



SCRAP BOOK







A TRIP TO ILLINOIS IN THE FALL OF 1948.

TAKEN BY Gilbert, Irene, and Edward Clodfelter,

Moulton Clark Jr. and Ethel Clark.

*Unless otherwise stated*  
~~The~~ material in this piece in parentheses is from the following:

"WASHINGTON - A GUIDE TO THE EVERGREEN STATE"

"IDAHO-A GUIDE IN WORD AND PICTURE"

MONTANA\*

" WYOMING-

"IOWA-

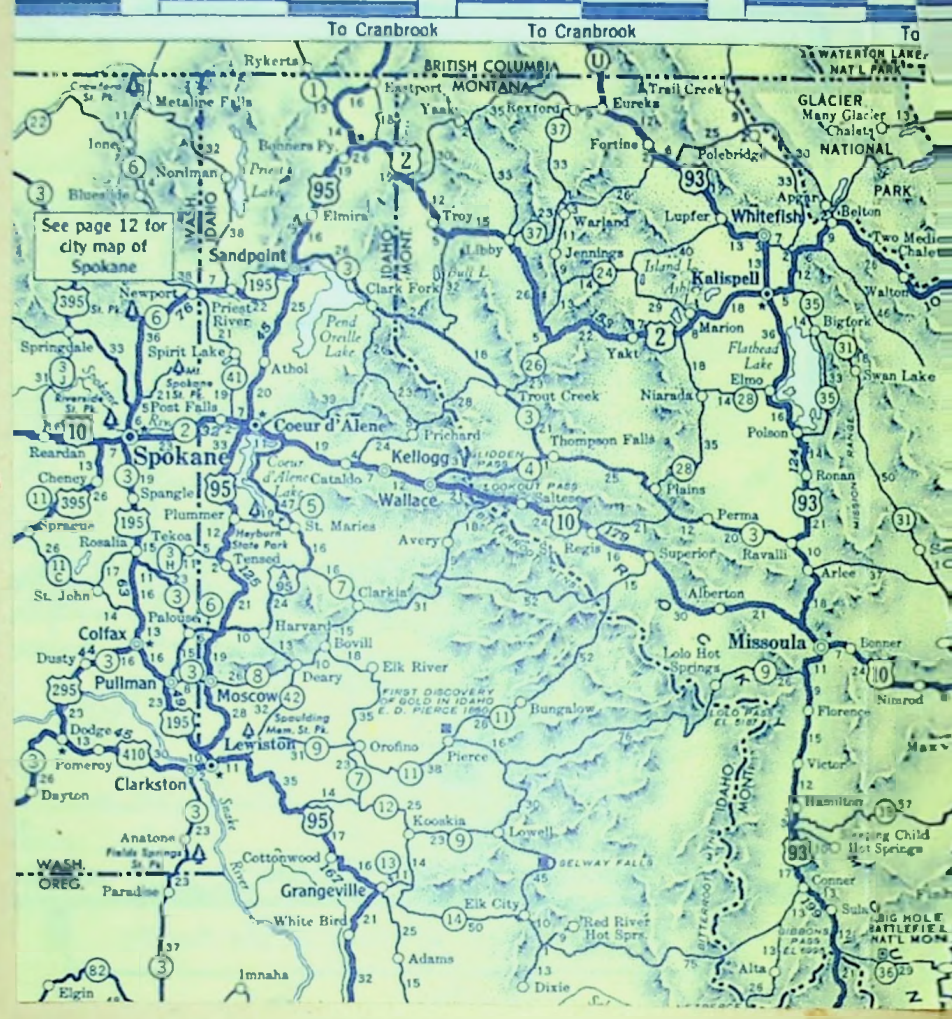
"ILLINOIS-

"WISCONSIN-

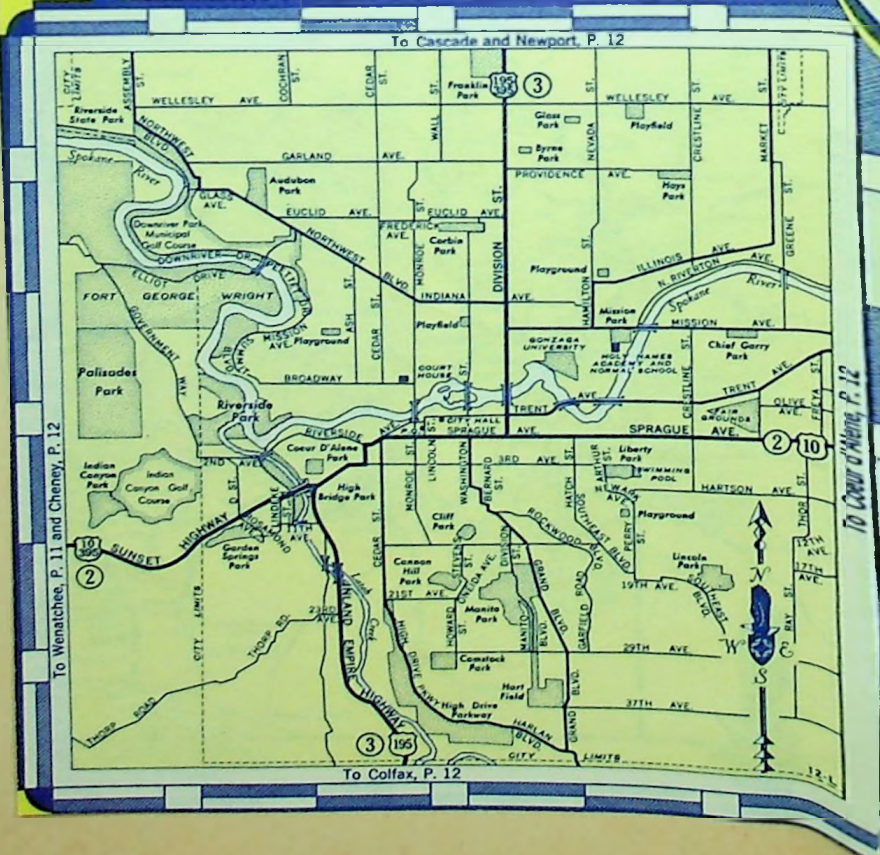
"NEBRASKA-

"OREGON- END OF THE TRAIL"





# SPOKANE





We left Kennewick at 9:10, Mon. Oct. 25th over U. S. 395.

"Kennewick, an Indian word meaning Winter Paradise, was a bundh grass waste until platted by the N.P. Irrigation Co. in 1892. The region around Kennewick is the best grape-growing area in the state. The Church Grape Juice Co. maintains here its main office, a factory and bottling works and probably the largest private Concord vineyard in the U. S. Cherries, also, are an important crop; 25% of all the cherries shipped in the state are shipped from here."

We crossed the Columbia River and were in Pasco.

"<sup>n</sup>Kennewick and Pasco lie in a depression created during the geologic period when the Cascades and the Okanogan Highlands were elevated and the entire plateau of eastern Washington altered.

Altho the Pasco district was traversed by early explorers, adventurers, and fur traders following the near-by Snake and Columbia Rivers, the history of the present city dates from 1880, when the rails of the N. P. Ry reached the site. The name Pasco is said to have been bestowed by Virgil Bogue, a railroad surveyor, when extreme heat, dust, and sand storms reminded him of the disagreeable conditions in the Peruvian mining city, Cerro de Pasco. "

We passed the Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital and the Court House.

"On 4th St., set in a neatly landscaped plot, is the Franklin County Court House, a structure of buff brick and limestone with Corinthian columns and a gilded metal dome visible for miles. Near the courthouse is Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital, a five story brick building."

We passed the large Addison Miller Icing Plant where the refrigerator cars for the N. P. Ry are iced and then we came to the large air base used by the Navy during the war as a training base. It is now used for various





Columbia Riv. Bridge between Pasco-Kennebec, Wn.



Cowit House - Pasco, Wn.

Shirley  
W-963



CHENEY WASH

LASH 191



purposes such as terminals for different freight lines, a swimming pool, lodge rooms, and a school room.

The next place we came to was the little town of Eltopia. "The following story is told in connection with the town's name: During the grading of the N. P. line in 1889, a freshet resulting from heavy rains washed out the grade undoing weeks of labor. A disgusted Cockney worker commented that there would be 'el to pay'. The construction crew nicknamed the camp 'Hell to Pay'. Railroad ~~officials~~ headquarters accepted the name, but when the finished map of the surveyed district was returned the 'H' had been dropped and the word written 'Eltopay'. Later the name was converted into the more soothing 'Eltopia'."

The next town "Connell is a farm community, its trade depending on the farmers of the vicinity."

The next town "Lind is spread out in a hollow on both sides of Nielsen Coulee. which protects it slightly from the winds which blow steadily from the West. The town is an important shipping point, and will be the south-west gateway to the Grand Coulee irrigation districts. Two Nielsen brothers settled here in 1888 and platted the town in such a manner that the initials of its streets spell out their surnames."

Ritzville was the next town. "Ritzville, seat of Adams County, is an important milling and shipping center of the dry and dusty wheat country. Philip Ritz located a homestead there in 1878 and gave his name to the site."

After leaving Ritzville we saw a field of very fine wheat. The next place of interest was a lake which the road map called Colville Lake and which the signs called Sprague Lake. Never having heard it called Colville Lake we looked for information and found it had both names. This lake is about 6 miles long and lies beside the highway most of the 6 miles.

The town of Sprague is near the north eastern end of the lake. It was



named for General John W. Sprague, director of the N. P. Ry.

After leaving Sprague and before reaching Cheney we began to see more scrub rock and lava rock and small pine trees. Before this we had been going through sage brush or wheat land.

We stopped at Cheney for dinner. After leaving Pasco, Irene had been cleaning out the glove compartment in the car and had thrown away the rims to some old glasses. When we got out of the car at Cheney we found them hanging on the door handle. After we had eaten dinner I bought a ~~ca~~ camera as I found I had left mine at home.

At Cheney we saw the buildings of the Eastern Washington College of Education and also the F. M. Martin Mill which is owned by former Governor Clarence Martin.

At Four Lakes, which is only a few buildings, "an arrow shaped stone pyramid marks the 'Site of the Battle of Four Lakes.' On Aug. 7, 1858 Colonel George Wright of the United States Army led a force of 700 soldiers against 5000 allied Indians, following the defeat of Colonel Steptoe at Rosalia. The battle was fought on the morning of Sept. 1, 1858. The Indians were surprised at the tactics used by the soldiers and were defeated.

We came into Spokane over the Sunset Blvd and had a wonderful view of the city from the top of the hill. We cross Latah or Hangman Creek over a high arched bridge.

"Settlement in the immediate vicinity of Spokane Falls began in 1871 when J. J. Downing, with his wife and stepdaughter, and S. R. Scranton, two cattlemen from Montana, located claims on the banks of the river. In the next year, Richard M. Benjamin joined them with his family, bought a third interest in the claim, and built a small, water-powered sawmill.





61-885 Municipal Airport Spokane, Wash.

Ed  
Spaul



SPOKANE, WASHINGTON  
36-265 Entrance over Sunset Highway - US 10

Photo by  
L. B. Smith

On Feb. 13, 1878, the town was officially born, when Jas. N. Glover filed the plat of Spokane Falls in Colville.

In 1881 the foundation of what was to become Gonzaga University was laid. Father J. M. Cataldo, a Jesuite, who had established St. Michael's Mission east of Spokane Falls in 1877, acquired purchase rights for one-half section of land from the N. P. Ry for \$2.60. Building was started in 1884. The school opened in 1887 with an enrollment of 8 students.





37-903 - Spokane Business District from Cliff Drive - photo by Leo



37-901 - Review Building - Spokane  
photo by Leo's Studio



PAULSEN BLDG. SPOKANE, WA. VI A 343





37-909 - SPOKANE, WASHINGTON - BUSINESS DISTRICT FROM DIVISION STREET BRIDGE



37-812 - RIVERSIDE AVENUE - LOOKING WEST - SPOKANE, WASHINGTON - photo by Leo's Studio -



PAYLESS DRUG STORE

SPOKANE, WN.

'VI' A 344





37-905- DAVENPORT HOTEL- SPOKANE, WASHINGTON- photo by Leo's Studio



UNION STATION

SPOKANE, WN.

'VI' A 91



GONZAGA UNIVERSITY AND ST ALOYSIUS CHURCH - SPOKANE - WASH

Ally Ellis  
5433





On Aug. 4, 1889 the town which then comprised 32 blocks was destroyed by ~~fire~~ fire. Reconstruction began at once. It is now the second largest city in Washington with a population of 104,402 in 1910.

We left Spokane on the Appleway Highway, U. S. 10.

East of Spokane we saw a marker with this inscription: #Col. Geo. Wright with 700 soldiers was sent from Walla Walla to supress Indian ourbreak. After defeating the Indians in two battles and capturing 800 horses, to prevent the Indians from renewing further warfare, they killed the horses directly north of this monment."

This location was known as Horse Slaughter Camp. "For years farmers used the bone pile for fertilizer and even today bones of the slain ponies are occasionally found."

We crossed into Idaho near Spokane Bridge which was a "boom town in the early sixties but has now only a store, a railroad station, and a few scattered houses. In 1862 A. C. Kendall built a cabin and established a trading post here, two years later a bridge was constructed, and in 1867 a post office was established. Mail carriers on horseback followed the



Mullen Road through the settlement on their way to the mines of the Coeur d'Alene and the Bitterroot Mts."

A monument near here reads: "600 feet North of this monument was located the first Post Office in what is now known as Spokane County in 1867. First Postmaster Timothy Lee. Also first bridge built by Jo Herrin and Timothy Lee 1864."

