title: McFate-Travel-Diary

# Markdown Version History [ make sure lines below are # comments! ]

# - Tue, Mar 11 @ 11:20 - Making a Word copy for Jon to edit w/ change tracking.

# - Fri, Feb 14 @ 09:40 - Removed sub-heading marks in the frontmatter so it does not create a document.

# - Tue, Feb 11 @ 22:28 - A few grammar edits... distances -> distance OR distant, and spell check first half of the document

# - Tue, Feb 11 @ 21:00 - Ensured 2nd-level headings match Google Sheet column 'A' values

# - Sat, Feb 8 @ 16:00 - More breaks added, some place names corrected per Apple map spelling

# - Sat, Feb 8 @ 12:00 - Paragraph breaks added, gleaning place names and coordinates

# - Sat, Feb 8 @ 10:00 - PDF converted to .md and section headings added.

## Intro

With the auto route traveling west, in a house built on a Ford with all modern convenience of camp life. Our house is equipped with a gasoline stove for cooking, a small wood heater for heating, 1 small medicine cabinet, with all necessities of a young hospital. Folding table and chairs, 1 day bed, used in day time as a seat and a place for our bed covers, when not in use. One cupboard and all cooking utensils including a pressure cooker. We fasten tent and camp cots on out side. All in all we have a very comfortable way to travel. Not too fast but just fast enough for the most enjoyable time of our lives.

Following you will find each day’s drive as we journey on.

## Mon, Oct 18, 1926

"Bid all good-bye." Left [home, in XXX, Iowa] at 1:47. Drove to the river to river road and pulled to the road side to wait for Clarence. Who had gone into Grinnell. Built the fire as it was cold. Kept real comfee. Waited 1 hour. Soon got the move. Stopped at Victor for gas and oil Got our groceries. Left Victor at 4:25. Drove to Ladora, Ia. Pulled onto a free campground. Got our supper and went to bed. Did not use the tent. All bunked together. Pretty near the [railroad] track, so didn't really enjoy our rest. Has been cold and cloudy all day.

## Tue, Oct 19, 1926

Got up at 4:00. Got breakfast and ready for the road. Started at 5:45. Just daylight. Had to detour south of Marengo. Had trouble with an oil leak. Drove thro a very hilly stretch of country. Detoured from Marengo thro Williamsburg on to Iowa City. Sure had some hills. Got in Iowa City at 9:22. Most of the way dirt roads. Left Iowa City at 9:30. Drove on to West Liberty Ia. Camp ground at 10:55. Fixed a new gasket in the car to stop the oil leak. Eat dinner.

Started again at 12:30. Got in Davenport at 3:30. Sure have fine farm land around Davenport. Drove over pavement for 13 miles before reaching here. Crossed the Mississippi at 4:00. The children got their first glimpse of an elevated railroad. This is quite some city. Got our first taste of traffic. Stopped in Rock Island, Ill. for gas and oil. Discovered we had left our tent over on the Iowa side. Took it off to look at the oil. And forgot to put it back. Had to drive back after it. A black cat crossed our pathway during our drive into Davenport and I suppose if we were superstitious our tent would have been gone. Drove on until dark. Engine missed, so pulled up to a farm house. Asked to camp in barn yard. Is sprinkling so suppose will have more rain. These people are afraid we would steal their farm so we had to drive to another house. These people were civilized and let us in. Went into camp at 6:25 Put up the tent. Got supper. Popped a pan of popcorn. Went to bed. Had a good rest.

## Wed, Oct 20, 1926

Cold and chilly all day. Got up at 5:00. Did not rain much. Got breakfast. Boys located the trouble. Short somewhere in the engine. Sure are fine people here. Gave us a pan of pears and a pan of onions. Started at 7:30. Drove to Aledo, Ill. Stopped and got some groceries. Left Aledo at 8:55. Stopped for gas and oil at a filling station four miles this side of Little York, Ill. Drove on to Monmouth Ill. Stopped at 11:00 and oiled up. Fixed the left hind tire. It slipped forward about an inch, was afraid it would damage the valve. Started again at 11:25 To show you how good & smooth these road are will tell you what I did. I peeled potatoes. Started the fire in the heater and put potatoes on to boil. Clarence is at the wheel, coaxin' the Lizzie on about as fast as it will travel. Will have potatoes ready to eat when we stop for dinner. Stopped for dinner 12:30. Discovered we had left our dog. Every dog has his day so suppose this will be Jimmies's. Eat our dinner and started on.

Seen lots of threshing yet to be done. Lots of grain growing in the field. Fine country and fine farm dwellings along this road. The road runs in all direction. Not like they do in Ia. Could see lots of three-cornered fields. They are not particular about every road going straight with the direction, but they sure have real roads. We stopped in Good Hope Ill and oiled up the truss rods at 1:55 put another lug on the tire that kept slipping and went on.

Passed Macomb Ill, a city of 8,000 population, at 2:30 Drove on till 5:30. Stopped at Fredricks Ill. No camp ground so pulled up on the side of the road, by an oil station. Found out the levee on the Ill river had gave way Flooding Beardstown. So are undecided about what to do. Got our supper. Grover and Clarence went up to town to see what they could find out about the other side. Went to bed. Sun shone a little this afternoon but is still cold.

## Thu, Oct 21, 1926

Didn't find out much last night So got breakfast. Grover, Clarence, Mildred and Kenneth walked down to the ferry to see what it looks like. Have three miles to walk before we can find out anything. Seems as tho no one in this town knows much. This burg is sure among the hills. They told us the water was so high that the street in this town were under water, three miles from the main river. Have had rains thro here just lately. Had a heavy frost here last night. But the sunshines nice and bright this morning. The folks just returned and we can't make it across so will drive around thro Quincy, Ill. It makes a long drive around, but guess its the long long way for us this time.

The river was sure wild. Beardstown on the other side is all under water. The levee broke and just played cane with this route. One man the folks talked with said you had to wear boots to get to the Hotel. Started 9:30. Drove back to Rushville nine miles. Drove on to Mt. Sterling Ill. Stopped at 11:30 This is quite a nice little town. Passed a real apple orchard. Looked like enough apples in this one orchard to supply all United States.

Nice laying farm land around Mt. Sterling. Good corn. This is in Brown County. We stopped in Clayton Ill for dinner 12:15. 1:00 Drove on. At Camp Point Ill. one sign read, "Go slow, see our city. Go fast and you'll see our jail." There are little towns about the size of Newberg Ia. Drove from 10:00 this morning till 2:30 this afternoon with out throwing into low.

Passed the Moorma's Mineral Mixture Experimental Station. This was quite a sight. Had 12 different hog houses, each house had hog tight fence. Each lot had 8 or 10 hogs. You could see the difference too. Some were lots better than others. Had nice building every where on this farm. This is north of Quincy Ill.

Corn is badly blown down near Quincy. Had two bad bridge detours just before entering this city. One place was so narrow we all most ripped the left side curtain off. Went into Quincy at 3:00 Took 20 minutes to drive thro here. population in 39,131. Had to pay ?? cents toll to cross the bridge. The old Mississippi river is surely a wonderful sight. The children seen their first steamer, tow boat and barges today.

This puts us over on the Missouri side. Gas .02 cents higher on this side of the river. Drove on over a very hilly stretch of road. Came up a very steep hill across the railroad, a very dangerous one too. Are traveling on the ridge of the Ozarks.

Missouri is surely awful rough. Stones and bluffs. We pulled into camp at Palmyra Mo. at 6:00. Another party here from Louisiana. Got supper. Went to bed. Sun shone a little today.

## Fri, Oct 22, 1926

Ready to travel 7:30. Drove thro a very hilly stretch. Lots of corn in the shock thro this district. The farms are close together. Buildings very small. Pears thro here .50 cents a bushel. Every farm has a small pond. Lots of timber thro here. Good paved roads from Palmyra to Hannibal Mo. Hannibal is some city. It has one of the largest shoe manufacturing plants in the world. Is built right in the bluffs. The street we came down, every house has from ten to twenty steps before you could enter the door. Nice large houses, most of them are new. Lots of negroes here. Stopped here to find out about the roads. One dose of having to drive back is enough. Changed tires. Had one rim cut. Population is 19,306. Left Hannibal 10:00. Hills and then more hills. The road here winds around thro the hills.

Little land that would do for farming here. You can look out any direction and see timber for miles and miles. Don't know what they are making a living from. Mostly cows and chickens, I think are their main stave. Lots of people living along the roads here just the same. Had our first blow out just outside New London Mo. Most everybody in Mo. raises geese & ducks. Lots of chickens too. Got our first glimpse of a real rock bluff. The roads thro here are very good. Mostly rock and gravel. Got dinner while the Boys fixed the tire, discovered it had another leak so had to take it off again. Left at 1:00. Over one & a half miles of new road just opened. Of course our luck isn't all good luck. So into a chuck hole we went. Had to push out. Got it started and on again. Soon drove unto pavement. This makes us feet better. Drove over pavement for about 3 miles, then on to detour right round and round the sharpest corners, twist and turns. This road took us out into the Ozarks again. Came around one corner and over a bridge so sharp it was almost an impossibility. The roads are well marked and its a blessed good thing too because it would be all most impossible to avoid serious accidents if it was not for these warnings.

These roads are full of sharp rocks. People here call them cobble stones. Had more tire trouble with the same tire. Nothing more than expected this time. Had to change tires again, Had a dickens of a time this time. Boys are getting disgusted with our tires. So it won't be long before we hit each bump twice. (Hard tires see) their getting pretty sour over the matter, so I'm making a little chocolate fudge to sweeten up a little, when the trouble is over.

Fixed at last. Drove on. Luck follows most fools and so it is with us. We came upon a construction gang putting in new pavement. And O boy of all the bumps and thumps we did get. Things out of the cupboard and cabinet just flew. Luck was with us nothing broke. But Oh! what a mess. Had to stop and straighten things around. On again into Frankford, Mo. Stopped here for gas and oil.

Have a detour from here to Louisianna Mo. Won't make much mileage today. We are 120 miles yet from St Louis. These detours sure do take in the miles over everything. This state is chuck full of rock. Never did see so many before in all our lives. Lots of people living thro here, but guess they don't know there are lots better places to live. All a fellow has to do is get away from home to realize how big this world is and how little of it we have seen. Gone again. Went thro a chughole before we got out of town. The spare tires drug till the strap broke so had to stop again. Made another effort to remove ourselves from this God forsaken country. Didn't have any better luck this time. Had to push. But that didn't do any good. They monkeyed with the engine and finally found we were having timer trouble. Cranked it, and the little old Ford rambles on once more.

When you're not going up you're going down in this state. Go two miles to get one. On we go up hill and down, round and round. We have all of Missouri we care for. Thump, thump down goes the tire again. This is the third time today. Don't think we'll get much farther today. Changed to another tire. Maybe this one will take us into camp.

On we go. Have 5 miles to go before we reach a campground. It is growing dark. It soon overtakes one in these hills. Drove up one grade a gradual climb for one mile before we entered Louisiana Mo. Got dark and we had quite a time to find camp ground. Finally got settled for the night. 6:

We saw the old fashioned rail fences to day. On our whole days drive have seen very few desirable places to live. The only place we see any corn was in the lowlands or along the bottom of some creek or river. You can see along these where water has been very high. As for thrills Missouri has some as you can't see very far ahead at a time and lots of time you come unto unexpected curves.

Lots of narrow bridges. There was hardly a cross road entering on the road we traveled. Don't know how these people reach this one and only main road. They told us in Frankford Mo. we couldn't miss the road and I guess we couldn't as it was the only one. This has been a bright sunshiny day, but cold in the wind.

## Sat, Oct 23, 1926

This morning finds us up and ready to start. This is a nice campground on a corner block 27 blocks from the heart of the city. The city lies on the Mississippi and has a population of 5,000. Lots of negroes here. The Starks Bros.' Nursery one of the largest in the United States is located 5 miles from this city. We were lucky enough to camp on corner, where the men wait for the bus. This is a six wheel tractor bus owned and operated by the Stark Bros for the sole purpose of taking their help to and from work. There was 25 or 30 men in this bus. Don't know how many more they pick up. But had room for many more. Left the camp ground at 7:20. Drove on back into the city. Can't see more than 6 blocks ahead.

Stopped at a filling station for gas and air. While here saw three more Stark Bros busses, but 2 of these were busses for Women. None quite so large as the first one. 91 miles from St. Louis. Left at 7:50. Traveling on US No 61 from here. Had to stop at a rail road crossing just out of town. The bluffs along here are 150 ft high as near as we could judge. These are the highest we have seen. This road took us for a mile right along the Miss. river. This was a wonderful sight. Had a nice level stretch for about 3 miles, then we came into more rolling country, then into hills. But nothing like yesterdays'.

More farming thro here than we have seen since we got in Mo. The corn is fair. Some oats in the shock yet. Growing here just the same as in Illinois. Lots of pears and apples here. Drove along one creek this A.M. that was quite a sight for us. The bottom was layers of flat white rock. Water as clear as a crystal. Drove on into the bluffs again, drove out again into the level just before we struck the town of Eolia. Think this mostly negroes. The name surely is a Negro name at any rate. Stopped and got some groceries. On again 9:55. 35 miles more to pavement. Have had a real wind storm south of Eolia. The corn for a short stretch is completely flat. Up hill and down all the way from Eolia to Flinthill. Lots of field of soy beans and alfalfa thro here. Had to stop along the road to fix the lugs on the hind wheels. Are having trouble to keep them from slipping.

