

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL  
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

**BOX 1 FOLDER 16**

**“A 6000 MILE MOTOR  
TRIP THRU  
EASTERN STATES”  
1922**

1922. a 6,000 mile motor trip thru  
Eastern States.

185

Aug. 1. At last the month that  
ought to show us new things:  
I worked so hard all day and  
it is so hot, too. Steps, steps -  
to get ready! Was up early and  
going all day. Sarah and John  
told us "good-bye" this evening.

Aug. 2. It is twelve o' clock -  
noon - I am all ready and  
waiting for Edward. Will have  
lunch at Ridges and then  
we are off. So it is the  
"day of days" again. Five some  
hours of waiting gone. Ahead  
the long trail East. - - - - -

### Our route.

Over familiar highways to Omaha.  
Good roads and very much cooler.  
Arrived about five o'clock, then over  
the Missouri River, then Council Bluffs  
and good-bye to Nebraska! We made  
Camp No. 1. Thirty-one miles east at  
Chautauqua Park in Oakland, Iowa,  
at seven o'clock. Our familiar little  
tent, our same little cook-hut, our  
new "Bride"! We are on the trail -  
Off to the East!!!

Aug. 3. En route.

One hundred and seventy-five miles of motoring thru green and fertile Iowa to-day. Pleasant farms, good villages, and old homes with abundant trees. The roads excellent in spite of many hills. One of the pleasant diversions of the day was a hour or so ramble about the capital city of West Moines, where we arrived at two o'clock. The town is larger than I fancied, lying both sides of the West Moines River, with a more or less pretentious business center. We made Camp No. 2. at Grinnell, Iowa, at Arbor Lake. One might have enjoyed some beautiful beach trees, if campus would stop chattering and "mending" their Fords. But it is a pretty park.

Aug. 4. En route. Iowa - still!

This seems to be "College Way." Before leaving Grinnell this morning, we visited Grinnell University of which we have often heard. We arrived at Iowa City about one, had lunch in the park, and then visited the University of Iowa. Its campus like Nebraska has been choked by the city.

We were then off over perfect roads 75 miles to Waverly. We arrived late in the afternoon and spent what time we had visiting the Chiropractic School - the Palmer Institute, which we have recently become somewhat interested in. It seems to be a pretty thriving place, and judging from hundreds of quotations inscribed on its walls everywhere, it is possible that its pupils imbibe a certain useful fund of common sense to offset a rather uncertain profession. --- We enjoyed especially the queer place: "S wildo" - a refreshment parlor where folks drink sodas and play checkers. It is a rustic place full of queer treasures. The lateness of the hour forbade us seeing more of Palmer College. And we were off to make Camp No. 3 at Forest Park. A nice quiet camp plus roasting ears and steak.

Aug. 5. The "Tri-Cities" and into Illinois to-day. We turned to see something of the so-called Tri-cities (Waverly, Maize, Rock Island) before going on this morning.

these cities being one of the most important manufacturing centers of the middle west. We visited the A. S. Arsenal, located on an island in mid-river, comprising a park of a thousand acres. We spent some time motoring about each city and then were off. But we missed our highway getting out of East Moline, and this was fatal, for we followed for more than 25 miles the wooded shore of the Mississippi. We ate our noon lunch watching its slate-colored waters, and occasional big freight boats that were chugging along. And "Bride" had a fine swim in the Mississippi! At two o'clock we got back to the "Lincoln Highway" - and behold: pavement! Shimmering stretches of asphalt winding away across the state of Illinois all the way to Chicago. At Sterling we thought of Mr. Staigman and sent a card. At 4:30 we made our first "500" miles and were exactly "100" miles from Chicago. We rambled on another 40 miles and made camp at We Hall, Ill. in a fine park with beautiful trees. Camp. No. 4.

Aug. 6 Chicago!

Motoring into Chicago this morning - winding stretches of highway, and the cars coming thicker and faster. We came into the city from the west, thru Austin and Oak Park, over Jackson Boulevard. Soon the tall buildings and central Chicago. Great Chicago! Incomparable! Stow I love her! - - - The loss of an hour made it still later. We had dinner at a cafe' at once. Then started for Evanston. And it was a glorious ride over Michigan Blvd. and Sheridan Road. So we found Kenneth's apartment. And enjoyed a brief visit with him, his wife and smiling Phyllis. A little Sunday evening supper with them and good-bye. We then motored north on Sheridan Road, thru Chicago's most exclusive wealthy residence section, on the Highland Park to the Forest Preserve, where we camped for the night less than 25 miles from the heart of the Great City! Camp No. 5. We think this camp a rather clever one!

### Aug. 7. Seeing Chicago.

We were off to see Chicago via Brick this morning: a fine ride along the Lake Shore, past Northwestern University, thru Evanston, a glimpse of Lincoln Park, and into the Business Center, where immediately after luncheon, a drive down State Street at the noon hour was the most thrilling event of the day! And "Bride" slept. Seven miles thru Washington and Jackson parks, down the midway, past the University, - South Chicago - gradually motoring out of the city. Finally the great steel manufacturing districts of Hammond - and before we realized it - over the State line into Indiana. It was a continuous line of factories and refineries all the way to Gary. There we arrived about four o'clock. Gary is interesting because it came into being less and 16 years ago and now boasts of 75,000 population, with the usual comparable banks, churches, school systems, etc. etc. We were interested only in the "Sand Dunes" east of the city. The glimpse we had of them was satisfactory and

returning we made Camp No. 6. in a woods off the highway two miles out of Gary. Camp "Indiana".

Aug. 8. We were out of Gary this morning by nine o'clock, for a day's motoring thru the Hoosier State. We made more than 150 miles over good gravelled roads thru a level farming section. And compared to Iowa and Illinois the farms are poor. The only interest of the route was crossing the Wabash River at Lafayette and driving thru the campus of Purdue University, a great technical school. We are motoring this far south to see the larger cities of Indiana and Ohio. We made camp early behind a country church off the highway. Camp No. 7.

### Aug. 9. Seeing Indianapolis.

A few miles of motoring this morning brought us to the capital city of Indianapolis, where we spent eight hours seeing until mid-afternoon. Indianapolis is a city of nearly 300,000. One is impressed at first sight by the manner in which the city is laid out:



the "Circle" is regarded as the center of town, and from it radiate four avenues diagonally to the four quarters of the city. The circle is designated by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument (236 ft. high), from which we enjoyed a fine panoramic view of the city. On a walk about the business section I enjoyed the Federal Building especially. After luncheon we drove out to River Side Park, the largest park in the city. We then visited the Motor Speedway, probably the world's finest race course: a two and one half mile racer track built entirely of brick at a cost of half a million. . . . We will try to remember, too, that Indianapolis was the home of James Whitcomb Riley - the well beloved Hoosier Poet. . . . So a few hours in Indiana's Big Town were worth while, although we had not seen the town as well as the "old fellow who couldn't spell 'Chautauqua' wished.

Late afternoon: En route.

We are off for Cincinnati. We are following paved roads thru a level farming section, but gradually emerging into a rolling, wooded country.

On entering Southward we are seeing signs of the Southland lying close at hand: increased colored population, tobacco fields, colonial houses, not to speak of dozens of shabby places. . . . We made camp (No. 5) in a pasture well off the highway under a great hard wood maple tree.

Aug. 10. En route: A morning ride of 50 miles into Cincinnati. It was an especially attractive drive from Brookville, near where we camped, to the village of Stanison on the Ohio state line, for we followed a winding, wooded road thru beautiful hills. Our "Blue Book" tells us many artists have come here to paint. Surely it must be in the fall when the maple and sumachs are in their autumn glory. The bluffs and rolling woodlands continued all the way to Cincinnati.

Afterwards: Seeing Cincinnati.

