river to fish in but this sand is disgusting to camp in!

Aug. 26. Sunday: - Camp "Rogue River."
A quiet camp all morning beside
this rushing river, writing a long
letter home while a big dinner
cooked over a camp-fire. Edward
is fishing - has a nice string of
trout. Perhaps we will go on after
dinner. I am tired of this place.

Evening: Camp No. 27.
"Burnt Stone"

We drove 30 miles into Medford, Ore.
this afternoon but not finding a
suitable camp site, we drove on out
to this farm, mistaking the camp
here for campers. The home recently
burned and the family are camping.
We found the people agreeable and
have set our camp. These fine big
trees with their scorched needles,
and the tall chimneys standing bear
evidence of the fire. But this is a
nice open camp site, a clean wind,
and burnt ciders all about.

Aug. 29. Camp "Gold Ray." No. 28.

The river-side camp again and the
man casting out in mid-stream!
This "Gold Ray" camp came to pass
unexpectedly: Edward has been asked

to go deer hunting with the folks at
"Burnt Stone", the last of the week.
So fill in time until then, we are
salmon fishing here out from Medford.
What an unusual turn of events!
This is not a very ideal camp
but we might catch a big fish!

Aug. 30. Camp "Gold Ray"

Well business, this Gold Ray camp:
I cook and eat, read a little and
write a little, while Edward fishes
for the big fish! And the river
rushes along. Some very interesting
wading people are camping near
farming for gold. I am tired of
farming sand out of my shoes
at night! The big fish won't "get on."

Aug. 31. Camp No. 29.

Here we are at "Burnt Stone" again!
We came into Medford, had dinner
and did some shopping, looked the
village over, and got out here along
the middle of the afternoon. Edward
has fixed up a 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! But to-day - here in camp; thinking much of the man off on his deer-hunt. They go back 30 miles in the Coast Range - along the Oregon-Calif line - back in with pack-horses. Three in party - Mr. Low and his son, George and Edward. I have high hopes for a successful hunt! I have written nearly all day to-day getting this diary up to date.

Sept. 2. Gray, clouded skies and a cold, quiet wind that kept the tent flapping and ballooning all day, while I wrote endless cards telling friends what an enviable time we were having, and the while wondering to myself what "camping out" in October would be like, judged by this September day! All evening I sat huddled up in Edward's big red sweater reading "Main Street" by the uncertain flicker of a candle. The mountains have looked blue and cold to-day away to the California line where Edward is deer-hunting. I hope he can hunt many times in the year to come - I won't mind staying at home for that.

Sept. 3. Warm sunshine flooding the tent before I got up, promised a pleasant day. I finished my cards, read, and visited with Mrs. Low, who is most kind. The dear lady is stuffing me with real cream, melons, fresh vegetables and cake and pie! Being so over-fed I can scarcely be romantic enough to miss the "Thin-in-Man!"

Sept. 4. Sunday: Some how the day has seemed a little long: a late breakfast, a trip to the garden to gather beans, endless eating, "Main Street" with copious note-taking, and still the hours drag. Perhaps the men will come home to-night - I wonder!

Later: The three hunters returned red-faced and smiling with two deer! They came about five o'clock. We had supper all together to enjoy venison. It is fine, too. I am glad to have Edward home again. We must be on our way now at once - we have delayed the trail more than a week. But Edward had a fine experience hunting - one he will never forget - a real sportsman's experience, he says.

Sept 5. On route towards Portland, Ore.
 This morning breaking camp at "Bunk
 Stone" and saying good-bye to these
 friendly people who have contributed
 to the joy of the Trail so unexpectedly,
 and at ten o'clock off for Medford. We
 travelled thru a mountainous country
 all day: now shining stretches of
 pavement, then welcome detours;
 and everywhere orchards on the hill-
 sides - peaches and pears, plums and
 grapes, melons, strawberries and piles
 of red tomatoes - Oregon's big fruit-
 raising district. Prosperous villages,
 self-important and aggressive but
 many miles apart - these "cock-sure"
 "village-cities" of the West. A good
 long day motoring into the distance.
Evening: Just as dark we pulled
 off the highway to make the evening
 camp. Why put up the tent on a
 quiet star-bright night like this?
 Why indeed? So we went to sleep
 looking up at the far-away stars.
 And just dropping off I remembered:
 home, the first Monday in Sept. - Labor
 Day - the first rumble of State Fair
 with its grinning farmers, its lived house
frank, its exhibition of env. fed animals,

its balloons and whistles - the long line
 of automobiles, the dust and heat - - -
 - - - but the stars were cool
 and serene over Camp No. 30.

Sept 6. On route.

It is given only the god-chosen
 few to get up and put on dew-
 dripping clothes and eat breakfast, while
 the yellow sun comes over the hills
 to flood with gold a brave camp.
Small, and then to be away over
sun-burnt hills, early, with the
 glad promise of a new day
everywhere! Autumn is coming with
 its rust and brown, with its hazy
hills, with its arms full of plenty,
 with its fresh-crimson - glorious,
radiant, scarlet autumn! And we
 are away to meet it in the heart
 of the hills with arms wide-flung!