This goes to show we are traveling over rough roads. These roads are natural rock, crushed rock and gravel. Passes a log cabin on our way this morning. Lots of rail fences thro here. We crossed Quiver River, where the corn had been completely submerged. The corn in these fields are worthless.

11:30 Had to stop along the road, coming up a long grade for a flat tire. When we stopped discovered the other tire was about off. Got dinner while the boys fixed them up. Eat dinner. Started again 12:15.We are one mile from the town of Troy Mo. The children got to see the real Southern Pickinnies while waiting here. Stopped for gas in Troy Mo. On we go. Up hill and down. Country about the same from Troy to Moscow. Detour from here to Old Monroe. Every bridge we have crossed in Missouri has been very narrow. Just room enough for one rig. I think they have been very saving bridge material. The farther south and east we go the poorer gets the corn. Whiz...out goes a tire. Stopped 2:00

O Boy! This is great. You don't know the half of touring till you have lots of this kind of luck. The kids are making good use of these Missouri stones. Using some ones chicken coop as a target. Tire changes and gone again. 2:20. Lots of fall seeding being done thro this section. We rounded a curve over a bridge and up a steep rocky grade. Got halfway up and pushed into low. It refused to take hold. So here we stalled again. Blocked our wheels. Tightened our low band, gave her a push, hopped in and on we go. The country south of Old Monroe is more level. More farming done thro here. Lots of Jersey cows thro all sections which we have passed thro. Came unto the pavement 41 miles from St. Louis at 2:10. O joy! We're all glad. This land right thro here lays as nice as any Iowa land. Better farms and things look more prosperous. Bang! Bang! Blow out. We're having a lovely time, believe this or not. This gives me lots of time to jot down all I would like to write. This all happened 20 minutes after we hit the pavement.

Guess we all felt too hilarious over better roads. I have often wondered why some people speak of Missouri as misery. I know the reason now. Things all patched and ready to ramble again 2:25. It is sprinkling again. Lots of cars on this road. This is paved clear thro to Kansas City. Stopped at the first filling station, fixed up some tires.

Started on 3:15. This road runs right along the railroad track. Up hill and down just the same way only we're on pavement and don't notice it quite so much. This has been a nice drive to St. Charles. The farm land thro here is about the same. Drove into the camp ground at 5:30. Set up tent, got supper. Popped corn. Spent the evening laughing over our days drive. Went to bed. Steady rain most of the night. Camped within 1/2 mile of the Missouri river. Could see both the railroad and drive bridge. These are large 5 span bridges. We sure do enjoy these sights.

## Sun, Oct 24, 1926

Started this morning at 9:00. Drove 7 or 8 blocks, crossed the river. .50 cent toll for our gang on this bridge. About 1/4 mile wide, 18 miles from St. Louis. Good pavement all the way. Still traveling over hills and around curves. Filling stations, bill boards and eating houses every few miles. If one goes hungry, runs out of gas or looses his way its surely is his own fault. Hundreds and hundreds of cars on this drive pass us going both ways © Eight miles from the heart of St. Louis. Have no free campgrounds here. .50 cents a day. Some places $1.00.

Pulled in to the Sun Down campground and parked. Will stay here while Clarence & Grover locate the folks. Had our dinner. Kids are trying to enjoy their selves while waiting (1 1/2 hrs) Honk! Honk! Here comes Jack and Mr. Carnes. We got into their car, dirt and all and away we went on into the city. And I'll say St. Louis is a real city. Traffic of every description. And this is Sunday. Don't know what it is like on a week day. We finally got down to the house and we are all glad. Spent the rest of the day visiting.

## Mon, Oct 25, 1926

Didn't get up so early. We all enjoyed our nights rest. Went out to camp, gathered up our dirty clothes, brought them backed and washed. Clarence, Jack and Grover have been out seeing this city and looking for some tires to suit their needs. We girls are going sight seeing tomorrow.

## Tue, Oct 26, 1926

This is another day in the city. Nothing much to do today but visit. The boys did not find what they wanted so we girls will have to wait for our trip till tomorrow. Essie and I went down to their part of the city. This is one of the suburbs. There is all kind of stores, any direction you may care to go. Did not go to bed till midnight.

## Wed, Oct 27, 1926

This morning Jack took Clarence and I out to see the city and we seen a most wonderful sight. First we took the street car down to the heart of the city. I wouldn't dare say how many cars and busses this city operates, but it is surely an enormous number. The street car company alone employees 5, motormen and conductors. We got off the St.[street] car and went into Woolworths ten cent store. And such a variety, I never did see. One wonders where so many things come from and how they can get so many different things in one store. This store has four floors, each floor loaded with .10 cent articles. You only have to stay a few minutes to get an idea of how these kinds of stores are patronized. We left this store and went on to one of the larger department stores. Here we got our first ride on a moving stairways, one going up and one going down. If you wanted to go up, all you had to do was step on and stand perfectly still and up you would go. All one did was be in readiness to take a step or two right at the top of landing so you wouldn't lose your balance. These have steps just like ordinary stair ways only not such a straight steep step. This gives the party ahead a chance to step up to let the person behind have chance to step on. This is an ideal rest for weary shoppers. We went up three floors then we took an elevator. Have been in these before so this was no thrill. We went from here to the Railway Exchange building. This is next to the tallest building in St. Louis. The Bell Telephone [building] is considered the tallest. We took the elevator and up we went 21 stories. That took us up to the top story. But still this didn't quite satisfy us so we payed .25 cents a piece for a ticket to go to the roof. This entrance took us out on to the next roof, then we climbed two flights of stairs. Oh! my how the wind did blow. Had to hold to our hats to keep them from blowing away. This put us up away and the city. We could see for miles and miles in all directions. This was well worth the price, and a sight we’ll never forget. We could see the old Mississippi winding its way thro two cities. [East] St. Louis Illinois on the other side of the river is a large city all its own. When we looked out over the city, people and automobiles looked like miniature' toys. We could see cars passing over the bridges between the two cities, and it surely made one think of a busy ant hill. If one has ever stopped to watch these busy little fellows, you have an idea of how things looked to us from this point. We came back to the elevator, and down we came. These elevators are mostly run by negroe girls. I'm afraid this kind of job would make me seasick, but suppose a person would get used to it. We spent all forenoon bumming around looking at the sights. Got back in time for dinner. After dinner Mr. Carnes took the children and us out to Forest Park. This is one of the largest parks in the state.

They have a large zoo here too. The kiddies all enjoyed seeing the animals especially the bears. Had four different kinds. Nature itself could have produced no better home for these animals. These pits were built in the side of a hill, just like a place in the wilderness where bears would habitate. Large openings in the rock lead back into their dens. Each den of bears had a stream of running water. They seemed perfectly contented. We saw most every kind of birds there was. Had a house built purposely for these. This is a beautiful park with some of the loveliest drives we ever had an opportunity to drive over. This park consists of 1500 acres. This was the park in which the Worlds Exposition was held in 1902. We spent most of the afternoon here, and have enjoyed this day. Went visiting in the evening over to Kesters. These are the people who were with Jack and Essie when they visited with us this summer. Went to bed late.

## Thu, Oct 28, 1926

This day finds us ready for another sight seeing day in the city. Mr. Carnes took the children, Essie and I in his Nash car, the boys took the Ford and away we went to the Chain of rocks. This is on the Mississippi river, out from the city about 12 miles. It is where the water is purified for use in the city.

We drove up on the main heights to take a look over all. This was a very pleasing sight. We could see where the Missouri and the Mississippi came together. This water is pumped from the river into large vats or tanks. Lime and iron and other purifying chemicals are added to these. We could see where a large stream of lime and another stream of iron were running into the vats to be carried on into the water. We went into the pumping station, and of all the wonderful pieces of machinery we beheld. To give you some idea of the size and capacity of these pumps will give a few figures we got at the station. Each pump will deliver 30 million gallons of water in 24 hours. Each pump is 375 horse power. These were installed in 1895 by the Allis Chalmers Co. They are of the crank and fly wheel type. We stood and watched these pumps while in action. Down below us 45 to 50 feet was a large room containing machinery to operate these pumps. There is eight in all, but not all are used at one time. They can use one or any number that is needed at any time. There are three of these pumping stations. This is the number of gallons of water pumped at each station a week. Chain of Rocks 840,790,000. Bissels Point 496,118,020. Baden 314,75,600. This gives one some idea of the amount of water it takes for use in this city. This water is run thro these purifying tanks, then run into a large outside tank, there is 8 of these 28835 rods in length and width and 8 ft deep. Each one contains different chemicals and is let from one tank to the other during the process. One can easily see the difference in each tank of water. It is finally pumped into a clearing station before it is forced into the city for use. No one can realize the vast importance of these purifying plants until they see this awful muddy water that comes from the Mississippi. We were very fortune to be there at a time when they were cleaning one of these receiving tanks, It is amazing, the mud and sediment that collects in these tanks. The mud was from four to five feet deep in places. A part of this tank had been cleaned. They had tractors and teams busy at work removing this mud. These are cleaned every6 months. The men that invented this chemicals for purifying were brothers. They have worked so long and unceasingly at this one thing that both have lost their mind. It surely seems a pity that when one works so faithfully for the welfare of others and accomplishes such a wonderful fete as this one is, not to be able to enjoy the reward for such a service.

We have had a wonderful time and have learned a lot. We left here and drove out to camp for dinner. Cleaned up things and came back to Jacks. On our way home we got a chance to see the city after it was all lit up. This is one thing St. Louis has failed on. It has very poor lighting system. Have electric lights and some gas lights. A man lights these gas lights about 4:30 in the afternoon, and turns them out again in the morning. New electric lights are being installed, so they expect to have better service soon. Traffic is terrible in this city after 5:00. This is the time of day when peoples are ready to go home from work. Was glad to get home safely.

This has been an unlucky day for people in this flat. One of the motormen that stays here, ran over a negro woman tonight about 6:00. Did not kill her instantly but they say she cannot live. Clarence and Jack went down town and while there, Jack was trying to help some of the boys from his street car run remove a wrecked auto from the street. It had been hit by a street car. In some way jack got his right leg pinned in between the car and a waterplug. He came very near having it broke. Has got a very bad bruise.

## Fri, Oct 29, 1926

This has been a real gloomy day here in the city. Very hazy, looks like rain. Clarence and Jack went down to the auto club to get a routing out of St. Louis. Have tires changed and we are ready to ramble. They went out to camp and brought back our car, we start traveling again tomorrow. We have had a wonderful time while here. Boys went down to the bowling alley after supper. We girls went to bed. Rained most of the night.

## Sat, Oct 30, 1926

Bid Essie and the kiddies goodbye. We are leaving in the rain. Jack went with us as far as the out skirts of the city. Left here 7:00. We traveled all forenoon thro just such country as we had north of St. Louis. Rained till 10:00. Have had quite a lot of brake trouble this morning. The brake bands we put in proved to be a little too heavy. Eat dinner at 12:20 at a filling station 5 miles from Bonne Terre Mo. Have traveled on the ridge of the Ozarks, over good pavement all morning. This country is full of timber. We have surely seen Mother Nature dressed in her best. The trees in all the colors are beautiful, beyond description. Mostly oak, walnut, ash, hickory and some pine found in these timbers. Lots of it has been cut over. The road winds round and round. Timber on both sides. No farming land thro here at all.

Wish you all were here to make the drive thro here with us as it surely is grand. We passed a very interesting place near Bonne Terre Mo. We first notice enormous piles of sand. We wondered what they were doing with such a quantity of sand. Curiosity got the best of us so we stopped and asked a man who was passing. He told us it was waste from the lead mines. This one mound covered 3 or 4 acres. It was about 150 feet high. A track was built up to the top of this, and a long tunnel like house over the track. Thro this the sand is hauled and dump on top of the mound. We could see several other mines from out car but they were further away than the first one. This sand is a lead color, not like ordinary sand. We passed on into another little town. This is thro the lead and iron mines. We could easily see the difference. The iron mines have red water soil while the lead is a gray waste. The country thro here is vastly populated. All houses built in this town are very small. We could see the shafts leading into the mines here. Left this town on dirt roads. This road was full of chuck holes, and we had to drive slow. Up hill and down. It jolted the bottom of our cupboard loose and we nearly lost our fruit. People do more farming thro this section. Have 26 miles of this dirt road to travel. Didn't make a town by dark so pulled into a school yard to camp. The water is running across a low place in the road near our camp. Bluffs and timber all around us. We had a look into an Ozarks Mt school. I tell you it is not much like our Iowa rural schools either. Have long bench like seats and desks. No shades or curtains at the windows. In the center of the room is an oblong wood heater. Back in the corner of the room was piled a number of sticks of stove wood. This is the only room they have. No cloak room of any kind. The children thought they would not care to attend school here. We got our supper and went to bed early. Has been cold and gloomy all day. Looks like it might rain some more.

## Sun, Oct 31, 1926

Got up early. Did not rain so we are all glad. Ready to start 7:00. Drove for about 8 miles and off goes a tire. These roads are awful, worst we have struck. Fixed it as best we could. Drove on till we came to another oil station, one mile this side of Frederichstown. Pulled up here and debated about what to do. Boys went up town to see if they could find something to help us out of our difficulty. Came back nothing doing. Grover took the bus and went back to Flat River Mo. This is back 30 miles to see if he could pick up something. He got back at 11:00 that night. No tires. Went to bed. Has been a nice day. Sure has shone bright all day.

