

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 24

**“A LITTLE TRIP TO
THE OZARKS”
1928**

1924. A Little Trip to the Ozarks.

We think she is coming down with distemper. Hate to leave her but know Nurse will take good care of her. There are always reasons why one can give up a trip.

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

Sept. 14. On route.

Off for the Ozarks! We left home at 6:00 A. M. Tired and not very enthusiastic. But it did not seem far to Nebraska City where we had breakfast and

began to feel more reconciled to a pleasure trip! Crossed the Missouri River and arrived in St. Joseph at exactly noon. The noon whistle blew as we were going up one of its narrow main streets. Took two hours off for dinner and seeing a bit of the town. At two o'clock we were off for Kansas City. Took the drive leisurely thru a pretty wooded, hilly country. We arrived in "K.C." some after four, and made our way out to Penn Valley Park where we set Camp No. 1, situated high above the city and in full view of the Liberty Memorial. It is a beautiful shaft 280 feet high, with a crucible at the top in which a fire burns constantly. (On camp here made the acquaintance of an Indian, Chief Red Fox, who owns a gypsy wagon which made all other interests of the day insignificant.) So the Trail to the Ozarks begins. And I think of little "Butcher" like a mother who can't forget her child.

Sept. 15. Seeing Kansas City: A 30-mile sight-seeing trip this morning seemed the best way to get some idea of this small Chicago. With its boasted half a million people it seems to be thoroughly alive and American. (There are so many automobiles and they go so fast!) Our drive took us thru the busy commercial center, and thru beautiful parks and out into the residential districts where hills and bluffs have been transformed into picturesque streets and drives. A glimpse of the fine Union Station, a distant view of the stock yards from Hersey Coates Drive, along Cliff Drive, rugged and beautiful, Penn Valley Park, Roanoke, Troost, thru the famous "Country Club" residential districts, swift passage along the Basco, and last a visit to the Liberty Memorial where we ascended the shaft, and were reminded anew that we are always passivists and cannot "glory" in these memorial things as others do. So it was a good morning spent.

"seeing Kansas City". We were so tired and hungry for dinner. --- We spent the afternoon out at Swope Park. We had not visited this beautiful park since 1911. It is the third largest park in America with 1400 acres of wood land. We spent a happy hour in the zoo as we did seventeen years ago - I wonder what has become of the parrot that laughed like me? And we had our supper by the side of the car with a nice camp fire. Then a long way back to Penn Valley Park and our camp amid confusing lights and traffic. Our little tent and night.

Sept. 16. Kansas City, Mo. Sunday:

We did not leave camp until eleven o'clock. The Indian chief gave us his picture! We window-shopped until dinner, then went to the theatre where we saw "The Tempest" and it finally came to me that I dislike "John Barrymore" because he looks like Jesus Christ.

Evening: We left Kansas City late in the afternoon and drove farther than we expected to, not finding a suitable camp site until within a mile of Harrisonville. This is a new clean camp with slim trees and grass. Camp No. 2.

Sept. 17. Off for the Ozarks! The morning cool. Good highway and little to suggest Southern Missouri. We had a good dinner at Carthage. The middle of the afternoon brought wooded hills and more or less winding roads. A ten mile detour of sharp rock just before we arrived at our destination made "Galena" welcome, although "getting in wrong" is not good for any town! We made camp No. 3 just north of town on a hill in a grove of oaks, with a view of the James river below. So this is "Galena", the town in the Ozarks that Sarah & John found attractive enough for a return visit.

Sept 18. "Camp Salina"

At breakfast we planned a boat trip up the James river for the day. I packed up a hurried lunch and we set out with visions of frying an bacon on a forked twig at some romantic spot along the shore, big trees hanging over the stream, an ever changing shoreline all day, — at noon we returned to the car parked at the boat-landing to get dinner on our gasoline stove! We had devoted the morning to the ever rude and it still refused to go. — — — After dinner we drove up into the village of Salina to see the town. It has scant attraction for us. Three tobacco-chewing, whittling Missourians afford dull company. We did visit the "Ball cabin" and took a picture of the pretty view of the hills from the front door. Well, the "Boat trip" seems to be the only thing here, and we have "sat" on the River half a day now. I think we will go on in the morning.

Sept 19. "Stuall Bell Wright" camp.

On a long trail such as we have been taking thru the years one camps at many interesting places. I sometimes think we have been particularly fortunate. So - night we camp here at "Uncle Matt's" cabin after a day spent in this "Shepherd of the Hills" country. This is the cabin where he and "Aunt Mollie" lived, the old barn, the friendly trees they knew. And here — in a little tent a few rods away Stuall Bell Wright made his story of the Ozark people. From the top of the ridge there is a commanding view of wooded hills and lovely valleys on all sides. It has been an interesting day: From Salina we drove to Reed Springs and on to this country. The morning we gave to "Marvel Cave". It was worth while but rather muddy and not unlike similar caves. One crawls and climbs and wedges thru all sorts of places and then rejoices with he finally climbs up

into the sunlight. After a way side lunch, we set out for Old Matt's cabin. There we enjoyed especially a long hike to "Sammy's Look out." And when we returned to our car we decided to camp here, and here we are! As I write the crickets sing just as they sang for old Matt ---
--- Camp No. 4.