Cincinnati with a population of close to half a million is said to be the most Southern northern city and the most northern Southern city. It is a compact city built similar to that of the city of Philadelphia. The new Union Central

building is conspicuous in the business section. After luncheon we took a long walk thru the downtown district, and then drove out to Eden Park where we enjoyed a fine view of the Ohio River, and lying on the opposite side of the river the cities of Covington and Newport in Kentucky. These cities are connected with Cincinnati by five bridges. We drove about until nearly five o'clock, then crossed the river, drove thru Newport, on the Fort Thomas, and persisted in following a rutted paved road until we found a camp site for the night. It was the poorest camp location we have had on the ramble thus far, but it overlooked the waters of the Ohio and was in Kentucky. And camping in Kentucky was really the important thing. Even the edge of Kentucky is interesting!

Camp. No. 9.

Aug. 11. En route.

Back into Cincinnati this morning. On leaving the city we managed to motor thru the Burnet Woods in which is situated the University of Cincinnati, the only municipal university

in the U. S. A. We were a long time getting out of the city but finally got started on the fine Dixie Highway - sixty miles of typical city boulevard to Wayton - thru a beautiful rolling, wooded country, green and prosperous acres stretching away, a ride to fill the motorist's heart with delight. The trip was broken by a pleasant noon-day stop at a school house, where we had luncheon and took an hour or more's rest. We did not get into Wayton until four o'clock, and had but an hour and a half's ride about the city until it was time to make camp. We camped in Island Park. One must camp early when he fishes Crivens! Camp. No. 10.

Aug. 12. Wayton, Ohio.

Wayton has but a little over a hundred thousand population but manufacturing interests have long put it decidedly on the map. As a city it has attained world-wide reputation on account of the achievements of Wright Brothers and the National Cash Register Company. The latter was my only interest here, for as a company it is universally



recognized as one of the model plants of the world. This wonderful organization has been built up by John H. Patterson from an industry in one room to its present dimensions. Its wonderful employees' welfare work has been a distinguishing feature from the first, and it is to study this that manufacturers from Europe and all the world have visited Wayton. So it was fine to gain even a meager comprehension of this great company. - - - We took a long ramble, too, thru "Stills and Walls", a beautiful natural park of 1200 acres, the property of Mr. Patterson in which are located various clubs and features of his philanthropy which are evidenced every where here in Wayton. So the morning passed quickly. We had luncheon at a cafe and were out of town by one o'clock for Columbus. A ride of 60 miles over paved high way - a straight road east - thru green, rolling country. Evening: Camp. No. 11.

Columbus impresses one at once as a city of two great streets, Broad and High, the State House in the center of town, where there

two streets cross at right angles. Like Wayton, Columbus has wide streets, great manufacturing interests, but of course it is much larger, being a city of more than 250,000 and the Capital of Ohio. We drove about the business center for an hour before coming out here to the Camp for our night's stay. So night I am almost tired of seeing cities.

Aug. 13. Sunday: Columbus, Ohio. State University of Ohio Campus: We have spent the morning here under the trees on this beautiful campus, waiting to see H. Miller Scott - if we are so fortunate as to catch him at home after luncheon. This is a fine big campus, Nebraska might well envy its 440 acres, and 35 spacious buildings, its green trees and well kept lawns. Evening: In camp. A long-to-be-remembered day with "Scottie": We found him in lounging robe, reading "See Ladies! Have found". He took us over to dinner, then for a ride about town, then thru the University Campus where we enjoyed seeing the big stadium under

construction. Late in the afternoon to a band concert in Franklin Park, then to supper, and afterwards our bus to the Camp grounds where he could see the operation of "setting camp" and prolong our visit thru the evening. Scottie is as ever: fine, loyal, full of life: a friend worth-keeping. So close of day finds us here in Camp No. 12, on same site as last night.

Aug. 14. En route: from Columbus, Ohio to Wheeling, W. Va.

The day began with a joyful shout: "Scottie" came out to camp for a "Ban cake Breakfast" with us, in memory of old E. Smith Assembly Camping days, and the famous "Ban cake Breakfast" of Tradition! We made history.

We left Columbus by nine o'clock for a day's motoring to Wheeling, W. Va. The green and rolling country about Columbus gradually grew more hilly all the afternoon. A winding road of considerable grade. Ancient looking towns as we neared the western Pennsylvania line, one after another, two-story houses - porches

and weather-worn. We begin to realize we are nearing old eastern country. We found Wheeling dirty, crowded, and ugly, a city of less than a hundred thousand, but of great and numerous manufacturing interests. We were but in and out. For a number of miles out of the city the highway gave but faint promise of a camp site for the night. With narrow, winding roads, fencing, and school houses high on the hill sides - the outlook was not the best.

We finally pitched ourselves on a side hill of a stubble field: a fine open space, a lovely view of checkerboard hills all about. - - - -

Camp No. 13 affords "a choice": We either stand up all night on our feet or on our head!

Aug. 15. En route into the Alleghany Mountains - Pennsylvania.

How pleasant to have reached the Alleghany!

We lost some time at Washington, Pa. at ten o'clock where we stopped for supplies, but picked up a postal-card of the first crematory in the U.S.A.

All day we have been winding up and down long steep hills, a checkerboard, wooded landscape, and down old dirty towns sprawled over the hills. In crossing the broad Monongahela river I recalled the glimpse we had of these grimy towns of western Pennsylvania in 1914, coming over the "Baltimore Ohio." We arrived at Uniontown, Pa. at three o'clock, having made the first real ascent of the Allegheny range. We made camp No. 14 at the summit. - - - - -

So I must end Journal Book No. 17 here in the Allegheny mountains, many miles from our quiet little library at home. It is strange that I should begin a Book on a trip and end it on a trip. And perhaps all "in-believers" have been mostly thoughts of travel. How our passion "to see the world" has grown since 1909? - - - - - Good-bye old book - you are rich in memories.

Aug. 16. Near Cumberland, Maryland.  
Our route thru the Alleghenys.  
 So night we camp in the state of Maryland, after a long ramble of seventy miles or more thru the Allegheny Mts. We crossed the Pennsylvania-Maryland state line about noon and immediately ran into our first rain. It continued to rain all the way to Cumberland, where we arrived at four o'clock. Since the sun came out. As we had had no dinner - a late breakfast this morning - we drove but fifteen miles out to make camp No. 15. The scramble to find a private camp site does not improve. The little I wrote home this morning before starting the day's motoring has helped to make the day satisfactory, not to mention beautiful rain swept landscapes.

Aug. 17. Maryland! Maryland!

We were out of camp early this morning and off our lovely mountain roads: sunshine breaking thru dense fog that in drifting clouds lifted from tops of trees. Up one mountain and down the next - long steep grades. How unlike western mountains! - So this is Maryland, the Maryland falls sign of. - We came to the historic Gettysburg about ten and had glimpses of its broad waters until noon, when

we decided to camp for the rest of the day. We detoured a short way to old Fort Frederick where we made Camp No. 16. near the "Big Pool" - a peculiar formation in the river - had responsibility for the pool - although our camp was on the shore of the old Ohio Canal out of Washington, which we enjoyed seeing in operation in 1914 when East. --- The man fished while I filled the afternoon with busy domestic duties.

Aug. 16. Near Betty'sburg, Pa.

Camp "Betty'sburg", No. 17.

A day's motoring over good roads and easy grades took us back into Pennsylvania again, to camp to-night five miles out from the famous Betty'sburg battle field. We had luncheon in the city park at Chambersburg - Grace Woggett's old Co. town - after we had motored about the town. We then followed the Lincoln Highway to Betty'sburg, where we arrived at four. It was too late to do more than buy guide-books and maps for an evening's study. --- To-night we have an ideal camp: a grassy flat under fine trees, facing a clear stream - compensation enough even for trespassing. So we will remember "Camp Betty'sburg" and these wooded hills about that knew the roar of cannon and the agony of battle, long ago.