## Mon, Nov 1, 1926

Did not get up very early. Got breakfast. We did up our work. Changed things around in our house. Boys went back up town. Came back with new wheels, tires and tubes. These are real truck tires 34 x 5. So we are in hope our tire trouble ends here. Changed wheels, this took some time. Left here 3:45. Have 40 mi. of pavement ahead of us. No town now for 24 miles. There is 7 filling stations in this 24 mile stretch. The country is about the same. We drove thro a stretch of timber, then out onto a little level stretch. Here will be a small farm, then back into the timber we go again. It is this way all along. This is the only road we can see. It is wide and well paved.

Lots of grades. We pulled one grade this afternoon in low for one mile and a half, not steep but winding up. This has been our hardest pull so far. Many places we can look ahead and see two or three S shaped curves ahead. Most of the road is built to avoid the worst hills so it runs in all direction. We drove on till dark forced us to seek a camping place. Pulled into a filling station to camp again, near Millersville, Mo. Not many tourist camps here in Missouri. Got our supper and went to bed. Sun shone all day, but the wind has been disagreeable.

## Tue, Nov 2, 1926

Up at 5:00. Got breakfast. Just as I was ready to call the rest rap a tap, tap at our door. I opened it and there stood 2 boys about 18 years old. They had slept in a car all night and were about froze. One had a light cap and a sweater. The other had no coat of any kind. His cap was just an auto visor. They were hiking to St. Louis. I let them in. When they got warm they went their way. It froze water here last night. This is something very unusual here for this time of year the station keeper told us. Ready to leave here 7:00. Stopped in Jackson 7:40 for groceries. Fixed the Brake rods again. On gravel roads again. Drove on to Cape Giradeau. Country thro here about the same. Have to miles of pavement from here. More farming done thro this Section. Quite a lot of corn, but not extra good.

Passed the Marquette Cement Plant. This is in a lime rock bluff. We could see the chunks they had blasted out ready to grind up. Lots of rocky bluffs as we drive along. Left the town of Fornbelt Mo. on dirt and gravel roads again. Had to stop and put some little do dad on our engine to make it work better. On we go again. Still going up and coasting down. Engine stopped on us again. Had quite a time to locate the trouble. Found a wire broke in the switch. Eat our dinner, started again 1:00. Drove on into a very level stretch. This land lays like our levelst land in Iowa. Saw our first cotton fields this afternoon. Stopped and picked enough to send some back to the kids. This is planted in rows about 2 feet apart and about apart in the row. Grows about 3 feet in hight. Every one from the Mammy to the little children picks cotton. They have a long sack tied around their shoulders. This they drag along the ground behind them. They pick off the cotton and poke it in the sack. In each field is one or two wagons with a square rack on it. Each wagon has a pair of scales on it. In this is dumped the cotton. It is hauled to the cotton gin this way.

Passed a lot of wagons as we go along. They load on all they can. Pile up bang boards as high as it is safe to do so. Some haul awful big loads. There is hundred of acres of cotton thro here. Lots of young orchard all thro the southern part of Mo. We have come out on to level stretch again. Our road now lays as level ahead of us as it has been rough behind us. All houses thro this section are tumble down affairs. Ever house is built up on cement blocks. No other foundations of any kind. You can see clear under every one. Most of these are Negroes home. They don't know what paint is here in Missouri.

It would make you laugh to see them pick corn here. They only use a double box with 2 bang boards on the side. On the just have a double box and straddle one row. Then they pick up the down row. Most always see two at a wagon. Every one we seen working works at it as tho they hated the sight of corn. I would rather pick their corn than their cotton. This looks as tho it be an everlasting back breaking affair.

It is considered a good days work to pick 250 or 300 pounds of cotton. A good clean cotton picker can get 23 1/2 cents a pound. But he has got to be better than the average picker. 1500 to 2000 pounds to the acre is considered a good crop. They raise cotton in here like we do corn in Iowa. Pulled into camp on a vacant lot at New Madrid Mo. Have to work on our engine tomorrow. Three other parties here tonight.

## Wed, Nov 3, 1926

Didn't get up very early this morning. Got breakfast. The boys started work on the car, when along came two women tourist from Chicago enroute to Plant City Fla. They were having trouble with their Ford. Stopped to find out where the garage was. Grover looked the things over, found out it was dangerous to drive it. The whole dash board was broken so badly they could hardly steer it. He went up town and got a new board and fixed it for them. We girls had company for 4 or 5 hours. I washed our dirty clothes today. Lots of tourists going both ways. We are on the main highway so see them all. Have had a disagreeable south wind all day.

## Thu, Nov 4, 1926

Got up 7:00. We did our work. Wrote some letters. Helped the kiddies make some doll clothes. The boys got the engine together, but couldn't get it started. Will try again tomorrow. Have new neighbors for to night. An old old man and woman driving an old horse with a dilapidated wagon. They look as tho they were nearly froze. I think they are pretty old for such jaunts. She begged coffee enough for their supper. They wanted some meat but did not let them have this. She looks as tho she might be part gypsy. Hope the sun shines tomorrow for their sake if not for ours.

## Fri, Nov 5, 1926

Had to pay $1.00 to have this old Ford pulled to get it started. Picked up and ready to leave here. The old lady begged some more coffee this morning. They just about froze last night. Had a heavy frost here, but the sun shines bright so it will be warm after while. Gave them what wood we had left and $1.00 bill. Maybe one good turn will bring us a one. Poor old folks like this are to be pitied. Left at 9:20.

Drove on thro a very level stretch of country. About the same amount of corn and cotton raised here. Large patches of sun flower too. No wonder they have nicknamed Missouri the "Hound Dog State". It surely is one. Every one has two or three. We don't see many horses but lots of mules. All building and fences are ramshackle. Don't see how people live in them. Where ever they use any paint it is of the most brilliant hues. Have passed load after load of cotton going to the gins. Every way you look you can see negroes at work picking. They have to pick this every two weeks. The bolls do not all burst open at one time. You can easily tell where it was picked a week ago. The white blossoms are scattered here and there, then where they are picking it looks like rows of little brown bare trees, and where they haven't picked it is just a confusion of white blossoms. Wish you could see these cotton fields, as it surely is a sight.

We passed a great long transportation truck in the ditch this morning. I think the driver must have fallen asleep as it was not a bad place and he was off on the wrong side of the road. It looked as if he had driven right into it. At any rate it will be a big job to get it back in the road. We drove on till noon.

Stopped at a filling station called Canady. Eat our dinner. Started again 1:30. We have heard about cotton plantations. This is where we get to see them. We could see a nice large house with well kept yards, then off about a quarter of a mile you would see a row of shacks about every 80 rods apart. Sometimes these would extend clear across a whole section. The owner, most always a white man, lives in the large house. The shacks are occupied by negro pickers. Large families of Negros live in these shacks. I think they must pile up like pigs do as I don't see where there is room for so many in one.

Lots of Alfalfa grown thro here. It is nice and green. The soil here is very sandy. We crossed the Mo and Ark. line at 2:45. Most every town of any size has at least one cotton gin. Passed load after load of baled cotton today. This is baled in layers, done up in a net sack. 100 or 500 pounds to the bale. All this is shipped to the cotton mills. The north eastern is very much like southeastern Missouri. Very level. Lots of corn and cotton. Cotton isn't as good here as in Mo. Very short and thin. Don't have such large fields of it. More timber here. They plant cotton where ever it is cleared enough to work the ground. Houses are very near the road. Not a spear of grass in any ones yard, No fences along the road, don't know how they tell ones land from another. Each yard is fenced in with piece of slabs wired together. Just a little square place around the house. Doors wide open, chickens, goats and kids all have free privileges. Have seen all three in the same house. Many of the houses are built of native lumber with tin roofs. No fences of any kind, and no telephone poles along the road. They are so close to one another they don't need these.

We saw an amusing sign at an eating house. It reads "Pa's place, Ma's cooking." Pulled into camp at Oscealo Ark. 4:25. Motor has worked fairly good, but still takes to much oil. The boys are going to let down a spring and will see if that helps. We are camped right across the street from a carnival so hurrah for music all night. Got supper. All went to the carnival. Not much of a crowd. This is the noisiest town we have been in yet. Whistles and engines going everywhere. Not a very nice camp ground either. We are only a quarter of a mile from the Mississippi. It is real chilly again tonight. We drove 66 miles on pavement today.

## Sat, Nov 6, 1926

Got up 6:00. Boys worked on the Ford again this morning. Started at 9:30. This town has four cotton gins. The cotton acreage is larger and better quality south of Oscealo. Most all cotton fields of any size have at least one store house. Some have three or four. Lots of native lumber thro here. Have seen piles and piles of this piled up to dry.

About as many saw mills here as cotton gins. We can see timber in every direction. Negroes everywhere. We drove ten miles this morning where there was small houses about every 40 rods apart all the way. All house have fireplaces, with chimneys built on the outside. Most of these were painted red or green. They sure have lots of cotton plantations thro here. You can tell just about what houses belong to one owner, as they are built and painted alike. This sure is a great cotton country. This road is very level, all good pavement. Passed thro several little towns this morning just a few miles apart. About all there is to them was a small store and a cotton gin or a lumber mill.

Drove along the railroad from Oscealo to Terrell Ark. Thirty miles. After we left Stacey ARk. they have less cotton and more timber. Lots of land here to be cleared. Plenty of land thro here for sale. A sign board every few miles, stating the number of acres but never the dollars. Stopped in Terrell Ark to inquire about the roads. We leave US 61 here. Have traveled this one road along ways. Here we saw a sight will have to tell you about. It will give you an idea of how gay the Negroes dress. We saw a negro lady coming up the road. She wore a red straw hat, a pink waist, navy blue skirt, white hose and black shoes. I presume she is going to the store. She sure made us laugh.

Left Terrell at 12:00. Made our turn here for the west. We take US 15 now for a ways. Eat our dinner along the road side. Started again at 1:30. Land more rolling and more timber. The road winds around the edge of the timber. Timber on one side, cotton on the other. The roads are gravel, but quite narrow. Lots of logs along the road, cut ready to haul to the saw mills.

The houses thro here are not so shacky. More white people living thro this section. Lots of cotton ready to pick, but they don't seem excited about it. Some dropping on the ground. Roads here are awfully dusty. Stopped in Earle Ark 2:22. Now talk about your colored folks here is where we found them. This town was 100% black. Drove on three or four mile to the town of Smithdale.

All cotton between these places is sadly in need of pickers. It is dropping on the ground. Looks like it would be a big loss. Funny way they have of clearing land here. They first cut around the tree, then when it dies, they burn it down. If it burns its all well and good, and if it doesn't it seems to be all the same. We have seen fields of corn and cotton planted right in amongst the stumps. Don't think they ever grub any stumps in this state. Drove on to Widener Ark. We pulled into what they call a tourist camp, but it sure was more like a junk yard we thought. No grass. Nothing but a big shed with the words Tourist Camp printed in big letters clear across it. We drove in just the same and will stay for this night. It is 5:25.

## Sun, Nov 7, 1926

Did not get a very early start this morning. The boys raised the front springs. Do hope this proves our oil saver. Started 10:30. Crossed the St. Francis river near this town. This is about twice the size of the Iowa river. The water is very clear in all rivers and streams. After crossing the river the country is rough. Our road is winding and level, but on both side we have timber. Drove into the hills just before entering Forrest City Ark. These were the first hills we have had for three days.

Not much farm land between here and Palestine, 8 miles distant. This little place is just ready to leave the Map. It is such a tumble down affair, more kindling wood than anything else. The roads are good but awfully dusty. We're riding with curtains up and sweaters off. It is like a warm September day in Iowa.

Drove off onto the level again. Better farm country. We seen a threshing outfit, first since leaving Illinois. Lots of small grain and hay thro here. Quite a number of cattle here to. Acres and acres of wheat in the shocks. Not much cotton here.

As we drive along can see threshing machines everywhere. They do not stack straw here. Just blow it with a blower like we do sometimes. It is not so thickly settled thro here. Better buildings where there is any. Suppose these are more plantations if we only knew it. Elevator built right along the rail way tracks here. Look like new ones.

Eat dinner at Wheatley Ark. On again at 12:30. Have left the wheat fields. More cotton raised thro here. We are 73 miles from Little Rock. Drove along ways thro the timber again this afternoon. Timber on both sides. We saw a big blue Heron rise up out of the swamp along the road. It sure was a big bird. Water all along the ditches. Looks as tho they had had plenty of high water. This is near the White River. After we left Brasfield Ark we came into a cotton district again. This is a sandy clay soil here, yellow as gold. Charged us 75 cents toll to cross the bridge over the river. This close to the mouth of the Cache and White River. It is as large as the Missouri river. After we left the bluffs along this river we came upon a very flat section. As we drove on we noticed derricks that looked like our old wooden wind mills without any wheels. We wondered what they were. As we came nearer could see field after field full of shocks again, It did not look like wheat, so we stopped and got some. We noticed the fields were wet, and water along in deep ditches by the road. Found out when we got to Carlisle it was rice. They have a large rice mill here. After we found out what it was, we could see the irrigation ditches. You could tell where the main ditches were by the tall weeds. Each field would have 2 or 3 main ditches, then there would be deep furrows plowed out in circles about every three feet apart from these. It looked like a good crop. At least the shocks were thick on the ground. They cut and shocks this like we do our small grain. Found out later these derricks were pumping stations.

