

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 7

**“CANADA AND THE
NORTHWEST”**

1914

1914. Canada and the Northwest.

This evening the plans now is go to W~~h~~
University.

Sept. 18. Another day off days! When I awoke this morning a heavy haze hung over everything, indicating the warm September day it is to be. We leave here at 4:30 for the West. It is to be a great trip; the long trip over the Canadian Rockies; Banff and all those interesting places again! I should be very happy. I wonder if I do appreciate all this travel? I do know I am glad to go. Good-bye, old Sincere, Nebr.

Evening: Omaha, Nebr.

The first stop of the journey. Got in here at 6:10, had time for a good dinner with Mr. Jaffe before leaving at 10:30. I am glad to be on the way.

Sept. 19. St. Paul. Minn.

Arrived at 9:30 this morning two hours late and no dining-car on! We had breakfast, the merest glimpse

of St. Paul, and boarded the train at 11:00.

Evening: On route. Soo Line.

Night is coming as we are flying along over the broad and level prairies of North Dakota. The country is as level as a floor and stretches away for miles and miles as far as the eye can see - typical middle West country. How big and wide is our great land when one can travel for days at this speed and still it is our good country!

Sep. 20. Sunday: - On route. S. P. R.

Saskatchewan's sand wheat lands as far as the eye can see. I would be sleep late but the custom house officers awakened us early as we were crossing the boundary. While at breakfast we passed thru a rain storm and I hoped it would rain all day but we soon travelled into the sunshine again. We got into Moose Jaw at noon. I wanted to send cards but could not get Canadian stamp. We had dinner right

after leaving Moose Jaw. The country has been more hilly this afternoon, and seems to be getting rougher as we travel west.

Sep. 21. Banff, Alberta, Canada.

Again in this altogether beautiful spot. We arrived about 8:30. We spent the morning taking a long walk thru the pines, just as we did two years ago. This afternoon we did some real mountain climbing. We left at 12:30 for a climb to the top of Sulphur mountain. Altitude 8,030. It was a good seven miles to the top. The last two or three miles of the climb was made more difficult by the muddy paths and the snow. The view from the top is excellent even though the day was cloudy. The wind was piercing cold. The descent was nothing but fun. We got back into the village of Banff at 6:30, started our very little tired after our fourteen mile walk. We are at the Alpine House. Everything seems so familiar. We go on our way in the morning, in this good mountain climb at Banff.

has been so worth while. we find the little village growing: dozens of summer cottages and substantial store buildings have been built since our visit two years ago. And according to the register hundreds and hundreds have visited this spot in the last two years.

Sept. 22. En route. S.P.R.

From the heart of the Canadian Rockies: all day we have sat breathless, spell bound, before such scenes of beauty, of loveliness, of grandeur that one must ever realize his complete inability to describe what after all only the spirit can see. Perhaps we had forgotten. But this is surely the most wonderful journey. Imagine travelling a whole day when never a moment but the eyes rest upon pictures too beautiful for words: the Yoho Valley, the Kicking Horse River, and the Albert Canyon—all beyond description. An ever changing panorama of wooded peaks and stony crags, of sunshine and cloud, the eternal snow, and over and above all the age-old mystery of things

we can only wonder about but never know. At sunset we caught one wonderful picture: deep rose tints on a snow covered peak. Night has come with its deep purple. We leave the train at Sicamous for the night.

Sept. 23. En route. S.P.R.

Westward bound again toward Vancouver. We left Sicamous at 6:30. New beauties for the new day: all along the Shuswap Lake low-lying clods rising in the valleys and trailed along the mountain sides like smoke. As the morning advanced, however, the scenery grew less picturesque. The mts. grew ugly, streaked, clay colored, sandy,—but by two o'clock the scenery changed. The Thompson narrowed into a gorge. True the coloring was wonderful, but even here the scenery did not compare with the Fraser Canyon which we followed for 25 miles after leaving Neth. Bend. This was truly grand: the deep gorge, the whirling waters, and black tumbled rock. There was a kind of fearful

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beauty here - reminding one just a little of the Royal Gorge. So the scenery of to-day has differed greatly from that of yesterday.