Stand by off into the smiling
 morning when construction work on
 the highway held us up for two
 hours. Edward took a ramble with
 "Barney", while I wait, as a long
 line of waiting tourists collected to be
 let across the black tar'y stretch of
 new pavement. - - - - One fellow -

Traveller calmly inquired "if we knew
 Peter Michaelhoff, a bar-tender here
 in Lincoln?" - - - Behold! How great
 is our deterioration when our position
 in society is so easily recognized!
 We came to the little city of Eugene
 just in time for dinner - luncheon
 served well, despite our motorist soiled
 appearance. Here I caught the merest
 glimpse of the University of Oregon,
 and my heart leaped with joy! (How
 quickly do we return even in fancy
 to the beaten path!) - - - all the
 afternoon an ever-changing panorama
 of late-summer fields thru the
Willamette Valley: splendid highway
 where the motorist "lets out", and
 rutted detours where he "holds in".
 A pleasant wooded country of pro-
 ducing farms. Along the late afternoon
 we caught a glimpse of the broad
 green waters of the Willamette. It
 is upon this river that the city of
Salem, the capital of the state, is
 located. It is a city of state in-
 stitutions, fine trees, and schools; a
 little less than 20,000 population. Here
 we made camp at the end of the
 day at the City Camp Ground.

Sept. 7. Salem, Ore.

Time off in "Camp Salem", No. 31. To
 get cleaned up and even some attempt
 at personal adornment, before we get
 to Portland: I put on a red necktie
 and Edward had his leggings shined.
 Then we saw a little of Salem:
 interesting that a town of 16,000
 population out here is a thriving
 city and cosmopolitan, while at home
 twice that population is urban and
 "villager"! We had luncheon before
 starting for Portland - crab on the
 shell and were reminded of Washington
 W. C. and the little cafe' around the
 corner! Noon and away to Portland.

Evening: Portland, Ore.

A real city! With a city's busy
 clattering traffic, its surging throngs,
 its busy shops, its million and one
 familiar and delightful sights - - -
 Fifty-five miles our paved roads
 brought us to Portland where I got
 my mail and learned that Robert had
 returned home Aug. 12 and was still
 at home; that all the folks were
 well in Washington; that Ella would
 soon be home from her trip to
 the South; - so all the family was O.K.

We got out to Elgin Bernal's little home in time for dinner and spent a pleasant evening (in spite of my nervous headache) getting acquainted with his wife, and adopted daughter, and little son, and renewing our friendship with Elgin, with its memories of old "330" No. 13th and University Ways.

Sept. 4. 30 Astoria! And the Ocean!

102 miles along the Columbia River to the Sea! It was a misty gray day heralding the coming of the rainy season here on the Pacific Coast. Motoring sent a raw wind to our very bones. We had a warm dinner at an unfamiliar-looking little town about half way. But the roads were fine despite sharp turns and considerable grade. A country of marshes and dykes and fens, and scattered timber, the wide waters of the Columbia growing broader and broader as they near the Sea. We arrived at Astoria about five and the sun came out for the first time to-day to show us this queer old town, inconvenient and uncomfortable, sitting on the flank of the hills with its feet

in the water! Astoria is interesting from more than one stand point: 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 it sends timber to all parts of the world; and its Chinook salmon industry has given it world-wide renown. - - - - But we were away to the Ocean: motoring towards the setting sun and the Pacific - a race to see sunset at sea! And we won - almost - for as our car shot up over the last sand ^{dune} bank: the gray ocean lay before us, thundering on the beach, the sun half-sunk in its depth! A glorious sight to we ocean-hungry middle-Westerners. We have achieved: We have motored to the Pacific Coast. We camped by the Sea. No. 32. A nice little camp behind great billows of sand in the shelter of a thicket. A snappy camp-fire when we gathered drift-wood from the beach, and the salt sent up a spatter of sparks - supper - can we remember it all?

Sept. 9. Back to Portland, to-day.

A glorious morning ride on the Beach: the gray ocean founding away in white breakers upon the sand, the soft, salt wind in our face! Sea gulls and snipes along the surf! The gray morning, the gray ocean, boundless, endless! How we enjoyed our ride!

Then back to quaint Astoria for dinner - salmon of course - and the long ride back to Portland this afternoon. But with bright sunshine and clear skies, the country bears a totally different aspect from yesterday. We were ferried across the Columbia River and made camp No 33. at the Municipal Camping ground of Portland.

Sept. 10. Env. rail.

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 proud of it than anything else. It is truly picturesque, and most notable in its engineering triumphs. A scenic highway leading thru the heretofore inaccessible Columbia river gorge, carved in most places from the sides of the mountains, the wide

waters of the river below - a paved drive of 65 miles on a 5% grade. The road hangs on cliffs, surmounts great monoliths, tunnels thru the rocks, and presents an ever-changing panorama of river and mountain, valley and forest, - a wonderful combination of colors, skyline, land and water. We ate dinner on the very edge of beautiful things - just before we went into the most scenic part of the drive. Multnomah Falls, the queen of American cataracts, was the most interesting of all the falls - eleven on the drive. It really consists of two falls, the upper 541 ft. the lower 69 ft. One of the features noted on the drive are the masonry walls, which not only give safety to the road but add a picturesque Italian touch. - - - Only at the end of the day's motoring had we caught a glimpse of Mt. Hood - the day's objective. But we came to Hood River at five o'clock and here took the side trail of 25 miles to the base of the great peak, a hard climb over the usual mountain road "off the beaten path." We were off with high hopes to make camp at the foot of Mount Hood - where

calamity overtook us: the Big stage that makes "Cloud Cap Inn" came along monopolizing the road line stage fashion and crowded us off into a ditch. As I slipped out into tall ferns my shoes filled with water! The stage backed up and in attempting to get us out, got us in worse and left us! Edward left Barney to guard me - for darkness had already come - and went to the nearest village for help. But the men of the community had gone into Stood River, it being Saturday night, and the only equipment available was a Ford Truck - about as useful as a preambulator! There was but one thing to do: Camp by the car all night. We tramped the great ferns down, spread our blanket roll on the side-hill - no possible way to put up a tent - and crept between the blankets, suffering and chilled thus and thus. And here we slept not uncomfortable while a heavy snow fell on Mt. Stood, and gray clouds and dense fog hid the far-away stars. And so we really camped at the foot of Mt. Stood! And how the little gods must have smiled down at Camp No. 34!