From Lonoke to Little Rock it is mostly all cotton again. Some very poor crops thro here. It is growing dark. Pulled into a filling station 3 miles from Little Rock. Most all filling stations have a small camp ground. We are 50 miles from Hot Springs. Looks rainy. Time 5:30. Got supper. Went to bed early.

## Mon, Nov 8, 1926

Rained hard here last night. Ready to travel 7:00. Drove on to Little Rock. This is quite a city. Population 74,216. The capitol building is surely a fine building. Are route turns here right in front of it so we had a fine view of it. They have the best river bridge here we have crossed. Have one for street cars, one for railways, and one for motorist. We could see them all. This Arkansas river is a big old river. This city is built in the hills. Some very steep little grades to climb. Lots of nice large dwelling houses in this city. After we left Little Rocks city limits we passed a number of dairies, summer resorts and dance pavilions. Lots of timber on both sides of us. Have lots of nice homes along here in the timber. All have names. These are a few I notices as we drove along. The pines © Lonesome Alley © Lonesome Pine © Fairview © Dew Drops © Blossoms © Mt. George © Pine Sighs © Sunset © Douglas Park © Red gates © Log cabin and Hillandale. This is quite a fad. This road winds just like all the rest. Lots of flowers in bloom here. Have seen yards full of roses. The leaves are just beginning to change color. Most all wells here are the Old Oaken bucket type. We don't see many pumps. Lots of poultry farms thro here. Mostly all white Leghorns. Have seen more white people this forenoon than we have seen for a week.

After leaving Benton Ark. we came into the hills and curves. Lots of sharp curves now. Don't see anything only bluffs and timber. This remains us of parts of Missouri. The road winds round and round. Mostly all down grades. We can't see very far ahead. This is fine scenery thro here. The bluffs are full of slate rock. The timber here is most all pine and oak. Many of the oil stations are made of logs. When built right these make nice houses. We are ten miles from Hot Springs and we can see the Mountains way off in the distance. These are higher than any we passed in Mo. This sure is a lovely drive clear thro to Hot Springs.

Hot Springs is a fine city. Its population is 11,695. Our road took us right thro the heart of it. It has four magnificent hotels. These is 2 blocks used for nothing only bath houses. These are nothing more or less than fine Hotels. They are all beautiful buildings. Fountains of drinking water all along this one street. Water coming from these, steam like water from a teakettle, They have 46 of these hot springs located around here. The temperature of this water is 147 degrees to 156 degrees F. Lots of crippled people here. Eat our dinner in camp this side of the city. Started on 1:37. We have 37 miles graveled roads from here to our next town. Crossed the Ouchita river 4 miles from the city. They have a fine tourist camp here.

Drove on till the hills got so steep we thot it best to tighten up our brakes. So we stopped. Picked up some hickory nuts while the boys were doing this. Then on we went. This time we went into real bluffs, and I don't mean maybe. These are young mts. hundreds of feet high. Trees grow right out of the rocks, all the way up to the top. Some of the fir trees are 40 or 50 feet in height. I think this must be where our telephone poles come from. Thro here is where we get our first real mountain roads. Roads are very narrow in some places. On and on we go. As a rule the roads are pretty good. Not many people live thro here. Once in a while you will see where people live back in the valley between the mountains. We stopped near one farm house to see about our gas and oil. Found out the name of the mountains we had just come thro. These are called the Trap Mts.

We have drove 15 miles without passing a gas station. This is the greatest distance since leaving home. We stopped for gasoline at this station. 25 cents a gallon here. We have to pay 4 cent road tax in this state. Started on from here. Got nicely squared around in the road when bing©go we hit an Ark mudhole, or I'll guess will have to call it a clayhole as there isn't enough good dirt here to make mud. Nevertheless we slid all most cross way in the road, and it gave us all a scare. We drove on into the foot hills of the mountains, up and down and round and round. The road is wider and more people live thro here. Some real nice houses built thro this section. Have an up grade pull for 3/4 of a mile. It makes old Lizzie boil. This finally put us upon another level stretch, around thro more timber. We thot Missouri had lots of stones but Arkansas has her beat by a 100 miles for rocks and stones. We are 6 miles from Arkdelphia Ark. Have come again into a farming country. Some cotton and a little corn. They cut all the tops off the corn here. Just leave the lower part of the stalks and the ears. Seen our first patch of tobacco growing here. Cotton nor corn are a very flourishing crop. The fields are so full of little stones, I don't see how they plant their seed.

Crossed the Ouchita river again. Had to stop on the bridge for a team to pass us. They were afraid of our rig. Dropped into the hills again here. Hills all the way into Arkadelphia. Drizzling rain so pulled into camp at the Ford station at 4:20. Raining again to night. Got our supper. Went to bed.

## Tue, Nov 9, 1926

Left Arkadelphia at 8:15. This is not a very large town. About the size of Tama. Didn't rain but very little last night. Drove on over a very flat low little stretch. Quite a lot of cotton grown thro here. The land is better not quite so stony. Buildings and fences are better. They have a very large lumber mill here at the little town of Curtis, 10 miles from Arkadelphia. Lots of timber in places. Most all timber between Curtis and Smithton, 6 miles distant. Drove on to the town of Gurdon. This is a good size railroad town. Has 3 or 4 different roads crossing it. Here we could see them loading, both cotton and lumber on the freight cars.

We followed the railroad for about a mile and a half, then we drove into the timber. This was a fine drive. Good roads all rock gravel. Real dense timber. No house of any kind. The road is winding and one can see just far enough ahead to see if another car is coming. Have passed a good many cars coming our way. (We never pass them the other way, we let them do that.) Drove on till we crossed the little Missouri River. Here we came into a more open country. More people live here. Little patches of corn and cotton but both very poor. The land here is very stoney. Not much grass, mostly weeds.

Every one that keeps a cow pastures it on the road. Don't know how many we have passed this morning. Drove on into the town of Prescott. Stopped here and got some oil. Drove on thro the same kind of country for 10 or 12 miles. Eat dinner. 1 mile west of Hope Ark. On again 11:00. Drove on thro a low stretch of country. This is very low, lots of swamps and bridges. A little farming in spots on the level.

Cotton and corn are the main produce. Drove on to Fulton Ark. Here we had to cross the ferry over the Red River. This is well named. The water is an red as tho it had dye in it. This is caused by the red clay. It cost us $1.00 to ferry this river. On our boat was one truck beside ours and 4 touring cars. This ferry was pulled with a Fordson tractor. They had this built inside of a house boat. Kenneth has worried about this ferry ever since he found out we had to cross one. After leaving the river we drove almost a mile on a grade. In some places it was 25 or 30 feet high. Had to drive thro lots of loose gravel this afternoon. This makes dangerous driving. This country is more level and better soil. More acres of cotton. More Negroes live in this section. Houses are smaller and not se well kept. We have noticed it is this way in every cotton district. We are 8 miles from Texarkana. This is on the Texas Arkansas line.

Country about the same all the way to the Texas line. More and better pastures this last 8 miles. Stopped in Texarkana for gas. This town is like St. Louis. Two cities on the line. One in one state and one in the other. This is a nice clean city. Grass is green. Flowers in bloom everywhere. Drove on for 23 miles over pavement. Lots of nice new houses on this road. About the same all along. Pulled into camp at New Boston Texas, 5:30.

## Wed, Nov 10, 1926

Cold this morning. Froze ice in our wash basin last night. This is the coldest night yet. We thot it was warm in Texas, but not so here. Started 7:30. Drove 50 miles this morning, the country is practically the same. Country is more level than Arkansas. Lots of cotton thro all these sections. The buildings are better. Had one bad stretch of road. Had rained here and the road was a very rough. Eat our dinner in Detroit Texas.

Started again 1:20. Drove on and on. Country just about the same only more rolling. Passed the Morton's poultry farm here. This was a dandy, looks good to us. All white Leghorns. Drove on it to Paris Texas. This is sure a fine city. Some real dwelling houses in this place. The population is 16,000. Had to changed road number here. Missed our road in this place. While trying to find it we got to see some of the city. We have passed thro little towns all the way into Paris. Cotton everywhere thro this section of Texas.

After leaving Paris we drove out on to the what the people here call the prairie. Great fields of cotton all thro this. Not many trees. Houses about every quarter mile. This is all paved road. You can see the road miles ahead of us. The cotton fields here reminds us of large fields of raspberries. Haven't had enough frost to make the plants lose their leaves. Looks like it would be hard to pick among so many leaves.

We don't see many in the fields at work here. Don't know what they will do with so much cotton when they do get it picked. We have drove 10 miles and have never seen a fence of any kind around the fields. They have a small fence around the house yard and that is all. Only one telephone line along this road.

This road is like all the rest have been. It has a very few cross roads. Drove on to Commerce Texas. Pulled into camp here 5:25. 1 mile from town. We had to register here. Bought milk and butter from the camp keeper.

## Thu, Nov 11, 1926

Pretty frosty here again this morning. Left here 7:30. Drove on over pavement. This country is so level you can see a city long before you get to it. We could see the city of Greenville when we were out 7 or 8 miles, it did not look more than 2 miles away. This country is chuck full of cotton. The soil here is better than soil in Ark. Lots of Prairie grass. People here travel in covered wagons. Have seen a great number of these. We passed one today where they had 3 horses hitched to the wagon. One horse hitched ahead of the train. Driving with rope lines. It sure did look funny. The men folks all have long mustaches and wear the real Texas hats we often see in pictures. Greenville is a nice city. Population is. The cities are a greater distance apart but are larger. You can see smoke around the horizon in different directions of the cities in the distance. Every piece of ground that is available is put to cotton. I think the famous Texas steers have turned to cotton.

We haven't seen a one since we came into Texas. This is all newly settled. Almost every house is a new one. Most of them look like modern ones. Drove onto Rockwall. Here there is a rock wall supposed to have been built by prehistoric man. After leaving here we dropped down on to what is known as the Trinity river bottom. The crops thro here are real good. We are 21 miles from Dallas.

On and on we go. Country about the same all along. Drove on till we were 8 miles from Dallas, here the boys stopped to get a little wood. Kenneth found a little rat terrier pup in a gunny sack. So we have another member to our family now. Have christened it Dallas. All the kids are happy now. Drove on into Dallas. This is a big old city. It population is 177,000. Had to go right thro the heart of it. Had quite a time finding our way out of it. Very poor markings in all these Texas towns. Drove on out of the city. We tried to find a camp. Could not so we pulled to the road side and eat our dinner.

Started on at 2:00. Drove on for 5 or 6 miles. Beautiful homes, filling stations and stores all this distance. Passed the Trinity Cement plant. This is a very large quarry. They make both cement and lime. One place the road was cut thro rocks 40 feet deep for a short way. You can get gas here most any place. Price ranges from 13 cents to 21 cents. Lots of competition. Houses and buildings of every description all the way from Dallas to Fort Worth. Fort Worth is a very large city. Population Had a dickens of a time finding our way out of this place. Stopped one place to inquire, this fellow told us to go to the 4th street then to the right then to the left. Guess he thot we knew the city real well.

Next Grover cornered a cop. But he never heard tell of the highway we were looking for. So we stopped at another filling station and inquired again, and finally got out of town. Drove on about 2 miles out. Had to stop here on account of a flat tire. Had run a nail in it. Got this fixed and drove on. Drove on for another mile, here we stopped at a tourist camp 5:22. This sure is out on the prairie. They also have an aviation fields here, so the kids had quite a time watching the air planes light. We traveled on pavement all day. Awfully windy here tonight.

## Fri, Nov 12, 1926

Did not get up very early. Started 8:00 Stopped several times, for carburetor trouble. This is all Prairie full of thistles. Most of these prairies near the town are laid out in names for the streets staked at the corners. This will all be a part of a city some day. Lots of cars going both ways along here. Oil stations and tourist camps every 4 or 5 miles. This is about all there is along our road this morning. Not very many trees just one vast prairie. Saw jackrabbits along the pavement where they had met their death by colliding with automobiles. We never see one alive. It is to tame for them to sit in sight along this highway. Saw two big old buzzards (birds) sitting on a telephone post. These are quite a bit like our crows only larger, and not such a slick looking bird. Lots of them thro this country. There is lots of lime stone hills thro here. They do a little farming in spots. This way from Fort Worth to Weatherford 22 miles. After we left here we came into the hills again. All small shrubs by oaks thro here. The roads are lined with bill boards on both sides. We drove on thro some level stretches, then into the hills till we were 6 miles from Mineral Wells. Here we struck real mountains for a ways again. This road wound round and up for more than a mile. Mineral Wells is a resort, noted for its splendid mineral water. Most all clay soil thro here. We stopped here for dinner 12:25. Drove out into the hills again. Crossed the Brazo river. This like the Red river has a funny color. Have lots of winding roads ahead of us. Most all up grade between rocky cliffs. All of these that have high grades on one side are fenced. I'll tell the great world Texas isn't all prairie. Stopped for gasoline at a little filling station. Gas is getting higher again 21 cents here. We can look ahead now and see our road stretching out into the west as far as we can see.