A delightful happening has helped to make the day pleasant: we met two young ladies from Minnesota whom we travelled with between Denver and Salt Lake City five years ago!

Sept. 24. Vancouver, B.C.

Arrived at 6:30 last night; with our friends we got up at the Regent Hotel. This morning we had a mere glimpse of the town before taking the boat at 10:30 for Victoria.

En route - S.P.R. Princess Adelaide. Andrew travelling comparisons are always unfair, yet I find myself comparing this river trip to the Hudson River trip. This seems the more beautiful. The clear water, the distant mountains, the thickly wooded bluffs along the shore, and the wide stretches of water - all make this trip thoroughly beautiful. We leave our friends and stop at Victoria.

Evening. Victoria, B.C.

Dominion Hotel.

Not first breathing spell in a week! We have travelled nearly 2,500 miles since last Friday. It is a long way from the middle West into British Columbia! It is nice to have a good room. One feels like reading the Bible and brushing his teeth! It is good to change up your clothes. I have written scores of cards and a long letter to mamma. One are going to sleep in a real bed in a quiet room. See "little gods" bless us!

Sept. 25. Victoria, B.C.

We determined to see some thing of this quaint little town to-day. Victoria is the capital of British Columbia, charmingly situated at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island. It overlooks the Straits of Juan de Fuca and the Gulf of Georgia. The Olympic mountain range is in the distance. The location strikes me as ideal. We took a tally-ho ride this morning. The residence section is thoroughly Picturesque. The

streets have never been surveyed, but follow old Indian trails, being laid out with this happy freedom from convention adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the town. One thing we liked greatly was the custom of enclosing the front yards with high box wood hedges. This is an old English custom and affords a genuine seclusion not many city homes possess. We drove thru Beacon Hill Park which contains some 400 acres of natural forest. We next visited the Parliament Bldgs. Here in the museum Edward enjoyed the specimens of native game. After lunch we took a little launch to the Gorge, a natural spot. We enjoyed the dense growth of trees, moss and ferns. The autumn colors were lovely, too. Then we returned to Victoria to get ready for the four o'clock boat to Seattle.

On route. S.P.R. Princess Adalade. Sailing along towards Seattle. We have our same little boat, too. We are due into Seattle at 9 o'clock.

Sept. 26. Seattle, Wash.

Raining! And unless Seattle falls we haven't webbed feet! We gave up going over to Tacoma because we would have so little time over there and we want to get the 3:45' train for Portland. One spent our time just "looking around," down town. Seattle is a big, growing place.

On route. S.N.R.R.

Pretty restful country wooded with pines, firs, and evergreens; raining most of the way. We got into Portland at 10:00 to-night.

Sept. 27. Sunday: Portland, Oregon.

A beautiful bright morning. Sorry we can't stay here all day.

On route North Bank Road.

Interesting and pretty scenery for about a three hour's run along the Columbia River. But after that the country grows desolate. Along the river are first the queer rock formations which resemble old towers, castles,

ruins - parts of it looked like old foreign pictures. Then along the river were only sandy bluffs and black rocks, no trees, no grass. This is my third trip across eastern Washington and each time it strikes us as utter desolation. We get to Spokane about 10:00 this evening.

Sept. 28. Spokane, Wash.

It seems nice to be here at Allard's again. Mrs. H. is here, too. This afternoon we went out to Manito Park to gather seeds. It has been a beautiful day. We are going to Edwall on the evening train.

Sept. 29. Meadow Grove.

Stone once more! George came in to town for us this morning. And here we are! I am all unpacked, have had a good bath, and feel quite at home. It is great to be here at the Ranch again with Ella and all our fine big brothers. Such a jolly bunch they are, too. Well, for some good times now.

Sept. 30. The month goes on! The boys left this morning on their hunting trip - Edward, Frank, and Arthur went from the Ranch. They will have a great good time, if they do not get big game. I shall miss the boys. So-day I wrote some cards, pressed my clothes, and worked on my journal. And in between I have visited with brother Fred.