We now came into Idaho. The next place of interest we passed was the Ohio Match Co. It is "one of the industrial giants of the Northwest. Equipped with the most modern of machinery, this plant cuts the finest of straight-grained white pine into match blocks and ships these to Spokane."

The city of Coeur d'Alene is built "on the site chosen by General Sherman for a fort that was built in 1878 and abandoned in 1901." It is a very pretty city situated on Lake Coeur d'Alene.

As we left Coeur d'Alene we drove along the beautiful Lake Coeur d'Alene.

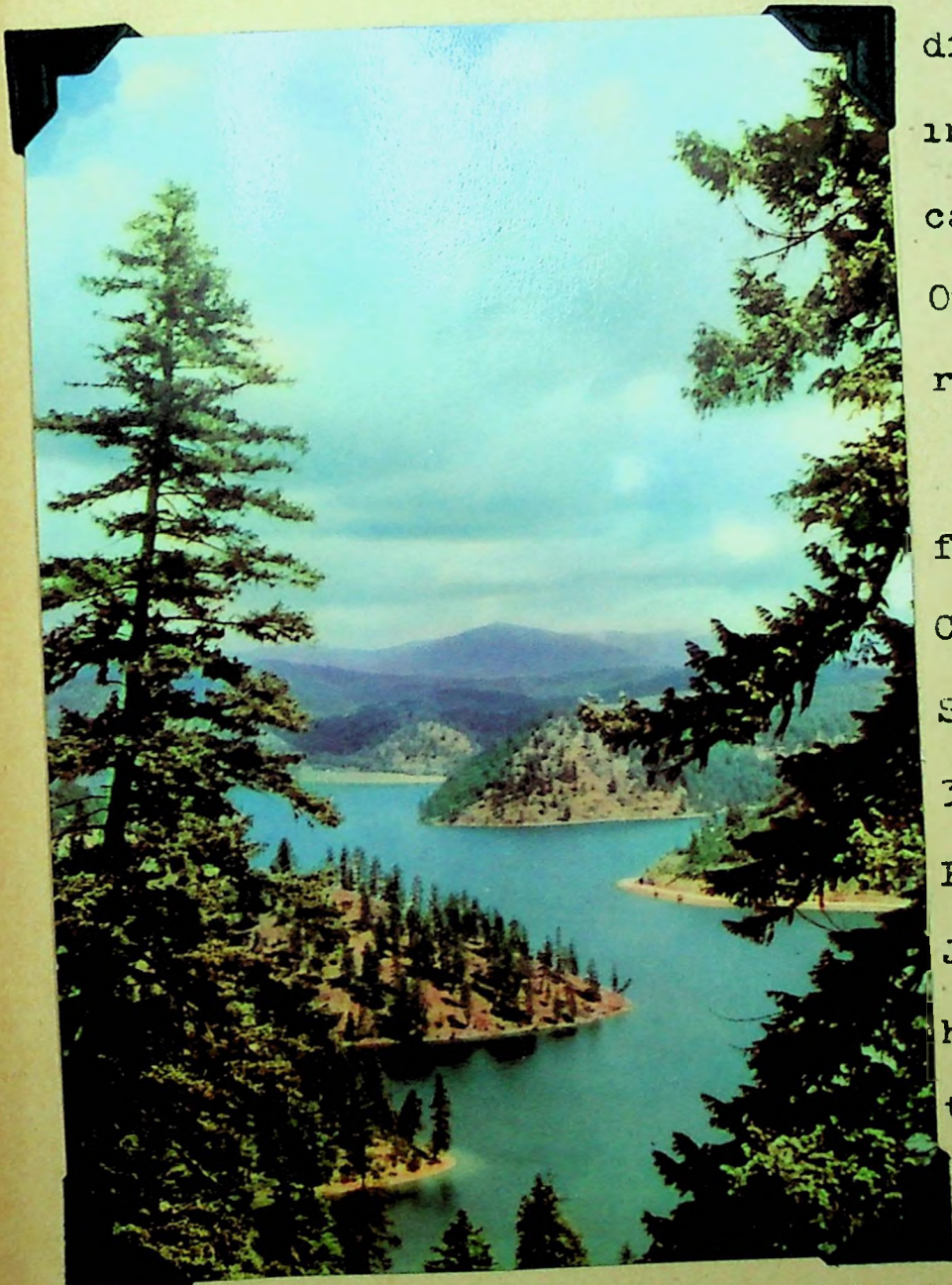






After following the lake for some distance we turned away from the lake into the forest and down through a canyon and then back to the lake again. On the shore of the lake is a restaurant in the shape of a fish.

East of Lake Coeur d'Alene we followed a beautiful road through Cedar Canyon, then up to Fourth of July Summit which we crossed through a tunnel 394 feet in length, then down into Fourth of July Canyon. "It was here on July 4, 1861 that Captain Mullan and his men were encamped while building the Mullan Road. They raised the American flag to the top of the tallest





years some one found this tree and named the canyon and pass from it.

We came next to the Cataldo Mission "built in 1848 by Father Ravalli, chiefly with the aid of unskilled Indians. The mission was abandoned in 1887. It rapidly fell into ruins and was largely forgotten until the citizens of Wallace, Kellogg, Coeur d'Alene, Spokane in 1930 restored it and set it apart as a historical monument. The

chapel is interesting not only because of its age and former associations but also because of its structure. After stones and logs were brought on carts drawn by Indians, wooden pegs were used for nails, and mud from the river was spread over the walls. Inside there were three altars and a baptismal font. Of the paintings on the walls done with Indian dyes, two still hang, the one a representation of heaven, the other of hell. The restored mission is visible on a hill."



We drove up to the mission but the caretaker was not at home so we could not get in. I had seen the place before but the others had never been there.

The next place is Kellogg, "a famous mining spot, with the Bunker Hill



the largest payroll of any mine in the state."

About 11 miles east of Kellogg is the Sunshine Mine which is the largest producer of silver in the United States.

We came next ~~at~~<sup>to</sup> Wallace which has its homes built in terraces on the mountainside. We are still following the river which "has been diverted to the mines and looks like a river of lye."

At Mullan is the Morning Mine which is the third largest lead producer in the United States. From here we climb over a beautiful drive to Lookout Pass which has an elevation of 4,738 feet. From here there is a fine view of the St. Joe National Forest and the Coeur d'Alene National Forest. At the pass we set our watches ahead 1 hour to Mountain Standard time, We were now in Montana.

Statue of Mullan.





From Lookout Pass the road descends by sharp curves, an underpass, and more sharp curves through Lookout Canyon.

Saltese "strung out along the highway and railroad tracks in a narrow canyon, is a supply point for small silver and gold mines in the nearby mountains. High above the town the electrified Milwaukee Road clings to a narrow, winding shelf carved from the rocky mountainside. With old-fashioned western hospitality, Saltese keeps the door of its small jail always open, a gesture of welcome to weary hoboos.

The town, first known as Silver City, was renamed in 1891 to honor a Nez Perce chieftain. Its site was earlier known to packers, trappers, and prospectors, who called it Packers Meadow, as a good campground on the difficult trail; later it became a stop for west-bound travelers on the Mullan Road, for Lookout Pass, 12 miles west, could hardly be crossed before night fall."

We are following the St. Regis River and in the Cabinet Nat'l Forest. We climb the Camel's Hump Pass, elevation 3910, by curves and turns. "The Camel's Hump is supposedly named for its form. Coincidentally, camel pack trains were once briefly used on the Mullan Road, which followed this route. The first camel train to freight goods into Mont. came trailing out of the Nevada desert in the summer of 1864. It was a source of wonder to whites and Indians alike. Each camel carried 1600 lbs., twice the load of a mule, found its own forage, and ate food a mule would reject. But mules and horses became unmanageable when they scented the strange beasts, and the men who handled them did not like them much better.

The descent to St. Regis is through dense stands of virgin white pine, feathery tamarack and fir."



Soon after we came into Montana we saw indications they were preparing for winter. We saw signs along the road "Watch for snow plows" and "Trucks must use chains beyond this point." We also saw snow poles along the sides of the road but as yet there was no snow even on the tops of the mountains. We met some hunters coming home, one with a deer and one with two bear, one large and <sup>one</sup> small.

We stayed at St. Regis over night in the St. Regis Cabins. We had cabin No. 10. We stopped at 6:20 having traveled 289.4 miles. We cooked our supper in our cabin.

"St. Regis is composed of straggling clumps of buildings amid convergent railroad tracks. The St. Regis River which comes from the west to join the Clark Fork here, was named by Father De Smet in 1842, in honor of St. Regis, a brother Jesuit."

Tues. Oct. 26th 8:30

The temperature was 20° above in the car when we began to pack to start. The frost looked like snow. The windshield and windows in the car were frozen over. It was cloudy.

From St. Regis to Albion the road goes through the Lolo National Forest. We follow the Clark Fork of the Columbia River usually called Clark Fork. The first place we came to was Superior which was named by a family from Superior. Wis.

"Superior is divided by the Clark Fork. The log and frame Buildings of the 1870's and 1880's, mostly abandoned, lie at the base of a steep <sup>28</sup>grade on the north bank by the highway."

19½ miles east of Superior we crossed the Clark Fork where it flows through a deep narrow gorge, over the Scenic Bridge.





"Alberton, a railroad man's town, is named for the pioneer family of Alberts, who homesteaded here when Indian trails were the only routes of travel. Going east the road lies in a narrow canyon lined with outcroppings of rock, rusty red, yellow and brown.

Above the hills and gulches are topped with pine, larch and Douglas fir". 7 miles east of Alberton the road has climbed to a point which provides a good view of the Clark Fork Valley, the Bitterroot and Coeur d'Alene Mts.

Between Alberton and Huson we went over a strip of road construction.

On the car radio we listened to a very interesting talk on Chief Charlo from K. G. V. O., Missoula.



"Chief Charlot (or Charlo). In the early days the Salish lived in the Bitterroot country. When the great council signed the reservation treaty in 1855, at Grass Valley, near Missoula, it was agreed that the Salish should remain in the Bitterroot Valley until the government needed the land. Chief Victor probably did not fully understand what this meant. Two years after his death in 1870, his son Charlot refused to move to the Moko Reservation. Thereupon, Alee (or Atlee), who was willing to move, was named chief of the Flathead. Chharlot never recognized Alee as chief and it was



and until 1851, after years of destitution, that he gave up his ancient home and led a band of about 200 remaining Salish to the reservation."

We stopped in Missoula to have the car greased. While we were waiting Gilbert and Irene voted their absentee ballots as this was presidential election year. Moulton and I shopped for post cards and packages of cards of Montana and Missoula.

"Missoula stands on the level bed of a prehistoric lake. The Sapphire Mts. extend southward; the Bitterroots, with Lolo Peak prominent among them, loom on the southwestern horizon. From the high country to the north icy Rattlesnake Creek rushes down to empty into Clark Fork near the city's eastern limits. Clark Fork, which cuts the city in two, is shallow but swift, its current split by a series of islands. The city itself is neat and attractive. South of the river is the University.

Missoula takes its name from the Salish Indian word 'lm-1-sul-a', meaning 'by the chilling waters'. Some interpreters refer to its site as a place of bad omen, rather than to the temperature of the river, which is essentially that of any mountain stream.

David Thompson visited the site of Missoula in 1812, climbed Mt. Jumbo and from there mapped the surrounding country.

In the winter of 1860-61 Wm. Hamilton erected a small log cabin at the mouth of Rattlesnake Creek, the first building on the site of present-day Missoula.

In 1865 Worden and Higgins built a sawmill and a flour mill at almost the exact present-day center of the city. In 1873 several Sisters of the Charity of Providence opened a hospital and school in a small frame building near the site of St. Patrick's Hospital. The small chapel in the building was Missoula's first place of worship. In 1895 the University (Montana State) was established.