Looking out our back window we can see the mountains thro which we have just came. Little shruby trees on both sides of our road. This land thro here is good for nothing only pasture. Have passed only one ranch where there has been any cattle. Drove on and on. We can see coal mines of in the distance. Drove on for an hour thro this level stretch. Finally we came into the hills again. Up and up we go again. Bluffs on one side fenced on the other. We can look way down below us. Nothing but trees and rocks down here.

Engine got so hot stopped on this pass. Took some pictures of the children here. On again up and up. This is the longest grade yet. After getting to the top we drive out on the level again. No houses thro here just pasture, trees, cactus, and rocks. This is all well fenced on both sides of the road. Very few telephone lines run along this highway. We are 3 miles from Ranger. We can see oil wells off in the distance. I can count 21 derricks from our window. This city has a population of 16,200. Our route took us out past the oil refinery. It surely takes lots of building and tanks to refine oil. Drove on to the next town of Olden Texas. Lots of oil thro here. Its a good thing they can get something of value from the land. It is so rocky on top it is practically worthless for farming, Stopped here for gas. Drove on to Eastland Texas.

## Sat, Nov 13, 1926

Did not start very early this morning. When we left Eastland we could look any direction and see oil wells. It is 10 miles to our next town. Timber most all the way. Very few houses till we came within a mile of the next town. This town is Cisco, Tex. It is quite aa large place, about like Grinnell. We are 51 miles from Abilene. Drove on thro the same kind of country we have passed thro. Got gas in the little town of Baird. 22 cents for gasoline here.

On again. Out around the hills. All up grade. We left pavement here. Graveled roads now. Drove on into the town of Clyde. Have a 16 mile detour from here to Abilene. This detour was terribly rough. Very poor country all thro here. We eat dinner in this place. The boys went to get some more oil. Left here 2:10. This is our last big city before reaching El Paso.

Abeline has a population of 10,274. Didn't have to go thro the main part so avoided lots of traffic. Stopped for gasoline out at the edge of the city. Drove on, the road is very level again. Some farming done thro here. Quite a lot of cotton raised here. When we passed thro Merkel Tex. we saw hundreds of bales of cotton piled up out side of the gin. Have had some awful bridge detours this afternoon. Pretty near twisted our house into. These roads are awful rough. The wind is blowing awful hard and it takes a lot of power. After leaving Trent Texas we has another 4 mile detour before we reach Sweetwater Tex. This detour is awful sandy. We can see another chain of hills now. Drove on a few miles further. Pulled into camp on a free camp ground 6 miles east of Sweetwater. This is right at the foot of the hills. Looks like it may rain again.

## Sun, Nov 14, 1926

Didn't rain only a light shower. The bird sing here in the early morning, like they do back there in the early spring. Everything is so green here and so warm, one all most thinks its spring instead of fall. We have often heard how the people in the south build hen nests in the trees. Here we had a chance to see this with our own eyes. The kids thot this quite a joke. Had nail kegs up about 4 feet from the ground with a little approach built out from each one. Of course they kept Leghorns or otherwise these would have been useless.

Started at 7:15. Drove on into Sweetwater. The roads are very rough, so many pitted places. Very hilly too. After leaving the city the road were about the same. Quite a lot of cotton thro here. The station keeper told us land was worth from $30 to $50 an acre. I think its dear at any price. It is very poor. Lots of rock and stones. After leaving the little town of Roscoe Tex we had paved roads again. It is very level thro here. Some farms scattered along here ever few miles. Pretty fair buildings. Mostly all cotton for crops.

The towns are getting further apart, every 10 or 12 miles. At Colorado City Tex we passed another large oil refinery. After leaving this place we came into the hills again. Some of these are like big knobs. They sure look funny. Some of the rocks in these hills are large boulders. On most of these massive one are painted signs. On the largest of these here, printed in big white letters read "God is Love." Yesterday I say one printed way up 30 or 40 feet high. It read "Are ye prepared", then down below it about 10 feet on another big boulder, it read "Jesus Saves". Don't see how anyone stood up there on the projecting rocks long enough to paint these. The ledges, one would have to stand on were very narrow. You can read these quite a distance away. One little hill we came down this morning was just like stone stairs. One layer projected out just a little further than the other. There were about 3 about as wide as an automobile. It would make quite a pull for a car going up. We have struck real sand roads now. The sand is as fine as dust. Some places the road will have a good hard bottom then again it is all loose sand. This takes lot of power. They have cotton all along here. We have come to the conclusion that cotton will grow anywhere, in any kind of soil. Quite a lot of house along this road now. Some are nice ones and some are just shacks. Signs all along here for cotton pickers. One place it read 1,000 cotton pickers wanted. It looks like they would need that many if they ever get it all picked. After we left Westbrook Texas the road here were not so good again. Nothing very interesting along here. No houses of any kind, nothing only a few small bushes on one side, railway on the other. Very few cars coming or going.

Instead of building culverts like we do in Iowa, they cement these low places in the road. It makes a place for water to run across the road over the cement. I guess they get so little rain they don't need much of a drain. We can see more hills ahead again. They just form a semi circle around us. Our road leads right into them. These are not such steep hills, very flat on top. Small shrubs growing on these.

The road wound right around between these hills, up grade all the way. This is very steep right at the top. It is paved from the foot of these hills on. Drove on to Coahoma Tex. this was the next town. After we left here there was not a sign of life thro this stretch, all we can see is hills and prairie. The railroad runs right along the road. This surely is Texas God forsaken country. Drove on into a little town. Here we stopped and got some bread for our dinner. The land west of this place is better. This country is full of tiny little sand burrs. Then you get these on you they stick like blazes. Then they smart. They sure can make you dance. Lots of cockle burrs here too. These are about twice as large as the ones we have back there. Some fields are brown with these.

Drove on into Big Spring Tex. Stopped for gasoline here 22 cents. We drove on, country is about the same. Some farming in spots. Most of the land is hilly and full of shrubs. Drove out into the wilderness again. Big Spring is 22 miles from the next place. If you could see some of this land out thro here, you could get some idea of what it must have been like when the people crossed here for California during the gold rush. You can see for miles and miles again. Nothing only shrubbery and grass. The grass here isn't very good either. No water, no shade. Just one vast prairie. This way most 22 miles to Stanton Tex.

This place is not very large. Drove on thro here. Came out into a better farming district again. Very level. A great many fields of cotton. Better farm buildings. Our next town is Midland 20 miles. Drove on into this town, could not find a camp to suit, so drove on out. Drove about a mile and pulled on to a free camp ground 5:30. Three other parties on this camp ground to night. It is very chilly and windy.

## Mon, Nov 15, 1926

We did not start very early this morning. 8:10. 21 miles to our next town Odessa Tex. Drove about a mile when we saw a flock of quails so stopped. Grover shot 2 of these. We will have these for dinner. This is all one vast prairie. Just a few buildings scattered here and there. Railway runs right along the road all thro here. Not a tree in sight. Nothing only sage brush and prairie grass. As we came near the town people do a little farming. Stopped here and got some groceries. 35 miles to our next town Monahans Texas. Nothing thro here but prairie. We can look ahead and see pavement as far as we can see. Looking behind it is the same way. We have passed one filling station and one ranch house in this 35 miles. We have sand everywhere thro here. Passed another ranch. We did not see any cattle either place. Just knew they were ranches by there names. We are 5 miles from Monahans. This is all sand mounds. Very little of anything grown here. This sand is very fine. We could see where the wind has made little drifts in it. It must be terrible out here on a windy day. This little town is built right in among these mounds of sand. 21 miles to the next town of Pyote Tex. This country is all the same, this whole stretch is practically worthless. The only living thing we saw was a little white goat. I think it has strayed away from the rest of the flock. It was the only one. We never even saw a bird.

This little town has one store, one filling station and a depot. It is 17 miles to the next one, Barstow Tex. We drove on. The country is very level again. Not a tree or a shrub. Just tiny turfs of grass. Here we saw a coyote. Grover took 2 or 3 shots at it. Came close enough to make it run but did not kill it. It did not act very wild. When we first noticed it, it was about 100 yards from the road. On we drove about a mile. Here we had to make a detour. Drove across the railroad and out into the prairie.

We detoured here for about 10 miles, round and round thru the sage brush and shrubs. The road is full of stones and lined with old tires and inner tubes. Someone surely has had their little joy of motoring. I pity the fellow that started across this detour with four poor tires. We finally reached Barstow. Stopped here for gasoline .23 cents. Have lots of good cotton and alfalfa here. Near town they have quite a number of irrigation ditches. There is a small stream here where they get their supply of water. 7 miles to Pecos the next town. This land is ever so much better than any we have come thro since morning. Crossed the Pecos River near the edge of this city. It is a little larger than most towns we have passed thro today.

After we left this town we came into a very desolate country again. Very little growing here. The soil still is very sandy. 20 miles to Toyah Tex. This has been this way the whole 20 miles. Saw a few cattle grazing thro here as we came along. Stopped to camp here 5:45. The time has fooled us quite a little these last 2 days.. The sun doesn't set till 6:30. Daylight about 6:45 in the morning. This town is full of Mexicans. Time changes at El Paso. .25 cents to camp here tonight.

## Tue, Nov 16, 1926

Wind is blowing a gale this morning. Started at 6:45. We got gasoline and oil, gas 20 cents. The sun is just coming up. We can see the mountains away off in the distance ahead of us. 34 miles to the next town of Kent Tex.

Had to stop and clean a spark plug. Then on we rambled again. We drove 20 miles before we reached these mountains. These are called the Davis Mts. Our road winds in between and around these. There is a little filling station we had our first hard pull since coming into them. This mountain are very barrens. Very little grass grows on any of them. A few cattle grazing here and there along the highway. We passed thro Kent. It has only a few stores, 1 hotel and a filling station. The road is paved all the way. Our road now winds round and round the foot hills. Came up over a grade and here in the hollow was a little pond of water with a flock of wild ducks swimming around as nice as you please. So we just stopped. Grover took the gun and shot 2 so we'll have duck for supper. Drove on out of the hills and mountains onto a level stretch. We stopped along the road and ate our dinner. 11:45.

Have drive along this level stretch for 18 miles. We can see the other range of mountains away in the distance. These are the Victoria Mts. Started on 12:35. Drove on and on.

Came to a place where the grass was very short and very little shrubs here we got our first glimpse of the prairie dogs. They are about as large as a kitten. They have gray fur. Will set up and look around like a gray squirrel. They bark like a puppy.

Kenneth tried to shoot one but could not get close enough. They were too wild. So we drove on and on. Came into the town of Vanhorn. This lay right at the foot of the mountains. The distance in the Mts. are very deceiving. When you see them along ways off, there is a dense blue haze surrounding them. These mountains do not have anything growing on them. Most all just solid Rock. Stopped here for gasoline .24 cents. Drove on out thro these mountains. This range is lots steeper than the other range was. Had one bad under bridge drive. This was a one way road under the railway. For warning it had a sign which read "Drive slow, you may meet a fool." Did not meet any. 33 miles from Vanhorn to Sierre Blanca Tex. We have left this range of mountains now. We are driving out on another level stretch. From here we can see the next range 20 miles away. These are the Sierre Blanc Mountains. Along the road grows a weed of some kind. We do not know its name. It grows in a round flat clump. The wind is blowing so strong, it blows these out of the ground. Some of them blow down the road like wheels rolling along.

Some times the dust is so bad we have to slow down because we can't see far ahead. The further we go the worse it is getting. Found out later that these mts. were mostly sand. That is why we could see so much dust. We are so dusty and dirty decided to pull into camp at this town. Found out this town was a real hold up Butter 60 cents, milk .30 a quart. We did not buy either. 7 parties here tonight besides our selves. The wind has gone down some. We have passed cars from 18 different states to©day. This town lie at the foot of the Sierre Blanc mountains.

## Wed, Nov 17, 1926

Got a good early start this morning. 6:30. Almost to dark to drive with out lights. This range of mountains is practically all sand. It is not a high as either of the others. Nothing but prairie on the level. We see a few cattle grazing now and then, just the same as it has been before. We have seen lots of cotton tail rabbits this morning. Stopped to hunt awhile. Only killed one. These were to wind to get in gunshot of them. So on we go again. 20 miles to our next town Finley, Tex. Nothing to do or see just ride round and round and up and down. This way all the 20 mi. 16 miles from Finley to Ft. Hancock the next one.

Finley was just a little place a filling station and 2 little stores. This 16 miles about the same as the rest. After leaving this town we are just a short distance from the Rio Grande river. All along this river where they can irrigate they raise cotton. We are passing tho the Algodon Plantation of 5,000 acres. This was printed on a big sign board out in the field. Lots of little Mexican houses scattered thro this plantation. They are very low and long. Most of them have 3 doors in front and a tiny window on each side. The roofs are perfectly flat. Each roof has little spouts protruding out, slanting downward from it. This is to drain the water off when it rains.

These house are made from mud bricks. When finished it is plastered over all with this mud, just like we would cement over bricks. These bricks are about 3 inches thick, 8 in. wide and foot in length. Saw lots of these piled up to dry.