Oct. 1. The month we love has come again. The day has been gray and rainy. I got my journal up to date. Ella went away to do the washing for a family who are in sickness. So-day I got a letter from mamma and answered it at once. This evening here at the Ranch it was so quiet we all went straight up! Every body just sat and read. There is only five of us: Fred, George, Ella, Christine, and I - but that is a very small family for the old Ranch! Harvey came over to see me for a while at supper - the little brother is still my favorite. The time with our Edward will be so long.

Oct. 2. Spokane, Wash. 8615 Highland Ave.
 Fred and I came up to Spokane on
 the morning train. Fred's "family"
 came up to the city to shop, too. So
 I met Fred's "wife", Kathleen. This after-
 noon I met Emma, Frank's wife, too.
 Our family grows! This evening I went
 to the theatre to "The Virginian" - motion,
 with all the young folks. The three
 older Olegair children are quite grown
 up and decidedly good looking.

Oct. 3. Maggie was busy all day with the
 washing and Sat. work. I took to my
 bed for the day! Interesting.

Oct. 4. Sunday: A beautiful clear October
 day and "Peace Sunday", too. I balled and
 refused to go to German church to be bored,
 so Fred and I went to the First M. E.
 church. The big church, beautiful music,
 and the scholarly sermon was a treat. The
 service was exactly like St. Paul. In the
 afternoon Amanda and I, Wella and Emma
 Fisher went for a long walk. We went
 over the new union depot and over to
 see heavenford. It was better than staying

MISSING ISSUE NOT AVAILABLE

Oct. 9. "meadow is rose."

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

Oct. 10. A rainy Sat. morning.

Ella and Cook are getting ready for "the big Sunday dinner" tomorrow. The family will gather there. I finished "Saddie" and I am now reading "You Never Know Your Luck."

Oct. 11. Sunday: The Sunday when in
the family reunion takes place. It
 is an affair to be faced in a
 manly fashion, and to be endured
 with a brave spirit. The dinner
 was great; we might have been
 at the table hours and enjoyed it,
 but it was "gobbled" - country fashion.

We tried to avoid the "War" but Sam and I took a few shots at it. Our dear nieces and nephews have not improved. They are seven mighty attractive youngsters. Edward and I spent the evening alone at home, we did not feel equal to another service at the "rural church."

Oct. 12. The boys came back from the hunting trip early this morning bringing Otto and Harry Allegair with them. With nine young men in the house I am in my element! Of all the boys I admire Otto most - our good-looking and more or less accomplished cousin. He holds a good banking position, is an excellent musician, a champion tennis player of Spokane, and on the whole a rather interesting lad - fond of books, art, and travel. The younger boy is less scholarly, mechanically inclined, more fond of our door life, and naturally I like him less. Of our brothers George has them all surpassed for genuineness and broad mindedness. Harvey is still a sweet boy.

So we are having jolly times together.

Oct. 13. Read most of the morning and played croquet this afternoon. I am learning a good deal about Western Ranch life! It is good for diversion.

Oct. 14. Spokane, Wash.

When did I ever spend a jollier day? What this day has been a scream! We decided to go to Spokane on the automobile truck with Otto and Harry. We had dinner at Martha's and started out on our 35 mile drive about 1:30 - Edward, Ella, Otto, Harry and I - a gay crowd! It was an ideal fall day, all went well for a while - then the old "ghost" began to perform! Or shall I say it refused to perform its natural function! We did not break the speed limit! Night came and found us sitting on the top of hill with an overheated engine. I would run the car up a hill, all the rest would push, then stop on and off the engine started coasting down hill. We had no lighter but a dim

and farm lantern. Andrew and we heard a car coming up behind us Otto would strike a match and hold it up for a rear light. Sangin - why I was exhausted - I ached all over! We got into Spokane at 8:15. We had light refreshments - noodle-soup - and went to a movie. After theatre was over we went to a restaurant and had a good dinner. We got over to Uncle Fred's at 11:30; Aunt Anna and Cousin Willa were up and waiting for us. we were glad to tumble into bed.

This is mamma's birthday. I do hope she got her presents.