Sept. 20. Our "Sammy Lane Camp."

Branson, Mo.

It is nice to be here in a little cabin, with our radio playing, and a homey feeling. --- We were in the Gerald Bell Wright country all morning. Visited the "Fairy Lane" - a cave of remarkable stalagmites and stalactites - and pleasantly exercise with a good stair. On returning to Reed Springs we missed our highway and drove twelve miles south to the White River, before we discovered our mistake, then by seeing some pretty scenery; then back, a way side lunch and on to Lake Sam Rayburn, Branson and quaint

Stallister, and finally decided to camp here at the "Sammy Lane" on the shore of the White River. Camp No. 5.

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

Sept. 22. In camp all morning but for a brisk walk which included a climb to the top of Presbyterian Hill. This afternoon we took a 50-mile drive just to see a wider panorama of Ozarks, to Forsyth to see the dam and Cliff house and circled back to

Branson. And everywhere wooded hills, green valleys, and blue haze. And with our Saturday night shopping we did not get back to our little house until after seven o'clock.

Sept. 23. Sunday: En route to Springfield. Good-bye views of the Ozarks this morning and off for Springfield. We blew a tire just as we reached the city! Unable to get our mail we had a good dinner, and after an hour of window-shopping, we set Camp No. 6 at the city Varist Park just back of the post-office. And here we have spent a quiet afternoon. Sitting in a warm September sun felt good. I "read up" on St. Louis while Steve struggled with his radio.

Sept. 24. En route from Springfield to St. Louis. Started the day right with a letter from home saying "Gutchen" was better. All day winding roads thru

a hilly, wooded country, and gray skies with a few draps of rain now and then. Getting into a big city is always slow enough, but to-night it seemed particularly difficult. We found Forest Park only to learn that its Varist Park had been discontinued three years before, and after that we just went and went and "felt around in the dark" until we found "Sun down Camp". Well, it was sun down indeed! We set Camp No. 7, late and tired.

Sept. 25. St. Louis, Mo. "Seeing St. Louis" and a strenuous day it proved to be. We took the "Grand Tour" of 40-miles with an hour off at noon for lunch. The morning tour covered the old and historical interests of the city, the afternoon drive the new St. Louis. The city was founded in 1764 and now has a population 900,000. Its negro population is 100,000. St-

is the fourth city of the U.S. a
 The chief interest of the morning to
 me was the Shaw Botanical Gardens,
 second only in size to the famous
 Kew Gardens of England. It was
 beautiful even this time of year.
 It covers some 50 acres. In the
 afternoon too we enjoyed Forest
Park Inst. It covers 1400 acres of
 gently rolling grass and wood covered
 hills, the old site of the Louisiana
 Purchase Exposition of 1904. The "Zoo"
 is very fine but we made but
 one stop, that at the bear pits
 where the bears entertained us in
 great style. The City Art Museum
 we passed up but saw the big
 Municipal Oper. air Theatre. - - - -
 Sight-seeing over we had to find
 our way back to our camp where
 Bride had spent a long day in the
 car, a feat only accomplished
 after boarding various street cars
 and transferring in all directions.
 But we finally arrived and found
 Bride overjoyed to see us. - - - -
Now we have seen St. Louis.

Sept. 26. En route.

Two hundred and sixty miles of
 pavement straight across the state
 of Missouri, connecting Kansas City
 and St. Louis. We left "Sundown
 Camp" early and were well out
 of the city before in-coming
 traffic. We had early dinner at
Columbia - the seat of the State
 University of Missouri - and mid-
 way to K.C. were in and out
 of Kansas City by four o'clock,
 avoiding the commercial center. Off
 for St. Joe with more straight-away
 pavement. But both dead tired
 we remembered "The Old White Mill"
 and camped early. And here we
 made Camp No. 8, the last camp
 of our trail to the Ozarks.

Sept. 27. Off for home! The miles
 seemed so long all day. We
 stopped in St. Joseph for another
 breakfast. Dinner at two o'clock
 at Nebraska City. Then flying
 miles home. - - - - And this time
I go home to see a little puppy.

Evening: So excited! "Gretchen has grown and looks fine in spite of distemper. If Nurse had not fallen down stairs all would have gone well.

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

Sept. 29. Spent morning getting camp bedding out and aired, camp bed-scooped and put away. Nurse swept and I dusted this afternoon. Supper with Edward at "Rudger" and to "Rialto". The Humane Society had a display window this evening. When we got home found Mamma had a fall.

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