Raise hundreds of acre of cotton thro here. It looks like they had a very good crop. Passed thro Hancock. This town has all mud houses or adobes they are called here. most all the people here are Mexicans. We are 60 miles from El Paso. Our next town is Fabens 24 miles. Not all of this 5,000 acres is under cultivation. Some of it is not cleared of brush and shrubs yet. But hey have got irrigation ditches all thro it, on both sides of the road. This is all very level. We can see a high range of mountains on the other side of the river. This range is on the Mexican side. The river is the boundary line. We can tell just where the river flows by the trees. The trees along its banks are larger and more thrifty. The further we go the more land we see under cultivation. Have a large cotton gin of their own. They have acres and acres of cotton on this place. We drove about 2 miles and passed another gin. These gins belong to this same plantation. It has it printed in big letters on the roofs. One place along the road we came with in 80 rd of the river. This is a wide shallow river with a very sandy bottom here. It wound off the other way again. We do not cross this river till we get in New Mexico. El Paso is 40 miles from here, it lies on this river.

We see lots of cotton pickers at work. They have quite a novel way of taking there cotton to the wagon. Instead of having the wagon in the field like in Mo. and Ark. they leave their wagon at the edge of the field or in some cases at the house. Out in the filed you can see 2 or 3 horses grazing with out bridles or reins of any kind. We wondered why they let the horses graze here. Before the afternoon was over we had a chance to find out. After we had watched and wondered about this, Kenneth saw one fellow walk up to a horse, throw his sack of cotton on, hop on his self and drive the horse to the wagon, empty the cotton and return to the field. After we saw this we watched pretty close and found out this was their method. It sure was a very novel sight we thought. These people look very much like Indians.

We have seen hundreds and hundreds of yellow breasted black birds in this district. Our next town in Tornilla Tex. This lies in what is known as the Rio Grande valley. It is called the land O'Cotton. They say they never have a drought and they never have a flood. We don't wonder at this because they have to irrigate. Of course they think its the best place in the world.

The town of Tornillo is not very large. They have 2 big cotton gins here. It is 9 miles from here to Fabens Tex. Valley all the way now till we get to El Paso. Do not know how wide this valley is. We ate our dinner west of Fabens. On again at 1:00. The towns here are real close thro this valley. Cotton is their main crop all the way. Saw a few fruit orchards. Lots of nice houses thro here. Most all build on the mission plan. Nice big shade trees on both side of the pavement. These are all cotton wood. If one had seen only this part of Texas, they would think Texas was a garden of Eden. We came in to the town of Ylesta. This town was just as much Mexican as its name indicates. This is 12 miles from El Paso.

House and store all the way now into El Paso. Saw lots of signs, Fresh eggs 70 cents a dz. We thot this was some price for eggs. It has been real warm this afternoon. Have enjoyed this drive. Drove on to the camp ground 3:00. El Paso has a pop. of 90,000. It lies at the foot of the Mexican Mts.

We are about two miles from the heart of the city. Did my washing while here this afternoon. Got our mail, had 6 letters so we were all happy. You don't really know how nice it is to get letters until you have been away from papers and mail of any kind for so long.

This is a splendid campground. They have all the modern convenience here. Only cost 25 cents a night to camp here. Of course if one uses the cook house, shower bath or laundry it cost so much for each. I was not interested in these as we are well fixed for all so cannot state prices. Well little old Book every one has gone to bed but you and I and the old clock says 11:30 so good night. 28 parties on this camp ground tonight.

## Thu, Nov 18, 1926

Very chilly here last night. Froze water. Did not get started very early 8:55. While in camp here Grover met a man and his wife from Denver. He was a camp keeper there when Irwin and Grover came back to Iowa. We got gasoline 18 cents. El Paso is a large city. We did not loose our way in this city for once. The west side of El Paso is all mexicans. 20 miles to the next town, Anthony Texas.

We are driving right along the river now. This is not near as large as we thought the Rio Grande was. They farm thro the valley on this side of El Paso to. Most all cotton. They have some nice fields of alfalfa and some clover, it is nice and green.

Mountains on the north and mountains on the south of us. The highway goes right between these two ranges. These mountains are very steep. On the north it is the San Andres and on the south is the Mexican range. This range has the most ragged, rugged mountain peaks of any we have seen yet. We saw two cranes this morning, out in the river waiting to catch a fish for their breakfast. They were standing perfectly still. Would have made a nice shot, but we did not stop.

Came in to the little town Mesquite. Here was the boundary line of New Mexico and Texas. We bid old Texas good-bye. Don't know whether she was as glad to see us go as we were to leave or not. We sure were glad get to another state even if it was full of Mexicans. The people here are busy picking cotton. We have counted as high as 30 in one small field busy at work. Little Mexican town along here every 4 or 5 miles. Lots of places thro here they are busy in the field, putting in some kind of a crop. I do not know what it is. There machinery is nearly like our own. The cotton planter looks like our corn planters do, only they plant only 1 row at a time. They use a walking plow to plow it with.

Drove on to Misilla Park Mex. Stopped here and ate our dinner. Started again at 1:00. It is 24 miles to the next town Aden. We turned here and headed off towards the south. Drove about two miles, then we crossed the Rio Grande River. This river was almost dry at this point. Have a large damm up the river aways. We did not drive up to see it. Just 2 or 3 narrow streams of water were running down thro the sand in the bottom of the bed.

When we crossed the bridge we were stopped by the U.S. inspector. They asked us if we had any cotton, cotton comforters or cotton mattresses. Of course we did not, so on we went. This is done to prevent the spread of the cotton weevil. If we had of had any of these things mentioned, it would of been destroyed regardless of its price. They do not allow any cotton of any description to cross this line. We came up a long winding grade thereinto what is known as the Mexican desert. It looked no different to us than some of the rest of the forsaken places we have passed. The same kind of grass and shrubs growing along the road. The road was not as rocky but more sandy. It winds around just the same way.

We drove on and on. We are 13 miles from this next town. Off to the east we can see a great mountain all alone. It is very high. This peak is Mt. Riley. We passed on thro this little town. Railway goes thru it. Depot and a filling station was all there was here. We did not stop. I'll bet its a hold up for gasoline here. 14 miles to the next town of Cambray. We drove on till we spied some Jack rabbits along here in the brush. We stopped and the boys went after rabbits. Did not get any. Just killed a lot of valuable time as it is growing well along into the afternoon.

On we go again thro the same kind of country. 16 miles from Deming Mex. The sun is going down behind the mountains. We will be in the dark tonight, hunting our roost. When the sun drops behind the mountains here, it is dark. We passed 2 or 3 ranches along here. Drove on as long as we could see. Seems as tho the miles here are extra long. Got so dark had to stop and connect up our lights, Started on. Only went a short distance till Lizzie stopped. Out of gasoline. We carry 3 gallons for emergency so put this in, still we are 2 miles from the city. Drove on till we came to a free camp ground. Here we pulled in at 7:00. 2 other parties here tonight. Isn't so chilly either.

## Fri, Nov 20, 1926

Started this morning at 7:20. Gasoline here is 24 cents. Demings is not a very large town. Not as large as we expected. It is not a very well kept place either. Mostly all mexican. We drove 22 miles to the town of Gage and have seen nothing worth mentioning. Just prairie or desert which ever one would care to call it. Guess it must be about the same, as near as we have been able to find out it is. We see a few cattle grazing of and on.

Railway runs along the road here. It is the Southern Pacific. Have good graveled roads. If a person depended on wood to do their cooking thro these sections, am afraid he would have to go hungry, as wood is very scarce. There is a lot of brushy bushes here but they are green and have such thorns on them a person would not be able to handle them for wood.

Along the railway fences (these are mostly made with railway ties) you can see where people have split of part of the tops of every post. (We have had our share of these too) If one was caught in this act they be heavily fined. But guess there is not much danger, as the only living soul you see is some tourist like ourselves. They go and come. About the same number going both ways. We drove on and on.

We can see the mountains away in the distants, that form the continental divide. Just as far as we can see it is one continual chain of mountains. A frieght train passed us going east. It was pulling 112 empty cars. This is mostly all one frieght thro here. Going west you don't see such long trains, as it is most up grade. But they sure do take a long string going back east.

Drove on into Lordsburg Mex. Here we stopped for dinner 12:00. Drove 61 miles this morning in this desolate section. Started on again 12:30. From here we have a winding road across to Duncan 38 miles. They are paving a road straight thro, but it is not open for travel yet. This road is cut up and rough, but no worse than some we have had. Drove on and on. We have finally come to a stretch that we can call desert. This stretch is what we all had pictured in our minds the desert would be like. Now we are all satisfied we have seen the desert. Most all sand here, nothing only a very short grass growing here, and that just in spots. Not a tree or bush. The road is not quite what we expected it to be. We thot the sand would be deep and loose.

The road has a hard bottom most of the way. We drove thro 25 miles of this. Then we came into a stretch where there was a lot of century plants and sage brush. These century plants are queer things. I guess it is impossible to kill one. When they areyoung they look something like our iris plants, their leaves are narrow and longer and have a sharp needle. As the plant grows older the tops stays about the same way out the root will grow up out of ground, just like beets will some time. This root is about 12 or 14 inches in circumference. The older they grow the taller they get. Have seen them 6 feet high. After they get so old they will bloom this will be one long stalks that shoots out of the top. It has a flower shaped like a bill, makes me think of flower on the gladiola. Don't know what color they are as all we have seen were dry. These shoot new plants from the roots. The root is almost as large as the stalk. You can see this running along the ground where the sand have blown off of them. These look like old dead logs lying on the ground. If you did not look close you would take it for a log.

We stopped in the brush to hunt Jack rabbits. You could see a rabbit most anywhere, but could not get a shot at them as they do not set still long enough to get an aim at them. We did not have any shot gun shells so we were out of luck.

It is awful hot out here. When ever a car passes we sure get the benefit of all their dust. We came to a fork in the road. No markings on this road so were undecided which was the way.

Inquired our way from some folks that came that way we thot we should go. Were headed the right way. So on we go. The road is full of chuck holes and washes. We had to drive slow. 8 miles from Duncan, we crossed the Mex. Arizona line. We came into the mountains here. These are the mts we could see so many miles back. These are in the divide. This road winds round very sharp curves. The road is awful narrow. Had to stop for a little engine trouble. Soon had it fixed and on we go. We had 4 or 5 miles of up hill then down, came out onto the level just before we reached the town of Duncan Ariz. We drove into camp here. This is only a small place. It is right in the foot hills of the mountains. People here are mostly all white. Very few Mexicans.

There is a small river running thro here so they do a little farming. Just small acreages. Every one has to irragate. They have a cotton gin here. The hills and mountains are barren. another party on this camp ground with us tonight. We think it is warm here tonight.

## Sat, Nov 20, 1926

Did not start early this morning. Got our gasoline here 25 cents. Drove on. Have more mountain road ahead of us. These are steep grade and sharp curves. This road is not very wide. You always have to be on the look out for cars ahead. These are longer grades than any we had yesterday.

They are building a new road thro here so we have a great many bridge detours. These are not a bad as we have had. They are putting in all cement bridges. The rocks thro here are large. Some of them look like they had been burnt. Some have holes in them just like sponges. Have made so many hills on low our brake band is to loose to do much good, so had to stop and tighten it up.

The road gang is working here, so we had a chance to see them drilling a cut thro the rocks. This is done some way by air pressure. Had a tractor engine running to make this pressure. It looks more like an auto-truck. It sure does the work. Will have quite a number of deep cuts on the new road.

Where the road is finished it is good and wide, and is well graveled. We had good roads before we had to make our longest climbs. We went round and up ever so far. Still we can see Mts. above us.The very peaks of these mts. are solid rock. Mts. all around us, can't see out in any direction. Gila Mts. on one side and the Santa Teresa Mts. on the other. Where there is no real steep mountains there are foot hills. Arizona is most all mountains. They have to make these roads wind or they never could get up them. Lots of places thro here we could wind around in the shape of U, M or S's. A great many deep cuts thro the rocks. We stopped when we were way up on the mountain top and picked some flowers. Little yellow daisies and red mt. poppies grow right in among the rocks. You can find these in big clusters.

There has been a great number of purple asters, but they were about gone. We have seen bluebirds and butterflies today. The sun shines so hot. The road is awful dusty. It sure is hard for us to believe Thanksgiving and Christmas is so near. When we pass thro the towns and see all the Christmas display it sure seems funny.

We have drove 30 miles from Duncan. It has been mts. all the way. We drove on to a camp at Solomonville Ariz. and ate our dinner. Drove on at 12:35. Lots of Mexican in this town. We left here on pavement. This little town lies in the Gila Valley. Thru here the people farm again. Have nice fields of green alfalfa. they have great large sheds with open sides. The alfalfa is baled and stored in these. Lots of cotton and some corn. Signs along here for cotton pickers.

We saw row after row of lettuce growing is some ones yard. They have lots of cotton gins thru here. The towns are close together, 4 or 5 miles apart. We passed thro Safford Ariz. This is the nicest town we have passed thro since we left Texas. Lots of nice big shade trees, and good crops. Where ever they can get water things are more prosperous. This land thro here is all watered from the Gila River. Off to the left lies the highest mountains we have seen yet. These are the Graham Mountains. These Mts. in the distance look just like a heavy storm cloud coming up in the west. Have seen it look this way lots of times back home. After we left Pima Ariz. we left the best part of this valley. We came out into the hills and mountains again. We left the pavement here. On sand and gravel again. We have a 37 mile strip thro the Gila Mts. now. We have seen lots of Mts. burros grazing in the draws thro here. Have passed several little settlements of Indians. These are the true southern Mexican Indians. dirty and ragged, long hair stringing down over their shoulders. They look just like pictures of the Mexican Indians in our geographys. They live in Wig wams or huts made from willows and sticks. We saw an indian cradle hanging on the fence, just like they used to carry on their back. Do not know whether it had a baby in it or not. There was several little tots playing around it. We were to far away to see very good. Do not know how they make a living unless they do it by hunting or fishing. They live right near the Gila River.

