

Driving Out West in 1940

The Diary of Margaret Helene Goodman of Montclair, New Jersey, from June 27 to July 26, 1940, as transcribed by her son, John W. Cross, in August, 2021.

Penultimate Page of Book #2

Going away Gifts.

Knitting bag – Mother

Kleenex holder – Bob

2 flat fifties Camels – Gypsy

Polarioid glasses – Sam

Apple Blossom H.R. - Lee

Overnight bag – Gene

Fanny Farmer hard candy

glazed cherries & pineapples

Bandaides – dries apricots

crossword puzzle book

comic book

elastic band

toothbrush

many kinds of Life Savers

much chewing gum

scarf

Last Page of Book #2

July 3-5 Denver

July 12-13 Salt Lake City

July 20 Denver

Diary Transcript

June 27th

2:30 p.m. Left my house bag and baggage, John barking his goodbye from window.

2:45 Boarded train to Washington Edgar is accompanying us as far as North Philly where he takes train to Atlantic City.

5:15 Edgar departed after much riding about the amount of luggage.

6:45 Big save from Disaster by the use of a Kleenex and one of genes elastics to keep bottle of alcohol from leaking

7:30 Arrive in Washington where it is hot but Prent says it is comparatively cool. Gorgeous sunset.

7:45 Check into Bellevue then on to supper at Evans coffee shop outdoor garden - good food.

June 28th

7:15 Up! We will worry about the size of my bag after breakfast.

9:00 a.m. Off! Good weather. Mileage 9587.

After baggage expertly maneuvered by Prent. My consciousness eased slightly for mine is the biggest bag.

10:30 Rolling along into Maryland through beautiful stretches of farmland. Buckwheat smells so fresh and good.

Passed unhappy-looking bull this side of Frederick Maryland. Miles of rambling roses. The Shenandoah Valley rich and lush. Roller coaster hills; Robert and Adelle counting cows, horses gave up – too many; also licenses.

11:00 Hancock, the other side of, first drops of rain,. Visibility over beautiful Hills - bad. Prent raised eyebrow at my knitting. Gene's Lifesavers gone starting in our in on gum.

12:00 Lunch in the clouds in a downpour. Town Hill Mtn., Md. extra nice place 115 miles out of Washington stopped raining - gorgeous view.

1:30 On our way again down FAIR again.

3:10 Over Pennsylvania line – short way of very bad roads. Slippery mud deep ruts, didn't make Adelle happy. Roads begin to straighten out, many more muddy stretches. Slow going.

4:30 Detour from Beallsville to Scenery Hill. Passed-through to mining towns; miners faces look as if they had been sprayed with black paint.

5:25 Stop for gas at Washington Pennsylvania sign reads “good food”. Prent interprets for the kids: if tourists are reasonable any food will be good when good and warm- credit card used.

5:30 Burning cinder pile, whew! From coal not oil. Lois and Prent ruminating on bits of poetry names of towns recall.

6:00 Enter West Virginia, Wheeling

6:30 Ohio after two bridge tolls fifty cents each.

Sign:

“Chicken in the rough served unjointed, without silverware \$0.50”

6:45 Stop for dinner and night at Welcome Inn AAA. Super chicken, homemade style with gravy waffles and noodles!!! A tour of the grounds with Robert and Adelle disclosed Billy a 10 weeks old goat, Prented, all white, hogs. The garden washed out with rain.

Another shower before bed.

Rooms very clean - beds good.

Finished the body of my sweater and started sleeves

10:00 Bed. Mileage 293.

June 29th

6:30 Up a beautiful day with long shadows on the hillsides after starting up by 7. Ohio quite hilly, picturesque farm lands through here. Dove into apricots.

7:40 Rolling westward again; breakfast Cambridge, n.g.

9:15 Jacksontown stopped for gas, credit card used. Robert changed clothes after slight accident after breakfast. Roads now flatter and straighter, lots of contented cows, horses and sheep, even black hogs and sheep. Robert and Adelle again taking cattle census: cows 2, horses 3, cats 5, dogs 10, cemeteries 10. Cloudy again. It hurts Robert to pass by without buying fireworks.

10:35 Columbus - impressed by cleanliness and beauty - a very tall office building beautiful vista – entering.

The vast Great Plains begin just as we begin on the hard candy;

11:30 Slight sprinkle of rain every now and again.

12:10 Springfield- Robert being relay interpreter for directions. At the apricots again, arabian mush bad traffic Robert engrossed with crossword puzzle.

1:00 p.m. Passed over two flood control dams marked for high water; Buckeye State from tree.

1:30 Passed up a good place to eat, stopped where there were washing windows - left dirty. In the meantime we found a nice place 10-15 miles along. Temperature 66 degrees. Lemon meringue pie 2 in high.

2:30 Off again extra beautiful skies: low fluffy clouds.

2:35 Indiana State Line poor watch took a setback for 2 hours. I'd never changed to standard time. Hoosier State.

Richmond - heavy traffic, blocked by angry female in parked car with door open, plum in midst of hornblowers. Prent sings sailor song for own amusement, dead animals along wayside so far have included: birds, dogs, fox, skunks.

2:30 Entering Indianapolis. For the last half-hour we look at JW Riley's birthplace, Greenfield. I have been valiantly ripping back and picking up. A whole day's worth lost because I decreased every inch instead of every 5 rows, Jeepers.!

Indiana City rather old and brown looking; Route 40 well-marked through outskirts to pick up route 36. Passed 300 miles back at 3 p.m.

3:45 Turned out to be beautiful; Visibility over little more hilly country perfect. In car, Robert asleep chewing gum, audibility not good. Cornfields glistening like water. Haymows all along eaten out by cattle to look like oddly shaped mushrooms.

4:00 Discussed wisdom of stopping at Turkey Run Park, but decided not.

4:15 Crossed famous Wabash River at Montezuma; no Halls of Montezuma visible.

2:25 Cross to Indiana State Line into Illinois over flattest straightest of all roads so far. Adelle has been knitting for miles and still measures 39 in.

5:30 Newman Illinois where we found cabins for night behind a large hedge of brambles. Super clean. Went to Town Square where Prent took pictures of us and building with sign "City Hall - Public Toilets". Late sun is wonderful. Bought *Life* for me, movie magazine for Adelle and comics for Robert. He wanted War. Ate after the recommendation of 2 townspeople; freshened up in the place labeled *MEN*; upstairs is a funny old loft place. Butcher brings steaks in after we had ordered steak; Robert watching man making popcorn interestedly. Stranger buys him a bag. 395 miles, sunset at 7:30 wrote letters. Bed by 9.

Sunday June 30th

5:00 Adelle and I first ones up – Subject for kidding. Another beautiful day, but so cold; who said Illinois was hot?

6:20 Off again with the Sun at our heels. Mile after mile of endless flat greens. - (hogs and corn country). Hollyhocks planted beside all little concrete bridges. Prent says Madame LeFarge is at it again! When I pick up my knitting. Light sprinkling of rain as we passed the first curve in 42 MI.

7:40 Breakfast in Decatur good food? Unsure!

9:10 Extra large trailer truck didn't make jog in Road turned upside down on side against billboard, axle off.

9:55 had to stop at a Texaco station outside of Springfield credit. Phillips 66, ½ block further.

10:15 stopped at Lincoln's house in Springfield quite early Victorian furnishings; we wondered how a large man could sit in such a small chair; Took time to drive out to Lincoln's Tomb quite impressive with obelisk, divided stairway and statues. Appropriately. maps inside. Wind fresh with my skirt.

10:45 Not yet! Wandering around looking for New Salem State Park. We don't know where we're going, but it's a nice Road. Lois having difficulty finding Route 24. Here's #29 with signs so we know we're OK. Lois discovers she is using year old map that they both are same. She thinks it's a mean trick.

11:45 Found! New Salem Park. Reconstructed village of 120 years ago, where Lincoln lived 6 years is a clerk, mill and soldier in Black Hawk War, store keeper, postmaster, & deputy surveyor here. Self-educated. Here is where he met Ann Rutledge, her father inn keeper. He lived in a loft. Lovely place atop hill; Many hollyhocks;

1:30 Dinner at the Mason Wheel in park; Very charming place, good food.

2:30 On our way again. Must make tracks now to make up.

3:00 Passing through the town of Prentice. Prent in his glory.

3:10 Back on good old #36! Resuming westward trek.

4:10 Quite warm now; everyone amused when I slipped out of my hot slip. Lois reading to Robert; life returns to normal. Prent thinks Illinois bugs the juiciest.

5:00 p.m. Crossed the great Mississippi; we weren't in the least disappointed - sturdy but polite; looking- Into Hannibal to see the Mark Twain House where boyhood experiences were recorded as Tom Sawyer. Very charming.

5:30 The evening hunt for stop begins again; still flat hot they sure do grow hollyhocks big out here. Wheat has already been harvested. Prent citing news, i.e. names of counties and towns. Lois and I give a concert, which seems to pain Prent in the nape of his neck.

6:20 after knitting on and on Prent calls it Penelope's (the car's).

7:15 p.m. Webb finally stopped for supper at a truck driver's stop; Beer. I got quite a kick out of things.

7:45 Rolling again; on the lookout still for cabins with baths. Stopped at Christy's Cabins (Callgo, beyond Macon), double beds with private showers.

To bed.

Couple in cabin next door from Oregon had never seen fireflies before. On their way home after picking up a new Buick in Detroit

July 1st.

7:00 a.m Off; the music of sheep bells waking us Deep baas and high baas; Cloudy, comfortably cool,

8:00 a.m. Breakfast in Brookfield Missouri, small stack three of Buckwheat cakes.

9:10 Missouri mules and horses sleek and healthy looking; corn is growing taller. Passed J.C. Penny Farm, Many Penny horses, size.

Saw wheat being threshed, bailed. Robt. & Adelle flying kites with paper tied with yarn. Too much cattle [sic] now to count. Town was just a few houses & mules apiece. No wonder the westerners are so cordial; We would be too, we decided.

10:35 entering Saint Joseph; passed the Quaker Oats Manufacturing Company. Had to detour around aunt Jemimah; she's pretty fat. Also passed Swift Bartlett Frazier and Larabee, Armour. Boy holding two large goats as large as a calf - br.

11:00 a.m Many, many vast fields of beautiful golden wheat.

11:05 Crossing Missouri River in touring Kansas entering Kansas. River green, muddy - flat.

11:15 a.m stopped Atcheson while car was greased; went shopping. Hot! Garage man says cooler than usual; Ate in Atcheson Coffee Shop (hotel); sent card to J.B.

11:10 On again. Lois met a friend in coffee shop she thought she recognized yesterday in Wagon Wheel in New Salem Park. She wasn't sure of Lois because she didn't recognize Prent; We kid her about being caught in Kansas!

2:00- 2:30 Watched the process of wheat being harvested. On the left in modern combine which cuts threshes and drops wheat into a hopper and straw out the rear. In contrast to the old-fashioned method of horse and bales on the right.

2:45 An exciting race with a freight car; much waving to the occupants of open flat car. They won, the curves we had to follow made us toe the mark.

2:55 At railroad crossings stop. Another freight car stopped us completely then stopped themselves. Hotter'n the devil when you stop.
A rotting soybean pile for fertilizer makes the makes Prent's nose curl.

2:45 Adelle sitting backwards folds like a telescope when Prent stops suddenly for hidden red light. At that moment friends from New Jersey pull up alongside to be introduced, then on in a streak. Passing Kansas River on left, unattractively muddy, no appeal, even in this heat.

4:00 pm stopped in Manhattan (!) at an uncooled soda fountain; Blk. walnut sundae

4:20 Passed Kansas State Agricultural College, where #40 + #24 separate. We take the latter. The most black road very newly resurfaced with with tar and small stones (makes going slower); Cropped wheat fields on both sides now. Nothing else except corn fields and trees planted in rows for windbreaks and sparsely scattered farm houses.

Elephant child – my bag

Walrus – Adelle's bag

5:30 stopped at Clay Center for the night, Cedar cabins.

Places get better and better. While others are bathing tub Robert and I found a school playground where we had workout on swings, merry-go-rounds et cetera, a light rain brought us home. Prent has a beautiful dressing table in his room. Mileage 316.

Cabins landscaped beautifully. Supper was unapologetically an hour late they ran out.

My pork when arrived was stuffed ends, so I had minute steak. Waiter looked like Orson Welles Bed at 9:30.

July 2nd: Adelle's birthday

6:00 Harder to get up today. Cloudy. We gave Adelle her gifts at breakfast at Cedar Courts: scarf, hand bag, panties, cards, cards, bath shoes, candy. We were too inhibited to sing "Happy Birthday", but she wouldn't hold up panties either.

7:15 a.m Headed westward across Kansas. I thought I had seen the flattest possible land, but this is endless. Yellow cropped wheat, or lower poorer fields spread out on all sides, except that there is supposed to be a bumper crop this year.
Sun's coming out.

8 a.m Someone ought to tell Kansas people that right-angle turns in roads are not necessary, Prent says. All Farms have tornado cellars, roughly made. And no kitchen gardens, which distresses Lois.