Aug. 19. Betty'sburg! Back in "1863" all day. We made a seven hour tour of the Battle field, continuous motoring up and down more than 35 miles of winding avenues. It is a beautiful battle field of valleys and wooded knolls, forests and crumbled rocks, miles of old vine-covered embankment still standing - now a lovely wooded park of fine drives. Monuments mark all the important points. We took our time and took a great many pictures. At noon we had our luncheon at the Sprangler Spring - the most interesting moment of the day for me. At this spring on the terrible night of July 3, 1863 both Confederate and Union soldiers mingled freely as they came for water for their wounded and dying. In the afternoon we enjoyed seeing the beautiful cemetery, rows and rows of "unknown" graves. More than 43,000 casualties took place in the dreadful battle. How fine to visit this wonderful place! We counted it a day well spent.

Evening: Frederick, Md.

Two hours motoring late in the afternoon took us back into Maryland, for a night's camp in this old, old Revolutionary war town of Frederick. This is a new municipal camp - many new and improved camps throughout the East. I don't seem to remember anything about Frederick, only that Francis Scott Key lived and



wrote "The Star Spangled Banner."  
Camp No. 14.

Aug. 20. Sunday: motoring into Washington,  
W. C. Washington! Refused, dignified,  
beautiful Washington! Splendid to motor  
down its wide avenues, shaded with  
beautiful trees, even in soiled camp  
cloths. The natives can do no worse  
than look. We drove out to Rock  
Bush Park and cooked and ate our  
lunch - what temerity! We motored past  
the Capitol, the White House, the  
Mall, past the Washington Monument, at  
our Pennsylvania Avenue, across the  
Potomac, the beautiful Arlington National  
Cemetery, - of which we gained our first  
real appreciation -, on our Virginia  
highway to Mt. Vernon. We set camp  
(No. 19) in a woods on the edge of the  
Mt. Vernon estate - but recently a part  
of the historical property - a secluded  
camp off the highway. Blessings on  
the gods of chance to so favor our  
camp in old Virginia.

Aug. 21. Washington, W. C.

A busy day here in Washington: this  
morning we broke our camp for a  
glimpse of Mt. Vernon. Then returned to  
the city thru Alexandria. Crossing the  
Potomac we happened to come first upon  
the War Department, blocks and blocks  
of buildings constituting the great Army

and Navy department created on such a  
mammoth scale during the World War.  
Then we motored the whole length of  
the Potomac shore line: a wonderful drive.  
Quiet waters stretching away a mile in  
width, and the boulevard bordered for  
miles and miles with Japanese cherry  
trees. How beautiful they must be in  
the spring! Our objective was the new  
Lincoln Monument. It commands a  
wonderful view of the Potomac and lovely  
landscape. One enters it as a great  
temple and is overawed in the presence  
of the great soul of Lincoln. - - - - -  
What a pleasant happening to have  
our luncheon at "the little place around  
the corner" from the old Winston Hotel  
where in 1914 we went for Baked Crab!  
After luncheon we went to the new Post  
Office for our mail and were cheered  
by a lot of letters from home. - - - - -  
Then a pleasant hour reviewing our  
memories of the Congressional Library.  
I think I had forgotten how beautiful  
it is! Another hour or more at the  
Capitol. So the afternoon sped on  
golden wings. One could spend weeks  
enjoying the great buildings of Washington,  
and we have but hours! - - - - -  
A long ride along the Potomac shore  
late in the afternoon brought us  
to the "city camp" - perhaps this was  
the crowning of the day: to camp  
over, looking the Potomac, to see



the Washington Monument towering against a night sky, the Capitol dome lighted, and to camp in the District of Columbia. Camp. No. 20.

Aug. 22. En route.

In and out of Baltimore: Baltimore was slighted, worse than slighted, it was ignored. We did not leave Washington until twelve. A two hour run into Baltimore: but the city did not seem any more attractive than in 1914. Old and congested, or is this only in comparison with Washington? We drove out to Windsor Hill, for we were both too tired to enjoy sights. And finally on out to Belair to camp for the night. So we leave Baltimore not knowing more of the city than before. Camp. No. 21.

Aug. 23. Camp "Delaware Bay."

We are on new and unfamiliar soil. A ride of 40 miles this morning brought us to Wilmington, Delaware for our luncheon. Here we left the regular highway east and motored 25 miles down state to camp on the Delaware Bay. We finally found a fine camp site overlooking the broad waters of the bay. Big boats passing up and down, a dredge working, and a coal breeze off the water. We are tired and all this is refreshing. Camp. No. 22.

Aug. 24. Under the "Butter-nut tree."  
Last year on the man's birthday we were loitering along thru the Klamath region. So day we were motoring into Philadelphia. - - - - - And that we should be camping this afternoon under a great butter-nut tree over 200 years old, in a private yard seven miles from the heart of Philadelphia, only goes to show that fables are fables everywhere. In the middle-west we would have said this might happen "out west" but never "back East." - - - - -  
In trying to locate a little wooded space in which tourists had camped, a colored servant informed the family, and we were invited in, given the privilege of this fine old yard, asked to enjoy the porch and have breakfast with the family. Without being introduced! Without inquiring into our family tree! All this in Philadelphia.  
Camp. No. 23.

Aug. 25. Seeing Philadelphia.

Driving about the city much of the day, with out visiting any special sights in particular. Philadelphia is the third largest city in the U. S. A., with a population of 1,700,000. It is more or less compact, but its two great thorough fares - market and Chestnut Street - extend at great length. We drove thru miles of apartment districts, too. Saw

have some of the poor millionaires must live! We had a rather late luncheon for at the noon hour traffic was too great to park near a cafe! Late in the afternoon we crossed the Delaware River on a ferry into Camden, N. J. and were off towards Atlantic City - 60 miles of perfect boulevard. We made Camp No. 24 at an open space off the highway, ten miles from the city, where we had a welcome wind all evening. The well-known Jersey mosquitoes have arrived.

Aug. 26. Atlantic City. N. J.

Here we are camped on the sea shore, the gray old Atlantic thundering away. Again we have achieved: we have driven to the East Coast. - - - - -

We spent the morning driving about Atlantic City, then made camp here, a portion of the beach given over to tourists. "Bride" chases waves, the man fishes on the pier, I write a letter home. - - - - - Camp No. 25.

Late: What is more engaging than a dog-fight? An air dale and a bull-dog make an especially good fight. I emerged from the fray somewhat disheveled with my dog. A circle of nice Eastern gentlemen surrounded the arena. I gave them a black look! Bride has a cut over his right eye.

Aug. 27. Sunday: Atlantic City. N. J.

All day the incessant rain and the roar of waves breaking on the beach. We have kept in our little cloth house. It has been fine to watch drops chasing each other down the walls. We have talked of many things. Bride has slept. One by one campers have been "pulling out" - an example of Darwin's "survival of the fittest." And it rains and rains and rains! And the waves are running high.

Aug. 28. Still Atlantic City.

Gray skies but the rain over, so we could enjoy the beach. The man and his dog have had wonderful times in the surf. I have taken life a little quieter: written a letter and visited with fellow-campers. We will be off tomorrow to follow the Atlantic Coast to New York City.

Aug. 29. En route along Jersey coast to Asbury Park. Pleasant motoring to day - salt air and the "feel" of the ocean. We are learning a little about "jersey dogs" and "jersey mosquitoes"! But these are fine roads, with ocean resorts lying like peas in a pod! We hardly knew when "Asbury Park" began but for its palatial residences. We motored on then and made camp

No. 26, in a thin woods well off the highway at the city limits of Long Branch.

Aug. 30. Enjoying Asbury Park and its adjacent resorts. The ocean is beautiful to-day - a lovely green in the water - waves tumbling on the sand, white crested. We are told there is much wealth here, but the ocean belongs to "whom so ever hath eyes to see." We had a "sea food" dinner and spent the day on the beach and board walk. But to me Asbury is not so attractive. Only the ocean, the fine old ocean! We returned to our same camp site (No. 27) for the night. Made clam chowder for supper.