We crossed the bridge a short distance from here. This is another shallow river. The river bed is wide and sandy, but has only a small stream of water flowing thro it. The people keep it pretty well drained. They take a lot of water for irragation. The bridge is a wooden structure 50 or 60 rds. long.

We drove on into the Mts. Up and up till we could see hundreds of feet below into deep canyons. Drove on till we spied a big jack rabbit sitting about 8 rds. from the road. We stopped. Grover shot at him 5 times with a rifle. He missed him every time. He was so mad to think he could not hit it, he threw his gun just as far as he could send it. It sure made us laugh. So some day dome one will find a perfectly good rifle and wonder who lost it. We hurried on as the sun is getting low. Sign board on our way kept reading only a few miles till the next town. We drove and drove. Finally it got dark, and on we drove.

Coming up a very steep grade the old bus stopped. Out of gasoline again. We knew we were getting low, but kept watching those blooming sign boards. Thot sure we could make the next town. Got out our emergency gas again. Just about time we were ready to crank the Ford here come another car about 40 miles and hour. No two cars could pass in this place. Our hearts leaped into our throats. Thot sure he would hit us, but he did not. Pulled up to the side and stopped. There they boys had a real argument about driving after dark. Things got pretty warm.

Grover hasn't hardly cooled off yet over his rabbit deal. Guess he has to take a little spite out on some one else. Nevertheless we drove on finally came to a camp ground about 9 miles further than we expected to find one. Pulled in and got our supper. 4 other parties here tonight.

## Sun, Nov 21, 1926

This little place is right on the Gila river. The name is Rice. It is a very small place. It is right at the foot of a mountain we can look out the door and see it. It is 150 or 200 ft high. The kids had to try themselves out on this one. They want to climb every one they see. Some you could climb and some could not. Left here 7:30. We are 20 miles from Globe. Got gasoline here 26 cents. We only got enough to take us on to Globe.

These place thro the Mts. are regular hold ups. Drove on over mt. roads. The roads are good and wide. Lots of curves, but not such bad ones. Some deep cuts thro here. Some of the mts. are all rock. Lots of deep gullys all thro these. It looks as tho sometime lately they had had a hard rain. You can tell by the sand in the bottom of these, that the water runs very swiftly. If one was ever caught here in a heavy rain, he would just have to stop on a grade and wait till it ran across the road. No bridges here, just draws thru the road. In a great many places they have water stakes. These are painted white with red marks. They are marked every 6 inches. Have seen posts with 5 foot mark. Do not know whether it ever gets this high or not.

As we came into Globe, we could hardly see the town from any distance for the dense haze that hung over it. It is right at the foot mts. too. It is the largest town yet in Arizona. Population is 7,044. This is a nice little city. It is quite a mining town. They have made some tremendous cuts thro the mts. here. Both for the road and the railway. We have pavement now to Miami Ariz this is 7 miles. This mt. pass we just came up has nine curves before we reached the top, 10 before we reached the bottom. Mountains every where you look. We passed a large copper mine just before we came into Miami. Refuse from the mines piled hundreds of feet high. Stopped here for more gas. .25 cents gasoline and oil have been high all thro Arizona.

Houses all the way along built in the mt sides all the way thro here. Drove on out of the city in to more mountains. We thot we had seen some high ones before. They were nothing compared with these. These are all solid rock. We came down, down ever so far down into deep rocks canyons. Just makes one feel funny in the tummie to look down so far. If a fellow goes to sleep here on the job, he will surely go for his reward. Some of them drive like everything thro here. Good size trees grow right out of the rocks. A few house built back up in the mtsalong the way. I cannot understand how the trees grow here, you cannot see one bit of soil, just a mass of solid rock. You can see only a little ways ahead and a little ways behind. Just one curve right after another each one leads up another grade a few feet higher. Some places we can look down and some places we are walled in with solid rock on both sides. Sometime we come into a space where we can look across the canyon and see the road winding below us on the other side over which we have just left a few minutes before. Drove on up till we came to a place where we could pull out.

We decided we would eat our dinner way above the rest of the world for once. If you take a deep breath of this air it goes way down deep. Different than air lower down. Don't know whether this is imagination or not. Ate our dinner and drove on. 12:20. We will have to change our minds about being up so high. We wished we had not eat our dinner. Just makes you feel awful funny in the middle. This sure is a real thrill for any one that has never been over anything much steeper than the hills around in Iowa. Don't know how high we are up, but do know we can look down thousands of feet. We were going up, just one or two curves till we would have been to the top when the door gave way and out tumbled Beulah. Talk about your scare, we sure got it. It did not hurt her as bad as it did us.

We thot sure a car would come around the curve before we could get out to get her. Just got back to the car when another car whizzed by. We feel as tho we have been very lucky. If we had been going down hill or driving up like most of them do, she surely would have been killed.

We came to a little oil station way up here at the top. It was named "Top of the World." Very true we thot. There is a campground, cafe and a private camping place thru here. This private camp had little cottages or cabins scattered over it.

Suppose this is a secluded spot for some of the towns people. After we reached this oil station our road led down thro a little valley. Big trees like our shade trees at home grew thro here. We passed huge boulders thro here as we drove on that weigh thousands of ton. You can hardly imagine that there could be rocks of such tremendous size. This rock that are way up on the side look like they were ready to fall. Some of them just look as if they were balancing there. If one of these ever does fall, God pity the party passing. We had to stop to tighten our emergency break. We drove on down and around it to what is known as the Devils Canyon. This surely has a good name. The rocks in the mountains here remind one of the old castles or great cathedrals like our story books tell about. Wish I could give you a better discription of this canyon thro here. But I guess this is beyond my writing ability. We are going down, down, winding round and round just the same way we came up. Can coast lots of the way. Have come on to kind of a level spot now, where a person can take a deep breath, and know it won't be the last one.

Around the next curve we had to change our mind about this breathing business. I guess this place I mentioned above was just a place for one to relax and get a good breath before the worst came. We came up another grade then down a pass we can never forget. Rocky cliffs up for thousands of feet, from the bottom of the canyon to the peaks. Great rock cliffs on both sides. Stopped here to tighten our breaks again. If it wasn't for the breaks a person would soon go to his happy hunting ground. Just over the edge of the road grade we can see theemains of some ones Buick. We have come passed places where the rocks have projected out of the side over the road. it looks to a person like it would be impossible to drive under it without striking the top. But when we are closer it is a long ways above us.

We came to a tunnel cut thro solid rock. This was about 400 feet in length. After we had came down ever so many curves we could look back up and see other cars pass thro this same tunnel. Came down two or three more notches as the kids call them, here a man stopped us wanting a coal chisel. Grover swapped his for the one the man had and 50¿¿ to boot and on we drove. This took us out of the mountains and into the town of Superior. We found out these mountains were called the Superstitions Mt. Now I'll tell the great world if a person has any inclination of being this way they better stay clear away from Arizona. The town of Superior is not very large. It is 2:35. We have been a long time coming thro this pass. But our motto today has been Safety First. This pass is about seven miles up and seven down.

We have 33 miles to our next town. This is thro the desert again. But for us we will take the desert. We feel lots safer out there, than in the mountains. Stopped here to see about gas, oil and water. Had enough so on we drove. Had drove only a short ways till a man stopped us for water. their raditor hose came out and they lost all their water. Gave them enough to get back to town with. We have drove 5 miles and have to no desert yet. It is the same old story, up one grade, and down another. Still going round sharp curves. These are not like the real mts but steep enough to make us take them in low. Had to stop and tighten our low band again. We finally did drop down to a level strip so suppose this must be Arizona desert. It is pretty hot and very dusty. The kids have gone barefoot these last 2 days. So you can imagine about how the weather is here. There is 2 different kind of cactus, growing on this desert that did not on the other. One is a tree cactus, it branches out like a little tree. It has yellow cup shaped apple growing on it. These are called cactus apples. The others are a very tall species. Do not know what they are called. They are 25 or 30 inches in diameter. Some grow up perfectly straight and some have prongs or arms that grow out and up from the main stalk. These remind us of the Totum Poles the Indian use to worship in ancient times. All they lack is the horrible design they carved on them. They have deep creases in them that form ridges thro them. Are light green in color. Have seen them 6 to 9 feet in height. Stopped at a filling station out

33 miles and filled up with gasoline .24 cents. Have a strip of pavement for a mile or two now. 20 miles to the next filling station. We still have little mountain like hills and big boulders off to the north and northeast of us. When we came to the end of the pavement we had to eat dust again. So many cars coming and going. These are mostly Ariz. cars. Think most of them are out joy riding. If I wanted to joy ride, I would pick out a different place than this, if it wasn't any place but round the city square. Drove on and on. The dust is terrible. Will be glad when we get to a camp. These desert roads have all been scraped. It would be worse than it is if it wasn't for this. All the sand that is on the road is what works loose from travel. But this is enough to make the air full of dust.

This road we came over thro the mountains from Globe to Superior is called The Million dollar road. We don't doubt but what it cost that much. We have all came to the conclusion that all the other mts. that we have come thro are mere playthings. Folks that call them mountains have never been in real mountains. Pulled into camp at this next oil station. Nothing here but the filling station and camp ground. This is called the Superstitious Service St. named from the mts. Can still see the mts. a short distance away.

## Mon, Nov 22, 1926

Started this morning 7:45. Lots of claims all along here. Everyone has his little house or cabin, some have fenced and some have not. Each one has his name staked along the road. This is all very sandy, don't know what these people do for a living. Maybe they have enough to live on till they claim out.

Passed 7 big army trucks loaded with cement. It will be only a few years till this road across the desert will all be paved. No one need have a fear of the desert. Some of our best roads off of pavement have been stretches in the desert. Lots of trees about the size of cherry trees grow thro most all of this desert. The trunk and branches are green. Looks as if they had been painted. The leaves resemble our willow trees. As we came nearer the city of Mesa, some of these claims have in crops some of them are just clearing the land. There water supply comes from the Roosevelt damm. This damm is built up in the Mts. Saw cotton here just bursting into bloom. This is about 2 miles from Mesa.

Saw our first oranges growing on the trees here. Lots of fruit all along the way. Bees sure are plentiful to. Every one has 15 or 20 hives. It is wonderful what they can grow when they have plenty of water. Great red roses in bloom all along here. they have stock of all kind. We just had to stop and buy some apples and oranges at a fruit stand. Naval oranges are .40 cents a dz. These are the large thin skinned ones. Very sweet. Bought strained honey .35 cents a quart. Mesa is a fine little city. Not large but a nice clean place.

This country thro here appeals to us. Country between Mesa and Tempe (7 miles) is all settled. It sure is fine. From Tempe to 4 miles this side of Phoenix is desert and sand hills. Nothing here but sand, brush and cactus. Lots of cars coming and going. This all fine pavement. Everywhere along here where it is level enough to build someone has built a filling station or a little cabin.

As we get nearer Phoenix the country looks better again. The valley is watered here from the Aquaria river. We pulled into a free campground 2 miles east of Phoenix at 10:30. Have to tighten to rods in the car. Staid here until 4:00 Lots of campers here. Got the rods tightened had to have the car pulled again to get it started. Didn't cost us anything this time.

Phoenix is a nice city. Not as old a city as we thought it was. Nice country around here. It is very hot. The sun shines as hot here as it does in July back in Iowa. Drove about 12 or 15 miles then we pulled into camp at a little place by the name of Cashion. Little village every few miles here in the valley.

## Tue, Nov 23, 1926

Left this morning at 6:45. Just a cool spring morning here. Drove on in the same valley. They have good crops thro this section. Great fields of Alfalfa knee deep. Great herds of stock cattle and milk cows.

We have seen many herds of sheeps this morning. Thousands in a flock. Each flock has a herdsman. They live in a little tent right out in the field. They stay with these night and day. Meadow larks singing everywhere. It sure seems funny. We crossed the Aqua Fria river. This river was perfectly dry. Like all the rest it is a shallow one and very wide. The bridge was 1/2 mile in length. When ever it does rain it must come in torrents. You can see by the washes in the bends that it was awful swift when it did have water.

They have acres and acres of head lettuces thro here. This is mostly raised by Mexicans. You can see hundreds of crates piled in their yards, in which it is shipped. They take a crate and carry it to the field, fill it full and carry it back. They cannot drive a truck into the field as it is too wet. Most everyone is flooding their land. So we have had a good chance to see them irragating. Drove on for quite a distance maybe 7 or 8 miles and here we crossed the Gila river. This to is a very wide river but has a good size stream flowing thro it. It is very swift.

After we left Hassayampa, we came into a hilly desert again. The rock thro here look as if they had been burnt. Some places they look like cinders, or large chunks of coal that have partly burnt. We saw hundreds of acres cover with these.

They are building a new road thro here. The road is very narrow and rocky. Low did not take hold so hadd to stop and tighten it again. The road is so narrow there is only room for one car. We had traffic stopped for awhile. 5 or 6 cars behind us. They could hardly wait for us to fix it. Toot and toot for us to move on but we did not care.