Milwaukee Depot - Missoula, Montana



M-5 Main Hall Montana State University - Missoula Montana



Aerial View Montana State University - Missoula, Montana



M-12 Student Union Bldg. - Montana State University, Missoula, Montana



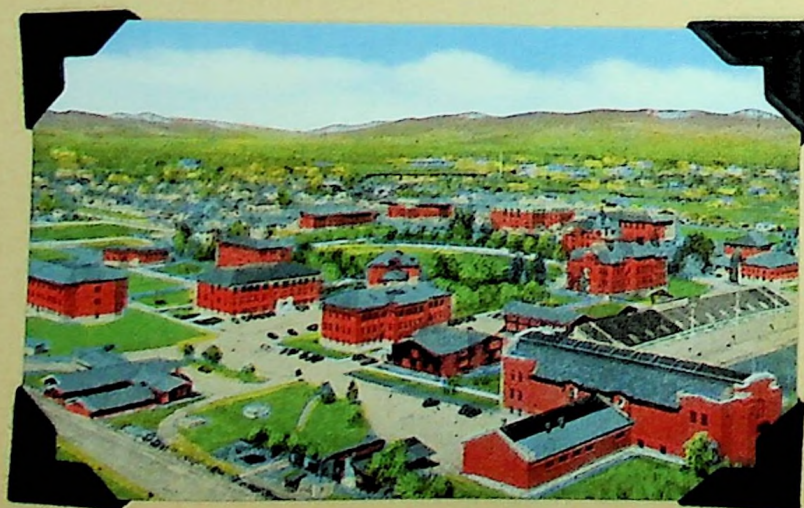


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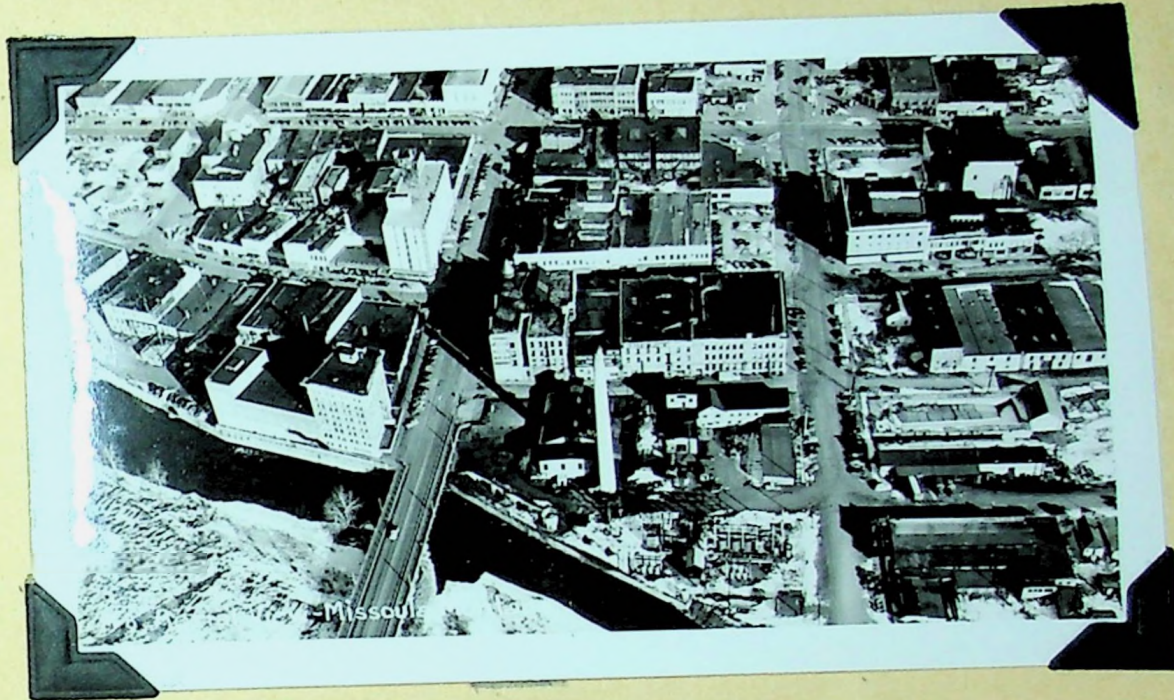
1131—Northern Pacific Depot, Missoula, Mont.



1A296







Near the eastern end of Missoula is Hell Gate Canyon. The narrow entrance is guarded on the north by Mt. Jumbo, on the south by Mt. Sentinel. In the northwestern distance rises the symmetrical top of Squaw Peak, glistening white in winter, smoke-blue in summer. The Clark Fork flows for 36 miles through the canyon. High timbered slopes rise steeply beside the road. Near the western end of Hell Gate Canyon is a curved underpass on a hill. Mt. Jumbo, the bald knob, viewed from the west by persons with sufficiently vivid imaginations, has the appearance of a recumbent elephant.

Long before the white man came, the site of Missoula was familiar to

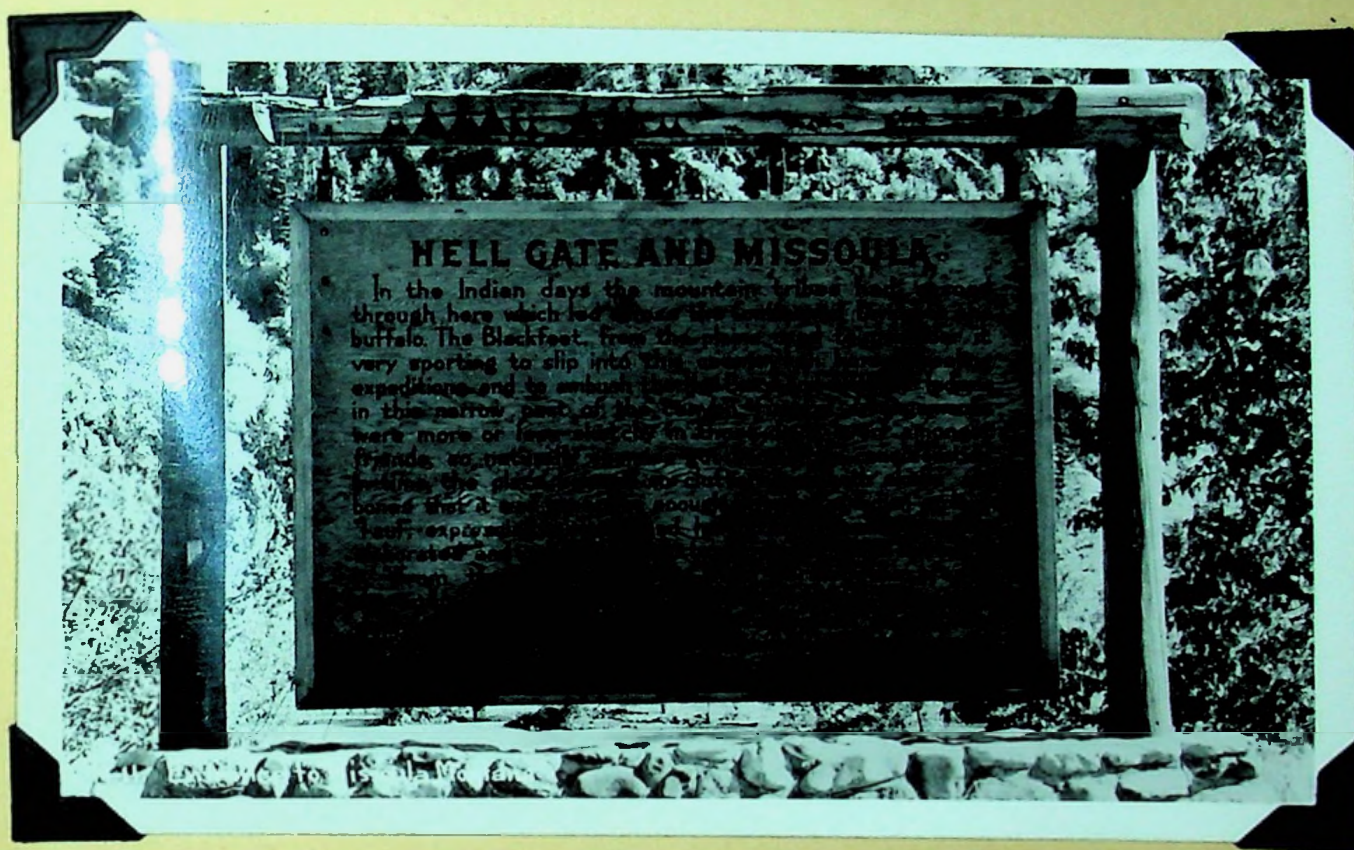






both Salish and Blackfeet Indians. The Salish had to pass through Hell Gate canyon to reach the plains on their periodic buffalo hunts. At the entrance to the canyon, an ideal spot for ambush, the Blackfeet would attack them. The reputation of the place caused French-Canadian trappers to call it 'Porte de l'Enfer' or 'Gate of Hell'.

The first white men were not molested. Capt. Meriwether Lewis and his party camped briefly at the confluence of Rattlesnake Creek and Clark Fork on July 4, 1806, then proceeded safely up Hell Gate Canyon.



"Milltown exists chiefly because of the sawmill, whose yards stretch along the highway and give the town its character."

Between Clinton and Drummond we met an N. P. and a Milwaukee freight at the same time. Both were long trains.

It was snowing in the Sapphire Mts, west of Drummond and there was some snow already there. This was the first snow we saw.





Montana Power Dam and Mill Town - Missoula, Montana

"Drummond, scattered on both sides of U.S. 10, is on the site of a trapper's camp. The N.P. watertank seems to dominate the town."

We stopped at Drummond for dinner. Across the road from where we ate was a statue of Capt. John Mullan with this inscription:

" Capt. John Mullan  
1853 - 1855

Surveyor and constructor of the Military Road from Ft. Benton, Mont. to Walla Walla, Wash. Completed 1862."

East of Drummond we ran into a few flakes of snow. There was ice on the water beside the road and icicles hanging from the irrigation flume.

At Garrison we took 10s.

"Garrison, named for Wm. Lloyd Garrison, is a grimy railroad town on the bank of the Clark Fork, sheltered on the north by a high bluff."

West of Garrison they were repairing the road. It was snowing in the mountains all around us.

Before reaching Deer Lodge we passed the penitentiary farm with the prisoners working in the fields. At Deer Lodge we passed the penitentiary.

"Deer Lodge is bisected by the Clark Fork, here called the Deer Lodge River. On the west side of the town are the somber stone walls and guard towers of the State Penitentiary. On the east side, which has



broad streets are many sturdy square houses popular in the West during the 1870's. Castles built with the wealth of mines and ranches and log cabins survive almost side by side.

In 1862, when the first important gold strikes in this area attracted attention, a shack town sprang up here, called variously Cottonwood, Spanish Forks, and La Barge. Deer Lodge was the name officially adopted in 1864. An important stop on the Mullan Wagon Road, it was one of the few places along the route where immigrants could obtain fresh beef and vegetables, and the services of a blacksmith.

The State Penitentiary was built in 1871. Its walls and older buildings are constructed of stone, the newer brick and reinforced concrete. More than one fifth of the 600 convicts are employed on ranches and in other work outside the walls. Much of the food is produced on prison farms.

The warden's residence is directly opposite the penitentiary."

Between Track and Galen we passed the State Tuberculosis Sanitarium.

As the afternoon went past the clouds grew nearer and darker. To the south were the bare<sup>en</sup> peaks of the Anaconda Mts.

At Warm Springs we saw the buildings of the State Hospital for the Insane and the State Game Farm.

"The trim brick buildings and the neatly kept grounds of the State Hospital for the Insane contribute much to the air of sanctuary that characterizes the town.

Just south of the hospital buildings are the springs for which the place was named.

South of the State Hospital is the State Game Farm established in 1929. Small herds of elk and bison are maintained here, propagation of Chinese pheasants, Hungarian Partridges, California quail, and Oregon Mountain



10 On the west we saw the Anaconda Smelter stack. "Anaconda smokestack, one of the landmarks of western Montana, rises 585 feet, has a diameter of 75 feet at the base and 60 feet at the top and discharges 3 to 4 million cubic feet of gas a minute. Nearly 7,000,000 bricks were used in its construction.

"Silver Bow Creek, named in 1864 when three prospectors saw the sun shining on it through a rift in the clouds, is muddied with the refuse of Butte mines, though in places it is intensely blue from dissolved copper salts".

Silver Bow takes its name from the creek. All we found at Silver Bow was a service station. Near there was a boulder with a marker attached with this inscription: "Pay Gold was first discovered in Silver Bow County 900 feet southwest of here July 1864 by Butterworth H. Baker and party. To commemorate this event this tablet was placed by Silver Bow Chapter D. A. R., Butte, Mont. Aug 24, 1931."

Butte was our next city. "Montana's largest city, it lies against a bare southward-sloping hillside, like a vast page of disorderly manuscript, its uneven paragraphs of buildings punctuated with enormous yellow and gray copper ore dumps and with the gallows frames that mark mine shafts.

All ore is now smeltered at Anaconda, 26 miles west and the sulphurous smoke that once made it necessary to keep plants under glass, and the street lights burning even by day, no longer blankets the town. The air is clear, flowers bloom in trim gardens and trees grow. Beneath the city is one of the richest mineral deposits in the world."

East of Butte the highway is known as Harding Way between Butte and Pipestone Pass.





"At one of the wider curves is a view of Butte and 'Big Butte' for which the mining city is named. The large white 'M' on it is the work of students at the Montana School of Mines. Indians called this 'Evil Mountain', saying that long ago Big Butte was the highest peak of the main range. One time a young chief was killed there by an enemy and the medicine man of his tribe cursed it and ordered it removed. During the night the great mountain was torn apart and the largest piece was hurled toward the valley. No trees grew on it thereafter. Indians intent on suicide often took their last view of earth from its summit."

The Rocky Mts. are very rocky through this part of them.

We crossed the Continental Divide over Pipestone Pass, elevation 6418 . The descent is gradual for 10 miles and follows Pipestone Creek which rises at the summit of Pipestone Pass. "The eastern slope is arid, with much sagebrush and prickly pear."

After leaving Whitehall we went through the Canyon of the Jefferson River, called Sixteen Mile Canyon. The Tobacco Root Mts. were on the south and the Bull Mts. on the north.



Monument in which is the Morrison Cave. The cave is about 3 miles from the highway over a road that has been surfaced with a thin coat of black top but which is badly broken and the surfaced part is very narrow. The road goes through a narrow canyon and climbs rather rapidly. We drove to the cave but it was closed so we did not go through it. A jeep had been fixed to run on rails from the parking area to the cave. The wind was very chilly. We went to the store and bought a mug and a set of salt and peppers. Gilbert and Irene also bought some souvenirs.

West of Three Forks we were back on U.S. 10.

"The site of Three Forks, an ancient battleground of Crow and Blackfeet, was visited by Lewis and Clark on July 27, 1805. It was here that Sacajawea felt she was at last in the land of her own people, from whom she had been stolen in childhood.

Trappers sent out by the Missouri Fur Co. made the first attempt to establish a trading post here in 1810. They built a stockade on a neck of land between Jefferson and Madison Rivers about 2 miles above the confluence, but the Blackfeet drove them out with severe losses before the year ended. Father DeSmet spent a short time in the Three Forks region in 1840. In 1908 the railroad came through and established a town here as a division point.