Sept. 11, Sunday: - Mount Stood and back down the Columbia Stage way. We rose from our road-side "bed of ferns" in the gray dawn. Morning came and it was a beautiful world anyway! The sun fighting its way thru the dense fog and filling thru the pines; Mount Stood clear cut in symmetry, towering into the clouds, its great peak covered with a heavy blanket of freshly fallen snow!!! Ranchers collected to view our predicament but a friendly one-armed man with a big truck pulled us out. We cleared up - none the worse for the experience - and were off! A few miles brought us still nearer to the Base of the Mountain, where we cooked our dinner and sat in the sun to keep warm while we enjoyed the view of the great snow-capped peak. - - - - - I had a quiet Sunday afternoon ride back to Stood River thru a great apple country - famed the world over for its Spitzbergen and Newton variety - a quiet drive after the experience. And from Stood River returning along the Columbia Drive -

the lead gray waters of the great river changing to a coppery green as the sun set how came. Camp No. 35 was ideal: a little secluded spot off the highway and the camp fire was welcome. Camp "Columbia Highway."

Sept. 12. En route into the State of Washington.

Fifty miles into Portland this morning along the Columbia Highway, with a last glimpse of Wullinaw and a short stop at the Vista House to purchase wine - a welcome relief from piercing cold winds - and on again into Portland. A how or so to get cleaned up and a good dinner with napkins and ice water - how it seems a fogging motorist! Then while Edward got car matters attended to, I got cards off and chatted with the usual number of folks who always come up when our car stands along the curb. Many former Nebraskans who inquire of Oregon! Late in the afternoon we were off to call on Jessie Cook Hedham. We found her living in a pleasant bungalow, looking a little worn but the same

Jessie of "330" days, with heavy red-brown hair and a cynical tongue, now the mother of five indiscriminate-looking daughters of various ages from 12 to a fat-checked waddling baby! Our call was more or less perfunctory - we do not seem to have much in common - and we were off to get started towards Tacoma before camp time. - - - - We left the State of Oregon before we knew it! A few miles out of the suburbs we crossed a great intricate steel bridge over the Columbia and before quite over, were across the line into the State of Washington. Then the little city of Vancouver and off to find a camp site, but a high grade and fencing kept us on the road until after dark. We finally made Camp No. 36. back of a garage in a small village - too small to have any place to disturb us! A bright moon came up to help get supper. Three cheers for Washington!!! It is to mean "Rainier National Park," the "Flaw" and the start on the long long trail back to old Nebraska.

Sept. 13. On route.

Off to Sacoma! motoring along all day. Stony roads where the Pacific Highway was not paved. Mostly thru a timbered section of the country - with farms and dairies in the clearings. Chehalis and Centuria were the only villages of any size until we reached Olympia, the capital of the state.

We arrived at four o'clock and took some time off to see the little city. Olympia has a population of 10,000. The mountains can be seen on every side. This is the end of the Oregon Trail. A pleasant little town anticipating a fine new capital building. - - - -

Off to make Sacoma before sunset, for 30 miles over a fine paved highway into the city. We arrived in the early evening, a charming city built on the hills. We have liked Sacoma since our first visit in 1912! We made Camp No. 37 at Manitar Park, South Sacoma. We begin to have municipal camps "all to our selves." It is cold here in this Sugar Sand country. Falls are getting scarce while we loiter along the way.

Sept. 14. On route.

30 Rainier National Park.

Eighty miles of motoring to-day brought us here 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 forest fires. Within the park boundary, dense virgin forests line the highway. One crosses and recrosses making mountain streams, with deep gorges and snow clad peaks, coming nearer to the Great Peak. The last eight miles is a single or one-way road - the cars running on schedule time - a steep climb to a glorious view of Paradise Valley. It is truly said that here the flowers and glaciers meet! A lovely green valley reaching up to the ice-clad inclines of Mount Rainier. The Great Mountain reaches an altitude of 14,408 feet - measuring nearly three miles high from sea level, with a glacier system for exceeding any other mountain in the United States. So far it resembles an enormous frozen octopus, with icy tentacles stretching down upon every side into the green valleys of wild flowers and splendid forests of fir and cedar and pine.

in camping to night here at the foot of Mount Rainier, its great summit covered with immaculate snow, its outline in sharp contrast against the night sky - the clear, bright stars above - the icy chill of this air - a secret dream of my heart has been realized and here I give thanks. Camp No. 34.

Sept. 15. At the end of the day "Camp Disqually" on the Disqually River, just out of the National Park.

Winking in the beauty of Mount Rainier all morning - the peak a huge snow dome, heaped up by furious westerly winds, absolutely unclouded in a bright cold morning; well try to remember it so. We took a little hike and then spent a pleasant hour at Paradise Inn with its blazing fireplace. But with a lonesome little doggie waiting for us down at the Park Entrance we left the Inn at noon - clouds had already hidden the crest of the mountain - and wound our way down thru the great timber to the Entrance. "Barney" was overjoyed at our return - how far are these who find no joy in the companionship

of animals! The dear worshipping little dog! We motored but a short way and made an early camp here on the Disqually River, a swift glacier-fed stream with a wide, stoney river-bed. Camp No. 39.