8:20 a.m Passed maybe 20 Boy Scouts on wheels pedaling mile after dreary mile, but they like it, I guess.

845 Cawker City - stopped for gas. Bought Conoco this time, felt a bit obligated after the use of their... People very poor-looking, hard-working, not well-dressed - brown like the soil. Not even any trees out here. Miles and more miles of slightly rolling plains. From a top can see perhaps forty miles. First sunflowers wild along roadside. The day is overcast and quite cool. Quite a number of abandoned houses. Whooshed by a large herd of black faced (and legged) sheep, all following a leader. Turtles trying valiantly to cross road.

9:20 a.m with free spirit now singing happy birthday to Adelle. Such a desolate lonely section. We all agree we're glad we don't live here.

10 a.m. Stockton where we considered driving on to last night, but decided when we saw it that it wasn't worth pushing on another 123 miles at 5:15 last night
Louis and Prent have intermittently given us educational discourses - heavy heavy rain last night, fields slightly flooded, Stopped to examine and pick some Kansas wheat-- region where if they can get one crop they can keep alive. Time out while we set Robert straight that plain is grass, not desert. He hardly believes. Adelle spots turn ahead.
Effects of storm apparent in spots of erosion.
The wheat situation now well in hand. Robert and Adelle each have some to take apart.
Yesterday it was so hot I knitted with the body of the sweater tucked in the coat rack;
Today it is so cool I am glad it is big enough to wrap around legs to keep warm.
Prent spies jackrabbits but we have to take his word for it.

Hill City- desolate, so very poor and dreary: the townspeople and vast lands.
More and more erosion. Signs for miles: *The prettiest station in all the nation.*
Local pride, say I.
Approach inches deep in mud, bldg. rain, colored stone on slight hump of land.
Arm-waving attendant urges us in but we declined despite attraction of advertised coyote. In these vast stretches of monotony, children are salvaged from rest-issues by card games.

12:00 noon Colby- hungry! Cold enough to get out of my tweed coat Lunch at the O'Pelt Hotel Coffee Shop.

1:05 Waddled out after a wonderful meal- blueberry tart;

Sent telegrams. Met Lois friends again, chatted on street corner, comparing notes on food and lodging - for 3 days now!

Mountain Time - into Colorado.

(2 old time) Mountain time- on road again; man in the telegraph office said that yesterday heavy rain thru here came about 2 weeks too late - Million dollar loss for the county. Wheat useless now, will not mature.

1:35 Off the route for a block or so when the loan Arkansas traveler who has been trailing us pulled up alongside and said wryly we missed the route...!

2: 20 stopped in Kanorado for gas and Pepsi-Cola, 1 mile further coast across the Colorado Line.

Sun comes out.

On a wide-open stretch Prent opens Penelope up to 90 miles per hour top speed.

Country still table flat. Dirt road being resurfaced takes the speed out of things for about 10 minutes we've been seeing lots of little animals along the road like a chipmunk or mouse, but Prent decided they must be gophers.

No trees at all now, plains beginning to look more like desert with yucca growing. This is the land of the buffalo.

4:00 pm We have been playing *Geography* (cities) for at least 2 hours having a wonderful time suddenly we mount a crest where you can see in all miles. Breathtakingly vast. Lois wants to stop at the R Ripley Museum for a look, but Prent says to take a quick one as we go by. Joined Route 40 the familiar again which we stay on into Denver.

4:30 p.m. Prent salutes the town of Buick with his horn as we go fleeing by. A most desolate place. All land range for cattle.

In every group of horses there have been ungainly long-legged colts.

More construction. Finished the sleeve of my sweater.

In the wide sweep of sky we watched a rain storm coming up. It's hard to find words to describe it.

Passed Bi Jon Creek several times. It's dried up every time we see it.

5:30 p.m. our first sight of the mountains! dimly visible thru the rain clouds. The fields to the right brilliantly lighted with that particular thundershower brilliance. The plowed fields look deep maroon and purple.

469 mi in one day.

Stop for night at Santa Rosa cabins on the outskirts of Denver; ate supper at 20th Century Coffee Shop. Proprietor seems hurt I couldn't eat all my T-bone steak. We don't know what we are going to do tomorrow, but we'll think about it then.

Two days here before Edgar arrives Friday at 8 a.m.; raining now. To bed sometime or else.

July 3rd

A leisurely awakening between 6 and 7. Lois said it hurt her feelings to get up when she didn't have to and turned over again. Prent snuck out on us for his breakfast we haven't forgiven him yet breakfast.

We haven't forgiven him yet. Breakfast in the same mauve-walled place where we ate last night.

Cloudy and chilly. Sun trying to come out.

At breakfast decided to stay here another night to get some washing done. Servings seem to get bigger the farther West we go yeah go.

1:15 set off for the city of Denver for lunch at for lunch Post Office and AA A, where we make plans for this afternoon and tomorrow. Sun out.

Stop for gas at Calso Station, 1st on credit list we have hit.

1:45 p.m. Lunch at the Red Fox Inn, a most unique place. Whitewashed brick walls, dark oak because, with red satin draperies, ivy, red pots, etc.

After ordering halibut, Prent just commented on our wiseness of ordering fish away from the coast.

2:30 p.m. Next stop AAA, where we plan short trips for this afternoon and tomorrow

On to the Post Office where man held up postcard of Mitchell H.S. amphitheater and said, "Does this look familiar?" It was an airmail card from Jean and letters from Mother and Lee. Happy as a Lark to get.

3:45 p.m. Heading out of city towards the hills. And what one's! The tallest I have ever seen. On the upgrade, Prent gives Penelope encouragement. Up the hairpin turns of Lookout Mountain 7304' Impossible to describe the thrills and scares going up. The sheer drops below the series of ranges, the complete whole rainbow. All that any of us could say was Oh! continuously. A 3-sided view dropped at our feet. Spectacular sight in the spotted sunshine. Visited Buffalo Bill's Grave and Museum where I was torn over Indian jewelry. Bought some tiny things. When we came out it was raining. We're thankful we had our view. Now the mountains are deep blue-gray with whips of clouds looking like forest fires on the steep slopes. Thick pine forests the only trees trees. All kinds of wildflowers

abundant. Suddenly down a deep hill there is a little reservoir and beyond a tiny colorful town in a deep narrow gulch canyon. Big boulder rocks and overhanging pines. The whole called the Denver Mountain Parks, including Genesee Park, Bergau, Dedisse-Swede Gulch, Bear Creek running through hours few a Just Share up this time period up on the newer road. The color of the rock's! Even in the rain some the grays, green mosses and blues. Others the oranges and red yellow. The road winds around one after another, more and more beautiful.

Suddenly again in Red Rock Park, where Smooth red rocks amazingly streamlined all worshipping in the same direction.

We got out of the car to inspect despite rain. Birds resting in sunny hollows. Amazing. Road swings around the feet of the strange silent monuments carved by the crafty hands of the wind.

Out of the park down and around we hit a vast valley of grassy slopes. A deserted mine shaft.

Black-eyed Susans (Sunflowers?) profusely growing around along the shoulder as big as saucers.

Seeing more and more pinto ponies. Left coat in cabin, sorry. Beautiful stretch of about 8-lane road.

Looking for Broadway. Missed it. Prent sort of smelled it. Tax tokens here-insurance.

We salute the AAA for a wonderful afternoon trip.

6:00 p.m. Back at the Red Fox Inn, we liked it so much, for dinner.

Prince gives us an interesting discourse on oriental rugs.

A chummy conversation back at Santa Rosa Cabins covering Robert's cough, sororities and general stuff. To bed at 9:30 My my!

Thursday, the 4th of July

6:30 I am up. Looks like a good day for a trip to the mountains. Breakfast at a nicer place where we signed their tourist guest book and I had an appetite.

8:45 a.m. OK hills, here we come!

I liked dinner very much, clean and nice. The driver's puzzle Prent no end. They never do what you do or don't expect. Stopped for Fire Chief gas. Frennt vetoes Adelle's and my desire to wash the car sometime. Visibility ahead good. Appears to be snow on some of the mountains. Stopped to take some pictures of the mountain skyline wide spread. Early morning shadows show up all gullies and riches. A very picturesque drive in, up, and around the gulleys. Cuts the rangeland green and fresh. Around a curve and suddenly ahead a whole range of snow covered mountains. The snow is cream colored in the blue haze. Down now thru winding passes rich dark green of the conifers against the white green of the range, making an endless variety of patterns. Every minute a different spectacle, up Clear Creek where we see signs of gold mining. Narrow gauge tracks for ore trains. We stop to inspect a more elaborate one working. Pictures taken. It's a perfect day hardly a wisp of cloud. Clear Creek tearing along after a heavy rain over the last 2 days. Men at placer gold mine wear large tin sunbonnets.

Placer-washing gold out of sand that has been carried down by the streams. Lots of CCC camps. Stamp mill where they break up rocks prior to washing. Quick view of tall narrow falls. Beautiful fragile drop glimpsed through town of Idaho Springs. All the way up, the mountain sides are mine shafts. The famous the famous file 5-mile Argo tunnel here. Examined a wild flower, nothing at all familiar, lavender. Decided that snow topped mountains must be Snowy Range that Gene mentioned. Elevations 7980' at Lookout yesterday and mountains shearing straight up from here! Sides of mountains speckled with size of mountains speckled with 1-man mines (wild cat) Just a few houses make up a small mining town. Ahead smaller mountain pointed up like a piece of steak. Snow closer whitens up. Every turn unfolds a more beautiful vista. Timber line of mountains and cloud shadows vie with each other for patterns. Snow just above. I feel more and more the inadequacy of these words. Another waterfall dropping from the heart of the timber, probably from the snow above.

Pockets of sun delicate birches clinging all the way up a notch. I long to live out here and become a part of it all. A reddish peak rears its head against the blue sky. Looks like remains of a former forest fire, leaving a barren strip of the timber all the way up. Now up to Berthoud Pass. Climbing a narrow road 11314' up. No fences. A more spectacular view back and down. Higher, higher, more and more breathtaking. Timber now tall and straight. Innumerable mountain streams gushing out of rocks. James Peak ahead 13261'. Crest of snow blown over top like a white hen. Air so clear and cold.

Continental divide!

We didn't know it until we got here. I feel so contented, so much as if I belonged. Robert inspects with interest old stage coach. Bought more cards. Amazed to find our fountain pen leaking from the high altitude pressure.

11:50 a.m. Down the western slope.

A long wide valley spreads out and onward. Prent clings to middle of narrow road where no fences protect the deep drop on the right. The beautifully constructed road the only sign of civilization for miles. Down at last to the floor of the valley following along a happy little stream, clear and undoubtedly cold! Robert spies a beaver dam. The Polaroid glasses give a greater depth to clouds. We take turns.

A great many 4th of July picnickers beside the road. Their pungent wood fires smell so good. Passed the Moffatt tunnel where the railroad goes under James Park for miles. Lois's watch dies, poor Louis! Horses loose on the road seem to be nothing to raise an eyebrow at. Evening out to flatter plains, rimmed on all sides by snow topped mountains.

2:30 p.m. Lunch at Fraser a small mountain town, all one story houses, poor wildflowers for centerpiece. We all compare notes on the effects of the high altitude. I feel drowsy and light headed.

Engleman Spruce's- timber. It seems unusual, every time we see something spectacular, further on it's more so. Served the lightest fluffiest homemade rolls. Fried chicken.

1:20 p.m. Hitting the trail again. Lots of ground to cover, no time to waste. We still have Rocky Mountain National Park this afternoon. In the center of the wide Valley, but nothing grows except desert stubble and timber. Lower down some more. Is it possible! Flat plains now laid out for miles across to the snow capped mountains opposite. God's country, all right, in the raw! Passing through a slight shower Prent says his tobacco has stronger a kick in this thin air. Even in the valleys 8000'. As far as you can see, no houses. Beginning to climb up again a wide lane dirt road. Beginning to the section of dude ranches. View after view of indescribable beauty. In Grand Lake Village stopped to let a rodeo parade clop by; down to the lake which in itself is very lovely, but completely spoiled by the July Forth tourists in loud cowboy duds.

2:00 p.m. Enter Rocky Mountain National Park.

A forest ranger snappily takes interest fee \$1, license number, etc. and onward. Sure is dust a flying. Better road up there thru tall spruce. Lower shrub now with winding mountain streams. Looking way up on the mountainside we see the road we'll eventually be on. Above the timberline the mountain tops are gnarled and calloused with rock and lined with snow. On the climbing road we saw below, a little more. Used to the heights to the heights and sheer drops. But Prent says it's hes not enjoying very much. No guard rails. Stopped to let Prent get a good look, relaxed. Chipmunks come up the wall for food. I never saw them so tame am. As I am writing this, one comes up to my hand and sniffs. The little pig's cheeks are so full now he can he can't bulge. Two have climbed into this book as I am writing! Prent tried to get a picture but are they too fast. This park is a sanctuary for animals, birds and

flowers. Continental Divide again at Milner pass. Robert and Adelle saddened because we really haven't time to stop and make snowballs in these these patches of snow. But wait!