The steep cliff about 5 miles east of Three Forks on the south was once a piskun (a buffalo cliff). Before horses were introduced, the Plains Indians obtained meat by drives. One or more series of stones were arranged in V-shape on a plateau of good grazing ground, with the apex at the edge of a cliff. Large rocks were piled on the floor of the canyon below. With the scene thus prepared, the hunting party stampeded the herd of bison toward



to confuse the herd. The frightened beasts plunged over the cliffs and perished either as a result of the fall or from the hundreds of arrows that followed."

The road since we left Three Forks has been through the Gallatin Valley.

We stopped in Bozeman for gas. "Bozeman is for Montana, an old and decorous town. Local ordinances prohibit dancing anywhere after midnight and in beer halls at any time. The Gallatin Valley which extends westward is one of the most productive agricultural and stock-raising regions in the state. To the south the snow-capped Gallatin and Madison ranges rim the narrowing valley. On the north the Bridger and flanking ranges of the Rockies protect it from severe cold winds.

In 1864 John M. Bozeman, traveling the trail he had blazed from Wyoming, guided the first train of immigrants into the Gallatin Valley. Jim Bridger guided another train in the same year. The passes the leaders used now bear their names. Bridger and Bozeman were friends and rivals.

Montana State College here, established Feb. 16, 1893, is the oldest operating unit of the University of Montana."

East of Bozeman the highway climbs through the narrow, rocky canyon of the East Gallatin River to Bozeman Pass, elevation 6003. The high mountains to the north "are the Bridger Range," named for Jim Bridger, the greatest frontiersman and scout in Western history." From the pass the road descends for 2 miles through sharp switchbacks.

We stayed at Three Flags Camp in Livingston over night. We stopped at 6:46 having traveled 328 miles. At 9 o'clock the curfew blew.

"Livingston lies near the point where the Yellowstone, flowing northward from its source in Wyoming makes a great bend eastward. It is a railroad and trade center in a farming and stock -raising country."



Wed. Oct. 27 at 8:05. Temperature in the car 30°

It had rained all night and was still drizzling when we left

Livingston over U.S. 89 for Yellowstone Park at Gardner.

"This section of U.S.89 parallels the Yellowstone River between the Absaroka and Gallatin Ranges. A dirt road on the west river bank follows the earliest trail used by white men in this area."

A short distance out of Livingston there was just a covering of snow along the road. "South of Livingston for 5 miles U.S.89 follows the old trail on west bank of the Yellowstone then crosses over to the east bank."

About 9:15 the sun began to break through the clouds. After awhile it was clear and the view was beautiful. About 20 miles from Livingston we saw the Absaroka Range on the east.

41 miles from Livingston we came to Yankee Jim Canyon which is about 5 miles long. It was named for "James George, a picturesque character of pioneer days. Almost single-handed he built the first road into Yellowstone National Park on what became the N.P.Ry right-of-way, paralleling the modern highway on the opposite bank. He had a tollgate at the narrowest point. When in 1883 construction began on the Yellowstone Park branch of the N.P.Ry, he fought the company until it agreed to build another road for him in the hills above the right -of-way. "

About 51 miles from Livingston and across the river from the highway is the Devil's Slide, "an exposed dike of bright-red iron-impregnated rock on Cinnabar Mt. The mountain was named by early settlers who thought the red rock was cinnabar.

The legend of the Devil's Slide is told in a jingle:

'Ages ago, one can easily see,  
Old Yellowstone Valley went on a spree,  
The mountains had risen, the valleys had sunk,  
And old Mother Nature got roaringly drunk.  
The Devil, as drunk as the Devil would be,



At Gardner we bought groceries for our noon lunch in Yellowstone Park as the park season was over and we understood everything was closed. However we found that one lunch counter at Old Faithful was still open.

"Gardner is the northern entrance to Yellowstone Park. The town was named for John Gardner, a trapper who worked along the upper Yellowstone and its tributaries in the 1830's. Early efforts at settlement were frustrated by the hostility of the Crow, who hunted in this area.

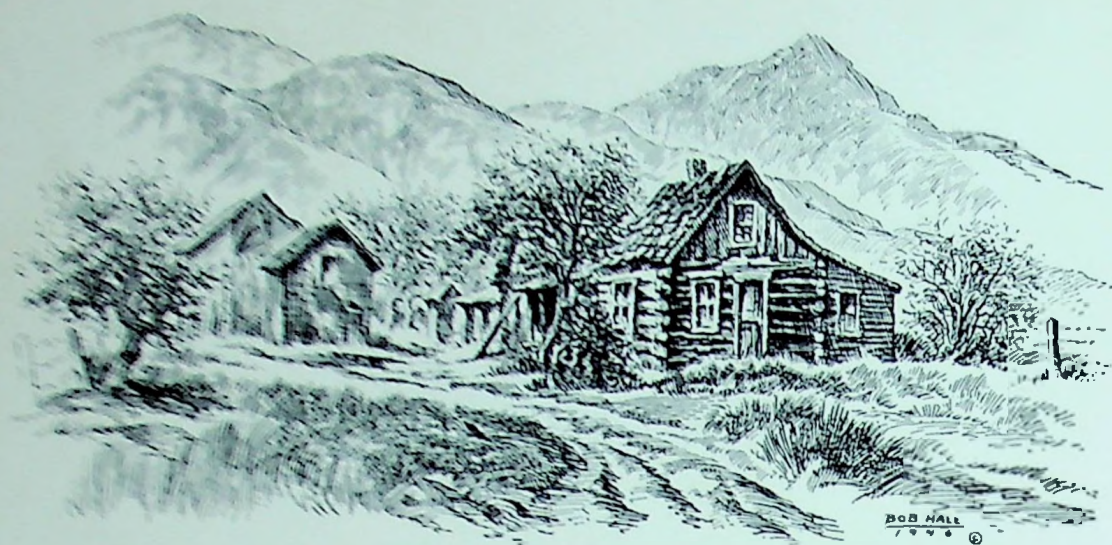
In 1807, Manuel Lisa, a fur trader, sent John Colter and Sargent Potts, veterans of the Lewis and Clark expedition, to the forks of the Missouri to trade with the Indians. Potts was slain by Indians and Colter narrowly escaped. He made his way back to Lisa's Fort at the mouth of the Big Horn by way of what is now Yellowstone National Park. His account of the region caused fur traders to call it Colter's Hell.

James Bridger was one of the first white men to explore the Yellowstone Park region extensively. In the 1840's Jim's stories of the Yellowstone Park region were national legend. Long before this a St. Louis editor set up his first <sup>and</sup> most sincere account in type, but he destroyed it when someone told him he would be laughed out of the country if he printed it.

Pioneers were drawn to the park by tales of the fabulous wonders, most of which ~~were~~ were not wholly believed until the official Washburn-Langford expedition in 1870 confirmed them."

As the park season was over we entered and registered at the ranger station instead of through the Roosevelt Arch. We entered the park at 10 o'clock.

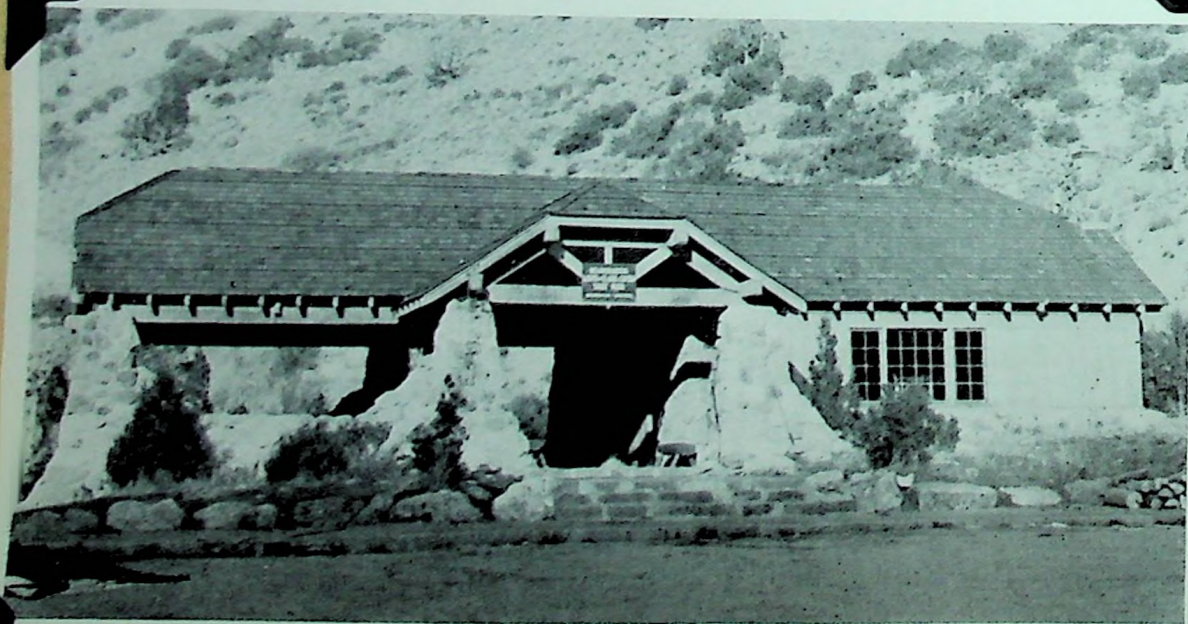




*This is the Old home of Chief Charlo, located at Stevensville Mont*



PARK ENTRANCE---LEWIS AND CLARK CAVERN, MONTANA



LODGE BUILDING---LEWIS AND CLARK CAVERN, MONTANA

The Devil, as drunk as the

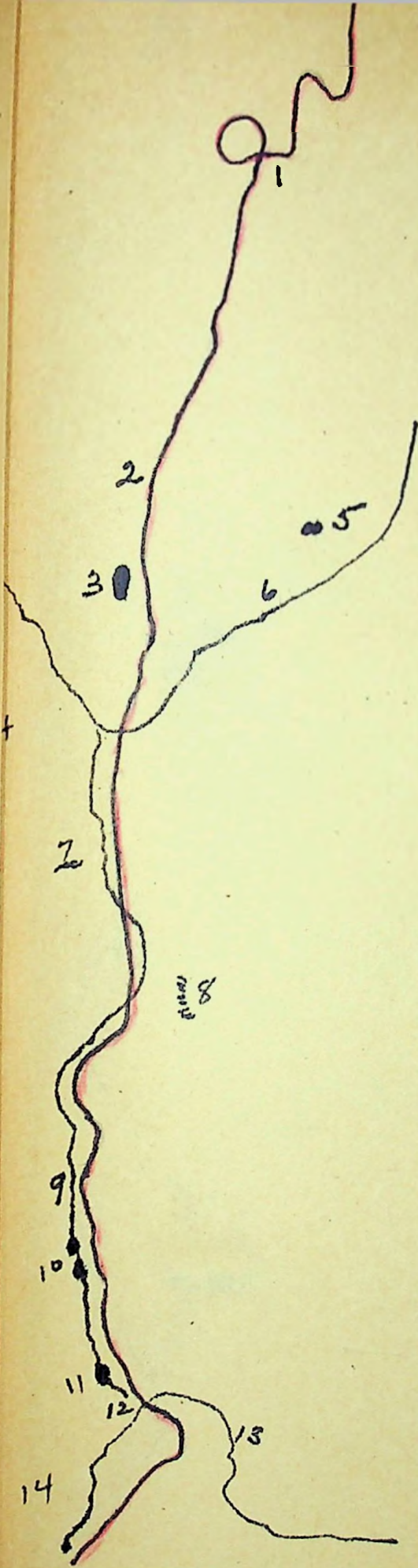


Map of the road from Gardner to the Norris Geyser  
Basin.

Near the entrance to the park we saw 2 Mule Deer.



No. 1 on the map is Liberty Cap and the Mammoth  
Terraces. There was snow on the Terraces so they  
did not show as they do in the summer time.







Opal Terrace



Buildings near Terraces





Mammoth Terraces

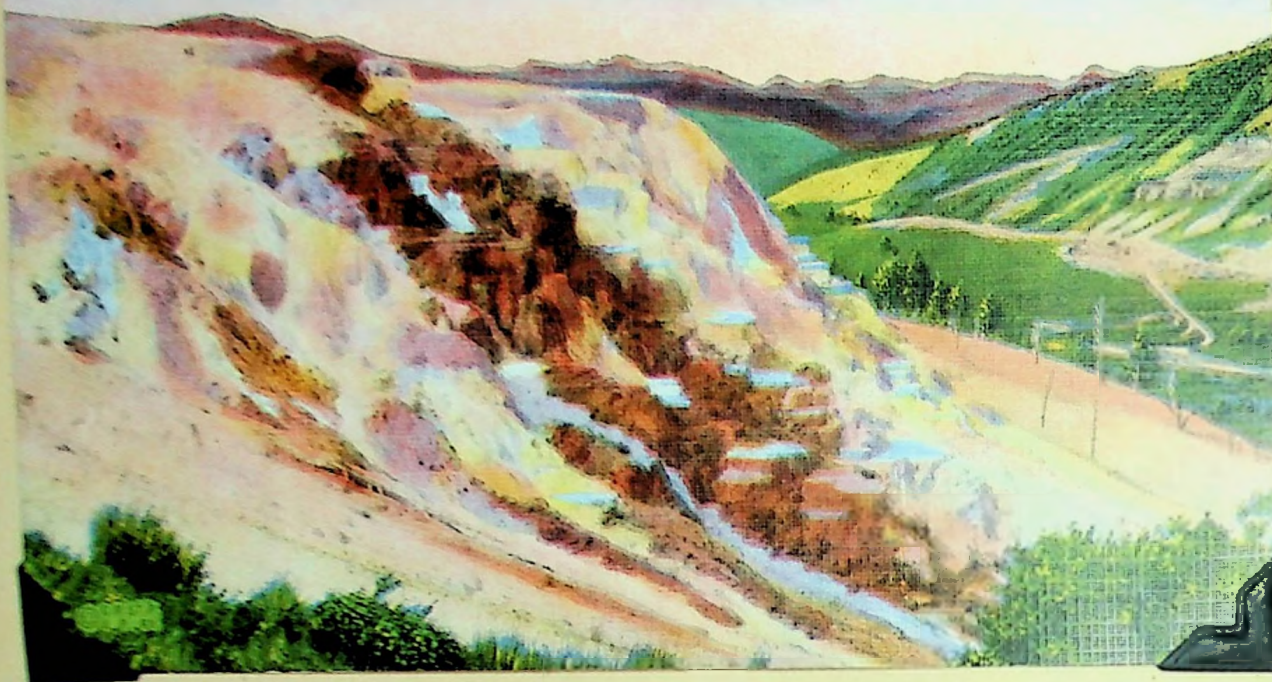


Jupiter Terrace



View from Jupiter Terrace





No. 2 is Rustic Falls which are 47 feet high.