Sept. 16. On route: back to Sacoma and out for Seattle to-day. Arrived in the bustling city about noon after a pleasant morning's motoring. Had dinner at a cafe displaying French pastries in the window. We spent much of the afternoon driving around the city reviewing our memories of Sacoma and incidentally furnishing the inhabitants a novel spectacle - a Nebraska car in the Northwest! We perhaps enjoyed a glimpse of the Stadium best of any thing - a fine stadium seating 30,000 people. Sacoma has grown: a population of 142,000 now. A beautifully located city, 80 miles from the Pacific Coast on the Engel Sand. We like everything about Sacoma - but one thing: its arrogant insistence upon calling Mount Rainier, "Mount Sacoma". - - - - We said good-bye at five o'clock and motored out 20 miles "Seattle-ward" to

make camp the village of Auburn, whose public camp furnished us a delightful and convenient "cook-house" with tables and benches, a stove, and a sink with running water — how nice to really "keep house" at Camp No. 40.

Sept. 17. Into Seattle and out of Seattle. Edward spent the morning tuning up the car for more mountain climbing ahead, while I made and kept up a fire in the new cook-stove. We had dinner, too, and at one o'clock were off for Seattle 22 miles away: a pleasant hour of motoring thru a flat and scattered timber country of dairy farms. Black and white cattle feeding in the valleys remind me of "Carnation milk"! The sun struggling with the heavy fog of the morning — the rains are coming! We must hurry out of this Puget Sound country. . . . In arriving at the city of Seattle with its gray fog, its wide waters, and big boats, — we have reached our farthest objective, and in turning our faces Eastward — we have turned homeward. . . . We were in Seattle but three hours, but enjoyed big town sights: busy streets

full of clattering traffic, mounted police, and bright shop windows. . . . But gray skies threaten! In leaving Seattle we were ferried across Lake Washington, but the fog was too dense to appreciate the lake. We motored ten miles to get out of the city to make camp for the night, finding a suitable spot off the highway at the Auburn village of Redmond. Camp No. 41.

Sept. 18. Sunday:— On route. Leaden skies and a fine drizzle of rain, wet ferns, and dripping trees! We were on the road by eight o'clock — off for the Cascades, thru the fog, but the roads were sanded and the grade easy. We motored a hundred miles thru the Cascades, fog-hidden peaks, virgin forest dripping with rain, and patches of scarlet 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 Pass — named for the falls — about noon. At one o'clock we stopped for luncheon by the side of the Yakima River. The rain had stopped and the

sun was half-shining. Just a hundred miles out from Seattle we left the Cascades and began to drop out of green foot hills and fertile valleys into the drier, sage-covered hills of Eastern Washington. We left Ellensburg at 4:30, the junction point of East to West, North to South highways. We wound thru drier hills of sage and rock shale for 40 miles to Vantage Ferry where we camped for the night on the Columbia River. The rain set in before we got the tent up and we spent the evening in cramped quarters, avoiding persistent drippings. There! Camp "Columbia River" No. 42.

Sept. 19. En route.

Leadon skies but no evidence of the rain that fell all night on sandy soil. We were ferried across the Columbia - gray waters flowing between dark shelving hills along the shore - and were off climbing a five-mile grade winding out of the river bluffs to a high rolling table land of intermittent stretches of sage and ranch land. We made good time over these level sanded roads all morning and ate our dinner on the

shore of Soap Lake, - well-named - and here "swaped" the use of our stove for crab-apple jelly, with brother-tourists! All the afternoon we traversed the immense wheat belts of central and eastern Washington, bright sunshine, and a strong wind blowing clouds of dust over the wide fields. Good roads and providential sacks of wheat will take us to safely and to Stell's Palal for a late supper with Brother George! Later: We arrived! Edwall!!!

Sept. 20. "Meadow Grove". Wash.

The novel big alkaline first day here with George and Viola. The same warm welcome at the same old ranch with its big dinner-hall and western hilarity. Edward had a fine time hunting with "Barney" and his intrinsic worth mounts! We have the same old bed-room here at the Ranch - large grown familiar thru repeated visits. It is Stone. But sometimes one misses old days when all the boys were here at home and Ella was guardian and best pal of all; when Papa came out with mother from town to pick apples - the old days at "Meadow

"Grove" - gone, never to return.

Sept. 21. At the Ranch.

The usual life here at "Meadow Grove".
The only important events of the day:
Edward went coyote hunting and I got
weighed and tip the scale at 106 lbs.
Wrote a little home, too.

Sept. 22. Gray weather. Viola washed
so I did the morning work for her.
Then devoted much of the day to my
diary. Edward was fixing up the Buick
to-day. George has a badly wire-cut
horse this evening. This is our last
night at "Meadow Grove" - we go on
to Spokane to-morrow.

Sept. 23. Spokane, Wash.

This arriving at Ella's is always a great
social faction - a sure welcome always ours!
A cold wind this morning made the ride
into the City disagreeable. Ella gave
a delightful dinner for us this evening,
covers laid for 12. I was so glad to
see little Stanley, Mary and our Winifred.
Amanda, Wick, and Edward came, too. So
the gay times with the "Plan" begin!
We are off!