There's one they scamper out and come back with dirty handfuls gasping for breath. (Coneys haymakers, like a guinea pig, we asked a ranger).

We're above the timberline now. On all sides view that makes you draw back in your seat. Opposite to Never Summer Range and Gore Range. 4 miles Trail Ridge Road 12208'. The highest point of all. It's cold, but it's beautiful. Out of the car to see Iceberg Lake, which I shiver as I write. But now in deep ravine and a hollow of snow is the lake, deep, clear, and beautiful. A pure clear aquamarine iceberg floating that never melts, color exquisite! Lots of little lakes tucked up in the crags. Only inch-high grass and mosses growing up at this up this high. I feel as if I were playing a part in Lost Horizons, only where is Shanghai-la. The scent of the pine carries all the way up here. The trees themselves look like velvet from here. Rugged beauty as Prent says. Uukuower coneys, little gray animal scampering over rocks. It would please mother to know I wish I had my angora mittens she wanted me to bring. However, after this I shall wear more than a play suit and cardigan. Mountain tops all peaked. Quite a blue haze and some clouds obliterating tops. Prent gives cars on outside all the room we can; he knows just how they must feel. For a stretch everything drops away. Around another mountain we stop again. I just can't find words. Warmer here and no snow on these mountains. Can see the road we will take-winding down and around for many, many miles. Streams winding all around the valley floor looking like tiny trickles of water. Cars below like ants.

Rainbow Curve I feel I couldn't take much more beauty all in one dose. Sign says Great Planes 40 miles but it's too hazy to see. A steep drop down now. Beautiful red cones on the other pine trees all so straight and narrow. Every now and then a gorgeous gnarled pine and aspens. Beauty big and beauty little: fragile looking wildflowers and of all kinds growing out of mammoth chunks of rock. More clippys and just as tame. One tried to eat the eraser off my pencil, another crawled up just as I am writing now. The smaller ones have the stripes on the backs; the larger ones on the sides. Darling little girl with a black eye. Downward again, many little lakes. Shortly at the valley floor, we spy beaver dams, lots of them. Hidden valley, light green grasses a setting for the dark pines. Much clearer now. Only the distant hill hills look really blue.

4:20 p.m. Now that we are down to a mere 8000' moraine – where glaciers ended, melted and dropped round boulders. Leaving Rocky Mountain National Park. Out of Estes Park Village down the center of a wide silver green range. Around to follow Thompson's River. Running a narrow rocky gulch. Many cabins here. Nice nice rock formations. Into the Thompson's Canyon. Rock steeper and prettier, trees growing out of. River rushing along in rapids. Much fishing. Kids tucked tucked out. Prent thinks we should take more mountain trips. Seems so much warmer down here. Rocks smoother and straight up. Gives us a closer view of beauty. The afternoon sun only reaches one side. Down, down, narrower and narrower. Honest to goodness angry rapids. Sedimentary rocks formed at the bottom of the ocean here forced vertical. Down and still down. More canyon when we thought it was all. Rock with moss and trees all blend subtly in color, deep purple shadows. Sun now tips only rim. Walls spread wider, we wind down, still following river. Robert wants map saved in case he comes out here with his children. Look! More deep canyon. Rocks straight up 200 to 500 ft. only sparse trees, growth and moss. Chartreuse moss on grey stones. Suddenly around a mass we come upon red vertical with green growth stripes.

The Canyon is gone, replaced with red half buttes and narrow range. Now the color changes to light yellow-brown. Curious shaped formation. 2 walls of hard stratum weathered a way on both sides, makes a jagged pattern across the sky.

5:30 p.m. Earth deep ridge red, ochre. Shortcut through Loveland, although why anyone should avoid it Prent doesn't know – incidental: Candy's dandy but liquor's quicker. Broad vista to the right of the hills we have left behind. The silent monuments to eternity. Backward they stretch range, after range. From a distance their fragile milk-glass beauty is paradoxical to the solid rock and mass that they are. Red wing blackbirds sitting on every fence post along road. The narrow streaks of sunlight ahead whitens the plains against the sky. Stopped In Longmont to charge gas at Calso. Tradespeople are pleasantly courteous. The longest part of the day's trip is the 50 mile run across the plains into Denver. The late sun stretches the shadows out. Robert says, "Now there's a cow in a front yard." You wouldn't find that in Montclair! Star spangled banner rendered a bit sourly.

7:00 p.m. back in to Denver, good and hungry. We're getting pretty adept at finding our way across the city. A full day. The Oasis AAA. Full meal at 250 miles.

July 5th

7:00 a.m. Off on the button. Everything packed so much easier. Heading into Denver. For the 1st time we can see the mountains clear and snow topped. We watch an airplane circle low over us to get altitude. The transcontinental gleaming in the morning sunlight.

Last night's example of Lois' calmness. Robert says, "Mother I lost a dime." "That's fine," says Lois, "You have just that much less to cart around." Breakfast at the L&R, where we ate yesterday.

8:10 a.m. On to Union Depot to greet Edgar. Sent Lee her birthday telegram a day late. The Denver Zephyr 5 minutes late, but a red plush carpet laid out to greet the king. A beautiful silver streamlined train. Much happy chatter and more birthday gifts for Adelle. A stop at the courthouse to legalize some deeds then to the Post Office. We did manage to get Edgar's bag in, despite kidding.

10:15 a.m. Hot sun makes us virtuous impatiently waiting at the 2 stops. But we're soon out of the city on Santa Fe Drive towards Colorado Springs. After a solid week of driving, Prent relinquishes wheel to Edgar. Prent had told Lois when we started that she could take over when we got on the plains, but he never did ask her until yesterday when we were 12,000' up on those sheer heights.

On the road we pass far to the left the Red Rocks Park that we went through the day before yesterday. It seems so long ago. Met a crack up, but apparently no one hurt. It's a beautiful day. All the windows are down. Here we blow! Mesa makes the skyline through this wide open stretch. Sign in little town Marry'n Justice. Walls of valley narrowing in around Palmer Lake. Our 1st sight of a natural arch worn through rock formations by wind. Lost the AAA-recommended route at Sedalia, but eventually cut across the narrow dirt road through at Pike national forest. This is the real West, away from usual tourist route. Edgar gets his 1st small taste of sharp curves and drops. The view to the left magnificent.

Bumpy going makes writing difficult. One-lane road. Prince says he hopes we don't meet a herd of elephants.

Over Mount Herman

Even more frightening than yesterday as is – Geepers! We’re all met with nervous perspiration if we dare look the view and rock formations are beautiful. Sharpest curves all my marked “Turnout, Look ahead,” which must mean - ? I’m as tense as can be. A switch back now. Adelle doesn’t like being on the outside. Rocks all round us must be moraine (glacier). Large clumps pile on pile standing up for 50 to 100 feet. We stop for pictures and are limp. Car is boiling after that heavy pull in 2nd. So quiet up here, looking back into the valley the only signs of civilization. The only sounds are our own voices and the rustling of the winds in the baby birches, shrub and pine. All colors of wild flowers. The curious shapes of rocks balanced precariously on top of each other, even overhanging the road. The amazing part of this country is the unequal beauty around each new turn. We are either still going up (!) or else riding along the ridge. The pure air and the stillness refreshes me. Another quick snap at Pikes Peak across the mountain tops below below aspens. Now we seem to be going down. Signs going the other way saying, “Not suitable for public travel.” Edgar is now well initiated into cautious mountain driving while Prent relaxes (if he can) in back seat. We tell Edgar we just want to break him in gradually.

12:45 p.m. Out of the park into a wide good gravel road. Now that we are on safer territory, we decided fool’s rush in, but we’re glad for all of it. Rampart Range Road sign long-line needle pines and cedars. We must be up getting we must be up pretty high; it’s getting cooler. We always know where Robert is; he has 5 silver dollars in his pockets. Another stop to see a glorious view straight down, Pike’s peak opposite. The foreground pines are rich green in contrast to the delicate blue across. Another turn reveals an endless view of the flat plains, the clouds making patterns across. All kinds of glorious views. Five or 6 levels of the road visible as it hairpins straight down the mountainside. The view across the plains gives us an idea of what it must look like flying. A glimpse of a very interesting gorge below. We hope it is the Garden of the Gods. The wide variety of the colors in the rocks complimented always by green the of the trees. Around and down skirting Devil’s Head. Almost all the way down we see the road in serpentine twists just all over the place. No trees affords a good good view. Wrong! We’re still a long way from the bottom. A complete view from above the Garden of the Gods. The Earth is such a rich red, it looks as if I am looking through rose-colored glasses. We stop to climb curious rocks. Adelle and I have narrow escape escape from galloping horses. We dashed into a natural arch, riders after us, we scrambled up the steps as they whoaed in time. This is a beautiful spot now I’m down amidst the rocks to see them silhouetted against the sky. We drive a narrow one-car split in the fiery red rock. We each find some similarities in them.

2:15 p.m. lunch in Manitou Springs where I throw away nickels on music while we eat. Prent joins with *Blue Hawaii*. Lois thanks thinks the john very musical the synchronization so good.

3:00 p.m. Fill up with Conoco prior to the Pike’s Peak climb. This town is nestled right in the low hills with the mountains rising straight up from here. A stranger breezes up to us, says, “Virginia! That’s where I came from!” Beginning to look like rain; we are doubtful. Ute Pass an interesting section, real rough country a deep notch through such red rocks. Railroad tracks follow following us around on other side of sunny stream. We vote to go up anyway. Climbing almost from the bottom in 2nd (gear). I thought by now I would be blasé to these sheer drops for miles, but the road is dirt and the car sometimes skids on loose rocks just enough to get a good thrill. There’s so much of the interesting rock formations it’s hard to appreciate it all. Only 4 miles a miles along 4 and already a masked difference in temperature. Passing through a slight shower (we hope). Below on the left a neat little lake reservoir, we cross bridge over dam. The peak beginning to hide itself in surly-looking clouds. 10000 feet at halfway mark. Climbing steeper now. The trees all marked, water supplied every so often.

Passing a great many cars, apparently stuck, particularly those that flashed past us on the lower grades. Only 8 more miles and 3000 more feet! And Montclair is 500 feet! Reaching the timberline. Sign – sheep-lined coats for rent. Good Lord! The climb is taking it in low (gear). Cars coming the other way make it a very breath taking on curves. Thunder cracking above! These drops! They small up hairpin curves. Snow patches.. I'm making myself relax, after all.... Devil's playground where it levels for a breath breath-taking spell. Snowing lightly! Really! Not interested in looking at Bottomless Pit at this moment. Nothing but rock, not even any tundra 14,000 feet – 1 mile and 180 more feet. Up, at last. Whew! It sure is cold up (Darn glad I dressed for it today in tweed suit and sweater. Net a 14ogan14 of boys from Camden, couldn't resist speaking. Glad to get inside to buy postcards out of the cold. I sure feel funny in the in the head. Honest to goodness, too cold to write-up here. The view if it were only not such a blue haze would be the most wonderful spectacle I have ever seen. Temperature 39° An all-sided view here spreading out for 140 miles. Adele and I adventure up a rickety wooden crow's nest with practically nothing but sky and God above and below us. This is being written on the descent. Somehow I always manage to get on the outside curve! The sun has come out. Stopping at bottomless pit 15,000'. Bare rock dropping straight down to the timber line to range after range below and the great plains beyond. Darn good gale ablowin' and ahowlin. Downward, Edgar still at the helm. Huge mountain crows hopping. Straight below us the road writhes tortuously around the craigs. The Gray Line buses whoosh nonchalantly by us. Lois isn't nervous but she wishes Robert would sit still. Prent thoroughly enjoys going down, although he can't say same about going dn. The vistas on the down-slope are more appreciable because of the foreground comparison. The top view is just too vast to comprehend.. Car slips.

Out of gear every now and then. Poor Penelope has taken such a beating these last few days without complaining. Study brilliantly blew little flowers growing out of the stone dust. Looking back up at the Peak it seems incredible that man could engineer a road up to the top of those barren looking heights.

6:15 a.m. reached the foot. Back in Manitou Springs. There's a former cogwheel engine set up in a small park. Stop while Edgar and Robert take a look and Louis and Prent hold conference on next lap. Put up at the Landes Terrace Courts Cabins – Very nice, overlooking the Garden of the Gods. Took 2 double cabins split up in 3's. Ours looks back up on Pike's Peak Range. Mileage 160--. Supper same place as this noon. Proprietor tells us about roads, auto races up the Peak, and coffee they serve up there. Water boils at such a low temperature that you can stick your finger in when it's boiling. Edgar and Robert take ride on toy railroad.

8::30 p.m. Park already! Set up to get a whole pile of postcards off to bed at 10:30 p.m.

July 6th

5:40 a.m. I am up and wake up everyone else. Repack and have a chance to do some sketching, but my pencils aren't sharpened! Adele obliges for me.

7:00 a.m. On our way to breakfast via Garden of the Gods. Into the large masses of rock I sketched from opposite that stick out of the earth's the surface. From the other side they jut up pink and orange against the clear blue sky. Balanced rock a joke – now cemented down. Cathedral rock the pink. The road to Colorado Springs winds through the rocky valley floor. Much yucca and cactus growing.