Rustic Falls

No. 3 is Swan Lake. Swan Lake Flats

No. 4 is Antler Peak which was covered with snow.

No. 5 is Bunsen Park

No. 6 is the Gardner River. There was snow on the road where we crossed the <sup>river</sup> ~~road~~.

No. 7 is the Beaver Dams. We went down to see them but didn't see any. There was about 3/4 inch of snow on the road here.

No. 8 is Obsidian Cliff.

No. 9 is the Semi-Centennial Geyser. The sign by the geyser reads: "Just a month after the semi-centennial

celebration at Madison Junction on July 14, 1922, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the establishment of the park, this previously muddy pool burst into eruption. One rock weighing 250 lbs. was hurled into the



roadway 50 feet from the crater and 5 stumps and other debris were thrown in all directions to a distance of 200 feet. Not since the great eruption of the Excelsior Geyser in 1888 has there been such a spectacular eruption."

No. 10 is the Twin Lakes called North Twin and South Twin.

No. 11 is Nymph Lake

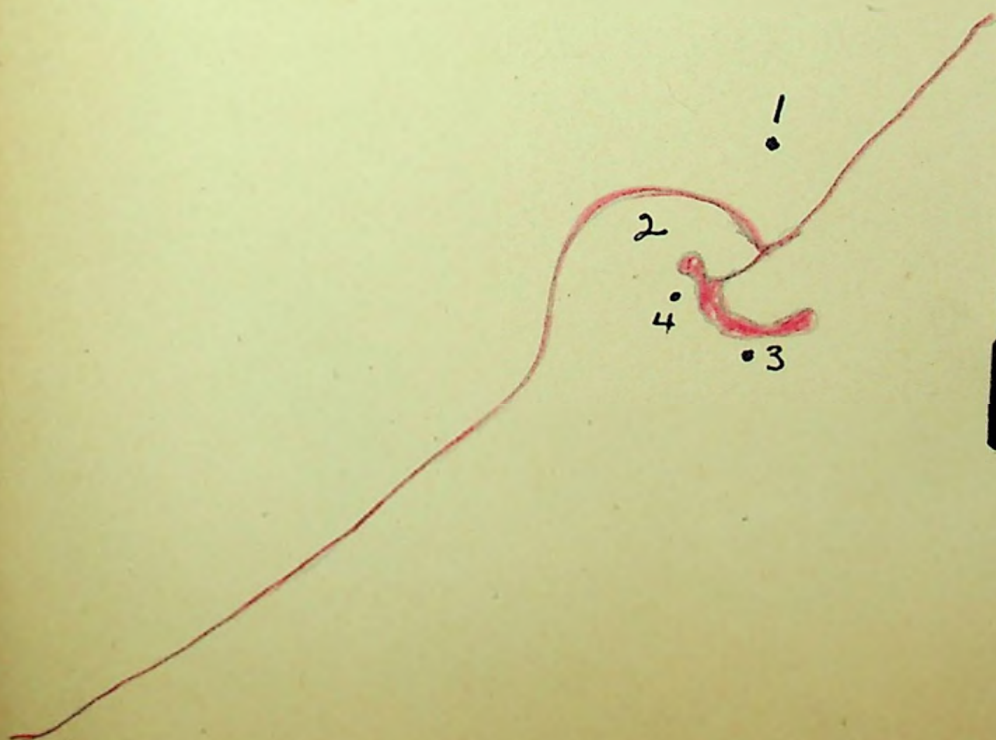
No. 12 is Frying Pan Spring the sign at which reads:

"The bubbling up of gasses through a large number of small vents in this area creates a sound very much like eggs in a frying pan. The pungent odor noticeable is that of a gas, hydrogen-sulphide, which is given off by the springs and steam vents."

No. 13 is the Gibbon River.

No. 14 is the Norris Geyser Basin.

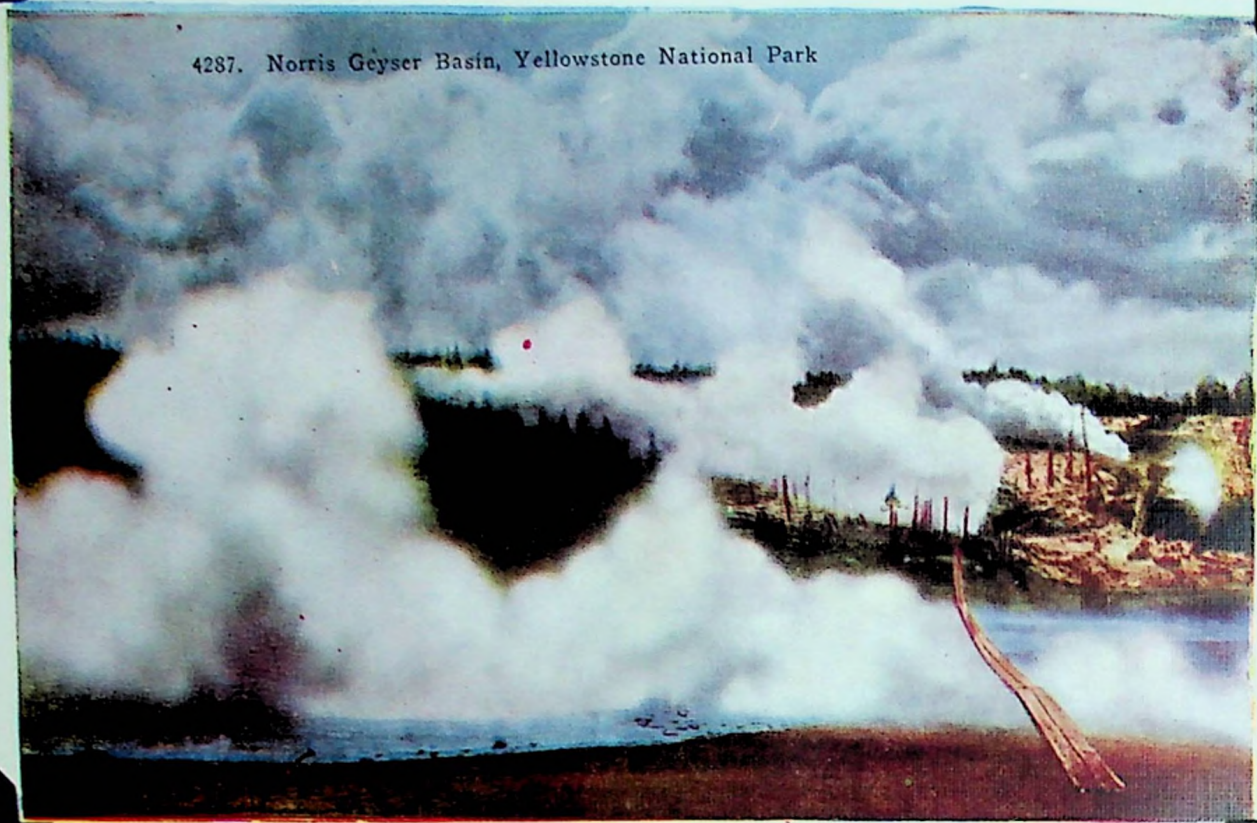
Map of Norris Geyser Basin.



Gibbon River



4287. Norris Geyser Basin, Yellowstone National Park







Ledge Geyser

parker our car.

No. 3 is Steamvalve Spring to which we  
walked.

No/ 4 is Bathtub Spring

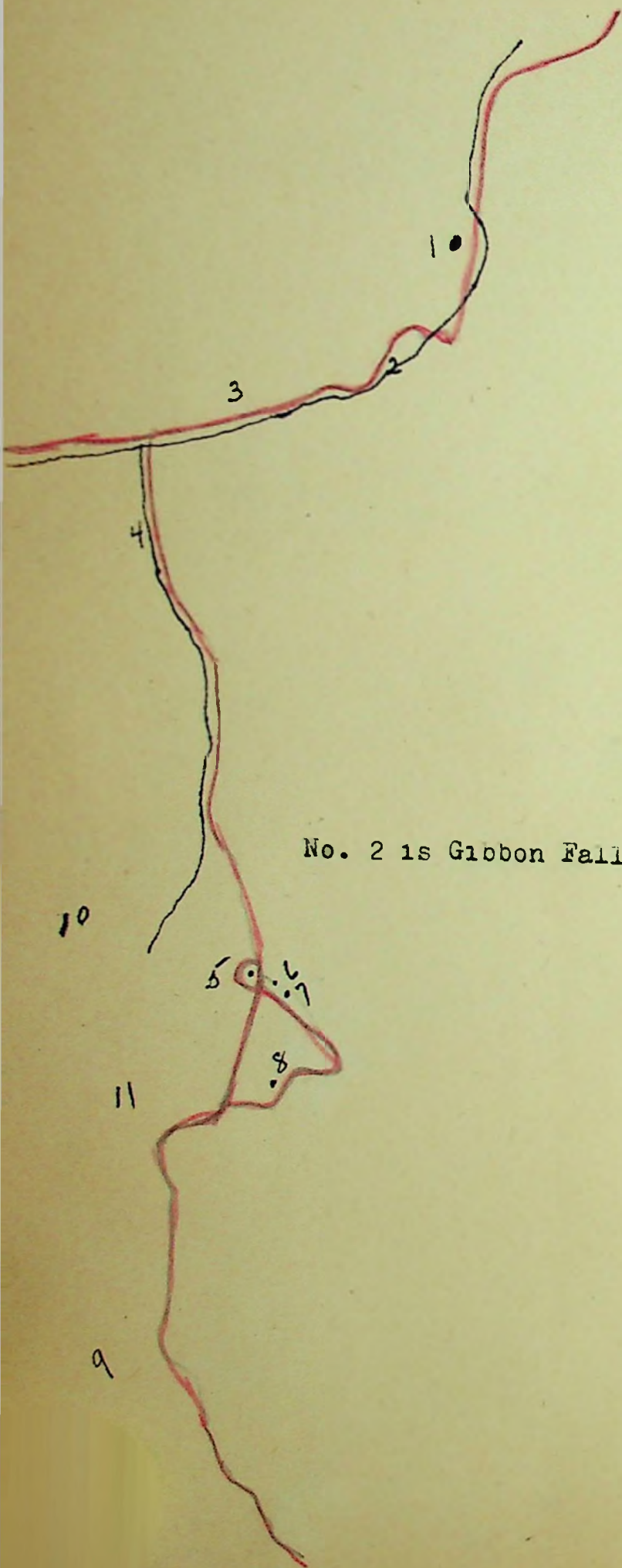
Boling Spring is also in the Norris Geyser Basin.



Boiling Spring



Map from Norris Geyser Basin to Upper Geyser Basin.



No. 1 is Beryl Spring. (Dark Blue)

The marker reads : "Beryl Spring

derives its name perhaps both from its color and its chemical contents. This spring was for a long time known as the hottest spring in the park. It is actually of a temperature less than boiling. The violent agitation of its surface being attributable to the rapid rise of hot gasses from beneath."

No. 2 is Gibbon Falls.



Gibbon Falls



No. 3 is Terrace Springs. The sign reads: "The violently boiling spring at the head of the pool cannot be called a geyser for it is continually in its action, The hot water, bearing chemicals that are high in their silica, spread out at the <sup>near</sup> end of the pool and the release of the gasses and the water cause these chemicals to be precipitated to form terraces of siliceous sinter. Geese use this hot pool as a rendezvous in the winter time."

The road went along the Fire Hole River and <sup>we</sup> stopped at the Fire Hole Falls.

No. 4 is the Cascades of the Fire Hole. A sign here reads: "Nez Perce Creek, half a mile above this point is the site of General Howard's second camp Aug. 30, 1877 within the limits of Yellowstone National Park during his pursuit of Chief Joseph. General Howard named this camp- "Camp Cowan" in honor of Geo. F. Cowan who was captured by the Nez Perce Indians and left for dead at the head waters of this creek."

No. 5 is the Fountain Paint Pot.

The sign here reads: "The varying shades of color to be found in this more or less unique

phenomenon have caused many to liken it to the paint pot of an artist. In a more prosaic manner it is seen as a number of hot springs, the water of which contains a large quantity of a substance known as siliceous clay up through which gas is bubbling. The substance was formed by the breaking down into very small particles of





sinter and other rocks containing silica and which are to be found in this region."