Sept. 24. This morning I arranged our
room here at Ella's - things do get
so up air. Wrote Tom all the afternoon
getting made "beautiful". Stomach for supper
and to the theatre this evening as Stanley's
guests. Disappointed in the play at
the "Woodward."

Sunday.

Sept. 25. The old-time big Sunday
dinner at Mother Behrke's, to-day.
She has just rented a house - her
latest home venture. We had seven
at dinner, with Martha and William,
and little Carl and the little girls, and
Edward dropping in during the afternoon.
Then George and Viola arrived from
the Ranch. I enjoyed it all, or
did I? I sometimes try to imagine
what it would be like to live out
here and to be constantly associated
with the whole family. - - - - -
A theatre party this evening, mine of
us, and a truly hilarious time.
We changed seats between the acts!
Ella and Joe, Stanley and Winifred, George
and Viola, Edward Allgair, and Edward
and I. The play "The Sailor-made
Man" so I have laughed too much
to-day.

Sept. 26. Was down town much of the day with George and Viola while they shopped, and the day melted, too - a miserable dust storm. Edward took mine of us to a chop - only dinner at noon, where we had a great time and tin music! To the matinee in the afternoon and back to Ella and out to Mother's for supper. A big day, all this!

Sept. 27. The dust-storm in full force all day. Ella washed but could not put her clothes out. I cleaned up the house, only to have all my work undone before night. We kept in doors all day but for going to a fire in the neighbor-hood after supper.

Sept. 28. Off for Moscow, Idaho. Sunshine, and the dust-storm over so we decided to go. We had dinner down town before starting and at noon were off for an eighty mile trip over a good highway thru the Balouse country to Moscow. It was a winding road of considerable grade, leaving the pines and cedar about Spokane, for wheat land on the hills of the well-killed of "Balouse". We arrived sometime

before dinner in the evening. Brother Sam and family are full of pride over this new country home with its modern conveniences, and but a mile to Moscow, and the University of Idaho. I spent my evening with the young folks - now college students.

Sept. 29. Moscow, Idaho.

Moscow is a rather old Idaho town of something like 5,000 inhabitants. The University was founded in territory days. It is a small university of less than 2,000 enrollment but a pleasant location and good buildings. We saw much of the school and town this morning. After one of Marie's most good dinners we started home. The afternoon was ideal but I was so fatigued that the ride seemed long. The boys got a number of birds and we loitered along the way, not arriving at Spokane until seven o'clock. It seemed eleven o'clock instead to me. Straight to bed.

Sept. 30. "Seeing Spokane" to-day.

We cleared house all morning and this afternoon went for a long ride

to see the city. Winifred, her mother from California, and mother accompanied us. The afternoon was perfect for our drive. We took the Rim Road, the High Drive, saw Indian Canyon, and much of the best residential section of the city. - - - - - This evening Amanda entertained for us at dinner - a fine dinner and the usual gay time.

Oct. 1. Golden October, the month that takes us home from our long ramble. A day with Sister Maggie & family. Edw's mother accompanied us. I came home a little wearied with endless wrangling and a squalling baby. ~~the little girls~~ ~~are nice, well-bred children.~~ Leonard anticipates an early marriage and is not promising. But Carl is a good sport, I like Carl.

Oct. 2. Sunday: when it comes to big dinners - "feeds" - they call them, Martha shivers! There were 24 of us, including Baby Carl Lawrence. We had a great meal! We ate prodigiously! We made up in eating for what we lacked in conversation! We lacked a good deal!

I avoided any reference to our having attended morning services at the Unitarian Church - where I had been inspired by a good address and lovely music - for I had already sensed the faint rumble of theological differences! Will I ever be liberal? - - - - - Amanda & Dick, Stanley & Winifred came over to Ella's for the evening, and we had a hilarious time with Edward's wicked little top and some of us took our pennies!

Oct. 3. A golden autumn day: Ella washed and I helped a little. Stanley came in for luncheon. Then I planned to write all the afternoon but Carl and Maggie dropped in. Edward came home from the city with a lovely gift for Ella: an electric pencil. With all these interruptions - the afternoon went. - - - - - Evening: we were invited over to Uncle Fred's and Aunt Theresa's for dinner this evening. A pleasant family - I always enjoy a visit with them. Both Stanley and Ella will be married soon. Otto dropped in, too. - So we are getting around the "plan."

Oct. 4. Colville, Wash.

A hurry and scurry to get off for Colville. We left Spokane about eleven o'clock: Starvey and Winifred, and Edward all came with us. It was a long ramble of 40 miles due north thru a wooded mountainous country. With numerous stops for birds, it took all day to make the trip. We stopped at Loon Lake for dinner and spent a pleasant hour fishing for perch from a boat that had to be hauled out. It was a lovely autumn day but the road seemed long. We arrived at Fred's about six o'clock and found Kathleen with her train.

Oct. 5. A long day here in this little place in the foot hills. The brothers were gay-hearted - hunting. It is a great country for birds. We went for a ride towards evening and saw the little village of Colville and more of this Colville Valley - sweeping away in level stretches to meet the foot hills.

But I have come to believe they furnish but a very meager existence at best. And one by one the family are coming to see that this is true.

Oct. 6. Lake Christina, British Columbia.