So. day has been the day of the big Western Ranch Wedding - a big sheep show, a sort of barbecue. The ranchers rolled in for miles and miles around over the hills. Something between 400 and 500 people. The feasting continues for hours - far into the night. It took 64 chickens and 16 geese, two barrels of beer, and some work to prepare the food.

Well, for us, too, it has been a "day of days."

"Oct. 15. Uncle Fred's have a pleasant and comfortable home. Very, but I am tired to-day! This morning Edward, Ella, and I were down town shopping. This afternoon Ella, Willa, and I went to the theatre. The play - "Such a Little Queen" was a pretty thing. We had six o'clock dinner at Weddings. I was glad to see my dear old "gum uncle" again but Aunt Carrie does not love me. Ah! Uncle Fred, Uncle Will, and Henry saw us off on the evening train to Edwall. I had lots of fun going home on the train for I carried in my arms the big bird that Frank has had mounted for Edward! Arthur met us at the station and it was late by the time we got out to the Ranch. And then we had to tell the boys all our experiences before we could go to bed. Tired! No, dead. And this is the day we should be at home, too. I begin to worry about my school work, for I know it is piling up. But the prospect of going home is not pleasant at all any way.

Oct. 16. "Meadow Grose" again, but we must start out to visit those we love less. By nine we were off for Will Shafers. Found Martha and the children as usual. ~~■■■■■~~

After dinner I did have a big time picking apples. Trees five years old are yielding five and six bushels to the tree. At this season of the year
on the average of 60 ears of apples
pass the Spokane from Yakima
on the way East. This is indeed an apple country!

This evening we had a picnic! We went to a prohibition meeting held in the barn-hall - an old discarded school-house. Lord! Lord! I thought I would expire! The old back-woodsy crowd: the wooden benches, the flickery lights, the rusty stove, the whiskey organ. Lord! Lord! I laughed until I nearly passed away! Lord! Lord! the Benches! When we got home William and I talked until "way" got more and more interesting. We were finally separated and put to bed at midnight. The big day over.

Oct. 17. We started out for Sam's this morning in a drizzling rain. For once we did have a good ride. The usual good dinner and then all the afternoon we played "Bir" - a very interesting Wall Street game. About five we started home to the Ranch. In the evening all the bunch went into Edwall to a political rally. Again I nearly expired!

Oct. 18. Sunday: One month ago to-day
we left home.

Of course we had to go to morning service. Ella had invited guests for dinner - the boys "wives" - Kathleen and Viola. Also "Baby Jack" for Ella. It rained all the afternoon. We played games and had a big time. We spent the evening at home - just Frank, Christine, and me. We played jokes on every body, then went to bed.

Oct. 19. Spent the morning getting my neglected journal up to date. This afternoon I went to town with George in order to have a ride behind old

"Mutt and Jeff," the high - steppers. It was great! While I waited for George in town I visited with Edw's mother. Edward and Frank went fishing this afternoon. We had a jolly evening at home. I wrote a long letter to mamma while some of the kids read, some played a Methodist gambling game with beans, Ella played, and Edward made fudge. I hate to leave the gay times here.

Oct. 20. All the days are full! I was busy all morning writing post-cards. This afternoon Edward and I, Frank and mother went over to Uncle Studeits. The men hunted and fished and I endured the visiting. We got home in time for Ella's big dinner. She had invited a guest. We spent a gay evening at games, in spite of the old talk on church just before. Late in the evening we got a long distance call from Uncle Fred: Expert guide, deer, ---- Edward is off for Spokane in the morning. This is an eventful country.

Oct. 21. Edward away to Spokane on the morning train. I spent the morning writing post cards to friends. Ella and Christine took me over to Sam's late in the afternoon. We enjoyed the travel post-cards all evening.

Oct. 22. Had a nice quiet visit with Marie all day. When the children came from school there was a quarrel as to which one would take me over to Martha's. The honor fell to Herald. Then the folks spent the evening at Martha's. I was glad when the long evening was gone.

Oct. 23. I was so glad to go back to the Ranch after dinner. The last three days ~~the~~ — ~~the~~ — ~~the~~ — A letter from Edward says he won't be back from the mountains until Tuesday so I won't go to Spokane in the morning. I am so glad to be back home with Ella and the boys again.