No. 6 is the Jet Geyser

No. 7 is Clepsydra Geyser.

The sign reads: "This

Geyser received its name

in 1875 because 'Like the

ancient water-clock of

that name, it marks the

passage of time by the

discharging of water.' It has remained more or less regular in its period of eruption since the time of its discovery."

No. 8 is Fountain Geyser. The sign reads: "In times past this was perhaps one of the best known geysers in the area because of its more frequent eruptions and the location of the Old Fountain Hotel in the clearing a quarter of a mile to the north. Today, during its infrequent eruptions, it throws water to a height of 75 feet from the nearer crater to form a beautiful mass of hot water with jets thrown at all angles. This is the typical 'Fountain' type of eruption. The larger pool

to the north should not be

confused with the Fountain

Geyser. Notice the delicate

tracery of the fountain, as

well as the greenish color

of the water in the crater.

This being due to the

combination of the natural

blue color of the water

plus the yellow algae on the sides of the crater."







No. 9 is the Biscuit Basin which contains Cauliflower Geyser, Mirror Pool, Sapphire Pool, Shell Spring, Silver Globe Spring, Avoca Spring, Mustard Spring, Hillside Spring, Asta Spring, Gem Pool, Artemisia Geyser, Restless Geyser, and Sentinel Geyser.



10096 SAPPHIRE POOL AND BISCUIT BASIN, YELLOWSTONE PARK



The sign at the Cauliflower Geyser reads: "The peculiar glazed convoluted masses of sinter which have been built up around this crater have given the name to the geyser. Through their supposed resemblance to a head of cauliflower. This type of sinter is peculiar to this whole area



and is seen to a greater extent in Sapphire Pool and other phenomenon across the river.

The sign at Sapphire Pool Reads: "This pool is an excellent example of an intermediate stage between a geyser and a hot spring. It boils violently and overflows but no jet of water is hurled into the air. Between these violent periods there is an interval of calm during which the deep, transparent blue of the water can best be observed."

We went to Black Pearl Pool, Mustard Spring, Avoca Spring, and Shell Spring. Then we went to Artemesia Geyser. The sign here read "The large central crater of a blue color, set off by the unique gray-green granular sinter of the rim and sides to be found nowhere else in this area, and make a visit quite worth while when the geyser is quiet. The shaft of water sent up to a height of 55 feet for 10 to 15 minutes at intervals of about 24 hours is distinctive and very well bears out the statement that every geyser and spring in the park differs from all the rest. The name was probably given on account of either the proximity of the gray-green sage brush known as artemisia or the similarity of the color of that plant to the color of the sinter of the geyser."

n No. 10 is the Lower Geyser Basin.

No. 11 is the Midway Geyser Basin.



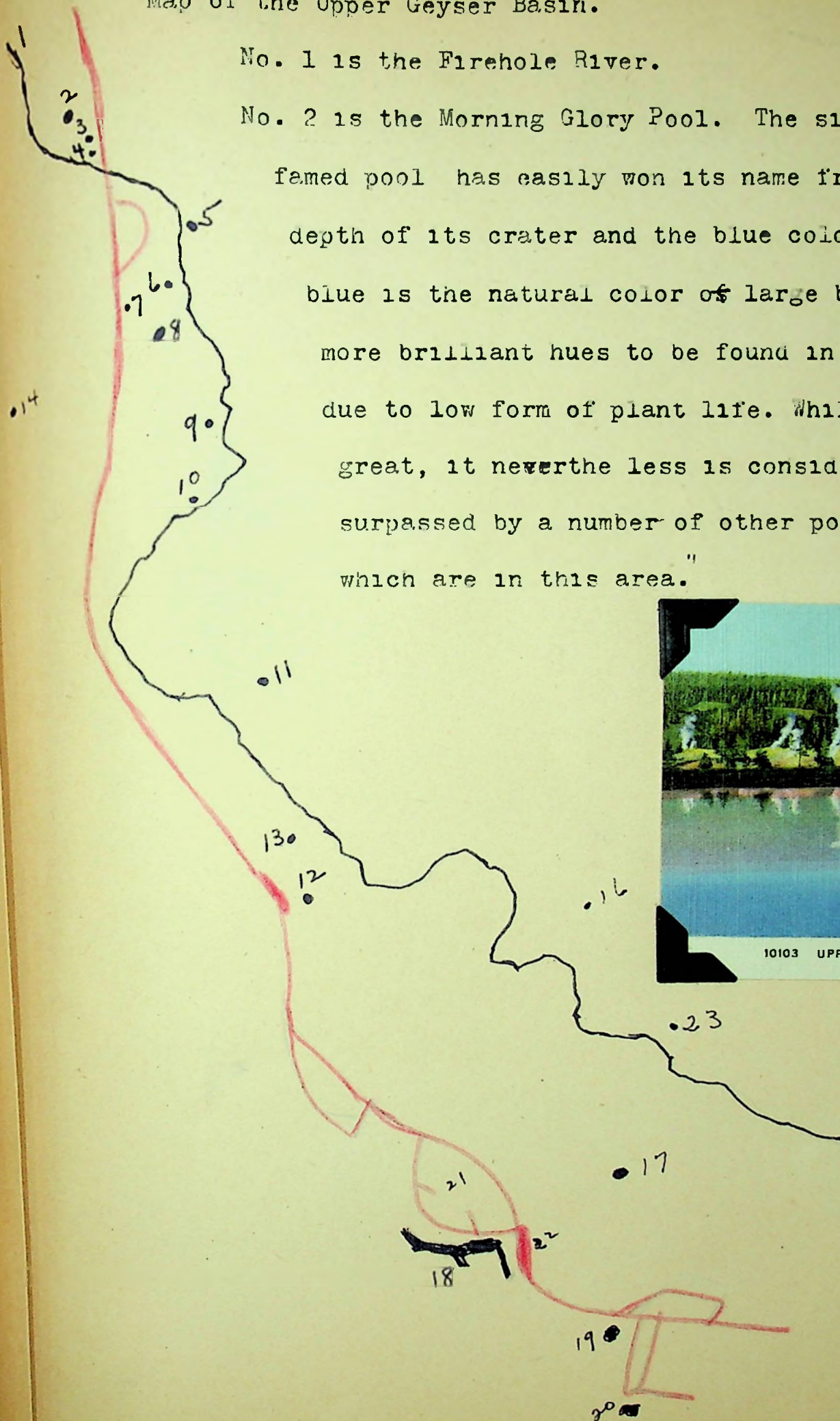
Buildings at Old Faithful.



# Map of the Upper Geyser Basin.

No. 1 is the Firehole River.

No. 2 is the Morning Glory Pool. The sign reads: "This far famed pool has easily won its name from the Symmetry and depth of its crater and the blue color of the water. This blue is the natural color of large bodies of water. The more brilliant hues to be found in smaller quantities are due to low form of plant life. While the fame of this is great, it nevertheless is considered by many to be surpassed by a number of other pools in the park, some of which are in this area."







MORNING GLORY POOL, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK—9



16049 MORNING GLORY POOL, YELLOWSTONE PARK

© HAYNES INC.



No. 3 is the Fan Geyser and No. 4 the Mortar Geyser. These geysers get their names from their shapes.

No. 5 is the Riverside Geyser.

No. 6 is the Spa Geyser.

No. 7 is the Rocket Geyser.

No. 8 is the Grotto Geyser.



No. 9 is the Giant Geyser.



No. 10 is the Oblong Geyser,





No. 11 is the Grand Geyser.

No. 12 is the Castle Geyser.



16062 CASTLE GEYSER, 75 FT.,  
YELLOWSTONE PARK © HAYNES

No. 13 is the Crested Pool.



10154 GRAND GEYSER, 200 FT.,  
YELLOWSTONE PARK © HAYNES



10101 CRESTED POOL AND CASTLE GEYSER CONE  
YELLOWSTONE PARK © HAYNES INC

No. 14 is the Daisy Geyser

No. 15 is the Black Sand Basin. In this basin are the Bonita Pool, Brilliant Pool, Comet Geyser, Punch Bowl, Algal Pool, Spouter Geyser, Emerald pool, Whistle Geyser, Solitary Geyser and several others.



10097 PUNCH BOWL SPRING, YELLOWSTONE PARK  
© HAYNES INC





12546 © EMERALD POOL, YELLOWSTONE PARK

4282. Emerald Pool,  
Yellowstone National Park





No. 16 is the Sponge Geyser.



No. 17 is Old Faithful Geyser. We had to wait about 20 minutes for it to spout. We ate our dinner in and beside the car here. Moulton, Irene, and

Edward went to the store and lunch counter which was open.







No. 18 is Old Faithful Inn,





No. 19 is the cafeteria.

No. 20 is the store.

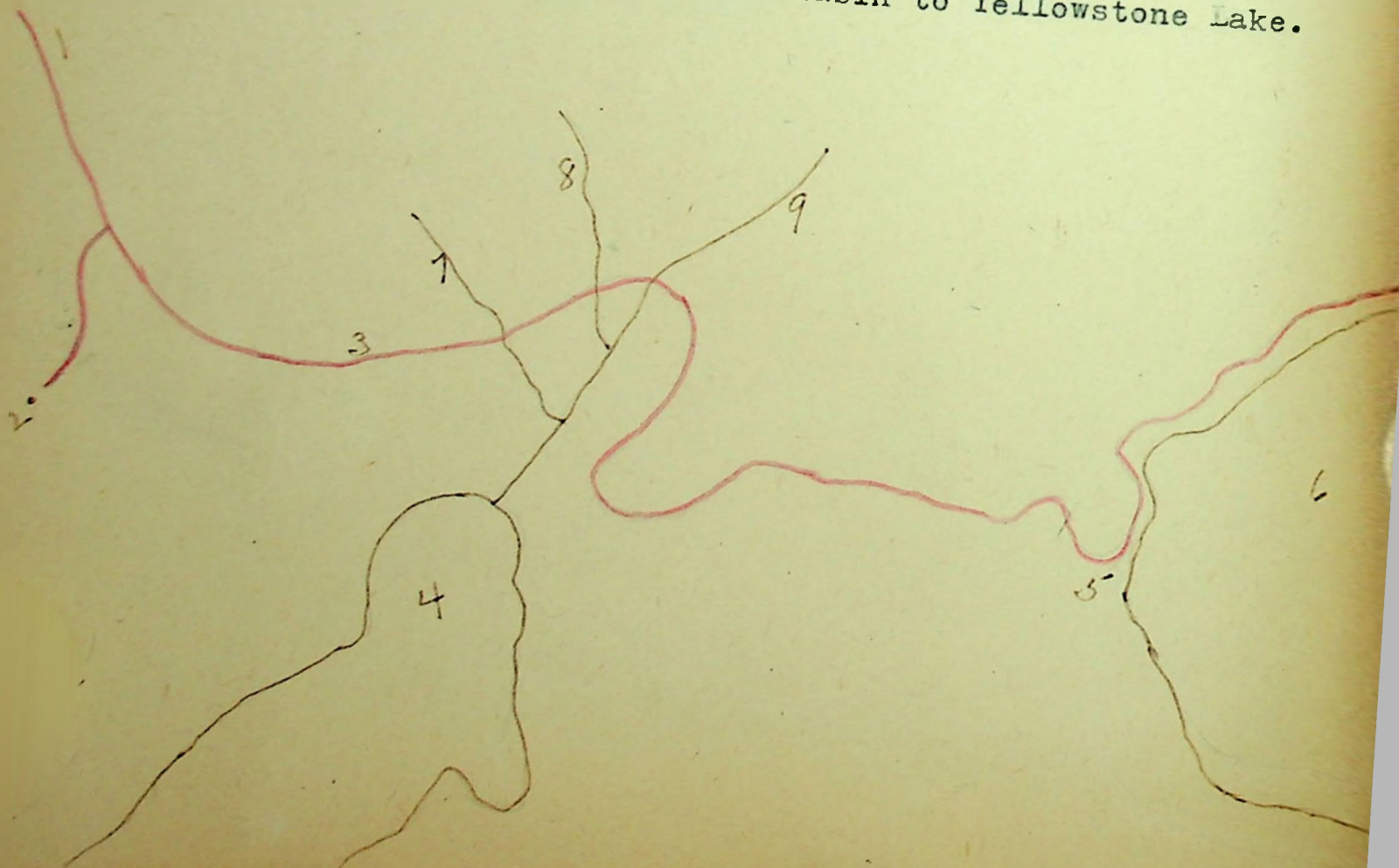
No. 21 is the parking area.

No. 22 is parking area.

No. 23 is the Anemonie Geyser.

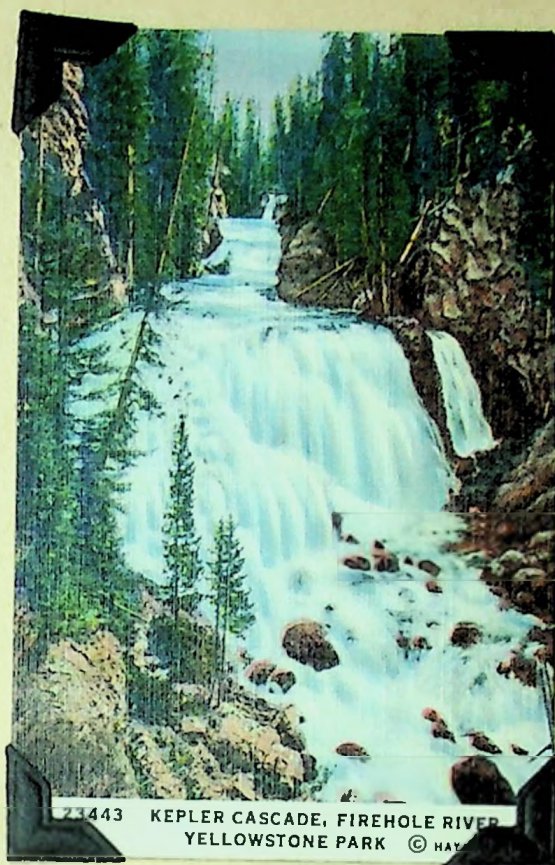


Map of the road from Upper Geyser Basin to Yellowstone Lake.