8:15 a.m. Colorado Springs after leaving one of the biggest breakfast I have eaten so far. We played a Bonnie Baker record for Prent, which he didn't even hear. Heading out across the far flung mesa now,

the sun clear and warm. Yesterday must have been too exciting for Robert, the poor kid had rather upsetting night.

Road Construction. We don't understand why they should spread the tarred dirt on top of the concrete, scrape it off, spread it and scrape it again. But it must be the shoulder. Countryside getting drier. Sage brush and Christmas tree cactus. A strange little animal tries to cross road. About the size of large squirrel large fore feet, rounded head, rat tail. Looks quite deserty now, except for trees following a half dried-up creek. Entering Pueblo, a steel city, the biggest company run by a woman. Strange to see in this dry section with such green lawns and trees kept with sprinklers. Bigger than Colorado Springs. Out on the flat range. Miles on end of flat, dry land, scalloped on the right by the tall mountain range, and left by more mesa. Prent mentions cloudburst in Texas, says says washed out houses, not washed outhouses. Robert asks Adelle if she wants lead poisoning and goes "Burr!!" Scrub cedars populating the yellow earthed knobs. Mesas also edged against the sky with it.

We have passed numerous families traveling in trucks. One had a covered wagon top.

Land mounding up as we curve around, and then a spectacular mountain range straight ahead, rising like a wall before us.

The Sangre de Cristo Range 14,000'. The sun is quite warm, and it's going to be hot before long. Those mountains shore are purty. Passed 3 buffaloes, 2 bears in the town of Greenhorn. Big fellas too. Open country now where the tractors in the cultivated fields raise clouds of dust. We're all glad to chew gum to keep our whistles wet. Playing *Geography* again. Interesting to see the timber line on the mountains and the long line of the mesa steps. A strange high cone of small rocks protrudes from the flat land. A horse and colt are air-cooled in a trailer truck. More gas Phillips 66 this time. A beautiful cat in a parked car cried to be let out and loved.. Out on the open stretch heading over to the mountains now. Hot where we stop to take pictures. This stretch is beautiful as we pass down the aisle of wild mustard, straight across and into the hills. Old Baldy rears up in the Pyramid shape to the right. Drilling for oil and many mines. Desolate little mining village. Old Baldy as we approach seems to be all loose rock.

La Veta Pass.

Slightly cooler now as we wind around through the walled Pass. Town of Mule Shoe – cloud patterns slide across the mountain sides. Circling the narrow gulch, we climb another curving mountain road, beautifully surfaced. Prent says he gives Edgar the easy ones. Lots of Aspen trees. A lumber camp. Up, over and down gradually. Myriad greens on the steep slopes ascending either side of the road. Russell Colorado – about 4 poor weather-beaten shacks. We were wrong about Old Baldy because here it is now to the right, sticking a Stern head above the others. Prent says, "The hills here have the green measles." We don't wonder, the towns are so little, few and far between when you observe the dryness and rockiness of the soil. Little animals must be prairie dogs sitting up curiously on their haunches. Only signs of civilization are the miles of fences and the road, not even any cattle. I'm writing this on a barbed wire fence as more pictures are being taken of Old Baldy and Sierra Blanca. It's so cool and nice here, soft breezes.

Beautiful view sounds so flat but it is. Picked some sage brush which is very spicy and pungent. "A mess of mesas," says Prent. Warning sign up for cattle rustlers. But I think they would have to rustle a great deal before they even found cattle in this wilderness. A real cowboy punching cows sans snappy outfit. Whoops! – One got away going opposite direction. Through the town of Fort Garland consisting of Adobe houses we saw in process of being built. Cowboys pitching horseshoes, all people so poor and worn looking. Lots of prairie dogs scampering along road shoulders. One sitting up beside dead mate. Table-flat land for miles but mountains always reaching straight up from edges.

A Mirage! Across the hot dry ground, a lake appears and beyond, trees edging the shore. Not too clear but very amazing. The road straight ahead looks very wet and silvery. It must be the heat waves. Passed a couple sitting atop their car painting in this hot sun. Now we see there can be trees over there but no water. Soil looking more and more sandy. Lois' respect for Pioneer mothers grows per mile. White patches a alkali. Have been going at a steady 60 for hours. Never saw horses lying prone in the East, even the colts do it here. Nearing mirroring Alamosa, where we will try to find lunch. Cross the Rio Grande river!

1:00 p.m. Rolling again after being amazed at the size of the town. Grand I, where we had lunch, must have had a choice of at least 25 kinds of meat on the menu. I had pork spare ribs and candied yams. The former flavored with sage. Delicious! Just outside of town the Alamosa Airport, where hangers made out of Adobe brick. A baby cyclone or twister! Circling across the flat land and a long high column, looking more solid at the base where it is gathered up the dust. Quite a sight! More strange formations of soft crumbled-looking rock, nothing but the sturdiest of grass stubble growing on the whole ridge. We would call it a range home. But the farther mountains dwarf. It's amusing to see the grass growing on the barn roofs – sod. The sky now rich in cloud effects with heterogeneous patches of blue sky peeping through. The forests of Aspen on the mountainsides make a rich pattern of light green.

2:05 p.m. Entering Rio Grande National Forest. It's a pleasure to get into a park again, no commercialism, winding roads, clear streams. This heads to Wolf Creek Pass, another place on the Continental Divide. Beautiful! Massive stone ramparts. All different kinds of pines and silver birches right up to the mountain tops. The sun shines down on the rock levels ahead, making irregular steps rich purple in shadow. Through the Canyon now rich in growth. In places, the stream pushes politely along, others it churns over rocks. Truly a lovely spot. The road now gravel. The vertical patterns of the tall spruces. More drives up into the sky, but this time the road is plenty wide, not so scary. Up, up nearing the timberline, which is not so clearly defined. Just before the Continental Divide, a good sized woodchuck sets upon the road's edge, eyeing us curiously. Tearing down now at a great rate in 2nd gear. Only occasionally do we meet other cars. The little park's (patches of grass or openings) a rich pure green. Suddenly a small waterfall comes out of its hiding place behind the rock. Deep V-cuts, grass-lined, sever the mountain opposite. Those ahead are that rich blue.

I have come to know. Lots of falls spotted here and there. The view of the valley floor as we stop is rich and wild looking. Above to the right rises a stalwart mountain whose face is half bared to show the rock strata. Looking straight down (the chimney). A man who stopped also, said a Buick tore around this curve at 80 and went right on down an 85 foot drop and lived! Incredible! The floor below is laid out like a formal garden with the grass patches. The symmetrical gloves of tall cedars and the circular turns of the stream the stream. Edgar and kids drop stones down starting minor avalanches. We pass a small truck loaded with merry-go-round horses and pulling a trailer, toiling away, and he's only just started. This side of the pass is definitely a steeper drop. A whole family of beautiful horses grazing peacefully. We pass between the high mountain portals that mark the entrance to that little hidden valley. This side of the Divide seems to get most of the share of rains and moisture. Some time back we left Rio Grande Forest and entered San Louis Forest. Dandelion fluffs as big as an orange. The horses grazing are magnificent beasts! They seem so congenial and affectionate. Stopped for gas at Pagosa Springs. Meeting our daily shower. This is a real Western town. Attendant says it rains here early p.m. and plenty cold in the winter, 35 to 50° -below. All the children passing by are Indian. The mountains grow big around here. I'm here. These have sharp peaks. Squalid Indian cabins, dirty children. Straight ahead now is a mountain with a huge straight Chimney Rock rising out of it. Now

that we are around it, there are two. Sage brush again. Whoops! Up against a mountain wall, but no the road turns off. Crossing the Rio Piedro, we see a mill with wheel turning. Through Yellow Jacket Pass, dotted with small low-grade coal mines. Climbing again. Lois says, "a mere nothing, only 7,000." The mountains now look a royal blue as we descend. Just gorgeous country. Every now and again a prosperous-looking ranch with many logged corrals. Long-needle pine smells so good. Open-sided barns where wind all comes from the west. A breathtaking sight! Horses on the crest of a hill silhouetted against the setting sun. A bit of construction. Now the mountains are a deep purple. All these small winding valleys; the fertile cultivated fields are irrigated. Dry sage growing the other side of the road. Through Durango, a narrow mining town where a large smelter is closed down. The sky now is filled with the most brilliant white clouds as we face the West.

We passed the most amazing little railroad (Rio Grande Southern). Narrow gauge rails to begin with, very likely abandoned and taken up by a man who had an old Pierce Arrow with special wheels and cow catcher hauling a truck trailer. Front mud guard still on. The whole business painted a snappy silver, and he had a little old lady passenger. Prent didn't have time to set his camera.

Approaching Mesa Verde National Park which juts up mountain like a massive fortress. It looks very high from down here. Flat on top, straight down then out.

Up the incline, a more gradual incline than the others. I still get a little shaky going around those sheer curves when the cars tips. The late sun brilliant on the dark green foliage, which grows shorter and shorter until it is a dwarf forest on the top. My only disappointment was the fact that when we arrived at the summit (20 miles up up), we are not on top of the fortress we viewed from below. A young deer scampered across the road ahead of us, quickly hid in the low growth.

8:00 p.m. There is there has so much been to see in this beautiful spot, I haven't had a chance to record it all. First, we secured our log cabins for the night. They are very complete and quite artistic. Dinner at the lodge, where I met Janet Lloyd from Montclair, who I used to go to art school with! I hadn't seen her since she is staying at a ranch outside of Pagosa Springs, where we stopped today for gas. Robert hurried us through dinner so as not to miss the lecture and Indian ceremonial dance in the amphitheater. We are here now. Comfortably provided with cushions, bats flying through the open sky. The council fire is burning and across the mesa a thin sliver of delicate moon is setting. This whole place is enchanting. Hooray starting.

9:30 p.m. I could take a whole notebook to relate the interesting discourse of the ranger and the strange dance of the Navajos. To bed weary.

July 7th, Sunday

2:15 In the covered wagon again after a fascinating morning and evening. There there is is a unique quality to the atmosphere that I am completely in accord with. How I hate to go. It is entirely uncommercialized, beautifully maintained and laid out, and the people of a very high type. We were up about 6:30 a.m. for breakfast at the lodge I finished early and had a chance to go out on the Canyon edge for a quick sketch. Such a gorgeous sight with a flat mesas back to the sky. And the canyons steep down golden edges covered with low juniper and pinion. At 8 we were ready in line with the other cars to be led by an amiable, charming ranger. A brilliantly warm day. First we visited an earth

house. The earliest Basketmakers who came first as hunters and gradually became farmers. Not much to see except a circular excavation with a few narrow rocks piled on end and some holes. Very primitive pickings, I say. Next we were warned, if we didn't want to climb we should stay behind. No one did. Here we go down 3 separate 10-foot ladders, hand lashed. The older women in the party pretty game. Such fun climbing down around those narrow little ledges. Then came Needle Eye, where the stouter women were directed another route. That was the most fun of all. We had walk sideways on a slant, using both hands to ease us along. Much joking, of course, between Prent and Edgar, but everyone got through. Then suddenly (the way everything happens here) was Square Tower House. I think I forgot to mention that the whole Park is dedicated to the preservation of the Indian Cliff Dweller's Civilization. And here under a low hanging cave of the canyon rim, the early Pueblo Indians built their homes. The rangers cleverly painted a very vivid picture of their life, philosophy, religion and customs, which are very similar to the Navajos of today (borrowers). While all this was still fresh in my our minds, we visited the museum to actually see the mummies, the implements, etc. Most interesting: the sand painting. I liked beautiful symmetrical modern design made just by different colored grains of sand. Remarkably precise. Then after a cool lunch we piled into the oven-baked car and started down the steep winding road that leads back to the beautiful Mesa. Which brings me up-to-date

3:45 p.m. We are now skirting all around that that high mesa (it really is). And on the left is a high castle-like formation that juts up out of a small peak of barren land. This is all open range here. No fences, houses, nothing as far as you can see. The country slightly rolling, sparsely tufted with small grass patches, and only every now a wash down or a hump up. It's really hot now. Whether it was the climb at this a.m. or the heat now makes us all drowsy just the same.

New Mexico.

Now crossing the New Mexico line and smack into a bumpy gravel road. Over to the 1st Shiprock mountain straight up. We mount a slight hill and get a good view of the road stretching straight ahead to the horizon. 'Vast' takes on new meaning. A green stretch turns out to be a small town where we stop to wet our dry throats with Coca-Cola. Man there says temperature 109.5 degrees! We believe it, but our better judgment doesn't. We're hot but not dragged out, as at home. Road now oiled, better going. Shiprock sure is something! The edges are absolutely chopped straight up and there it peaks up in high sharp pinnacles. The monotonous smiles tick off. But as long as we are doing a steady 60 we can appreciate the beauty of the brown dried earth, only slightly green spreading to the rim, which is very purple mountains in the shadow of the clouds to the west. Every now and then squatted on the flat, arid land is an Indian 18ogan, which we heard a description of last night. More massive hard rock stratum standing straight up against the sky. Shiprock is miniature compared to the size of these and how blasé we've become about them. The dry mesa steps to the left now taking on a pinkish-purple cast. To the right on the mountains we can see a shower falling with the sunset showing through. Amazing! According to the map this is all Navajo Reservation. Edgar says he doesn't see how the people can get from one town to the next. What people say – Prent. A detour off newly oiled road makes us makes us bump and slide so we raise a bridal veil of dust behind us. It's been cloudy now for a great many miles now resulting in greater comfort. We're thankful. When they say gravel roads they sure do mean it. 82 miles out of Shiprock, we come at last to a good road! Over the crest of a hill everything is suddenly much greener. Entering Gallup, which doesn't impress us very much. Just off Indian Territory. Indian asleep outdoors in costume.