Aug. 31. Motoring into New York City. New York City! Anticipation!!! We had an early road side luncheon in the outskirts of Elizabeth, N. J. We were in Newark, N. J. by one o'clock. When Newark left off and Jersey City began it is difficult to say. The various orders were not mitigated; if anything they increased! At 2:30 after a long wait in congested traffic we were ferried across the Studson River and were in New York City! New York again - the incomparable city of superlatives!!! We motored from 4<sup>th</sup> to 212<sup>nd</sup> Street, first on Broadway

then Fifth Ave. - the full length of Manhattan for the enlightenment of benighted New Yorkers! At 135 St. we left Fifth Ave. for Grand Concourse Blvd., this wonderful drive we followed into the great flat district of the Bronx, until we spotted our camp site. We are about nine miles north of Central Park. So camp within an hour's run of Central New York isn't bad! And all evening the rain has fallen in a steady down pour, but what do we care? We are in New York City! (Camp No. 28)

Sept. 1. "New York City is a city of superlatives. It has the largest area of any city in the world. Its population is the largest but one, and that it is rapidly overtaking. Its financial center dominates the world; the suspension bridges which connect its water-divided boroughs are the greatest; its subways which bring the homes of Harlem and the Bronx within easy access of the business district of lower Manhattan, are the most extensive; its skyscrapers are the tallest and rest on the deepest foundations; its wonderful harbor gives it commercial supremacy." "New in history has been such a magnificent city. It draws the great and the little; the masters of finance, of rail roads and manufacturing, the leaders in law and surgery and author-

Slip and air, and the millions of little falls as well." - - - - -

And to touch in spirit so great a city even for a day or two is immeasurably worth while. - - - - -

We drove miles and miles all day and returned to (Camp 24) weary in mind and body. So live here for a time, to know this Great City is our dream.

Sept. 2. New York City.

Our third day; we tried to take in a little less strenuously. Central Park and a long drive up River side Drive afforded a little less arduous sight-seeing. - - -

Then I had letters to write: one to Mrs. Moorefield, for our valued friend Mr. Moorefield died recently. Then I got changed up at a beauty-shop and the man rejuvenated at a barber-shop.

There was a big pile of clean laundry, too, to get and pack away. It all took time. And all day we were learning a new little about a great city.

Sept. 3. Sunday: A quiet day here in our New York Camp, so remote from the city's hub. But as though we were camping in a Nebraska pasture. But a few blocks away are traffic officer's whistle and the endless flow of Sunday motorists. - - - - -

We did not get out until five o'clock, then took a pleasant ride, not exactly sure where we went, but learned that

one may maintain a very ordinary home in suburban places very near to the great business center of New York City.

Sept. 4. When we awakened this morning it was raining. We could not start for the Catskills to-day. It poured much of the day. We just "sit around," stupidly. Wrote a lot of post-cards and wished the day away! Camp is so "messy" when it rains. But such days are a part, too, of "camping over the N. S. A."

Sept. 5. En route up the Hudson.

Bright sun shine and we were off up the Hudson River: a beautiful wooded drive along the historic stream, though not always close enough for a view; skirting millionaire estates and some old villages - many of them the earliest settlements in America - old Dutch towns of Revolutionary days, for this perfect modern highway is the old "Best Road" of colonial days to Albany.

Just out of Sarrytown we stopped for our noon lunch in a woods affording Sleepy Hollow scenery. There is the grave of Washington Irving, who has preserved much history and many legends of this locality. The Old Water Church, built probably in 1697, but possibly earlier, is no doubt the oldest church in New York still now holding



regular services. I spent a happy hour in the old cemetery, reading head stones and quainter inscriptions, dates 1700; and recalling sweet memories of my childhood's delight in the story of "Pip Van Winkle." Then on again thru historic villages all the afternoon: Ossining, Starnon-on-Stidson, Croton, Beekskill, and at four o'clock Borgherpse, which always means Vassar College to me since 1914.

Out of Borgherpse the search for a night's camp began, being in the vicinity of Hyde Park (Vanderbilt Estate) and Rhinebeck, so noted for its well-kept millionaire acres that it is sometimes called "The Barlow of Dutchess County", the prospects were not the best. But the gods have decreed that we shall "camp thru the East" and we finally made Camp No. 29 on a well-kept rural school ground, with permission from one of the trustees. And we saw the moon come up and smile at us thru big trees.

Sept. 6. motoring into the Catskills. Out of Rhinebeck this morning we were ferried across the Stidson to Kingston where we were until noon replenishing our supplies, getting some car repairs and attending to our mail. At twelve we were off for the mountains, or green and lovely foothills if they proved to

be such. Our route first skirted Ashokan Reservoir, the source of New York City's water supply, an engineering feat of great note. Then thru winding roads all the afternoon, full of historic interest and best-beloved of mountains - these Catskills. Late in the afternoon a down pour of rain caught us near the top of the range. We made Camp No. 30 at "Canada Falls." "A Public Camp Site" so designated by a sign on a tree; a small space off the highway and made somewhat inexpressible by the building of a new road under construction. Not the camp site I had planned for the Catskills! The farmers own all the camp sites the hotels haven't taken. But with our wigwam up and facing the falls, it isn't half bad. So night we listen to the rushing of the water and the rain, and cannot tell which is which.

Sept. 7. A gray day and gray skies to hide the hills; the trees dripping and mossy. We have kept a big fire in the fire place. Edward has worked on the car and I have busied myself with plain camp duties all day.

Sept. 8. We have changed the name of this camp to-day to Camp "Skunkskill". No mountain odors refresh the breezes to-day. Last night we received a visitation.



We were fortunate in not having to buy ourselves! We fared rather well but pollution lingers in the air. - - - I wrote all day, Edward remained under the tree, and Bride looks unhappy and wonders why his society is shunned.

Sept. 9. Fifty miles of motoring thru the Catskills took us back to Kingston this afternoon, a green and lovely road thru the mountains. We met two teams of oxen used in road work - oxen and concrete roads! At six o'clock we left Kingston to follow the west shore of the Hudson River to Albany. Ten or twelve miles out we camped at a public camp site on the outskirts of Saugerties, N. Y. where a cabaret Saturday night dance furnished us amusement into the wee hours of night. Camp. No. 31.

Sept. 10. Sunday: A lovely hazy September Sunday spent motoring in the Catskills. Back into the hills! A more scenic road than we have yet followed thru Hattertskill to Staatsville Falls with its beautiful falls (unlike Mammoth Falls, Oregon), thru Disbaldine to Catskill with its fine view of the Hudson River on the Albany road. On towards Albany late in the afternoon, lovely vistas of the Hudson on one side, the Catskills on the other. Motoring away a hazy September afternoon.

Evening. Camp No. 32. Under the "Gerryle and Hyde Apple Tree." And at the close of day came this pleasant camp site, under an ancient, gnarled apple tree of two natives bearing both sweet and sour apples, on a slight knoll overlooking the Hudson River. A fine camp site but ten miles from Albany. This is an old apple orchard on a still more ancient estate. A fine view of the river and a good breeze to-night. The man has gone all-fishing this evening with the son of the home, while I sit and watch lighted boats passing up and down the river and across on the other side swift trains with their long rows of lighted windows to and fro. And I wonder if I shall ever do this again: sit thus and dream, night coming here on the shore of the Hudson - this part of the N. S. A. of which I have long been so foolishly fond?

Sept. 11. Seeing Albany.

We were here until four o'clock seeing this pleasant old capital town. It is an old town but it has wide streets and an up to date business district so much so that the visitor little appreciates the fact that the city was settled in 1614. Long before Hendrick Hudson sailed up the Hudson, the French, working down from Canada, had established a trading-

fast where the ancient Indian trail started west from the present site of Albany. thru the Mohawk Valley to the St. Lawrence River. Of course, we visited the State Capital building, the old city park, some of the shops, and an old book-store. We like Albany - a clean looking town, a business-like city. --

-- -- -- A ride of 50 miles over the Mohawk Trail thru the Berkshires. Late this afternoon and into the purple twilight: A lovely road thru lovely hills, the deepening shadows of night coming. But we reckoned wrong with distance: twilight at Williams town with its quiet shaded streets - a beautiful old college town; city lights five miles on in North Adams; and fair way up the summit night descended upon us, and we stopped and made camp -- -- Some where! The air felt like the top of a mountain, raw and cold. We stopped carefully not to slip off the cliff. Camp 33.