Off to the Canadian boundary: a long ride of over a hundred miles took us over the line into British Columbia, and home again by ten o'clock to-night. I had dreaded the trip, realizing that we did not have time, but Edward felt he was too close not to drive his car on to Canadian soil! We got a rather late start - review of us, and were off, but the roads were sandy and the day made for boiling. The scenery not superb but pleasant, the mountains becoming more pretentious as we neared the Canadian side. We hardly know how or when we crossed the line for we missed the inspection some how, and only realized we were on Canadian soil when a "B. C." sign on a vacant store building informed us of that fact; a shout went up! We had driven our car from Lincoln, Neb. to British Columbia! We made Lake Christina our abeyance where we stopped for dinner. We all stood about a camp fire and "nursed" our long-delayed "eats". The day was well spent when dinner was over and we were packed up for the return trip. The custom officers now

On route. Star good to be on the Road again! The joy of the Trail still ours! A hazy October afternoon. We motored 60 miles. Leaving 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 16 miles making the summit of the Coeur d'Alene Range at an altitude of 3000 ft. We were well down in the foot hills when we made camp once more "by the side of the road" - No. 43. "Camp Coeur d'Alene."

Oct. 13. On route.

The rain that pattered on our tent all last night had not more than laid the dust this morning. We were off by 7:30 thru the gray fog. We passed thru a prosperous mining district this morning, where the streams ran gray with lead ore washings. We were slipping out of the Coeur d'Alene Range and climbing the Bitterroot mountains.

We stopped for luncheon at the summit where we crossed the Idaho-Montana state line and changed from Pacific to Mountain time. Descending the range we traversed miles and miles of timber forests - 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 which we are to follow for more than 50 miles. Until night, gorgeous scenery. A nice open space for camp and a roaring camp fire. Camp No. 44. "Missoula River."

Oct. 14. On route.

What a morning! Priceless treasures of land and sky! Up with the gray dawn, breakfast by a blazing camp-fire, numbing fingers, blue noses, ice in the water pail. Then on the road as the sun comes to flood these gorgeous autumn hills: green walls of the Missoula, plum-colored canyon walls, forests hazy in morning mists, patches of riotous yellow. We follow a

beckoning road lifting thru our fingers
the golden sand of this glorious
October morning.

Evening: Camp 45. "Lovely Wall".

We followed the Missoula River
Canyon for many miles, emerging into
a level farming country before we
reached Missoula at one o'clock. Here
we saw a little of the town including
the State University of Montana. We
were riding in the hills all the
afternoon - fine coloring, nothing more
beautiful than the mountain wall
south of our camp to night: a rock
wall splashed with vermillion red in
the gray, a fringe of green pines. We
are in a little clearing under a big
tree with yellow poplars about.

Oct. 15. En route.

A rather late start out of "Lovely Wall"
for it was falling rain and skies
overcast. But the morning's motoring
took us out of the gray and into the
sunshine as usual. For a time we
left the green behind riding thru
low brown hills. We had luncheon
by the side of the road just before
entering the Missoula National Forest.

The foothills of the Rockies! Early
in the afternoon we climbed to an
elevation of 6,400 ft. thru fine scenery -
passing along the shore of George Lake.
During the afternoon we descended
a thousand feet arriving at the city
of Butte, Montana, at five o'clock.
Butte is a great mining center and
boasts of "the richest hill in the world."
While Edward got shaved I watched
its population surging along its narrow
streets and decided I wouldn't care to
live in Butte. Finding the city camp
closed we made camp at "Chapman
Springs", a public park nine miles out
of the city. Camp Verde. No. 46.

Oct. 16. En route. Sunday:-

Off for the Continental Divide! But
we were in no hurry. It was
Sunday, and morning sunshine pleasant
in our camp at this high altitude.
And I seemed to have no end of dishes.
Why hurry? - - - - - We crossed
the Divide at 10:30 at Ward Station,
altitude 6,900 ft. A rather low pass
over the Rockies, and utterly lacking
the picturesque scenery of the great
passes in Colorado. We were quickly

out of the mountains, too, into a rolling, hilly country. We made good time over fair roads and had dinner at a school house, where to avoid a sudden shower we took possession of the "teacherage" for the hour. So the Sunday afternoon slipped away. We watched showers off in the distant range and rejoiced that we were motoring down the Eastern slope. Near the end of the day we decided to seek refuge from a chilly night at the tourist's camp at Bozeman, which advertises "free wood" among other endowments. The day's motoring has not lowered the altitude much - still 4,754 ft. - and cold. The city lights were shimmering along a pretentious main street when we arrived at Bozeman, an important little city of 10,000, sometimes called "The Egypt of America". We were too cold to look for anything "Egyptian". We made a camp fire of the "free wood" and got supper. This must be "Camp Egypt". No. 47.

Oct. 17. En route.

A growing desire to see "Yellowstone

National Park" en route became even more persistent when we arrived at Livingston about noon to-day. We had a good hot dinner (a cold wind all morning) and afterwards spent a couple of hours in furio shops, feeding our desire to see "Yellowstone" again! It was no use. It's glories lay just beyond! - - - - - Gray skies and a misty-looking sun when at three o'clock we set out for Gardiner 55 miles away, over stoney roads. The distant range was dark and lonely all the afternoon, now storms playing on its peaks. And beyond the peaks - Yellowstone!!! - - - - We made Camp No. 48. in a friendly ranchman's pasture, just off the highway. A high cliff and scattered poplars protect us from the wind.

Oct. 16. En route. "Yellowstone National Park."