No. 1 is the Kepler Cascades where we stopped for a few minutes.



No. 2 is the Lone Star Geyser. This geyser was on a side road. It was not too good a road but a pretty road.

The sign read: "The Haden party of 1872 named this geyser 'The Solitary', but a name given to it in 1874 by J. M. V. Cochran, formerly of Billings, Mont. has become the official name. It has no reference to the Lone Star State. Its interval is usually about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours though it may play with only a 20 minute interval."

No. 3 is the Continental Divide at Craig Pass, elevation 8262 ft. At the summit is Isa Lake.

No. 4 is Shoshone Lake which we saw in the distance.

No. 5 is West Thumb Geyser Basin.

No. 6 Yellowstone Lake

No. 7 is Herron Creek

No. 8 is DeLacy Creek

No. 9 is Dry Creek

From Yellowstone Lake we saw Mt Sheridan, 15 miles across the lake.



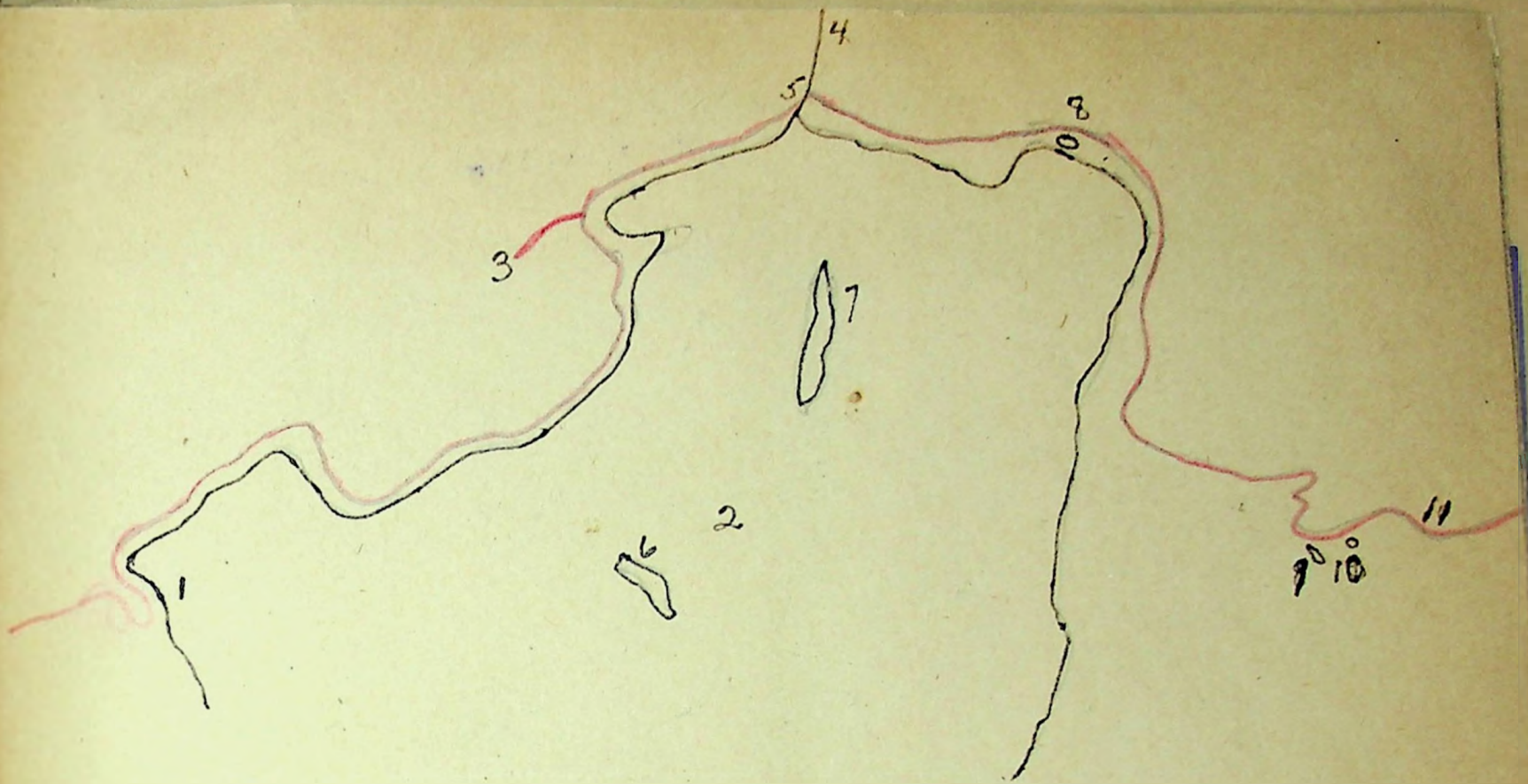


Kepler Cascades



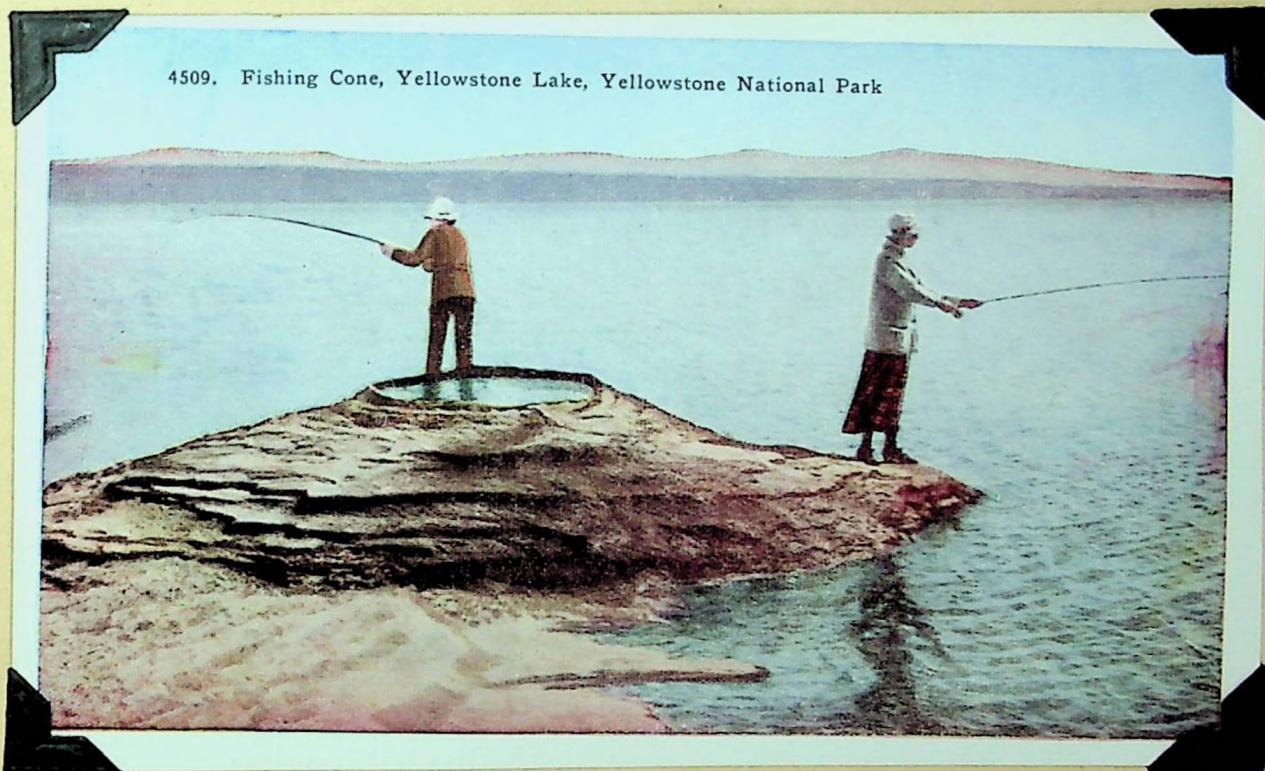
West Thumb Geyser Basin





Map of the road from West Thumb Geyser Basin to the East Entrance.

No. 1 is the Fishing Cone



4509. Fishing Cone, Yellowstone Lake, Yellowstone National Park

After leaving West Thumb we saw a number of chipmunks.

No. 2 is Yellowstone Lake

No. 3 is the Natural Bridge. This is up a short side road. We drove up to it.

No. 4 is the Yellowstone River.

No. 5 is Fishing Bridge across Yellowstone River.





Natural Bridge



Near Fishing Bridge we saw a number of swans on the lake.

No. 6 is Dot Island.

No. 7 is Stevenson Island.

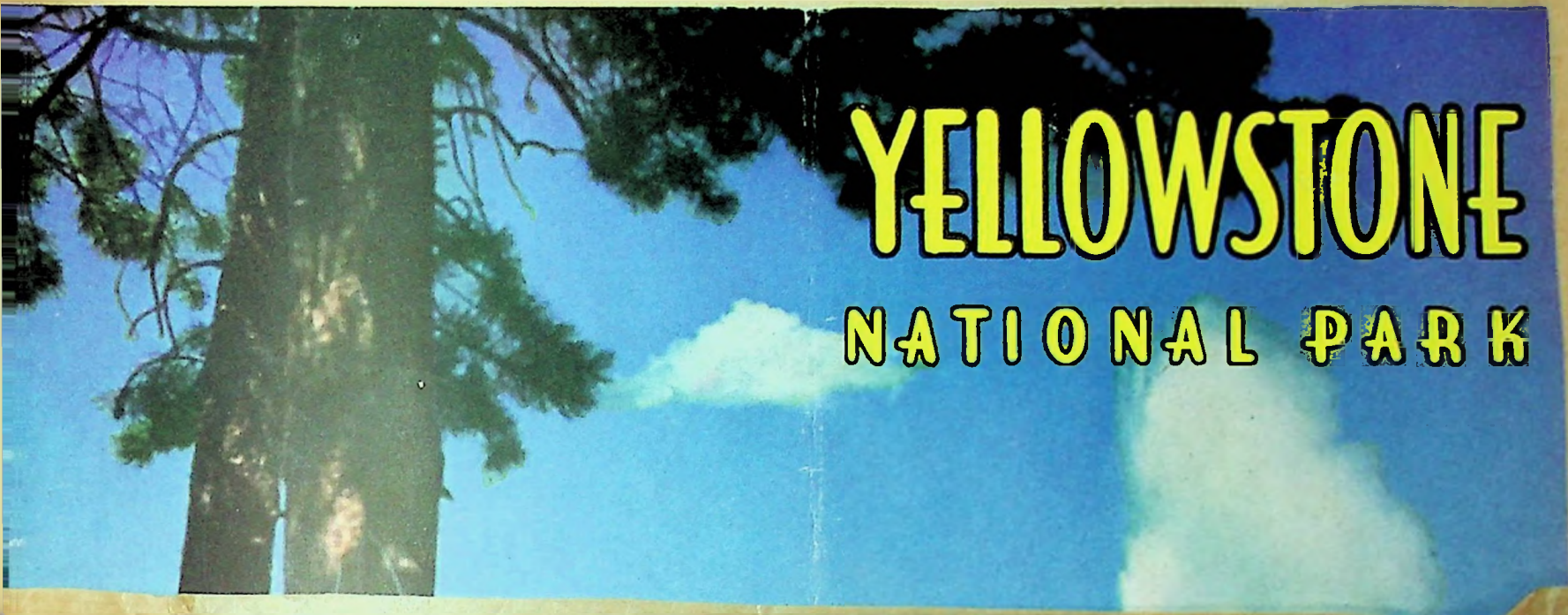
No. 8 is Squaw Pond or Indian Pond. From here until we left the lake we saw great many geese and swans. Between the road and the lake we saw a buffalo feeding. A short distance farther we saw a bear. When it saw us it climbed a tree but when we stopped it came down and started toward the car. We took a picture and drove on.

No. 9 is Sylvan Lake.

No. 10 is Eleanor Lake.

No. 11 is Sylvan Pass. Elevation 8557 feet. We left the park at 5 o'clock, having had a beautiful day and having taken time to see the things on our road.





**YELLOWSTONE**

**NATIONAL PARK**



The Sylvan Pass Ranger Station which is the east entrance to Yellowstone Park is at the western boundary of the Shoshone National Forest. Soon we came to the Pehaska Tepee which was built for Buffalo Bill for a hunting lodge. It is now a tourist lodge.

Soon after leaving the Park we saw the Sleeping Giant formation. We follow the North Fork of the Shoshone through the Absaroka Range. Along the road are peculiar rock formations with signs along the road giving their names. We saw the Chimney Rock, Elephant Head, Palisades, Henry Ford, Holy City. and the Hanging Rock

The Wapiti Ranger Station in the Shoshone National Forest, established in 1903, is the oldest ranger station in the United States, and the Shoshone National Forest is the oldest national forest in the United States. It was established in 1902 as the Yellowstone Forest Reserve.

We passed the Firefighters Memorial erected in memory of the boys burned in a forest fire. On the reservation we saw a herd of deer.