### Sept. 12. Summit of the Berkshires.

I have been trying to imagine some of my friends here in "Camp 33" instead of my self: A wet wet camp high on a ledge up near the summit of the trail over the Berkshires, a torrent of rain and a gale that flapped the tent and strained at the ropes. Then a raw wet day. Dense clouds that

hung over the summit and only late afternoon showed us glimpses of the loveliness of these mountains: North Adams lying in the valley - trees - checkerboard green - white smoke from its myriad chimneys. Imagine some of my friends with wet feet, chilled bones, and damp clothes high in the hills in a wet tent for so small a compensation as these glimpses of hills and sky!!! May the dear Lord bless and keep them secure and safe in the conventional folds of bridge and small talk, and if it be not asking too much of the same God, grant that I may sometimes read fathers not already thread bare with the foot steps of other men.

Sept. 13. En route thru Massachusetts. Motoring away September sunshine, sliding out of the Berkshires into the lower hills toward Greenfield, winding wooded roads, after following streams and little brooks. From Greenfield to Springfield glimpses of the broad waters of the Connecticut River. If all of New England is like Massachusetts, the motorist is promised much. Thru Springfield's crowded streets about five or the closing-hour traffic was on a big manufacturing city, narrow, congested streets, and endless streams of cannon balls. Off for Hartford

(and a night's camp in a new state)  
thru the tobacco fields of the famous  
Connecticut River Valley.

Evening: Camp. No. 34.

A pleasant camp in a pasture  
under big trees. How do we "nose-  
out" camps like this any way?  
This seems to be another enterpriser  
of the small son of the estate who  
sells us fresh eggs and assures us  
we can camp any where here in  
the pasture if "the lady won't look  
towards the swimming hole." - - - -  
I won't look!

Sept. 14. En route thru Connecticut.  
Into Stamford this morning.

Stamford is the capital of Connecticut  
and one of the three oldest settlements  
in the state. Its history began in  
1637. It has a population of 155,000,  
with many fine public buildings, the  
most famous being the city hall and  
the capital, not to mention the  
Woodsworth Athenaeum and the Morgan  
Memorial. Unlike Western cities these  
cities have big libraries and art  
collections. There is an old burial  
ground here in use between 1640 -  
1803. And here, too, is the site  
of the "Charles Oak." But we were  
only mildly interested in all these  
things. We were interested in the  
old home of Mark Twain which

we found out on Farmington Avenue.  
We had our luncheon in the yard  
and rambled all thru the old house.  
It was open for it was being repaired  
and generally discredited for commercial  
gain. We could see the room how  
a fine privilege. - - - -  
It was two o'clock before we left  
Stamford and to Watbury the  
roads were under repair and it was  
not possible to make much time. We  
arrived nearly four. Watbury: Watches  
and clocks! Singer sell and Watbury!  
On this a winding hilly farm  
country we came to Wanbury at  
five. Wanbury! Stats! The "hot  
city of the A.S.A. There with all  
these "bury"-cities of Connecticut  
and pretty close to the New York  
state line, we began a search  
for a camp site for the night.  
For a while things looked pretty  
doubtful but we finally persuaded  
an ancient old dame to let us  
camp in a corner of her still  
more ancient estate, a few feet off  
the highway. So we got Camp.  
No. 35. by the very skin of our  
teeth.

Sept. 15. Motoring into New York City,  
Stoboken, Jersey City, Newark, Orange,  
East Orange and finally mid in  
Jersey day: Not a pleasant day.

We ferried across to Stobaken about noon, then to Jersey City and on to Newark, and still farther than Orange and East Orange. We finally made Camp No. 36 near a golf links. In deciding a location we mired in Jersey clay and it was supper time before we got our tent up and a thing to eat. All this extra travel for the sake of meeting Mr. Staphan's friend who might be interested in the "Bin", but it has gained me some knowledge of these cities so after referred to in my childhood, the residence of "my family." Perhaps I can remember these cities and forget my bars.

Sept. 16. Newark, N.J. 143 Littleton Ave.  
Off the quarry trail for the first time. The return of civilization. We are in a house! Soft carpets, immaculate linen, shaded lights, and all the intimate revelation of personality that brings. Star gracious hospitality can be! ---  
--- all came about thru our calling on Steffens + Amburg Manufacturing Co. to meet Mr. Thomas Fox, Comptroller in ivory carving, good friend of C. F. Staphan. --- we have had an interesting day. Mr. Fox took us out to luncheon, then over to New York City to visit an old art collector of more than national reputation. An

interesting old place, more than a million dollars in curios - carvings, priceless beads, jade, pearls, Chinese and Japanese sculpturing and bronze and ivory - piled about a cluttered apartment, dust covered; an old German eccentric in flowing coat, beloved and infallible. --- When we got back to Newark it had all been arranged that we spend Sunday here in the home of the Steffens - the family are at their country place - no one here but the caretaker and maid. We were reluctant to accept, afraid to offend her to. So we are here. And from the Camp Trail to this requires adaptability.

Sept. 17. Sunday: A quiet Sunday "in another man's home." I spent the morning visiting a little home, warm sunshine flooding Mr. Steffens's room where I write. Edward read in the big family sitting-room. Bride enjoyed the back yard. At noon I discovered a long suspected fact: one cannot "dine" without servants. At four o'clock in the afternoon we walked down to the city, went to a movie, and had supper afterwards. So our pleasant Sunday here in the Steffens home ended. It has been a new experience - perhaps it has enlarged our vision.



Sept. 18. The entire day went to the "Charles Baker Pin" - I knew it would. Mr. Fox took Edward to the library, to the museum, to the press. We finally got the ferry for the city but it was noon when we arrived in lower Manhattan. Being down in lower New York, we took a little ramble thru the East side and consumed more time than we had planned with a purpose. However, we did not regret seeing a glimpse of the congestion and poverty of this section. I had forgotten. It was three o'clock by the time we had angled our way up to 42nd and Fifth Ave., where we had a lulu-lulu luncheon. Too late to leave New York City today. A little shopping and we were off up Grand Course to make Camp No. 37. on our old Camp site.

Sept. 19. En route.

New Haven, New London and over into the state of Rhode Island. Stumbling along all day. We are to follow New England coast many miles. We had luncheon at New Haven and enjoyed our first glimpse of Yale University. Five o'clock when we reached New London. We were away for a night's camp in a new state. We found it in an old pasture - a high, rocky knoll -

of an old estate, a few miles off the highway; the roar of the sea less than a mile away. The old gentleman himself came out to express his amazement - we are meteors dropped from another world! So Camp "Rhode Island" No. 38 is very pleasant and very chilly.

Sept. 20. Newport, R. I. - the fashionable yacht harbor of the U.S.A. - took the day. Before leaving our Camp site we drove out to the ocean to see the starry H. Shaw yacht gone adrift on the beach. - - - - A few miles driving brought us to the Narragansett Bay where we took the ferry for Newport. The city is so surrounded by water that we were ferried across two bodies of water to reach it. The city of Newport is neither interesting or beautiful, narrow dirty streets and insignificant shops. The important thing is "The Drive", twelve miles of palatial residences along a rugged New England shore line. There are the Vanderbilts, Belmonts, Astors, Lippitts - all wonderful places overlooking the sea. We did not get out of Newport until so late that we could go but a few miles Providence-ward before making Camp No. 39. So near a bog we



Had three smudge fires going all evening. An evil smelling camp near an old discarded street-car.