7:00 p.m. Cabins in this strange town. Mileage today 179. I miss just looking into high mountains. To bed after welcome bath at 9:30 p.m. Adele and I had the super cabin tile bath etc.

July the 8th

5:50 a.m. Edgar had to wake us all up. My record broken.

6:30 a.m. Breakfast where we ate last night and heading west again. Slow service at Harvey's. The countryside is very much the same except I feel we are retracing because the sun is now in back of us of course. So the poor Indian is incorrect according to the arid desolate set aside by us for them.

According to the ranger the other night, the women are at the are the head of the Indian families. The man marries into her clan, she owns the house, cattle, children. If she wants to divorce him she kicks his saddle out of the hogan. Along here we see only the women tending sheep, one with a parasol, another with her papoose in her arms.

Arizona

7:00 a.m. Now crossing the state line into Arizona. Better grazing country here for larger herds of sheep and goats we see now. Every few 100 feet, the Navajos have set up lean-tos covered with Cedar branches and rugs hung down. Un-enterprising signs. Weavers at work.

8:00 a.m. The flat sameness of the countryside has impelled Adelle and I to do crossword puzzles. But now we're nearing the famous Painted Desert. A bit of a disappointment to me because we are viewing it directly with the sun and the various mounds look flat. There are many millions of colors which no doubt show up more in a different light. Much petrified wood for sale. Lois and kids buy some pieces. Now entering Petrified Forest going south. More picturesque through here with the eroded mounds looking like haystacks or tepees, gray looking with veins of dark red. We stop to make side excursions walking up over the big dried mounds, but no petrified wood. This is supposed to be Blue Forest. Another stop a stop Agate Bridge. Where man tells us we missed Blue Forest's best part. We thought something wrong. Walked across the bridge just to say we did. We all we all agreed it isn't what we expected. Then into First Forest which is more like it! Laying in massive chunks the bark plainly apparent. Pictures. The colors show up better too. Saw Eagle's Nest Rock, a curious rock formation. Passing we see whole huge trees, the parts all fitted together. Discussion on coniferous trees. Another stop at the museum reveals the most gloriously-colored polished examples fossils and animal life found. It's hot! Quartz crystals, amethyst mossagate. Up in back of museum. Leaning now on old Faithful Log which is a huge complete tree fallen in 2 pieces 7 ft. diameter at base. This is all Rainbow Forest. The general characteristic color seems to be a rich brown-red.

10:45 a.m. Rolling again. The heat, where there is hot breeze is terrific. You would think my cigarettes were a year old, there's they're so dry. This is extremely flat dry plain straight to the horizon. A lone calf trots down the road. Gas. Petrified wood and iced jugs free with gasoline. At Holbrook, state inspection for fruit. Open trunk. Write. Alkali looks like snow. Prent having difficulty finding a piece of polished petrified wood.

12:00 noon. Stopped for at something

1:10 p.m. Westward again. Boy, what heat! Gas attendant says cooler than yesterday 92°. Real real desert-looking country here. Oily patch again. More little posters, picking up dust, not so tall and wider. Road very bumpy, makes writing difficult. Breezes are like furnace blasts. Took a little siesta. Awoke to find a range of blue hills ahead, thank goodness. They make you feel cooler, whether you are

or not. Better road through juniper forest. Coconino National Forest, air is a little cooler and smells wonderful. A relief to look at after that flat desert. Such a gorgeous forest of tall long-needled pine and rich grassland. High mountains quite close. I feel quite human again. Green fields and farms. By going over the map we find that we are just about South as Los Angeles, only 40 miles from the Pacific time belt. To my deep regret we're descending again to the flat country and the heat. Ahead below, the desert spreads widely in hazy, pale colors. This is more like what I expected the Painted Desert to look like. "It is," says Lois. Pinks, violets and blues. Now we're down in the rocky desert. What was a delicate pink turns out to be rich terracotta. The cloud shadows bring out the depth of the various outcrops of stone.

3:30 p.m. a short stop at Cameron the last gas station this side of Grand Canyon. Soda fountain, trading post. Doing good business! Filled up thermos jugs. Temperature 105° in shade. Many Indians just as curious about us as we are about them. An amazing town of about 3 buildings. Crossed a suspension bridge over the Little Colorado River, absolutely dry. Now into the real desert. If anyone questions it they are going to get out and walk. Robert doesn't think so because there are too many higher mounds. We keep the windows almost shut to keep out terrific heat blasts. And yet I'm not ringing wet because of the dry air. I feel better about the Painted Desert, which this is part of. The far colors in the rock formations are such more the way I had expected. Delicate gray-green on the nearer pile, the pinks and purples in the in the farther. Such colors! Even the sage brush or whatever it is growing in clumps, is now gray-green, now blue-green, and now yellow-green, which makes a dramatic rug spreading to the sheer walls of glowing color. For quite a while now we have been following along this beautiful pink wall on the right. Slowly before us, an even more massive one takes form. Controversy as to whether it's the north rim of the canyon in a nickel bet between Prent and Edgar. Now we're heading northwest around the wall at the right and meeting the one at the left. A burro on the road eyes us as we approach, starts to gallop playfully around in circles. We near closer and the excitement grows. But there it is! Navajo bridge over the Colorado River! Way, way down, far below, the wide muddy river flows marble Canyon. It's even hotter now. The high wall we were following for so long has turned out to be the South Wall. It seems incredible looking back across that the flatland is the other wall, is severed by such a deep cut that contains a river. These are called the Vermillion Cliffs. The flats are Horse Rock Valley, which is a wild buffalo range. We hit the water bottle quite often but my eyes smart. No civilization in sight except an occasional hogan and herd of sheep and widely separated one-pump gas stations, each advertising that they are the last before the Grand Canyon.

5:30 p.m. now entering Kaibab National Forest climbing at last out of the heat up onto the wall top. What glorious relief! This gorgeous through here. Rocky, rich with juniper. Tall Ponderosa pines. This is lovely. We appreciate it all the more after the desert. Breathtakingly beautiful through alternate groves of silvery aspens and pines. Out of the deep forest into a wide green park. The late sun gives depth to the slight rolls, where healthy-looking cattle graze. This is where we put up for the night, I'm so glad. Kaibab Lodge, hugging the edge of the Meadow. Our cabins for the night are the real thing. It's just heavenly. Must have been around here must have been around when we and we landed since mwhen Must have been around 6:00 p.m. when we landed. Since dinner Robert and I have taken a stroll in the woods and chanced upon a beautiful deer! who eyed us tamely. A beautiful creature light golden brown with lashes.

I expected him to dash frightenedly into the deep forest. But instead, he just stood and watched us. Robert was a bit frightened until I explained he wouldn't attack. We didn't move, then he gracefully leaped a fallen log and was gone. Up until then, we hadn't realized the mosquitoes were eating us by the dozens, one swat killing 6. So we tore back to tell the others of our sight, and they had seen lots of

them in the green open green meadow where they go at nightfall to the watering hole. We're all quite chipper. Atmosphere sure makes a difference. I tried to make a sketch, Robert waving the mosquitoes off, but they got too much for me. Then I strided into the lodge house to write this up when a cowboy joined me and turned on the sales talk about taking a 5-hour horseback ride into the Canyon. I was vulnerable so he didn't have to work hard. He was most amusing. The others joined me to make a most appreciative audience for him. We asked if it were unusually hot. He said it was so hot a man came in this morning and reported the road filled with lizards each carrying a little stick under their arm so that when they got too hot they would climb up on their pole to cool their feet off. I do want to go riding so badly, but after a conference decided we would be down at the rim all tomorrow, 10 miles, and the next day I would take a 2-hour ride at 6:30 a.m. to give me all day to rest up in. Many warnings of how sore I would be, but it's my funeral. To bed around 9:30 p.m. under 5 blankets. They say they got a frost every night, and I can believe it.

July the 9th

6:30 a.m. Up and to a large breakfast of wheat cakes. My only regret is that the bigger my my appetite gets, the bigger my portions get, so I never can finish. Beautifully clear again, warm in the sun. We make more purchases of gifts, rapped to be sent home. This is apparently the eating place of the Rangers, but they're older-looking men than we have seen so far.

10:00 a.m. Heading for the Rim through the do the same the same beautiful forest meadow. Then occasionally to the left an incredible view through the trees of color. We foot it down to Bright Angel Point. This is the most vast, most incomprehensible site we have seen yet. To try and describe it would be a farce.

6:30 p.m. I'm back now at Bright Angel Point. Since this morning we have seen the canyon from several different points, following the Ranger-guided caravan. His lecture, though not as charmingly rendered gave an interesting account of how this incredible place came to be it came to be. I have made 2 sketches, both of which left me completely discouraged. It was just impossible to catch. I longed for my watercolors instead of my slow crayons, wishing I could catch the myriad changes of color as clouds drift by or as the sun sets, bringing into sharp relief promontories, heretofore entirely unnoticed. As we sit here, we discover many fossils in the limestone which makes our balcony over the mile-deep chasm. It seemed a little hard to believe that this was once under a vast sea. But here is actual proof! Clamshells everywhere you look. It's a bit scary, sitting here. The wind blows in gusts, and you know you're punked down solid, but you sure don't feel so. But most of all, it's the colors, pure blue and violet shadows, rich pinks, yellows and oranges where the sun lights them. From here, we went to the Council Fire. A traffic cop type of Ranger gave us the most amusing talk on the relative size of the hole in the ground. The Empire State Building would not come up to the top of the first canyon and 5 of them wouldn't tip the top. Even the low looking mounds way down there are taller than any Eastern mountain range. 8 billion years old. Then we came sleepily home. Adelle and I had saved some rolls from supper which we sat up in bed eating before lights out at 10:30 p.m.

July 10th

6:30 a.m. Up and ready to make a sketch, only my crayons are locked in the car. Robert also up. We take a walk across the meadow, count rings on a felled tree, starving. Prent is now up too, so we go ahead to breakfast. The others dragged on, subject to severe kidding.

9:30 a.m. Adelle and I then went to Hades, when we saddled up for our 2-hour ride.

3:15 Somehow the only chance I have to write anymore is at the Canyon rim. It seems to be the place where our party stays put long enough long enough for me to get out of my notebook. I take that back. After lunch I started writing, but fell sound asleep on my bed until I was called to come on this ride excursion. This is the Sublime Point, well named. We're looking about East and West, a clear sweep. The best view we agree unanimously. You get a greater concept of its actual size. This is where I wish I had a movie camera, to start way in back of me and the left, and take continuously all the way around to back of me to the right. There is a thundershower brewing all around us making the panorama an even more interesting spectacle by the constant changes. The flashes of sunlight through the clouds bring out in sharp relief the peaks and promontories constantly changing. The rain across the Canyon is heading towards us so we head for the car. Century Plants blooming in profusion here.

On the way out here it was too bumpy to write, the dirt road winding all around the forest. Here and there are the white-tailed Kaibab squirrels. We espy two, holding their white tails proudly aloft like plumes. Then in a slight clearing posed silently was a magnificent buck, his antlers spread out at least a yard. By process of elimination that means the one we saw this morning was a doe, the one Robert and I saw night before last a young buck, and the one going up Mesa Verde, a little fawn.

Which brings me back to our horseback ride this morning. It was a grand ride. I got a big kick out of every minute, and even though I am not sore, despite chiding, I am sorely scratched. My horse named Gorn (as in gorn with the wind) must have liked the close proximity of trees, which wasn't bad until he headed for a dead pine and, before I knew it, scratched the whole length of my arm. I felt very foolish when Hades said, "Ever think of pulling in the reins"? This was Adelle's and my own first lengthy ride on a horse, trying to remember all the things we had been told about posting, knee gripping, etc. Hades' kept up a constant stream of western stories, all of which I hope I can remember. Except the Rangers won't be having these trees much longer - why, you say, Cuz they're long enough now! But he did point out interesting things, the beautiful graceful doe who loped along above us on the hillside. And the stately and the silently stealing coyote. He was much bigger than I had expected. He took us thru open leas, up dried stream beds, up-and-down rocky hillsides, over and through much dead trees. The fallen pines looking very much like fish skeletons. All in all, a most delightful 2 hours. When we arrived back at the cabins, the other the others hadn't returned from their short ride in the car. So we paid our quarters and took very warm showers, an aspirin each and flopped on the bed. We were calm, rested and hungry when they returned. It was after stuffing myself that I dozed away on my bed.