Have had a bad stretch of mt. road here for a short distance. We came to the Gillispie Dam. This is on the Gila river. The main bridge had been washed out in a recent rain so we had to drive across close to the dam. There is a wide strip of pavement here that forms a spill. This is wide enough for 3 or 4 cars abreast. Soo they are using this for a passing place at present. The water was 8 or 10 inches deep.

This dam is all cement and is 35 or 40 rds long. After we left this we drove out in a 26 mile stretch of desert. Not much growing thro this desert. Mountains all around us. Stopped at Gila Bend and ate our dinner. This is just a small place. Left at 1:00 drove for 26 miles over more desert.

Some claims on this desert are being cleared and out under cultivation. Some are just putting in their irragation ditches. Little yellow daisies and red desert poppies line both sides of our road thro here. Both in full bloom. Seems so funny to think they would grow out here where it is so hot. They have no water. Have never seen any along the ditches. Our road is better this afternoon is not so rocky and less loose gravel. Drove all afternoon in the desert. Nothing very interesting so can't write much. Drove on till dark.

Had about 2 miles of foot hill roads before we reached a campground. Pulled into camp at Mohawk Ariz. This is just a little railroad town but it looks good to a fellow when he's tired and dirty and it is almost dark. Are near a filling station. As I was getting supper some people drove up to get some gasoline.

Some fool light a match to see how near full the tank was and you know what happened. This car had luggage on the back wrapped with canvass this caught a fire. The hose that fills the tank also was a fire. Thot we was going to have a real exciting time. Tried to get our car started so we could drive away. Of course when a fellow hurries, he never can get any where. Well it didn't matter anyhow.

They finally got it out. Every body was badly scart at any rate. It is so warm here tonight we are sitting out doors, with out any coats or wraps. Has been very hot all day. This is a fine climate here this time of the year. But people say it is awful hot in summer time here.

## Wed, Nov 24, 1926

Nice and warm again this morning. Do not need any fires here. The sun is just coming over the mts 7:55. We had carbon to clean out of the car this morning so will not get a good start for this day. The mountains thru here are a part of the Sierra Nevadas. Did not start till 8:30. Drove out of this little railroad town onto the desert. The grades on the railway are so steep they have an engine that stays at this little burg, they use it for an extra. It pulls up one grade and pushes the next freight back. This is what helps to make our mountain freight rate so high.

Drove on over more desert till we reach Dome 39 miles. Here we had to pass thro some hills. We won't call them mountains now since we passed thro the real ones Sunday. Have found out since the elevation of the mts. are 48,000 feet. This is the highest point we had to pass. From Done to Yuma it is 26 miles. This is all desert except 3 or 4 miles thro these hills.

The Yuma desert is more like we think it should be. Nothing only a very little desert grass and sand. Stopped along here to help a man get his car started, then we drove on to Yuma. This is quite a large city for a desert city. We cross the Colorado River here. This is not such a very large river. Little larger than the Iowa. It is not as deep but is wider. The water is very red too. Crossed the bridge at 2:30. Here we were held for inspection again. This time it was for plant inspection.

Everyone has to be inspected before crossing the line. They do this to keep out plant disease and all destructive germ and bugs to plant life. Had to open all our suitcases, bags, boxes, and cupboard. They inspect everything. We had nothing so they turned us loose. We were glad too because we have had no dinner.

We stopped a short distance from the inspection station and ate our dinner. This was our first dinner in Calif. We droive 6 miles thro the Colorado River valley. This is mostly farmed by Mexicans and Indians. They raise quite a lot of cotton.

Drove on into the foot hills and desert again. Next town is 15 miles distant. Roads are very sandy. Lots of loose gravel. We finally came to a place where they were oiling the roads. This is all desert just about the same as we have come thro.

Drove on and on came into a stretch of country where they have the sand storms we have heard so much about. The sand is piled in drifts. Some places 50 or 100 feet in height. I doubt whether a person could drive when the sand was blowing hard. It looks to me like it would be like driving in a blizzard. The wind is blowing a little this afternoon. It blows little drifts across the road, with just a little wind. This sandy area covers 10 or 15 miles.

The old road is lying right along this one. It is called a cordduroy road. It is made of ties or slabs wound or tied together to form a road. Just room for one car. Every so often there would be a lap in this road, making it wide enough for two cars. On these laps were where one car had to wait for the others to pass. These laps were about 40 or 50 rds apart.

Some of this road now is comletely covered with sand. We are satisfied now that California is the only state through which we have come that has a desert like we expected to find the desert. We drove on till dark. We pulled into a filling station camp. 9 miles east of Holtville Calif. This is the gateway to the Imperial Valley. We can hear the water fall over the dam in the irragaion ditch from our camp. A Negro man and wife keep this station. Are real sociable people.

## Thu, Nov 25, 1926

This surely does not seem like Thanksgiving to us. We could sooner believe it was the Fourth, it is so warm. We started at 7:20. This valley is all farmed. They have 2,000 acres of head lettuce thry the valley. Doesn't this sound fishy. Nevertheless it is true. Japs at work everywhere. Some hoeing, some plowing and in other parts they were picking and packing. This all belongs to a company. They work this a good bit like the sweet corn at home. It isure is some sight. On the other side of our road are acres of grapes.

We stopped in Holtville for gas .20 cents. Drove on thru this valley all forenoon. Lots of stock, chickens, lettuce and fruit. Stopped about 7 miles east of Kane Spring, Calif. to fix a rod again. Got dinner while the boys were fixing it.

Sun sure shines hot out here on the desert. A shade is a blessing here. We had been told that California Sun Shine was a scorcher but never would believe it till today. Drove on at 1:20. Drove on to some public scales to weigh our rig. The boys have been crazy to know just how much this has weighed. So thot we would find out free of charge. Clarence had just got it weighed when some fellow stepped around and charge him 25 cents. They thot it 25 cents worth of satisfaction anyway weighed 4900 lbs. with out Clarence and Kenneth.

After leaving here we came into a strip of desert again. We drove for 45 miles over real desert. Off to our north lay the Salton Sea. We drove all afternoon in sight of this. Came within a short distance of the shore of it at the west end. It has no inlet nor no outlet. Its water supply comes from springs. It is a great game resort. Sign up along the way about duck hunting. Charge $3.00 a day for shooting duck. They are so thick they claim you can't help but hit some. We were just 5 miles from where they were so thick, but was afraid if Grover went we'd be minus another gun.

After we left the sea, we came in to another valley. Here we passed great orange groves with yellow ones and green ones on the same trees. Grapes, dates, asparagus and onions all growing here acres and acres of them. This is at the foot of Mts. We can drive along and see spots of desert, drive a little ways further and see fields of splendid crops. This is where it has been claimed and where it has not. You'll never believe this till you see it with your own eyes. It sounds just like a fairy tale. It is funny what a little water will do. To see the soil you would say it was impossible. It is such very fine sand. This now is called the Coachella Valley. Lots of dairying done thro here. This is a great date country. Fresh dates 15 cents a pound.

The sun has dropped behind the mountains so we will have to find a roost. Drove on to the little town of Coachella and found a campground 6:00. This is not a very large place. Mostly Japs and Mexicans. 6 other parties on the ground tonight.

## Fri, Nov 26, 1926

It is cooler here this morning. It sure makes a difference down in a valley here in this country. Ready to go at 7:05.

This valley is watered from water that comes down from the San Joaquin Mountains. As we passed out of this city we could see the cloud sailing across the Mt. tops. Some times we could see the peaks very clear. Then a cloud came floating along and the mt tops were invisible. We enjoyed watching them come and go. These mountains are all rock. 3 miles from Coachella to Indio is very nice country. Dates, grapefruit & onions are the main crops.

After we left Indo we came in to the desert and sand hills again. This land thru here sells for $30.00 an acre. From here we have a raise of 18,000 feet but it is so gradual one can hardly notice it. If it wasn't that we could look back and see the grade one would hardly believe it.

Nothing interesting along this strip. We are 42 miles from Banning. Mts. all around us now. To look ahead it seems like it would be impossible to ever get across them. Most all the peaks here are hidden by the clouds. There is one fertile spot thru here where they have English walnut groves. Here they have artesian wells for water supply. We have drove for miles and still our mts are in the distance. It looks as if you could drive into them in just a few minutes. You can drive and drive and still they look the same. This grade does not have such sharp curves. It winds up but more gradual and longer space between each curve.

15 miles from Banning we drove thro Vista Canyon here. The wind is blowing a gale thru here. It isn't a warm wind wither. Right at the lowest spot in this canyon is a little fertile spot. Big Sign board here telling about the all year summer resort. Just a little village all by itself.

The southern pacific railway runs thro here. The rocks in the highest peaks thro here glisten like they had snow on them. We never did get to see the highest peak here as it was completely covered with clouds. This is called the Crystal Mts. One of the most beautiful things we ever saw or expect to was a rainbow flashing up the mt. side. Sometimes we cannot see all the tops on account of passing clouds. Never have seen the color so brilliant. This seems to come right up out of the desert on this side of the mts. This truly is a wonderful sight.

We stopped at a service st. a short distance on. One can tell by the trees here, that they have some real winds, always blows from the same direction. The tree branches, leaves and trunk are all inclined to lean one way. Lots of nuts grown thro here. Almonds, Pecans and Walnuts. We met our first California shower as we came into Banning.

Fruit orchards now line both sides of our road. Rows down thru just as far as one can see. Prunes, Dates, lemon, oranges, and apricots. Drove on to Beaumont. Country practical the same. Stopped here for some groceries. Stopped for dinner 12:50. Drove on to the mts.

This is where we have to finish the coast range. Up we go for 3 or 4 miles. Then we came down about 6 miles. The up grade was not bad here. Have great deep cuts thro here some about 70 feet deep/ Canyon on our other sides hundreds of feet down. This is the San Jacinto Valley. This not as fertile as some of the others have been. More stock and chickens thru this one. In this valley we saw them putting in some small grain of some kind. They use 8 horses abreast for discing. Lots of alfalfa grown all thru here.

Drove on and on. Past orange groves as we reached our next town. Here we got a chance to see their smug pots. Between every tree was a big lamp looks like an incubator light only they are as large around as good size dishpan. They burn crude oil in these if they think they are in danger of frost.

Have passed place thru here with great hedges of red roses around the yards. This sure is a very pretty sight. Lots of young fruit trees just set out. Have left the more settled parts again. This country is all divided into lots and tracts. Not many buildings yet.

As we came nearer Riverside we came into the real orange district. There is thousands of bushels of oranges hanging on the trees. You'll never believe there is such a number till you can see them with your own eyes. Orchards of lemons and apricots too.

Riverside is a beautiful city. We drove on thru the city and on thru several little suburbs, one never knows here when you leave one town. Finally came out into the hills again. We drove along till the sun lowered behind the mts. Then we pulled into camp at a filling station. Looks very rainy. Gave our selves a good cleaning, ready for the last lap of our journey. Went to Bed.

## Sat, Nov 27, 1926

Rained like everything last night. This was like one of Iowa's down pours, only it was not accompanied with any thunder or lighting. We got things straightened around and on at 8:45. From here we have another up grade clime of 3 miles. Deep canyons and deep cuts all along here. Fruit all the way. Great oil wells in the distance. Fruit packing company in every town. Drove on to Anaheim Calif.

This is a nice little city. Stopped here for a few things. We drove on again. Country all about the same. Fruit trees everywhere. Finally came into sight of Long Beach. Here we had the first look at oil wells. Hundreds of them so close together you could not count them. This is what they call Signal Hill.

Have 12 miles yet till we reach Long Beach. No one knows how slow this old Ford is traveling now. Reached our destination at 12:30. Everybody is happy. Eat our dinner and visited. We just had to go down and take a look at the old Pacific. So about 3:30 Bernard took Mother, Clarence, Kenneth,Mildred and I down to the beach. Here we beheld a wonderful sight. Did not realize it could make such a roaring noise. It sounds just like a raging wind storm back there. Clarence nor I neither one think we would care much for the ocean. It is wonderful, but there is some thing about it that makes one feel as tho it was such a big monsterous thing, and was really something you need fear. You can stand and watch the breakers, dash them selves into waves and come rolling into the edge of the beach. It is all a fine view. Great houses are built right on the beach but I would not care for any of them.

We staid a little while then came back. The folks are about 6 miles from the Beach. Had our supper and ready for Bed. We are all glad we do not have to think of traveling any further for awhile.

We have had a most wonderful time. Fine weather and very good roads for such a great distance. Have traveled 2,809 miles. Have seen real good country and some real poor country. So taking all in all we are very glad we did not miss the one chance of a life time. What little we have seen of California is wonderful.

Some of these little items that these books contain will sound pretty stretchy but if the opportunity ever come to any of you, take this trip and see it all with your own eyes.

(You know seeing is believing.) Amen.

## End of Text

## Aug 6

Eggs .28 Nutley .19 Salt .11 Bread .25 milk .10 cookie .25 meat .05 spread .15

fruit 1.48 milk abia .10

## Aug 7

Brillo .08 milk .10 Nutley .19 cheese .20 milk .20 raisins .13 1.90 fruit .10 S. Peaks .21 Miriam P. Beans .09 Eggs .28 .68

## Aug 8

P sugar .25 Toilet soap .25 2 loaves bread .20 milk .10