Sept. 21. With Providence this morning and a mere glimpse of Boston this afternoon, we had a full day. ----- I was anxious to see Providence. Laid out in 1636 by Roger Williams, banished from Massachusetts for heresy, the city abounds in historic interests. But modern Providence with more than 225,000 people is a big manufacturing city with a cosmopolitan population. We had a glimpse of its commercial center, congested narrow streets with fine tall buildings; visited the state capital building, but was chiefly interested in Brown University. How I would enjoy a week on its fine old campus! But the road calls. --- We had a wayside luncheon just out of Barnstable. ----- On down and, we were entering Boston. We were little more than in and out of Boston. The old commercial center of the city with narrow and irregular streets, congested traffic make sight-seeing by motor most unsuitable. We enjoyed even our brief glimpse: the Common, the old Adam's Stone Hotel, the old South Street meeting house, — lovely shop windows, the hub-bub and countless folk

of a great metropolitan district. But all of this side of Boston I leave for another trip. This time a mere glimpse of things literary and we are away. "For Boston and its environs are pre-eminent in their literary associations. The largest and most notable group of poets, novelists, philosophers, and essayists this country has produced lived in the city or the locality during several decades of the last century; some of their homes have been most fortunately preserved, and their memories perpetuated in various interesting ways. Nowhere else in America are there yet so many visible evidences of the "golden age of literature", and of those who made it possible. ----- Emerson, Longfellow, Stearns, Lowell, Stoughton, Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing, Edward Everett Hale, W. H. Prescott, and many of their contemporaries were for a long time familiar figures on and about Beacon Hill. Though belonging in the same notable group, John Greenleaf Whittier and Ward W. Shorean were less often seen in the neighborhood." ----- We crossed over the river to city of Cambridge and followed the Charles River Parkway to Mr. Auburn Cemetery, where we visited the graves of Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes. This is the most beautiful cemetery I have

ever been in. We also saw the final resting place of Mary Baker Eddy. Our visit to Mr. Auburn resulted in a longing not to miss "Walden Pond". So late in the afternoon we started for Concord, Mass. We camped mid-way at Waltham, Mass. In Prospect Hill Park, high up in wooded hills with myriad lights of cities all about. An ideal camp. No. 40. After so strenuous a day. We sat about a warm camp fire all evening built on a flat rock, and dreamed and dreamed. And talked a little of home more than 2,000 miles away - and of days to come - and of long trails into the everywhere.

Sept. 22. Concord, Mass. and Walden Pond. A fine treat in literary things to-day. Few miles this morning brought us to "Walden Pond" - the old home of David Shorean and the old haunt of he and Emerson. A pretty wood about a lovely little pond, a pile of stones to which each visitor contributes one - this is "Walden Pond". Or is this only the Walden Pond we see? We spent much of the day walking away sweet September sunshine - a pretty step. Edward fished and dreamed and only dreamed. - - - - - And at four o'clock we drove into Concord: much of historical interest in this quaint, old,

Revolutionary town with its elm shaded streets. We visited the old home of Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Louise M. Alcott; then to old "Sleepy Hollow" Cemetery where we saw the graves of Shorean, Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, and other famous men of letters. Our visit to the old cemetery came near to being a feast of rare humor all on account of a silver-tongued orator in little blue overalls, who guided us to each famous grave and there by delivered a speech befitting the keenest Boston intellect and hardly in keeping with his mere eight years. We then took a little run out to the Concord Battle ground and over Old North Bridge. Twilight was coming so we had to leave whatever else the old town may have had for us, and hurry away to camp. In view of the lateness of the hour we drove back to our Waltham camp of last night, and again sat about a little camp fire on a flat stone, while city lights twinkled all about us in the hills. Camp. No. 41.

Sept. 23. On route all day along rugged New England shore line - a beautiful blue-green sea breaking on a rock-bound coast, the loveliest of shore lines! - - - - - Out of Cambridge this morning to Salem, Mass., then Salem,

on to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where we had a sea-food dinner. Then over the state line following Maine's irregular water front to Portland, - old villages and lovely vistas of white-capped sea. And "of all the pictures that hang on memories wall", perhaps some of these we can keep, too! ----- We arrived in Portland, Me. about four o'clock. So excited over getting all my mail. Attended to various duties and made Camp No. 42. at Auto Park six miles from central Portland. Staying to go to sleep in Maine. Now I have longed to go to Maine!

Sept. 24. Sunday :- Staying various letters to write we did break camp until noon. A hundred miles this afternoon from Portland to Belfast, along a picturesque shore line brought us to this pretty camp site in a grove of arborescent trees over-looking the sea. Camp No. 43. A beautiful drive all the afternoon along a rock-bound shore; tiny islands covered with trees; the blue fingers of the sea reaching out into the land; and everywhere a green-sward running down to the very shore, giving a totally different sea water-front from the one we have known before. The Atlantic differs in every respect from the Pacific with its wide far-reaching level beach and

regular shore line. And in what perfect accord is each with the physical characteristics of the country!

Sept. 25. La Fayette National Park, Mount Desert Island, off the coast of Maine. We have arrived! ----- Sixty miles of motoring - more or less off trail - over hilly, wooded road, with dashes of autumn coloring everywhere, facing a penetrating cold, - at last the town of Bar Harbor. We spent a good three hours trying to rent a cottage to escape the cold, but failing, made camp here on the shore of Eagle Lake; a roaring camp-fire our only alternative. The tall pines about remind me a little of Isle Royale: the lake with its low range about, a trifle of Grand Lake. So we sleep to-night in La Fayette and rejoice in spite of a cold wind impossible to keep out. Camp No. 44.

Sept. 26. La Fayette National Park. La Fayette National Park lies surrounded by the sea, occupying as its nucleus and central feature the bald range of the Mt. Desert mts., whose ancient uplift, worn by immeasurable time and recent ice erosion, remains to form the largest rock-island on the Atlantic coast. Mt. Desert Island was discovered by Champlain.

in 1604 - 16 years before the coming of the Pilgrims to Cape Cod. Hence its name of French origin, meaning "wild and Salubrious not devoid of vegetation". During the first half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century Mt. Desert Island still remained remote and inaccessible, except to coasting vessels. Not until the Civil War did summer life begin on the Island. This was the impulse which finally led to its being declared a National Monument called "Sieur de Monts". And not until so recent a date as 1919 was this monument recreated by act of Congress into a National Park and called "Lafayette". So Mt. Desert with its beautiful ocean-shore line, its lakes, its rocks and granite mountains, its woods and wild flowers, its old trails trodden by the feet of generations - before its advent as a national playground - is largely yet to be developed.

So much for "Lafayette" - - - - -  
But to-day we are chiefly interested in a little house we have moved into, away from the cold wind. I call this house "The Eagle's Nest". It has a kitchen with an old-fashioned cook-stove, a bright little living-room with a glimpse of the lake, and three chambers above. We are settled as though we had lived

here always! So to be in a house is wonderful after so many days on the trail. Great!

Sept. 24. We have stayed in - doors all day. It has been cold and late in the afternoon rainy. I have written the whole day long, while Edward read short magazine stories. Bride sleeps, happy to be warm and in - doors.

Sept. 26. "The Eagle's Nest."

A bright, clear morning after a hard freeze: at ten o'clock we were off for our 30 mile drive about the Park; a pleasant winding road, skirting the irregular shore of Mount Desert, along the ocean, Somes Sound, and thru autumn woods. The Sieur de Monts spring, the various bays and head lands, the Sound, the pleasant woods all interesting; although the really beautiful feature here is after all the fine rock-bound shoreline of Mt. Desert, where the Atlantic pounds at a solid old New England coast.

Sept. 29. En route.

Two hundred miles of autumn roads gave us a camp site this evening on New Hampshire soil. (No. 45)  
We were up early next on a long



drive, not averse to leaving Lafayette, if true by we found warmer climes. We arrived in Bangor, Maine, by ten o'clock, a town of 30,000 prettily situated on the Penobscot bay. There was a long autumn trail through Schoonugan, Farmington and late afternoon near Bethel near the state line. There winding wooded roads for many miles we followed the Androscoggin river - lovely as evening came - its quiet waters a perfect mirror of green and scarlet trees along its banks. We made our first camp after dark at a sheltered place and not a bad camp site either.