As I have been writing these, bumping along, we just came around a curve to find a doe and spotted fawn, who quickly ascended the hillside and into the deep forest. Such a beautiful sight. This forest is heavenly anyway, aspen's gleaming like silver birches, as big as silver birches, looking just like silver birches. We emerged from the forest with regret because tomorrow we will be packing and into the hot desert. At the checking station at the entrance to the park we reported our sight of deer. The Ranger took careful notation of place etc. Along this stretch of highway we have to be led by a pilot car where where there is construction. Every time we have passed it has been this, sometimes waiting 20 minutes or so to be led. Hungry enough to eat bear.

After dinner, Adelle and I have a reporting game of our own invention on the ping-pong table. We hit it back and forth but can't touch it with our hands. A rowing fire going, music and my high score on Bugatelle . 17,500.

July 11th

6:30 a.m. Boy is it cold. We lit our little wood-burning stoves and very glad of them.

8:30 p.m. Loaded the covered wagon and on our way. A clean, cloudless sky. Many pleasant miles through the Kaibab Forest. Two more beautiful bucks and a doe that Robert saw 1st. This has been a most pleasant 2 days. The joy of staying put, without having to wash to rush. We can appreciate the higher prices when we realize that the nearest railroad station is 200 miles away (Utah). All gas and supplies have to come that far. Now we're descending out of the rich forest into the desert. A profusion of sage and a few junipers near the view to the to the pink and purple cliffs edging the horizon. It's also getting warmer. The brownish colored buttes we pass along here are just something to look at, whereas if we had seen them before the Grand Canyon we would have been quite unimpressed.

9:25 a.m. Entering Utah, more construction over gravel roads. On the whole, though these are darn good roads. Came to a herd of cows that made us stop, while they slowly picked their way towards us. This seems to be quite the thing, with cowboys hurting them. Kaibab where the green cottonwoods and tall poplars are quite a sight against the red desert cliffs. Sign over "Alure Beauty Shoppe." North of the town is a very unusual canyon of rich red and white rocks all eroded by wind and sand in horizontal swirling lines. Quite lovely. Ever further, it's more so. Large yellow cliffs hollowed out in many shallow caves, each one a perfect shell for a concert. Streaks of red that look as if someone had wiped off a huge paint brush on the flat wall. If this is desert, it certainly is beautiful. The earth is alternate white and red, no green but all over juniper trees, spotting the deep rolling ridges into the valley. We're heading for Zion, then Bryce, National Parks, noted for their color and unusual rock formations. According to the pamphlet we have, this is the Desert and Canyon Region of South Utah. The rolling ridges we viewed from above have turned out to be what would be honest to goodness mountains.

The difference between the canyon walls here and Grand Canyon is that they are practically solid (no different degrees of rock hardness) but all worn in the same swirling lines. Now we are down and in it. It certainly is curious. The rock is for vermilion at the base and shades up to pure light cream. Here and there a fall on here and there a fault, where a whole mountainside has slipped in sections away from the rest. This is quite different from anything we have yet seen. We entered the mile and a quarter tunnel, which has windows all along where we pulled out to look. Nice and cool, a closer view of the walls. The white peaks proudly rising above the red walls. Straight below us little rock squirrels are scampering. They're different from the others because of their little gray waistcoats and brown bodies. There is one baby who commands our attention. He is so cute. I like this! From driving on down we get a greater concept of what a big canyon really is. This is ½ the height of the Grand Canyon and my word it seems to tower above you to the sky. Our engineer (Edgar) says this road is a remarkable piece of construction. We stop at the museum in the depths, where they have caged live snakes. Adelle can't be torn away but, one swift glance is enough for me. This whole deep canyon was caught by the Virgin River. The expected cracks come. Now we drive along the floor shaded by cottonwoods and birches. Looking up, naming the various peaks from the map. It's the composition of color, red rock, white tipped, against pure blue sky. Through rich green trees. Definitely hot in here, too.

The river looks so clean, bubbling and inviting. These large masses of cliffs should make the Palisades hang their heads in shame. Jeepers! All can I say, the way these brilliant walls sheer straight up and over us sometimes. Reaching the end of the trail, Robert and Adelle can no longer resist the stream. In they go, wading. A wonderful breeze works to keep the sun from parching us. I'm thoroughly enjoying a sunbath, while the kids have the time of their lives crossing the fairly swift current over slippery stones. Prent is in the shade communing with the walls, while Louis and Edgar

go exploring. Emerging, Robert says proudly - "My pants got wet!" It really is beautiful, peaceful and relaxing. I wet my face and arms. How cool and refreshing it feels to be dried off by the breeze. But we soon enough warm up again in the car, heading back. Here is the famous Great White Throne, which towers majestically above all else. This would be a wonderful hide out for Bad Men.

Another stop at Weeping Rock, just that plants growing out of the oozing rock looking like hanging gardens. We sat in cool comfort at the cafeteria.

1:55 p.m. Climbing out of the canyon again. Taking a last glorious look at this incredible sight. Some of the rocks are a solid smooth mass, others broken up into fantastic pinnacles. Into the tunnel once more, where we stop to feed the squirrels with rolls salvaged from lunch.

Such a relief to get out of the heat. It's all too short. Despite the heat the air is unbelievably clear, making the rock walls paper cut against the sky. No haze here at all. Lois started to read the geological account of Bryce Park., which we are heading for now and print Prent, Robert and I all fell asleep. When I awoke we were out of the rocky territory into the red and yellow, green-spotted hills again. The earth looks so dry, and yet all along the road are small fertile fields fed by gushing irrigation ditch. This is the Mormon Territory of hard working, thrifty farmers. All we see are the young boys hurding cattle. What a day this is! It's cooler now. The colors of the earth on the hillside is amazing; oranges yellow, reds and whites polka-dotted with low scrubby trees. The distant ones are even more gorgeously hued, taking on the festival tints. We open up the wings [vents] to get the full benefit of the cool air. Here is a wide little river, winding all around, quite a sight after all the dried-up streams we have crossed. Ahead across the wide valley, brilliant orange hills rising in regular scallops. The river is the Asay Creek. We stop at a lava bed while scout Robert gathers specimens. The approach to Bryce is up a wide dirt road right towards the orange cliffs. And what I thought were shadows of clouds have turned out to be lava beds on the same mountains. Into Bryce through Red Canyon Forest Camp. The brilliant orange wall takes on the characteristics of the peak. Tiers of irregularly-shaped pinnacles vertically wrought and rounded on the order of a spool bed, only of course, in more fantastic shapes. That rock is an honest goodness orange. Right out of the paint jar.

4:15 p.m. Stop for cabin info and advice of ranger. Went out at once to see the "Silent City." This is a pure fantasy, the delicate spires artistically shaded from the deep reds at the base, blending gradually up through the lighter oranges, yellows to the light buff at the top. As Edgar says, "Well, I just don't care it isn't so!" Off on a little private balcony through an arch, I'm sitting in the late sun looking down. When I yearn for pure color in my lifetime, this is the place I shall come to. Even the green pines, the clear blue sky, the white puffy clouds are intensified. I hate to go, but I guess I do have to eat too. Tomorrow we shall walk down into and around these strange colored pins sticking up. Ugh For even though I didn't want to admit it, I am a bit stiff from riding yesterday, and what those steps those steep steps are going to do to me, I'll just have to wait and see. The others had walked on down. So that I have had a chance to come back. I have my jacket off so that the sun is warming my back nicely. The shadows are rising up to engulf the various little peaks in little peaks in flatness, but on the other side the reflected light brings out even more glorious subtleties of rich coloring.

Well, after supper we attended Council Fire, got a more general picture of the Indians of the section. (by words: Mount Herman, me-ales) Before bed we drove back to the edge of the amphitheater to see it by moonlight. Ghostly, eerie

July 12th

Up early, breakfasted and ready for the nature walk led by the Ranger down into this amphitheater. Must have been 100 people, made quite a pattern on the many switch backs. 1½ miles round trip. Except for the pushing typicals, it was most enjoyable. But instead of being sociable and relaxing when we came back, I went right back down again, through Wall Street where I attempted to depict the pure orange color of the walls and the brilliant green of the fir trees. Was not very successful. Jump to get the pure sky with crayon. I was late meeting the others and tried to tear backup the 30 zigs and 35 zags. It almost did me up: I was gasping for breath. High altitude can be a wonderful excuse. After lunch we took the motor caravan to see some of the 13 other amphitheaters. (More Western stories, the owl and twisted tree, Mormon vegetables a la carte) Best analogy a piece of layer cake with a giant bite taken out, showing toothmarks of little side canyons. All cleaned up before supper and feeling fine. Another Council Fire talk on animals. Side bets on whether or not given by same Ranger. Open gloves just to say I wore everything.

July the 13th

6:00 a.m. Up and rushing Lois, who takes it good-naturedly and buy's postcards.

7:55 a.m. Nosing the wagon towards Salt Lake City. Cloudy and cool, nice for desert driving, if it stays that way. For miles we have been driving up at an irrigated Mormon valley surrounded by barren black bumpy mountains. I see now why they call it the purple sage. Incidentally, we were quite flattered by the Ranger's name for us *Sage Brushers*. People in buses are the *Dudes*. This is an amazing country, ½ desert and ½ green fields. Pretty much the same for miles. Getting into the 1st signs of salt country. Town – Selena. We see large chunks of rock salt with streaks of iron in it. Edgar says this is the salt blocks the Rangers buy for the deer, to give them the vitamin B they need. Passed a beet sugar refinery used by by Wrigley's. Robert takes a nap. Adele and I polish off the butter rum Life Savers. Ahead an extra huge snow topped mountain masses itself. Visible

11:45 a.m. Stop at Nephi for gas and are entertained with the free music of a band contest from the high schools of a 25 mile radius. This is Western Day and there are about 30 bands in snappy uniforms competing. The rear is clear and warm, and boy those kids are each trying their darndest. Cars applauding with their horns block the road – we have a slight detour. Into the rich-looking flat valley, where a beautiful mountain range looms up ahead. Del Monte pea cannery.

Excitement! We pass burning grasslands. Men jumping out of cars to put it out. Here comes the engine, manned by 3! Then comes a string of private cars, all with volunteer tags over their licenses. And another old engine. Wee! Lunch in the heat-baked town of Wow! What heat. It seems strange to suddenly see large white seagulls flying around with the snow-spotted mountains for a background.

3:15 p.m. Salt Lake City. We stop at AAA to find where to get a get a swim. Watch a bottling plant and get a free drink of Dr Pepper.

5:15 p.m. Well Now, we've had our swim in the Great Salt Lake. Coming through the city where we made a quick stop at the Post Office (letters from Gene, Sara Lee), and the Mormon Tabernacle (not beautiful as I had expected). Through a short but hot drive to Rainbow Beach. I had expected the water to be thick and soupy, but it looked only a little more opaque and gray than the Atlantic. But the

buoyancy! What a wonderful feeling, like floating in a rocking chair. No effort to move it all – 9 times as salty as ocean water. By the time we walked out of the shallow water, the salt had crystallized all over, but most particularly around our chins, looking very much like white beards. The freshwater shower after was the most invigorating part of the whole swim. I feel fine now. Cool and refreshed. Right now we're on our way to see the Bingham Copper Mine, a whole mountain of iron ore that they don't have to really mine, but just dig out of the side with a steam shovel. This is quite amazing territory. Rolling land, no trees, here and there a harvested wheat field. Barren rolling hills to the right, and across the valley high rocky mountains. Bingham town is most amazing. Only one street running through the bottom of a steep gravel canyon. Houses clutching the sides. We go through a long one mile 1-way tunnel, emerging to be blitzkreiged by a bevy of dirt dirty-faced boys, who yell in unison, "See the mine, sir?" and, "Right this way and I'll explain it all to you!" Trying to clutch the side of the car, which has no running board. It took Edgar's firmest tone of voice to shoo them off. But we did give them match covers, which they asked for. The people and houses are so poor-looking, yet there are many expensive-looking cars. We couldn't see much of the mine itself except above you can see the tiers along which the steam shovels and ore trains run on. Back through the tunnels and town and out on the plains again. Salt Lake City across looks like the *Silent City* of Bryce from here.

7:00 p.m. Run into a great deal of difficulty trying to find a cabin for the night. All no vacancies. At length found Casa Blanca Cabins. Doubled up and passed a sleepless night with the heat and heavy traffic rolling past our door. I wrote Mother a letter and reprimanded her for calling me a *stinker* for not writing.

July the 14th

7:00 a.m. Forgot to take the mileage last night. Our resolve to get an extra early start, futile. We're all a bit subdued from lack of sleep. Cloudy again. Prent had the car greased etc. last night and found 2 nails in the tires.

8:15 a.m. stop for gas at Ogden. Almost everyone agrees that we are going to have trouble getting cabins in Yellowstone if we arrive after noon. Think we will telephone ahead. All through Utah we are quite impressed with the big beautiful schools and well-tended lawns. We pass a truck smack upside down, with the cabin level off leveled off to the wooden floor. What a mess! We passed quite a few abodes made out of just the foundations/ roofed over. Evident, the ran money out. The same general type of landscape as yesterday, except that the valley is not so irrigated and fertile. Still growing wheat though.

