

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL  
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

**BOX 1 FOLDER 9**

**“A THOUSAND MILE  
MOTOR TRIP THRU  
WESTERN NEBRASKA”**

**1916**

1916. A Thousand Mile Motor Trip thru Western Nebraska. 153

Oct. 15. Sunday: - The Way of Wags again!  
This is to be our last trip - a "Thousand  
Mile Motor Trip thru Western Nebraska."  
The morning was gray and misty. We  
were away at nine o'clock. Perhaps it  
is true "our feet walk in where  
angels fear to tread" - the man and I did  
not think of it; however, seven  
miles out of Lincoln, we put up the  
top, covered the bedding with water-proofing,  
put a blanket around Pile, took off  
our gay ferns - and by the time  
we had reached Seaside everything was  
damp but our spirits, and the spirit  
and glow appearance of our outfit had  
utterly disappeared. We arrived at York -  
60 miles from home - about one o'clock.  
Had dinner with Waverly and Alma,  
enjoyed Baby Frances, a two hour rest  
and were on our way again. The  
next 40 miles of travel the roads were  
slippery and travel slow. We reached  
the Blatte River at sunset. It was  
going down, a big red ball, across  
the way over the sand bars. But  
the day's difficulties were not over.  
Oh, no! We were to experience a full

measure of the motorist's calamities! We saw the car in an unusual location, a hard stretch of level sand near a pleasant meadow - and stuck! The rear wheels ground in and sunk with every turn! We got out and deliberated on the next move; but faintly the Quik would not move for some time. It was cold, night was coming, we were wet and tired from a hundred miles of hard travel. We dug up the tent near the car on wet sand and the Lady hastened to make hot tea - blessed revival of spirits! With the beds made and supper, the situation looked more cheerful - how we were tired by the physical. Next we went out and looked at the car; water was starting to seep in around the wheels and it was still going down a little from its own weight - in all probability before morning a Chinaman would reach us from the other side and pull it out! So unlike President Wilson we decided to act at once. We first found some jacks near the bridge and dragged them up to the car, then the man proceeded to "jack" the rear wheels

up, while the Lady carried the light around, brought tools, and encouraged the man with lies that the car was nearly level when it was! At eleven o'clock the brave little Quik was parked out on the solid ground again, and we went to bed. Thus ended the First Way of the Thousand mile motor trip to Camp No. 1. "Sinking Sand."

Oct. 16. Who could help but be gay with the sun rising across the level stretch of the river and the air crisp and cold? Pike and I had a wild run up the sand. There was no body to see. Then we jacked up the car at once and motored seven miles into Grand Island to breakfast. And how good that jolly breakfast tasted! And we were away. We found the roads heavy but little more skiddy. And then ----- we had travelled about 50 miles and were just entering Panama, when we discovered that we had broken both springs on the car! We had not tried the little "demon of ill-luck" deep enough in the sand at the Platte River; he

had dug out, and was still after us! We found the Buick house, telegraphed to Lincoln for springs, and found a good camp site in a big grove near the town. We put up the tent and proceeded to get settled in Camp No. 2. "Snappy Springs". We had a late dinner but a jolly one. Then towards evening we walked up to town and back. Ravenna is a nice little village of about 1300. We "turned in" early. That we are having a good time regardless of all mishaps only goes to prove that we are "real sports." Thus ended the Second Way of the Thousand Mile Water Trip.

Oct. 17. Brighter day in camp. Feeling fine! Stung by as Bears! But the little "devil-god" of ill-luck is still after us: the springs did not come. No getting out of town to-day. The men hunted all morning; fished all the afternoon. We had bird - not domestic - for dinner and a big fish cleaned for breakfast. Pike is well pleased with this life. So, day 3 read Gov. Hughes' address, and did some writing, too. It was been a very

pleasant day. Thus ended the Third Way of the Thousand Mile Water Trip and we are only 150 miles from Stone.

Oct. 18. En route - Broken Bow, W. Va. Stated Burlington. We broke camp and left Ravenna at noon. We motored 68 miles in a cold north wind to Broken Bow. Arrived at 3:30 so chilled that we decided to put up for the night, and get a fresh start "for the Trail" tomorrow morning. Stunters along the way tell us this cold wave is just the thing. A good supper and to bed early - a real bed. So ended the Fourth Way of the Thousand Mile Water Trip.

Oct. 19. "Some where in France". Camped in the bluffs near some river.

We awoke to a white world; a heavy snow storm in October. We had our breakfast early and after an hour of deliberation decided that we could make the next town in spite of the cold and blustering snow. We would go all "hosed-in" in the car. From the hotel window it looked dead easy.

We motored about 30 miles in sand and snow over roads that wound thru the hills and ended nowhere. After three hours of hanging thru drifts and digging out of sand, we gave it up. We pitched camp near the "snow river." The man cleared a spot for camp in a thicket of willows, and shoveled the snow away, and we got a camp fire and tried to thaw out. We got some thing to eat under the worse "house-keeping difficulties" I have yet experienced! At six o'clock we piled all we had on the bed and crawled in, clatters and all. Pike was suffering with a cold so that the man had to get up to cover him every time he scratched his flees. But the flees kept reasonably quiet. We fell asleep -- some time -- listening to the cold winter wind flapping the tent and in each ear the lap lap of the river. . . . .

And thus ended the Fifth Day of the Thousand Mile Water Trip at Camp No. 3. Camp "Snowbound".

Oct. 20. Getting up in a snow bound camp and getting breakfast of frozen grub was a new experience, not wholly a pleasant one.