### Sept. 30. The White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Long I shall remember this hundred miles of motoring thru the White Mountains of New Hampshire: Winding roads, the avenues of slim white larches, and all in-between the scarlet maple; radiant autumn trails beckoning on the hills. - - - - - We arrived at Twin Mountain House at noon and from here took two short side trips. First to Crawford Notch - thru Bitter Woods - which was not so interesting although the mountains are beautiful enough. The other trip out to Franconia Notch, which we both enjoyed more. The

we saw "The Old Man of the Mountains" - the only perfect profile I have ever seen in the mountains. We then took a stiff walk back to visit the Flume: a perfect wedge cut thru the solid granite of the range, a torrent racing down between its perpendicular walls. But perhaps I enjoyed "Echo Lake" which we came to first, best of all: a little gem lake, shimmering in the sunshine at the foot of the mountains, which rise more or less directly from its shore. A lovely little lake worthy of a longer visit than we could pay it. - - - - -

A few more miles of motoring late in the afternoon took us over the New Hampshire state line into Vermont. Night was coming and we had not found a camp site, when we saw a man leaning over a gate, a farmer watching a mad world go motoring by; more than that a bachelor, lonely and in need of society. We spent the night in his pasture, surrounded by peaceful cows. Camp. No. 46.

October 1. Sunday: Golden October! "And blue haze all along the hills" - and this time - the green hills of Vermont. I watched the fog lift from the valley as I got breakfast. Then we were off winding along the



scenic roads thru the Green Mountains: the briches gone, the hills even less mountain-like. We motored but 50 miles arriving at Montpelier, the capital city of Vermont, about one o'clock. Montpelier is a miniature city of 4,000 people, with a squatly capital building with a gorgeous golden dome. Ten minutes gives one a fair knowledge of its commercial center. It boasts, however, of being the largest insurance center of the U.S.A. - - - - - We made camp a mile out to spend the Sunday afternoon off trail. A quiet warm day along a rocky little river, the highway with its Sunday traffic not far distant, a fat old hen in the pot, boiling - this is Camp "Vermont" No. 47.

Oct. 2. motoring to Lake Champlain. We waited for a very dense fog to rise before leaving Montpelier this morning; forty miles more of Vermont's corrugated roads brought us to the city of Burlington on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain, at noon. We drove about the little city, caught a glimpse of the University of Vermont campus, and had our noon lunch at a nice city park over-looking Waller Bay, where we had our first view of Champlain.

this afternoon we came forty miles along the shore of Lake Champlain, wooded islands, green main lands, and shimmering breadth of water. At five o'clock we ferried across to the New York side, but ten miles from the Canadian border. We made Camp-No. 48. early on the shore of the lake. The almost great body of water to-night I think I ever saw. We sat for a long time this evening on the rocks at the edge of the water, trying to realize we camp to-night on the shore of Lake Champlain. One of the greatest joys of travel - this trying to appreciate the reality of a new and unfamiliar environment.

Oct. 3. Camp Lake Champlain, N. Y. Off trail to-day to enjoy Lake Champlain. It has been a fine sunny day. We had fish for dinner - a big pickerel. The Fisherman has been out in his boat much of the day. The lake was rougher to-day: a lovely gray-blue as the mid-day sun came. But towards evening growing only gray and placid. I made a long little boat looking out across its wide waters. So these days are pearls on a long, long string.

Oct. 4. Camp in the Adirondacks.  
 (No. 49.) We camp in the Adirondacks to-night after an interesting day: A late start did not get us far out of Plattsburg, N. Y., when we found a secluded little woods where we had luncheon. Then off for Quasabe Chasm. -----  
Quasabe Chasm! In not missing this wonderful piece of natural scenery we cannot our selves more than fortunate. The Canyon is approximately two miles in length, 100 to 150 ft. deep. The Quasabe River carving a tortuous course thru the rocks, has leaped from ledge to ledge thru all the untold ages, wearing its way through sand stone walls, forming caves, natural fissures, and gorges branching off into deep recesses of rock. It took us two hours to make the trip, our winding stair ways and bridges, the last part of the journey being made by boat - where the chasm narrows - running the rapids. It is intensely beautiful - a Royal Gorge of the East. -----  
 We were away over pleasant roads thru the Adirondacks, an Indian summer haze obscuring the distant peaks. These mountains are different: less maple of the Green Mts., less Birch of the White, and here the pines and balsam - a greener landscape. We like the woodsy feel of things!

we made camp early - pretty hill on the hills, but the spot enticed. Edward is making a letter home on Birch Bark!

Oct. 5. A cabin on Lake George, N. Y.  
 Four o'clock in the afternoon. From our camp at the summit of the Adirondacks we motored here to Lake George to-day, loitering along mostly, lovely views of the mountains. We made a long noon day stop at Schroon Lake, a picturesque lake, almost too lovely to leave. All day yellow leaves showered the highway and it was very warm for an October day. We arrived here about three and took this cabin on Snug Harbor. I immediately shed high altitude clothes. In an hour we were settled, the Fisherman trying his luck out on Lake George and I at my writing.

Oct. 6. En route. N. Y.

Did not enjoy motoring to-day since I did not feel well. We arrived at Saratoga Springs about noon where we got our mail. Stopped on luncheon at a little park at the "famous springs" company a few miles out. Pronounced the water vile! Arrived at Schenectady about four. Made camp early ten or twelve miles out. Our camp No. 60 premises little sleep with a train

by about every five minutes! We failed to notice that the New York Central tracks were on the other side of the high way.

Oct. 7. En route. New York State.

A damp, raw day with leaden skies - a disagreeable day to motor. We found a sheltered pocket out of the wind for our noon stop, where we could make a camp fire and warm up. We got into Altica about three o'clock, some time finding main street and were not much elated after we found it! There are towns with a less pretentious "O. Street" even than the home village! Motoring on, skies became gray and mist fast turned to rain. By five o'clock we knew we were in for a bad night, and we were determined to get a cottage. The Blue Book offered Lake Onondaga some 12 or 15 miles off our path. It seemed we never would get there, but we finally arrived some after six o'clock in a cold, driving rain. A well cottage - "Soul Nest" - was a welcome find.

Oct. 8. Sunday:- "Soul Nest", Lake Onondaga. (About mid-way between Altica and Syracuse, N.Y.) This is a nice little one-room bungalow with all necessities for house-keeping, even to

a feather-bed I can't sleep on! A new little house with well windows. Tall straight trees about. It is a gray, rainy day, and I have only unhappy thoughts. Stow much of the time I have been unhappy on this trip! - - - - - Will stay here until it is fit to motor.

Oct. 9. En route. Still New York State.

The sun trying to break thru the clouds this morning, so we said goodbye to Sylvan Beach, Onondaga, and were off. We arrived at Syracuse about noon and for getting our awful appearance had a good dinner at a cafe. Nothing particularly interesting about the trail to-day. We motored along thru rolling farming section skirting the famous Five Finger Region of New York. Skies remained gray all day and the sun came out faintly only. We made Camp No. 51 in an old apple orchard over-looking Lake Saratoga - the last of the Five Fingers.

Oct. 10. En route. (but little)

What a miserable day! All packed this forenoon and the faithful Buick refused to go. And Edward worked the whole day in a horrid rain trying to get it started, until he wore a muddy path around the car! I

sat around and waited. Bride killed rats for amusement. Finally we called up the garage and they came out and located the trouble. The car was merely rain choked. Well, it was six o'clock, we were getting a late start! But we were off to get a new camp site any way. About twenty miles on we made camp at a school-house. No. 52. - - - So long a trail must have such days as this one.

Oct. 11. We had breakfast at Rochester, N. Y. A big city of nearly 300,000. One of the best known enterprises the famous Eastman Kodak Company. We had some shopping to do and I got a much needed shampoo. We saw but little more than the commercial center of the city and it did not impress me as having the business and life, common to cities of its size. But how unfair is our snap judgment! We are off for Niagara this afternoon. We glory in seeing the wonderful falls again! - - - -  
Evening: We have made camp. No. 53 in a small woods off the highway, two miles from the city of Niagara. So cold! We are well back in the trees, but still this raw wind chills me to the very bone.