9:30 a.m. Crossed into Idaho. Many more miles of the same kind of territory. Adelle, Prent and I have rip-snorting game of cards. Now to the left is a long, narrow strip of black lava rock. Questions as to where it flowed from or whether it was a fissure.

11:00 a.m. Wham! A blowout! Going 60 miles per hour, and Edgar did a super job of holding the car on the road. By the time he could stop, the ...of all (with nail hole) and tube wee torn to shreds. We took a walk on the lava bed, and in no time, the spare was on. We stopped in Pocatello shortly on. First for gas, then at a Firestone place for two new tires new tires. Edgar calls Yellowstone to reserve cabins. Only one big one available. He grabs. While we were waiting, we split up. Lois, Adele and I eat in hotel Whitmore coffee shop. Prent, Edgar and Robert have milkshakes across way.

1:15 p.m. Just as I was about to write, on our way again. Crash! Off came the wheel! Each thought the other had tightened the bolts. I'm silently thinking that things come in threes. Print had made a

very good dicker and got 2 new tires. We're quite the center attraction in the middle of an intersection. But we're thankful it didn't happen in the desert somewhere. Now they're having trouble with the jack slipping.

2:00 p.m. We're really on our way with our fingers crossed. Adele and I took a 20 minute nap, the other longer, until Prent asked if someone wouldn't talk to him to keep him awake. We gave a vocal concert instead. The mountains stole away while we were asleep, and now we see rich potato fields, lots of trees and weeds in profusion. A sure sign of water. It does seem good though to be out of the dusty arid semi-desert. It isn't quite as hot either. Print just said we've already come 260 miles and part of it on 3 wheels. Far ahead to the right an extremely high mountains, Teetons 60 miles away, very high and jagged peaks, 12,000 feet. State abricots coming in handy again. We crossed the Snake River several times. I am told not to look. Up into a National Forest now. No billboards or roadside stands – sure is refreshing. Pine smells so good too. Targhee National Forest. It's pretty through here, lots of wild flowers. Many deep bumps in the road. Border Newdale, Buffalo River and Henry Fork [River] are wide, peaceful. Streams where fishermen abound. Nearing West Yellowstone across the open stretch of plains, cross the mountain line, then the continental divide again.

Montana Wyoming [Yellowstone Park]

5:25 p.m. Entering Yellowstone Checking Station. We have ½ hour to make our cabins. Telephoned up and they will hold them until 7:30 p.m. 30 miles of a lovely drive, winding along with clear but calm, swift Madison river. There are nice clouds to the right.

All relaxed and enjoying it thoroughly after a hard, steady push to get there get here. Firehole Falls gushing out of the solid gray rock walls walls. We give a quick pass by Fountain Pain Hot. Any number of geysers along here. Steaming silently against the late afternoon sky. A strange sight these mounds of whitish earth with streaks of red and black spitting forth the curling delicate strands.

6:30 p.m. Arrive at the Lodge to get our very nice cabins, which we thought would be one-room, but is 2 with a double bed and single in each. Here roost here. Bach in.[sic] Down to dinner, and what a one I ate. Skirt's too tight. Old Faithful starting to spout just as we were ordering and we all flew to the windows. Quite a sight against the setting sun, but it sure did huff and puff a lot before it worked up enough steam to look like the pictures. However, there'll be plenty more times to see it. The dining room is quite something with columns solid pine, rough bark; the centerpiece, twigs of pine needles and the draperies at the large west windows in huge hand-blocked pine needle pattern. Stunning. After dinner we went into the hall, where there was a community sing. Fun! Then a short entertainment by the Savages (Empis) n.g. Now we are waiting for the illuminated performance of Old Faithful. Much loud rough housing going on in the Batch. If there's a council fire and talk, we haven't heard about it.

July 14th

8:00 a.m. Up around 8. I'll had an excellent night's sleep except Lois, who was quite unhappy all night. We took her breakfast back to the cabin, and she felt better after sleeping some. Adelle and I pick up my Lee. She said she'd write. (good old Lee!) Buy some lemons for a shampoo and a cigarette case for me. We haven't yet seen a full snort from Old Faithful, who steams quietly between times. Under the porch of the Lodge live some fat waddling woodchucks, who eat popcorn out of your hand. People feed them all kinds of things all day long. We snap some pictures of them sitting up on their haunches. They are so cute! With the sharp squeal they fling at you every now and then. It's comfortably warm here, despite the cold that everyone warned us about. We're here on the porch of the

Lodge watching and waiting for Old Faithful. She's a bit more temperamental than I expected. Just when you think she is going to give her all, she dies. Adele says if she isn't going to spout of her own accord, she wishes someone would turn a hose on. Oops! There she goes! Boy, oh boy what a sight! Higher and higher, reaching way up to the clouds. She didn't let us down. Much higher than even the pictures look. We're very impressed and not at all disappointed. Soon after this we went for a swim in the geyser-fed pool. Two hours of this fun and splashing left us quite hungry. Lois still unable to join us. After lunch the others set out on a nature walk, but slight rain sent me home. I had a necessary washing to do, including my hair. Boy does it feel good to be clean! Then I flopped down for a bit of a rest and slept hard for more than an hour. We secured a hot cup of tea for Lois, who was able to take it, feels better but wobbly. I sneak off by myself to the edge of the stream to write some notes and cards.

8:00 p.m. After supper (good!) attended the Council Fire talk. Quite impressed with the huge numbers that turned out for these talks. Threatening rumbles develop into a much needed thunder shower. In the shelter of the museum I squandered more money on a book for Peggy, much too old for her. People dispersed in a hurry ending the lecture, which was a rather was rather confusing anyway. To bed and sleep after I shushed up the women in the cabin next door.

July 15th

Lois feeling quite chipper this morning. She joins us for breakfast and the geyser walk. Ranger explains various points of interest of the geysers, springs and pools. We stop at a vantage point to see Old Faithful. The Daisy, and Castle (not off), sim./tenuously.

11:15 a.m. Robert, Adele and I are preparing for an hour's horseback promised Robert in Kaibab. The smell of sulfur apparent in the air, but not unbearable. All these geysers ec. are most interesting and amazing. Too bad it's a cloudy day. I'm sure the beautiful colors of the pools would show up even more. I forgot to mention the bear! After breakfast two great big lumbering creatures ambling through the cabins, sticking their heads into some doors. One was black the other cinnamon. What a sight. Such solid characters.

2:00 p.m. Back from our horseback ride. We didn't even take time for dessert to be on our way. Robert was saddled up to *Mickey Mouse*, Adele on *Skeeter*, and I had *Powder*. We had a nice quiet ride crossing a couple of rocky streams. But the ride back was the most fun. We sat out at a good healthy trot and before we knew, it we were galloping! We all clinched our saddle horns, and away we went. It was just an hour's ride, which seemed like 20 minutes

Now we are packed and riding around looking at the various springs pools and geysers. Morning Glory not nearly as beautiful as Jem and Black Sand Pool which are glorious cerulian blue. Morning Glory filled with lugs, and spoiled Sapphire is the most beautiful in color. Incredible how the calm surface suddenly began to bubble then boil, then gush up in a loud whoosh. The silica formations on the sides are most interesting in both shape and color, ranging from white through the yellows, oranges.

The Ranger was right. a traffic jam ahead turns out to be a bear holdup. A mama bear with 3 cubs munching stuff thrown from cars. But suddenly Mama makes a quick lunge for nearest photographer. You should have seen everyone scampered for their cars. One cub stood up appealingly on his hind feet, another wandered aimlessly around Mama, and the 3rd loaped up a tree climbing with its forefeet and pushing along with his hind. Fountain Paint Pot. This one is quite amusing with mud plopping 2 – 6 feet high, color ranges from white to chocolate. Makes quite a noise, too. The fountain geysers are

quite interesting too. But it's the blue colors of the pools that I like, ranging from pale baby blue, turquoise, pure blues to deep sapphires. Howling across the steam-filled basin's, people look like phantom figures emerging. Driving to Mammoth Hot Springs via Norris Geyser Basin, the odor of sulfur is much stronger. Lois having difficulty reading the guidebook backwards. Doing wonderfully despite riding. South and North Twin Lake a deep rich green. Book says look for Moose. We do, and see one, a big stalwart guy and a cow too, flapping her ears at me. Lots of beaver dams. Quickly passed Roaming Mountain with steam vents and black glass cliff. We reach Mammoth Hot Springs, when my tummy says it's suppertime. We are all quite amazed at what the town is. A gray sand colored rut forms a wall of protection. The buildings of sand, stone, or wood are painted the same color. Rather drab. But the cabins are brand new and the most comfortable. At first it was rather a shock not to find the rustic buildings found in all other National Parks this is headquarters for the whole park, and everything is more permanent. Mileage 60 Even the employees here are different. The Savages at Old Faithful seem to have one whale of a good time.

After dinner another Camp Fire talk. Prent and I make a bet as to whether they start by singing *I lose a penny*. A most interesting, well given talk on the Park in general. But those logs can be hard to sit on. Coyote howls just as being talked about.

July 16th

Everyone full of Old Nick at breakfast. My bag again brunt of riding.

9:00 a.m. We take the auto caravan to see the terraces the hot springs here have built up mountain-high. Have a drink from soda Spring. Tastes warm sulphurish and like soda. At Poison Spring find dead birds carbon dioxide-f. See a mule deer quite close. Go back to feed her (Ranger said we could.), but she scampers away when we get 10 feet. She has a fawn around that we do not see. We pack, split up, others go for a swim while I write some necessary cards. After a hurried lunch and a hard shower we set out for Canon above the hills just ahead of the shower now. We see lots of things but somehow I just feel writ out as for describing it minutely. I spotted a moose quite close, but Prent doesn't see it in time to stop. We stop at Tower Falls. The overcast day does not do justice to the spot, but they are quite beautiful. Next stop is Inspiration Point. The extreme drop right out from under us, the steep walls of the canyon many beautiful shades and colors, way down to the clear, brilliant blue-green water. We all agreed that the canyon looks more like the one at the canyon looks more like one than Grand Canyon. Can see now where the Park got its name. The algae in the hot springs and the walls of these canyons a soft gold color. The converging lines of alternate pinks and reds. The clearness of the water makes changing patterns from pure white foam where the rocky falls are to the deep (10 ft.) flowing dark green. Where's Adele? "Oh, she probably fell over," says Lois calmly. The sudden sunshine brings out all kinds of colors. Back to the car and our cabins for the night. These are deep in pine trees on a high cliff overlooking the Upper Falls. They are just breathtaking. That green water churned to white foam drops dramatically through many subtle changes of color. The spray flings itself back in defiance. Over to the right is another falls, but very delicate and restrained compared to the turbulent dynamic force of the Upper. This whole setting is more like thing is more like what we expected except no keys to the doors.

4:00 p.m. Adelle I eat the deer crackers your crackers. We are so hungry. It's quite chilly, I'm glad to have my tweed suit.

In the car again and out, Artist's Point. It really is lovely. We are exactly opposite Inspiration Point, viewed before. Directly below is the stream deposit. The lower falls is visible from here, and many

serpentine curves of the green Yellowstone River. This is the highest falls of all. Although we are not as close, the roar sounds about the same. The walls of the canyon are that soft yellow gold covered with black lichens. For a moment the sun suddenly fell across the river, highlighting it up like a stream of molten silver. The others feel more ambitious than I, and are taking a ½ mile walk to Sublime Point. I tagged along for a while, but decided at the crest of a glorious view that this was enough at one time for me. I like just sitting here, looking at the at nature the way God intended it. It never ceases to amaze me the way trees grow out of barren rock all the way down the walls. Against these yellow walls, the green of the pines and furs are a brilliant Kelly-green, in comparison to the to the blue-green of Bryce. We hurried through supper to get out to the grizzly bear grounds where they were being fed. The quantity of cars (200), buses (15) reminded us of a football game. But it was well worth it. In an amphitheater the whole side of a hillside (we were fenced in!) we overlooked a large platform where the garbage had been strewn. A ranger talked to us, mostly to keep us quiet, for if the bears hear or smell (They are nearsighted.), they disappear. This is wildlife at its best. The mamas stayed around the hillside, keeping an eye on their cubs while the papa's and grandpa's growled and fought among themselves. One apparently was the boss of all, for the others respectfully stayed away from him. There was Lumpy, who hobbled around on 3 feet and 2 younger bears who loaped across the meadow late. They are really funny. The ranger likened them on unto humans for their industry. One will dig ½ hour for a mouse, while the Black Bears are are smart but lazy.