A golden October day: blue skies, warm sunshine, and the glories of the Yellowstone all ours. It is like being at a great play and we the only spectators! The dusk, the yellow transportation cars, the throng of hurrying

tourists - all gone. Long gray roads
 stretch away. And then the still
 gives the real voices of the yellow-
 stone can be heard now. - - - - -
 We came in at Gardiner and lodged
 along. Our noon day stop by a
 rushing trout stream, and before our
 tea was made, the man had our supper
 caught! Our again under warm skies
 and no hint of storms that threatened
 yesterday. Mid-afternoon we came to
 "Snow Fall" - a fall particularly attractive
 to me. It is a beautiful fall amid
 strange tower-like rocks. Then on,
 and the long climb over Winn raven
Pass. Evening was coming and dark
 shadows were creeping over the
 dense forests of trees that cover the
 mountain side. And darkness came
 before we arrived at the Canyon
 to camp. Pretty cold here. A
 forest ranger's attention was attracted
 by our camp fire and stopped to
 inquire about us. I wanted to tell
 him our condition is mental and
 therefore irremedial! This must be
 the "Gray Camp." No. 49. For our time
 in the darkness is the deep Canyon
 and its wealth of glory.

Oct. 19. En route. Shen Yellowstone.
 Camp No. 50. On the shore of the
Yellowstone River.
 Up early. White frost everywhere.
 But the sun came warm and bright
 and skies so blue and promising as
 yesterday. We spent the morning along
 the Rim of the Canyon: Sunshine
flooded its walls, a glorious kaleid-
escape of color! Its deep slopes
inconceivably carved and fretted in
fantastic cathedral spires. And far
below a mile green stream. Walls
of orange and crimson, lemon and
softest pink, black and pearl and
gray - a Revelation of Cosmic Wind.
 - - - - -

Then a pleasant morning ride of
 an hour thru the Hayden Valley,
 along the Yellowstone turning with
 wild ducks and geese. Wild animal
 life has played so big a part in
 our tour of the Yellowstone this time.
 We have seen herds of elk, deer,
 antelope, bear, wolves, coyotes,
 and great flocks of birds.
 At noon we made camp here at
 the Fishing Bridge. And as I will
 this afternoon here in the warm

sunshine — "Barney" out stretched at my feet — the Fisherman fishes and catches fish!

Oct. 20. En route.

On our thru the great forests of the Yellowstone this afternoon. We make camp about noon. The waters of the great Yellowstone Lake were shimmering in wide expanse of noon-day blue ness, when we said good-bye. Forty miles thru the forests brought us to the summit of Sylvan Pass — altitude 4,600 ft. + — and on down thru green avenues of pines to an evening camp. No. 51. A beautiful spar hummed in by huge cliffs on every side. Will have a great camp fire to-night.

Oct. 21. En route.

On to Cody this morning. A beautiful ride of 45 miles thru the Shoshone Forest, a fine sprinkle of rain falling in the sunshine. Our level stretches and clear skies before we came to Shoshone Lake. The great dam — one of the highest in the world — is built at the outlet of the lake. I had for ^{rather} almost the grandeur of the Shoshone Canyon:

the height of its gigantic wall, its superb coloring, and the narrow ledge upon which one winds down to the bleak and arid stretches lying about Cody. And the town, a little scattered village from the distance but when one arrives, a self-important "main street" where all the men wear hideous sombrero hats! One wonders if the population can ever outline "Colonel Cody" and his outworn standards of civilization. — — — — —

We were away about noon — making good time over the vast sage-covered stretches of Wyoming. Whimmed by the road side and on again. The endless waste only broken by a little evidence of cultivation in the Big Horn Basin country, but in the fall of the year, this boasted fertility is not particularly apparent. We made camp for the night at Basin, Wyo, creeping up close to a shelter-house on the camp ground, where we were very comfortable. Camp 52. We have come down to the common place. From the high hills to the endless stretches of sage and "nothingness."

Oct. 22. En route.

A long day's motoring over vast brown stretches: this is the boasted Big Horn Basin, alternate stretches of sage and irrigated farm sections - at best a big, empty, treeless country with an uninviting low range about. Villages worthy of the name are many miles apart. - - - - - We are learning a little true and there as we ramble along - a little perhaps about the prosperity of the Great West. We are impressed perhaps not by poverty, but by the meagerness of living everywhere. There are so many thousand upon thousand of poor homes. So many little ranches that afford a lean living. Even in fair sized villages so few up-to-date and prosperous looking homes. So near the Big Ranch with its modern home, its hundreds of acres, its blooded cattle, its army of "help" - after all the exception and not the rule? - - - - -

Mid-afternoon we came to Shermanopolis, Wyoming, lying in a hollow of red bluffs, and emitting sulphuric fumes! Shermanopolis is significant of the

famous Big Horn Hot Springs which flow 14,600,000 gallons of medicinal water every 24 hours with a temperature of 136 degree F. So this time came the deluded public who, after life's dissipation, seek to appease an outraged nature. We took some time off to visit the evil-smelling place, and saw some of its victims bathing their legs in hot mud! It is a steamy hot place, of varied colored waters, reminding one of Wasmuth. - - - - -

Out of Shermanopolis we wound thru the hills, so red they were almost crimson with the western sun upon them. A road winding into red desolation, impossible grades, and wretched cuts. We tore a tire quite to rags on a jagged hill and finally made camp in the sage, after a long search for water, knowing full well we had missed our road to Lost Cabin. Camp No. 53. I am so tired, I only needed to get lost, and to listen to all these yelping coyotes off in the darkness to succumb to a flood of tears. This, too, the Way of the Trail?

Oct. 23. Sunday: - On route.