Oct. 12. Seeing Niagara again!  
So awful beauty - perhaps I had forgotten a little. What is the span of life beside it but a falling leaf? How its green waters slide over the edge of the rocks! All day we viewed the fall in varying weather: April showers and bursts of sunshine. We saw three and four rain bows at once. The wind was raw and cold all day. We had noon day meal over on Goat Island and a shower caught us before we were thus eating. We spent some time in various curios shops and then went down to the foot of the American Fall, but had to wait some time for the sun to break thru the clouds so we could take pictures. - - - - - So - night we have a wee tourist cabin, three miles out from the city towards Buffalo. It is cold, but we are glad to be out of the wind.

Oct. 13. We are still here in our wee Niagara cabin. After a very raw cold night the morning was exceptionally bright and clear. We decided to give Niagara another day. It proved a well spent day: we enjoyed the Falls thoroughly from both N. S. A and Canadian sides, and took a number of pictures. The day was bright and cold enough to enjoy the long walks. Then we



Bought a few more souvenirs - things to add to our golden memories. - - - - - We came back here to our little cabin about five o'clock, had a good dinner, and have spent the evening packing up for an early start tomorrow morning. We are turning our faces home ward.

Oct. 14. En route.

Will you mile - west ward!

We were in Buffalo by nine o'clock. Only paused long enough to send a card home, but observed that Buffalo's business center has grown since 1914. And away! - - - Much of the day we have been travelling thru vast grape raising regions - the Chautauque Grape Belt of western New York state. Fine tasting grapes, too, the frost-bitten vines hanging full. Shortly after two o'clock we crossed the state line into Pennsylvania. I bid my well-loved state of New York a fond farewell. When will I visit it again? So we entered Pennsylvania again. We were at once in Erie, not an unpleasant city of the hundred-thousand class, with a wide main street. Staring added to our fast-growing "animal collection" we were on our way at four o'clock. - - - - - We crossed the Penn. state line at five o'clock into the state of Ohio.

Ohio! Star "home ward" that sounds!

But three miles over the state line we came to an inviting tourist camp, so turned in for the night, although it was a little early. Camp No. 54.

Oct. 15. Sunday:- A gray Sunday motoring across the good old state of Ohio. We were up early and off for the day's travel by eight o'clock. We arrived in Cleveland about noon. A fine big city, more than 600,000 population, wide clean streets, hand some shops - a thoroughly modern and cosmopolitan city. Were we presentable and the season not so late, I'd like to stay a week to enjoy its boulevards, theatres, shops, and all its interests. But not this time! We had our noon day lunch a few miles out overlooking the waters of Lake Erie. Although we have skirted Lake Erie for many miles we have not followed its direct shore line but short distances. - - - This afternoon we went thru the small town of Oberlin with its ever-marching elms, and had a pleasant view of Oberlin University. So we motored away the gray Sunday to Camp No. 55. at Glyde, Ohio. I wonder where we will be next. Sunday: will we be home? I have felt all day that we would. Will it ever be good to go home?

Oct. 16. Seeing Toledo, Ohio, this morning. We arrived about ten o'clock, getting our mail was the first consideration: all well at home but tragic news from Washington - Marvin Schaffer was accidentally shot while hunting and it was necessary to amputate leg at knee to save life. Too bad to so hamper a young life and cripple for life. -- Edward had to do some work on the car, so I got out and saw a little of the business district while doing some shopping. Toledo with a population of less than 200,000 impresses one as a big city. It has a large and prosperous business center. A town of "Big business" noted for its varied and numerous manufactured products, and one of the greatest automobile distributing centers of the U.S. This latter feature was quite apparent in the drive of 50 miles this afternoon en route towards Detroit. We met hundreds of new cars en route - the very air smelling of fresh paint and new machinery. So we motor in Michigan. For us a new state! We had rather planned to go on to Chicago over Indiana, but suddenly changed our mind in Toledo, and determined to see Detroit and a little of the state of Michigan. We made Camp No. 5-6 on the outskirts of Detroit.

Oct. 17. A day in Detroit, Michigan.

A city of a million!!! How I love big cities! The metropolis of Michigan. Fourth city of the U.S.A. -- we spent the morning enjoying its great business center: the Campus Martius, also called Cadillac square. It is the junction of six important thoroughfares. It is truly the heart of a great city - magnificent buildings, beautiful shops, the endless throng! After dinner at a cafe we drove out to Belle Isle, perhaps unequalled as a park anywhere. We enjoyed the beautiful pleasures best of all. We then rode more than twenty miles thru the residence section, but failed to find the millionaire district, the thing we set out to see. -- -- -- We left Detroit late in the afternoon - a biting north wind tearing at the side curtains - and rode some 40 miles to Camp No. 5-7 at a school house. Oh, so cold!

Oct. 18. En route.

Too cold to enjoy motoring! But in spite of newly gravelled roads thru Southern Michigan and being off trail for a while, we still made very good time. Southern Michigan is not a prosperous looking country, too many deserted farms and small villages. -- -- -- missing our high way took us into Indiana sooner than we had planned.

but brought a little warmer sunshine and less wind. We passed thru the small city of Elkhart, Indiana, about 3:30 and eighteen miles farther came to the city of South Bend.

Had it been possible I would have enjoyed visiting the University of Notre Dame here, the largest Catholic school for boys and young men in America. The college grounds cover 15,000 acres. Over the "home ward trail" calls and the cold waves us on. - - - - - We followed a sign "Lake Park" a mile and a half off the highway to make Camp No. 54. And in spite of these tall trees about the lake, the wind is very cold. 30-day law made us wish we were home. The cold law made our-door life no longer agreeable.

Oct. 19. Motoring into Chicago this morning! We had our noon day bite off the highway near Gary, Indiana. The wind is not so cold. We are going into Chicago! And I never go into Chicago without a chill!!! - - - - -

Evening: After two hours in the great city, embarrassed by our clothes and soiled appearance, but enjoying the sights in spite of them, we were off our familiar stretches of shinning pavement to We Hall, Ill. to enjoy again a pleasant camp (No 59) in "Jennie's Woods."

Oct. 20. En route.

Stunning along home ward! Finest of concrete roads to Clinton, Iowa, where we had our noon day lunch in good old hot Iowa sunshine! Then an afternoon of travel on dirt roads and very poorly dragged at that. After more than 5,000 miles of pavement, dirt roads seem undesirable! What is the matter with Iowa and Nebraska? We arrived at Adair Rapids about five, but determined to make a few miles more. With poor lights we came in on a ditching "Old Betty Buick" at a school house corner where we made Camp No. 60.

Oct. 21. En route.

Swift passage over 250 miles of level sanded roads brought us here to "Last Camp" No. 61. at Woodbine, Iowa, 115 miles from the End of the Trail. We have had a long drive, from sunrise at 6:30 this morning to twilight. And here is "Last Camp."

Oct. 22. En route

Sunday: We are within 25 miles of Lincoln, and if our cracked spring holds out, we will have dinner in our own 2444 Park Avenue! - - - - - The morning has been filled with uncertainty. We were on the road before light and in less than twenty

minutes rain was spattering on the wind shield! When we arrived in Omaha about nine o'clock it was still raining. Were we going to have a repetition of last years experience - a mud-bogged arrival home? But the gods were better this year. The sun is shining faintly and we are rattling along over a mud-rutted road home and the End of the Trail is in sight.

Lulu: Home! We opened up the white and clean house. We had baths and dressed. Then Sarah and John came and all evening we talked and laughed and "had Christmas" unpacking all the little animals, souvenir spoons, Indian relics, and things!!! Home.

Oct. 23. "The Stone Trail" - how I have always feared its long, steep up grades! I face the old familiar and things to disturb run out to meet me! - - - - - I devoted the day to unpacking, put the closets and our bed-room in order. And talking, too!

Oct. 24. This morning we got the room ready for the student who comes to stay with mother and care for the furnace. I set the library to rights this afternoon, and in the evening we went out to Sarah and John.