Oct. 24. I did not feel quite up to the mark and so I spent the entire day reading "Burning Warfights" by Jack London, a contemplative story of a young goldman, who threw away thirty million to avoid a covetous old age, and returned to the wilderness where his wife did the laundry work and they lived happy ever after. (Personal review.) I am glad I have decided to stay here until Monday.

Oct. 25. Sunday:- The last day at the good old Ranch! But few of the bunch went to church and those that stayed home missed a tongue fighter right in church. Schaefer's were out for dinner. I read an entire book to-day. Well, it is time to be going home to Nebraska, but how we have enjoyed all our good brothers, Ella, and Christine here at Meadow Grove.

Oct. 26. A beautiful morning and we said "good-bye" to every body. Frank took us to town. George came up with Harvey and I to Spokane. We found Maggie's

Spokane.

O. K. had dinner and spent the afternoon visiting. About five I came over to Uncle Fred's. Just before supper George came over, too. We spent the evening at a movie - till, and George was to blame for it! Edward miles from Briar Rose, Idaho. Every hour of this beautiful day I have been saying: "This is my day - this is the golden day - the day of blue days - and memories, dear, dear memories. And I am sorry that my long man could not be with me."

Oct. 27. Spokane, Wash.

Spent a happy day here at Uncle Fred's. I read "The Spoils". In the afternoon George took Wella and I to a movie. Wella entertained in the evening so Otto took me to an organ recital - he and his sweetheart Vesta. We had such a pleasant evening. I appreciated the confidence - the pretty glimpse into the lover's life. It was another glimpse into life, too - its joys and its heartaches. Well, the day passed and the "husband" did not come - my Edward.

Oct. 28. Back here at the Allegan Stone. When the hunters did not come on the morning train, I came over here to Carl's. Spent the afternoon visiting with Maggie. George went back to Edward on the evening train. One was waiting for the hunters when he walked nella - "Say distance from Priest Lake!" We jumped a foot high! The message was simply: "Send a car to-morrow." Did they really have big game? Or had they only missed the stage? Would Edw. come in time to reach Nebraska before our ticket expired? The way we clattered!

Oct. 29. It was a day of waiting. Edward did not come on the noon train. This afternoon I went down to the High School and after school was out, Amanda and I went down town to see "William Tell". It was very good, but my mind was not on it. All evening we waited with ears picked for every sound. At about eight o'clock we heard the car. Every body rushed out! There were the hunters! Every body asked at the same breath: "Did you get a

deer?" Yes! Two big deer! Everybody congratulated every body! Edward will have a fine specimen to remember Priest River by, and the beautiful Priest Lake country of northern Idaho. It was the climax of our trip.

Oct. 30. A rainy Friday morning - we are busy - hurrying to get off. We leave for Lincoln, Nbr. at 12:30. Good-bye, Washington! Friday evening. On route S. N. R. R. Here we are started on our long journey home! It is raining. We just came in from dinner and there our berths are made up. We left Spokane at 12:30 - straight across the northern extremity of northern Idaho and into northern Montana. Over the Rockies to-night - the prospects are for a cold night.

Oct. 31. On route. S. N. R. R.

Not much diversion to a journey across the state of Montana. We passed thru Great Falls at 10:00.

changed to the Boundary at Billings
at 6:10 - feel we are on the home
stretch now.

Nov. 1. Sunday:- Enroute. S.B.Q.R.R.
Western Nebraska again! One passed
over Crawford right after breakfast.
The scenery about Crawford is
quite picturesque - very unlike typical
Nebraska - high bluffs, thickly wooded
with evergreens and pines. Sunday is
a long day on the train usually.
Now we are nearly home. I do feel
uncertain - perplexed!

Nov. 2. Saturday, Nev. After much and
varied journeying we are home
again! The first day home is always
a busy one. I have simply flown.
Stove cooked, and straightened, and
unpacked, and had callers, and talked
to all my friends over the telephone.
Steve Weeny and Alma came over this
evening. Well, it has been a great
day. All is well at home. Like
glad to see us. Lots of building gone
on. Weather is perfect.