The endless sage-covered desert! Vast stretches that meet the horizon, where the gray-pink of earth and sky seem to meet. For 25 miles this morning we followed an almost impossible road, sharp rocks, ruts, steep grades, - a "Wicker-like" road - winding thru black hills, out of which we finally emerged to a vast rolling high plateau. Thru this endless desert we have been winding away all afternoon on fair roads. Will we be "there" next Sunday?

Oct. 24. On route.

On our way from Casper to Cheyenne to-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 lighted when we arrived, the Sunday evening from readers "walking" main street. We had supper at a cafe, it was so late, and made Camp No. 54 at the city camp ground. The wind had gone down and it seemed a little warmer. - - - - -

Before leaving this morning we rode

about Casper: the whole town smells of oil, breaths oil, exhibits oil, and in oil lies its hope. Its great refineries refine more than 40,000 barrels daily. Its residence section abounds in new and up-to-date bungalows, bespeaking a recent prosperity. Main street wears a cosmopolitan air, displaying game "metropolitan". The whole little city is flushed with a sense of its importance and the burden of impending prosperity. Seventeen miles out of Casper is the source of Casper's sudden wealth: the Big Muddy Oil Fields. We wound our way slowly thru more than five miles of dikes. And all morning we watched one long oil-train after another puffing their way off thru the desert hills. We have had fair roads all day in spite of chuck holes - endless, rolling sage and brown prairie. We plan to make Camp No. 55 on the Saranac River to-night. Water at best, and if the gods are very good - wood for a camp-fire! So we push on to the "Saranac River."

Oct. 25. Sw route.

But the "gods were not good": it has been a long hard day following a hard night. Sand-storms, snow-storms, and mud! - - - - -

We had gone to bed but 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 sifted in everywhere, it smacked our eyes and gritted our teeth. Sleep was impossible. In the early dawn we got up - the tent's going seemed a certainty - and in a gale of sand lowered the tent, packed up, and made our way on.

The wind was awful! We had breakfast at the first village we came to, then on again into the gathering storm. By 9:30 we were in a blinding snow-storm. Even the faithful Buick misbehaved and for a time it seemed a dreary prospect. But sanded roads over miles of high open prairie made travel possible, and we finally left the snow and came to Cheyenne, Wyo., in time for a late dinner. We

were too cold and bedraggled to care in the least that Cheyenne is the capital of the state of Wyoming. We just bought a "souvenir spoon" and were away en route towards Sterling, Colorado, under gray skies and a cold wind. We made good time, and for a while rejoiced in the prospect of a warm supper and a real bed for the night at a hotel, even though we arrived late, but the gods decreed it was to be "our hard day". We got off the road, struck new sandy grade, and a bridge out. We finally gave up and made camp in the mud by the side of the road. Eleven o'clock, chilled to the bone, to bed supperless. Camp No. 56 - "Where's Sterling?"

"Oct. 26." Sterling, Colorado.

We finally arrived this morning after touring around the country in every direction! We had a good dinner here and got cleaned up. About noon drove out to the Starnan farm. Found Wewey plastering the house and Alma here in town. So

after after the men had a little hunting, we drove back to town to Mrs. Calton's. She said he praised Mrs. E. was not at home! We enjoyed Alma's supper and had a fine visit all evening with our old friends. And falling off to sleep I remembered our "October Anniversary" and I prayed a little to be saved from "Common place ness"

Oct. 27. En route.

Home ward! Clear skies and bright sunshine. Fifty miles out of Stirling we were still enjoying long level roads and prosperous farms. And after so much evidence of lean agriculture, how good to see big farms and real farm houses! We had dinner at Stalyoke, Colorado and were off to cross the state line into Nebraska a few miles on. We made fair time all the afternoon over the rolling brown prairies of the western part of the state. Made Camp No. 57 near Palisade, about 30 miles west of W. E. Cook. It is just the least bit stormy looking to-night with a soft rainy wind in the air.

Oct. 28. En route.

Swift passage to-day: home ward! The wind came up cold in the night so we tore camp early this morning and motored 30 miles into W. E. Cook for breakfast. There we changed time, losing an hour, and were off thru the gray day. Roads and villages growing more and more familiar: dinner at Stalderge, then Axtell, Mynden, Stastings - so we fly thru town after town over fine, level state roads hard as pavement; and fast good old Nebraska farms bespeaking a genuine prosperity - a gale of wind tearing at the side-curtains! Nebraska!!! We arrived at Stastings at five o'clock, but a black cloud off in the east urged us on. "100" miles to "2444 Park Ave."! Five miles out of Stastings we put on chains! A few miles more and night overtook us. We made "Last Camp" No. 56, at a school house where we slept dry and comfortable all night in the barn used as a play-house by the kiddies. They had gathered autumn leaves for dishes!

Oct. 29. On route.

On the home stretch, sliding all over the roads in a fine gray drizzle of rain - a regular "Seven-Wayer" - breakfast at Fairmont at Lin; skidding on all the afternoon - Exeter, Friend, Milford - these villages seemed a hundred miles apart - a miserable day!!! And what a pity to end the long ramble thus - ignominiously, all covered with black, corn-producing Nebraska mud! At last!!! the pavement!!! What a relief! And the lights of Lincoln glimmering against a night sky. Stone. The End of the Trail.

Oct. 30. Sunday:- Stone.

Our familiar little home, yet strange! We rejoice as never before in its cleanliness, comfort, and pleasant charm. In a whirl all day, nerves a-tingle! In such to talk of, dinner, unpacking! Letters back to Washington to announce our safe arrival home. To bed early, but not to sleep: the long unknown folds of "home-life" stretching away in the darkness - a trail I have found more difficult than climbing peaks.