July 17th

Yellowstone, Wyoming

This is our last day in the park. We all want to make the most of it. I want to take the Uncle Tom's Trail Nature Walk with the others, but I also would like to sketch. Decide the latter, doing the Upper Falls. The wind sweeping up this canyon chills me despite 2 sweaters and tweed coat. At 11:00 we all meet for surprise. Another horseback ride! This time 4 other real dudes were in the party. Making us feel rather smug in our previous experience. We pass by many more sulfur springs. Whew! A wonderful little light green lake and deep green quiet lily pad pond abloom with yellow same. The odor of the sulfur clings to me. It's fun though. I'm getting to feel quite adept. Another hurge big dinner, and off we go to Teton. The sun hasn't been very dependable ever since we have been in the park. Yellowstone Lake please pleases my soul. Delicate blue mountains surrounding the whole. We stopped to see more paint pots, which glub up the different colors. Edgar says, "They should say excuse me!" We also see Fishing Cove, where they used to catch fish in the lake, turn around and plop them in the hot spring to cook without moving. -- (Pelican, bison) Heading out of park, through deep forest. Adele and I look for wildlife but give up. We leave Yellowstone and run smack into Teton National Forest. I'm glad we're not back to billboard's yet. We wind up, down and around and with a startling suddenness through a clearing is another beautiful big lake (Jackson), from which the blue, hazy mountains hump straight up in rugged strength. The tops, snow patched and some of the peaks hidden in little clouds. Quite a sight. Lois says looks like Switzerland. The rain has stopped, leaving the air clean and fresh. The road has widened out now and smoother, thank goodness! It just seemed that everything that happened was on my side. Passing a trailer on scary curves etc. Now we get a clear sweep of the whole mountain range, 40 miles in length. They are just magnificent!

5:00 p.m. Stop at Teton Lodge, Moran, Wyoming, recommended by a friend of Lois as luxurious. She had expected more cabins in the pines overlooking the lake and mountains. But here we are behind a dam, no trees. Oh, well. Before eating we take a drive around at least to get a good look. And boy what a sight! The dramatic jagged peaks with little glaciers are made even more emphatic by the very flat land from which they which they rise. (Jackson Hole 48 miles long) We stop in Grand Teton Park

at Jenny's Lake. This is the most beautiful of all places, to my mind, that we have been. I easily admit that this is far above in beauty to Lake George. I want to stay hours, and I hope I can come back again. We are looking up into these mountains across the glistening water to the glorious late afternoon sun. The mountains are getting darker, beginning to cast slantwise shadows down through the passes. While the kids were skipping stones in the lake, also Edgar, Prent naming buck, I made friends with a chippy who is who was being harassed by a bird. He timidly ate Graham crackers out of my hand. Only 3 miles of road available through this park. Robert spies another Curio Shop at anger Headquarters. His heart is torn at every one he misses. Has already bought 2 pocket books. Moran is a funny little town of 50 tourist cabins, eating places and a wonderful general store. Period. The store fascinated us: pelts, food, cowboy clothes, super curios, a chair made out of elk horns and name-it-and-you-can-have-it! Here also is a quite impressive dam. We took a short walk up on top for another last look at the mountains deepening into night. The moon is full tonight but not shining on the water. Robert's choice Indian belt he bought with his own money is missing. Consternation! Cowboy (?) in snappiest outfit in General Store. Pony skin jacket, polished boots, gloves, cigarette holder. Now prior to plans for tomorrow be

July 18th

6:00 a.m. I am first up to see to surprise of everyone.

8:00 a.m. Our way on our way again. We had to wait for dining to open. Took another walk on dam to see mountains in early morning light. They are quite different but equally breathtaking. Gas in Moran 30 cents a gallon. Driving down through Jackson Hole, 30 miles, sparsely populated. Then climbing following Snake River up and around through lovely scenic passes. Adele and I count ground squirrels that have learned learned to cross road in a hurry. Road opens up now. Wide rolling range, more sage brush, many dude ranches, large herds of sheep and horses running wildly, manes flying. This is the Wyoming I pictured. We're heading due east now, straight ahead another high rugged mountain range. If they are the Rockies, they look the way we think they should. A beautiful clear day. It was quite cold when we got up, the windows of the car clouded heavily with dew. It's warming up nicely now. Edgar likes Wyoming, will take it as his state. The land has flattened out considerably. We sing, take naps, and wonder about the boxlike little building we see all by itself. There are quite a few of them in the each one in a very isolated section, painted orange. Each with a yellow outhouse and stoves. We investigate. They are shelter-cabins built by the American Legion mostly used for winter travel, we guess, where blizzards make the going hard. 212 miles before lunch at Rock Springs. Very nice meal at Howard's [HoJo's?] Miles, miles, miles. To the horizon the flat bottomed clouds going up, looking very much like cotton floating on water that we are underneath. Lois again again commented on her taking us around the Grand Loop Road in Y backward. For hours this territory is pretty much the same. The sun has shifted. We take naps, do crossword puzzles. We came into Wyoming at the north west corner, and we're going out and at the south east. And there sure is a lot of Wyoming in between. The range here is quite rich-looking with only occasional clumps of sagebrush. 443 miles for the day. Stopped for the night at Wyoming Auto Courts in Gardner. Very nice little town.

Colorado, Saturday July 20th

6:00 a.m. Up at 6:00 a.m. again, it's a habit, but I have a leisurely start. Heading South now to Denver. Edgar's vacation will be as soon as we put him on the train at 4:10. The landscape has changed rapidly this far. We started out on the same rich-looking, but flat, range country. No trees or people in sight, only occasional ranches. Then land became more rolling, then rocky. A few unusual outcroppings of unusual shapes. More beds of rounded glacier rock. Crossing the state line into Colorado, there are

small hills of red sand and stone. And soon it became more and more fertile until we are beside the same Rocky Mountains on the right we saw 2 weeks ago. Following along fertile fields of corn and fruit. It seems nice to see something familiar again. Those mountains are the ones that gave us a refreshing view viewpoint after days of on the flat prairies. Of course, since then we have seen a great many spectacular sights, but even so, they are still nice mountains. Into warm Denver for lunch at the Red Fox Inn again. Now for many elaborate plans. Prent goes to AAA for north route home. Lois calls friends at Fort Logan, not home such a disappointment. I call Ginnie's friend, not home either. So what to do now for 3 hours. Lois and the kids shop while we wait in car and discuss punctuality. Off to Union station. Called Ginnie's friend again, and she sounds darling. We have sodas and lay in a new stock laying in a new stock of postcards and lifesavers. Then we inspect his train, the beautiful Denver Zephyr. Find a mail slot in its silver sides and hurriedly write cards. What a train! Edgar explains a lot of technical things we wouldn't have known otherwise. Train 15 minutes late in leaving. Last goodbyes now, see you next next Thursday or Friday. She pulls out, or he – it's a mail train. Back we track to Santa Rosa Cabins for the night. Many many post cards written (167 miles).

July the 21st

I spent a very unhappy night. My tummy not behaving. Didn't sleep from 3 on. But feel better after many sodium bicarbonate tablets and a quiet breakfast at the same L and R.

8:00 a.m. On our way eastward, our sightseeing days are over, and now comes the flat hot trek home. Discuss prospective stops at various relatives along the way. Panic! Look! There's the Denver Zephyr! A beautiful streak of silver flashing past us in the sunlight. This one is arriving just as Edgar's is pulling into Chicago. It's hotter'n Hell, and I don't feel well! Well it's now 3:45 p.m. Mountain Time or 4:45 the new Central Time. Practically as soon as we got into Nebraska, the time changed. We rolled out of a flat, fertile, arid – by then – Colorado into arid, fertile, flat Nebraska. The miles are about is about as monotonous (Route 6) as Kansas. I sleep and grunt, feeling like a gooey blob in the heat.

Lois resorts to all sorts of activities to keep off boredom. I sing for a bit from *The Yellowstone Songbook* to keep by morale up. Lunch in a dirty hot hole, Holyoke. Conversation sets in about interesting people. Stop in Holdredge for gas and sodas at a very nice hotel coffee shop - I feel quite human again with my face washed and a malted milk inside me. Wasn't able to eat much lunch. On our way again we pronto run into a big dust storm, whose unclean is a hard working twister. Quite a pretty sight, because it's not too big. The farmhouses stand out starkly against the yellow sky. We close all windows for a for Turkish a bath and passing through [the duststorm]. On the other side the sky is still dark, the wind whipping the wheat and little trees and corn. Then comes a blissful shower to cool the air. Have noticed a great many dead jack rabbits along the road, but no live ones. We've seen these before, but these are so big, at first I thought they were dogs. Stopped for the night Hastings Nebraska at the Show Boat Cabins. Took last available one. Everyone amazed that we want 2 or 3 cabins for 5 people. Not one? It must be the usual practice to crowd whole a car load into one. Supper at the Clark Hotel in town. My beautiful big appetite has gone. Here at the cabins are a kitten and bull pup to play with. First place we have been supplied with taus. [?] 417 miles

July 22nd

Happy Birthday to me! says everyone. Back to the hotel for breakfast where they heaped before me my gifts. I was so happy! Prent gave me a Zuni knife-wing bird pin that I had oggled over at Kaibab. It's a honey. Robert and Adele had picked out a stunning red seed necklace and Lois offered 2 very

nice handbags, which I am more than thankful to get. The older I get, the better birthdays seem to get. It has been amusing along the way to note the population on the signs of the various towns we pass through. The best was Red Willow 9, another 35. Not much to say about the territory – pretty much the same. Going through Lincoln Nebraska we drive around to see the state capital building. It's really quite impressive with gold dome, blue mosaic, and statue of sower on top. This is subject for symbol on the licenses [plates]. Getting warm again. Passed Boys' Town. Father Flanagan just outside Omaha. Impressed at the great many buildings and new chapel being built. Stop for lunch at an air conditioned place, thank goodness! The heat has gauged up pretty bad. We make a 2 ¾ hour stop in Omaha at Priet's Uncle Miller Prentice's. Very nice visit.

3:45 p.m. Braving the heat we set out once more. Cross the Missouri river at Council Bluffs into Iowa. I seem to feel this heat so much more than the dry, dry desert heat. Rich rolling farmlands. Tall wheat stacks. A cute little hound puppy almost departed with his life under our wheels. Prent honked and it looked as if he went between the wheels. I was afraid he was gone. Lois looked and said he was very scared but OK. Whew! This morning we had to stop for a crazy bunch of hogs to get out of the way. Killed a big snake and a red headed bird. Seems to be a bad day for animals. Looking for cabins now, quit difficult. We "do" the town of Winterset quite thoroughly. It leaves us cold (figuratively) so on we push, back to Route 6, where we had left it to avoid cities, but through this nice farming country people don't care whether tourists sleep or not. This is quite beautiful. The alternate squares of corn and wheat are edged here and there with honest goodness tree. The farmhouses are more prosperous looking, too. Into Des Moines, that's hot and dirty looking. Finally Uncle Tom's Cabins – 318 miles – awful outside nice in.

July 23rd

Another hot day. Radio in little breakfast place chatters chatters how 100° heat affects crops. That the towers are getting closer, and we clip the off put them off in no time. I have discovered that the AAA Tour Book is interesting to follow for general info

1:00 a.m. Cross the Mississippi at Davenport and Moline. Slews of bug's at tollgate, crawling all over attendant. Illinois seems flatter, but many more trees. Prent's set on where have lunch, has high arched shade trees, the town park looking much like Princeton New Jersey. It was too bloody hot to do any writing in the afternoon. When the natives themselves complain about the heat, it must be something. Mileage 422 We had another hard job finding cabins. We made 3 stops, each getting worse. We all feeling hotter. What we do take, however, seems pretty good, though every single place filled with New Jersey cars and a New York. Plymouth Indiana.

Almost to Chicago Heights – Violin guitar trumpet along the road.

July 24th

6:00 a.m. A 6 o'clock start today. This is the 1st time we've stuck to what we said we'd arise. A big freight train was a wonderful wonderful alarm clock. Appears to be another doozy of a day for heat coming up. All sorts of games to keep us occupied. Lovely towns through here. Lunch at hotel in Friedmont/ Reading Post [Saturday Evening Post?]. I am quite surprised to see the beautiful green Lake Erie. Robert in favor stopping for a dip, but the powers that be veto him down. It would be mighty nice I think. Well, we suffered through Cleveland. which has lovely suburbs, but it seemed endless, and he's sure we hit every red light. But we drank what water there was, played more games,

sang, and pretty soon we're in rolling country. Just this side of Pennsylvania line in Cherry Lane, Ohio we stop for gas. Attendant complaints of heat when thermometer says 88°. We say, thank goodness! We really feel as if we're nearing home now. After all, Pennsylvania is a neighbor. Stop at Meadville for night in 2 tourist homes after Louis gets firm. Mileage 370. Lois and I have bull session before bed on men.

Sign: "Often a change is better than a rest. DINE OUT TONIGHT!"

Thursday July 25th

Sneezed 30 times before breakfast. Today is the next to the last lap. Through the nice solitary hills of Pennsylvania, much wooded. Cooler today, for which we're all thankful. No more problems on where to spend the night. Tonight we will stay at Aunt Grace's in Dalton and tomorrow home! Cooler as through the mountains. Very pretty countryside. 2 stops to say Hello to friend of Lois and Prent. Home to Dalton, good-bed 11:30 p.m.

July 26th

7:30 a.m. Up at 7:30 a.m. My! My! Feeling as if I could sleep 10 more hours. Still hot and muggy.

9:00 a.m. Leave Dalton for the last lap of the journey, taking at Aunt Grace with us. Prent will drive right back after depositing us and baggage.

The End