But a roaring camp fire right in front of the tent soon cheered camp. The sun was bright most of the day, but the north wind kept cold. The man and the dog huddled all day. I stayed at camp. The days are short when one goes to bed at sunset. So ended the Sixth Day of the Thousand Mile Water Trip.

Oct. 21. We were up with the birds, I heard them flitting in the dead grasses. We ate our breakfast with the early sun in our faces, warm and bright, giving promise of a fine day. . . . .

Then we broke camp, packed, and were on our way again. We motored to the north for 25 miles over roads that were sandy and lilly but passable. We made breakfast about noon and just outside of the village stopped, and ate our lunch by the side of the car. Pike was so delighted with this manner of eating that he no longer forgot himself that he ate ginger snaps one after another. . . . .

And we continued our way. Then began the worse roads I have ever motored

over. We were in the sand hills. For 40 miles we waded in and out, and plunged thru the sand, or blindly followed wagon trails that forked off in every direction over miles and miles of unbroken prairies with never a sign or a guide to direct us; we were 40 miles from a rail road, no towns, and only rarely a lone trader's rock shack - and then the only direction we could get was to "kinda - keep - to - the - north". We did. But the Lord only knows how we ever reached Ainsworth. Suddenly its welcome lights loomed up ahead of us, as we climbed a bluff. We arrived at seven o'clock. We were all in! We put up at the hotel, had supper, and went to bed. Thus ended the Seventh Day of the Thousand Mile Water Trip some 322 miles from Stone.

Oct. 22. Sunday:- Ainsworth, Neb.  
 "At the Front." The Sand Hills. Hotel Anderson. Spent a very quiet day in - doors, reading, writing, and sleeping. The man and the dog were away to the lakes to hunt all day. Returned about

dark with a nice bunch of ducks. It is now moving to-night, but I am so happy over the Nebraska victory over Oregon that I do not care! So ended the Eighth Day of the Thousand Mile Water Trip.

Oct. 23. The morning dawned a fine "duck day" - cold and a light snow. The man and the dog were away to the lakes early to spend the day, again. I sent off a bunch of post-cards and had a long walk before dinner. This afternoon I got my journal up-to-date. I have not minded being alone. The man will have such a glorious hunt, for shooting is fine here in the sand hills. To bring in forty or fifty ducks is not unusual. We are to have a fine duck dinner if Edward gets home in time. This is our last day here. We plan to motor on to-morrow - to begin the home ward way. We have seen lots of country and hope to see some more. We can't expect good roads but we can expect some new "experiences". The afternoon wanes: so ends the Ninth Day of the Thousand Mile Water Trip.

Oct. 24. Stone ward Bound. We left the  
 Burg of Ainsworth about nine o'clock in  
 a slushy, warm snow storm and motored  
 40 miles over almost impassable roads to  
 O'Neill. Much of the time we could not  
 make more than five miles a hour, the  
 roads were so fearfully rutted. Night  
 came early and at dusk we were glad  
 to stop. We were most unfortunate in  
 our hotel; put up in an impossible place.  
 It was an awful day to try to travel.  
 This was the Tenth Day of the Thousand  
mile motor trip. Ye - gods!

Oct. 25. En route by slow degrees.  
 Neligh, Neb. "The Nebosco."  
 We left O'Neill early and hit the dread-  
 ful roads with light hearts - but they  
 are always heavy by night! We had  
 made about 50 miles and were anxious  
 to get to Neligh for dinner, when we  
 turned in on a meadow road. We struck  
 a sandy place - good-night! The car  
 went down! Edward waked and worked.  
 We would jump the car if the  
 ranchman and a good team had not  
 pulled us out. Nearly five o'clock and

so tired we could hardly move and no  
 dinner! Was so glad to reach this  
 village. And never have we appreciated  
 more fully a good hotel, hot water,  
 and supper. --- Then a pleasant surprise,  
 too. I recalled that Grace Watters lives  
 here. Edward called her up, and she and  
 her father spent the evening here at  
 the hotel with us. We enjoyed them  
 so much. Grace will be married soon.  
 --- And the Eleventh Day of the  
Thousand mile motor trip has passed.

"Oct. 26" Columbus, Nebraska. Thurston Hotel.  
Beloved Day of my Fear. It has  
 been a radiant autumn day, quiet and  
 golden. And we have remembered all day  
 that it has been our "Day" - the man and  
I. Please God, give us many together.  
 We left Neligh about eight o'clock;  
 but I could not feel light hearted. We  
 found the roads more rutted and were  
 barely hitting the miles off, when with-  
 out a moment's notice we slid off a  
 high grade into a ditch beside a bridge.  
 It took two Fords and a squad of men  
 to drag the car out. Then we went

on our way. Calamities are not even interesting any more! We had dinner at Albion. From there on the roads were very much better. We were annoyed most of the afternoon with the radiator boiling, but we made Columbus as the sun was setting. We are so glad to-night for the miles behind us. One more day and will we be home? We do hope so. So the Thirteenth Way of the Thousand Mile Motor Trip ends.

Dec. 27. The last day! We left Columbus this morning with high hopes. We made the last seventy-five miles of the trip without further mishap, other than a blow-out - long expected - and the discovery that Edward had left his coat at Columbus. We had dinner at Seward and arrived Stone about four o'clock. Found all O. K. here. So end the Thirteenth Way and the Thousand Mile Motor Trip. We travelled about 800 - eight hundred miles. We had seen a lot of country; had enough new experience to suit anyone. But little little Ballyanna we are blest: we think is battle-scarred; we are motor veterans!!!