After leaving the Shoshone Forest we <sup>went</sup> ~~go~~ for some distance through the valley and then came to the Shoshone Reservoir. At the western end of the reservoir we came to a small building where all cars stopped while the attendant checked the cars for game killed.

The road is very pretty along the reservoir which is 10 miles long and 4 miles wide. We stopped near the dam to see the <sup>Wedged</sup> ~~Balanced~~ Rock but it was getting too dark to see much of the dam or river from here on to Cody.

"Shoshone Dam, completed in 1910 after 4 years work is 328 feet high, 200 feet wide at its crest, and varies in thickness from 108 feet at the base to 10 feet at the top. From downstream the dam resembles a white concrete wedge thrust solidly ~~between solidly~~ between the towering cliffs."

From here the road descends rather rapidly .



" For 5 miles the road threads its way around massive rocks that buttress the 1060 foot cliffs and spires above. The highway, like a long black snake, creeps through tunnels and sandstone overhangs, along a blasted course down the face of the wall. In some places in the canyon, layers of sedimentary rocks range up to 700 feet in thickness; in others, the hard underlying granite core is exposed, and here the walls are less eroded, the passage narrower. The hardest rocks have been polished by erosion, but are only slightly worn away. Where the sedimentary rocks vary greatly in consistency, strange sculptured figures, like gargoyles peer from the cliffs. At the bottom of the canyon the river is churned to white foam over a bed of rocks. This is the only pass through the enormous volcanic and sedimentary rocks that wall Yellowstone Park on the east."

About 2 miles from the end of the Shoshone Canyon is Cody. We got a very fine 3 bed cabin here at the Covered Wagon Cabins court. We stopped at 6:30. After we had taken our things out of the car we went up town for our dinner. While we were eating a long Dewey Torch-light Parade went past. I enjoyed watching it as it was the first torch parade I had ever seen. By the time we had finished our dinner they had gone some place for their meeting so we did not see them any more nor hear them.

Our mileage for the day was 242.3 miles.

Thursday Oct. 28th.      Temperature in the car 15°.

Gilbert, Edward and Moulton went up town for groceries before we ate our breakfast.

"Cody is on the Shoshone River. The first Cody townsite was platted in the fall of 1895, near De Maris Springs by George TL Beck, Horace Boal and others. Buffalo Bill was then traveling with his Wild West Show."



# CODY ROAD

thru the  
Buffalo Bill Country

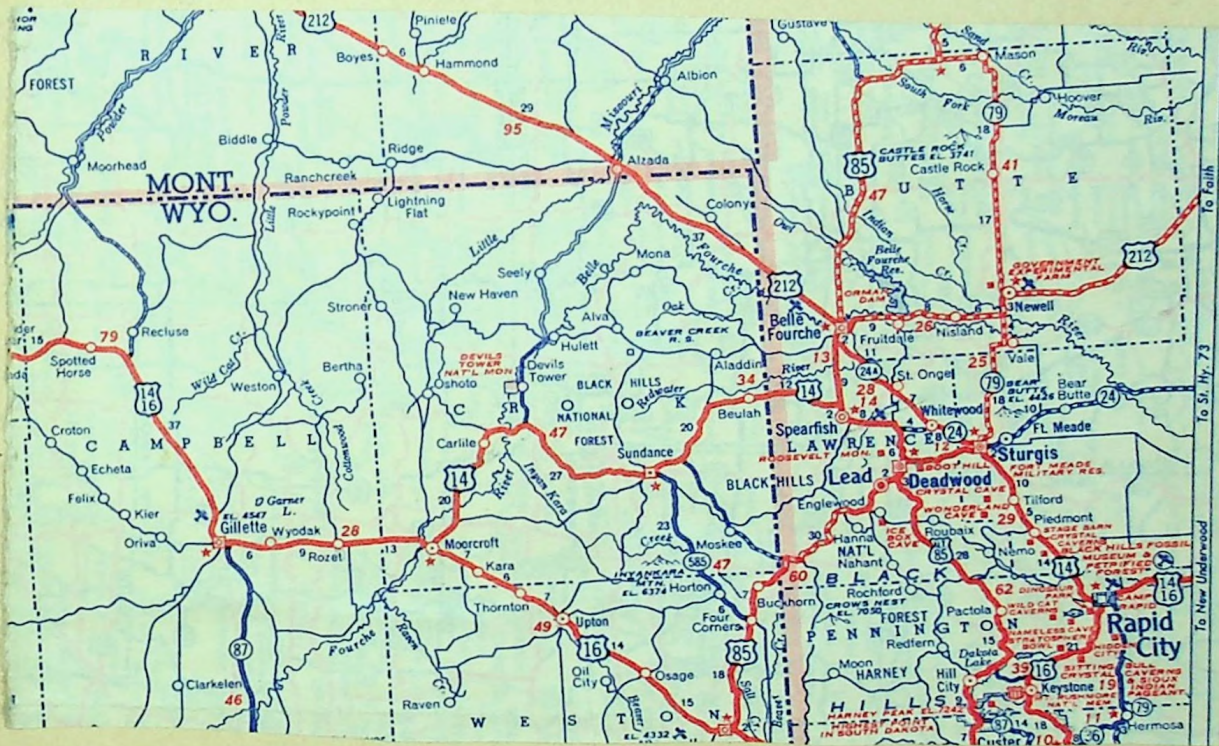
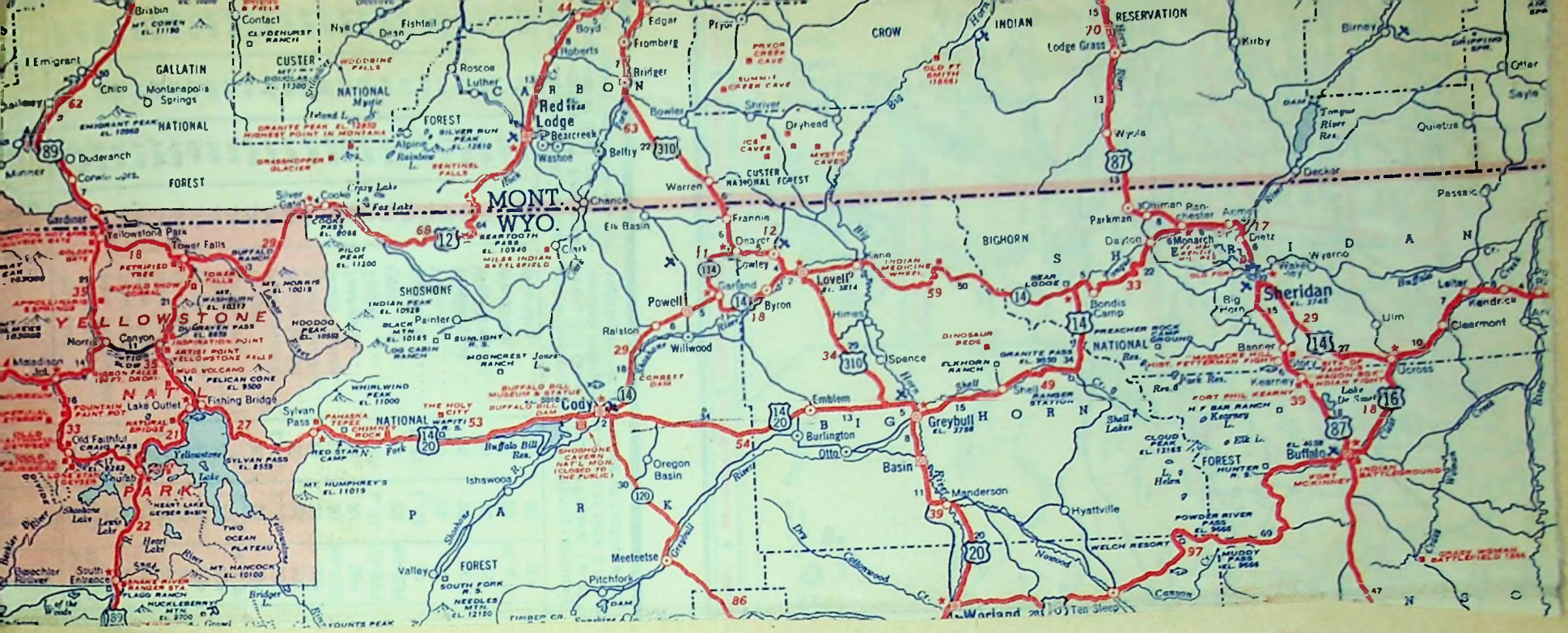


# CODY ROAD

to  
Yellowstone Park









'Horace and I had a talk', Beck reported, 'and we concluded that as Cody was probaly the best advertised man in the world, we might organize a company and make him president.' The company dug a canal to divert the water from the South Fork of the Shoshone, and attracted homesteaders both by low rates and by the name of its president. Beck insisted that the town be moved up river to its present site, and Cody suggested his own name for the place; after some debate it was adopted. 'This did no harm to us and it highly pleased the colonel', said Beck. The first cabin, built by ~~former~~ Governor Frank L. Haux, is still standing.

From the begining Cody was a true frontier town. When a missionary came to establish a church, some poker players in a saloon helped the good cause by giving him the pot."

We left the cabin at 9:00 and drove to Buffalo Bill's Statue.

"The mold was made by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney in 1924. The horse, which stands 12 feet above the ground on a granite base represents Smoky, the colonel's favorite, who was expressed to Mrs. Whitney's New York studio and photographed in fast and slow motion, to assure faithfulness to the original. The Buffalo Bill figure is poised in the saddle, with Winchester held high."

We saw the ~~the~~ Cody Museum but it was closed so we could not go in.

'The Cody Museum, sponsored by the Buffalo Bill Memorial Ass'n is used in a low, seven-room, log building, copied from the T.E. Ranch. Here are displayed the showman's personal effects and other relics."

East of Cody we saw a lot of oats yet to be threshed. As we looked back <sup>to</sup> Absaroka Mts. were beautiful with snow on the peaks.

The country around Emblem is called the Emblem Bench and is a farming country. "First settled by Mormans and Germans, the area was known as Germania Bench until the World War of 1914-18."



The hills north of Greybull were in little peaks and highly colored with red, green and gray predominating. At Greybull there are a great many oil tanks and refineries.

"Greybull, industrial center of the Big Horn Basin is supported largely by refineries handling oil from the Grass Creek, Elk Basin, Garland, and Byron fields.

Indian pictographs on a cliff overhanging Greybull River represent a buffalo bull, with an arrow through his body. Legend relates that an old gray bull ranged along the river for years, in defiance of hunters who sought to kill him."

From Greybull we continued on U.S. 20 to Worland. The first place we came to was Basin. "Its citizens began a tree and shrub planting campaign in 1910 and a 'lilac town' drive in 1936; now the streets and approaching highways <sup>are</sup> ~~and~~ lined with perfumed hedges, and the shade trees are among the finest in Wyoming."

Near Worland there were oil tanks and derricks. At one well the gas was burning with a brilliant red-orange flame.

At Worland we took U.S. 16. to Moorcroft. After leaving Worland we <sup>went</sup> ~~go~~ through the irrigated sugar-beet country of the Big Horn Basin. Then the land becomes higher and we <sup>w</sup>are in the Washakie Bad Lands. "The highway traverses miles of painted badlands. Flat salt sage adds its haze of gray and lavender to the glaring red and orange rocks. In winter, snow fills the gullies and drifts against the weird buttes, providing moisture for sheep range. The highway climbs a high ridge to Scenic Point. On Signal Cliff, half a mile long and nearly 1000 feet high, Crow scouts watched for smoke signals from lookout points in the Big Horns, and relayed to tribesmen in the basin the latest movements of enemies or buffalo." "Nowood Creek, named by settlers who found no fuel along its banks marks the eastern edge of the badlands."

From here we came down into Ten Sleep Valley.





1073—Washakie Bad Lands as seen from U. S. Highway 16 between Worland and Ten Sleep



On Highway over the Big Horn Mountains to Buffalo, etc.

"Tensleep, a short row of false-front frame and brick buildings, serves neighboring cattlemen and sheepmen and preserves much of the mood and vigor of the frontier. The name of the place is borrowed from the Indians, who reckoned time and distance in sleeps. The site was 10 day's travel from Fort Laramie and the same distance from the Yellowstone Park area."

After leaving Tensleep we entered<sup>ed</sup> the Ten Sleep Canyon and climbed<sup>ed</sup> by a rather rough and narrow road with steep grades to the Big Horn Mountains. The canyon was very pretty with a scattering of snow beside the road and



the creek plunging along sometimes almost on a level with us and then again far below us. We noticed War Tank Rock.

"The State Fish Hatchery near the entrance to the canyon is the largest in Wyoming. (1940)." One of the bluffs at the entrance to the canyon is named Leigh's Monument. "Leigh's Monument, a 600 foot precipice at the end of a scarp, was named for Gilbert Leigh, English gentleman, who was killed in a fall from the cliff on Sept. 14, 1884. Leigh lived on a ranch near Ten Sleep and made frequent trips into the mountains. one day his horse returned riderless. Buzzards lead searchers to his body in a tree at the foot of the cliff."

As we enter the canyon the broken pine and sagebrush stretch away to red cliffs on both sides. The ascent becomes very steep, the road ascends several hundred feet in less than a mile. As the highway makes the steep ascent the cliffs seem to come together and block passage ahead; massive rocks jut from the granite walls of both sides, like bastions of medieval fortresses. U. S. 16 cuts long shelves up a steep-shouldered gorge, winding sharply to avoid the ragged edges of the walls. The cliffs, reddish-gray, dwarf the pines that rise out of the canyon or sprout surprisingly from rocks higher up."



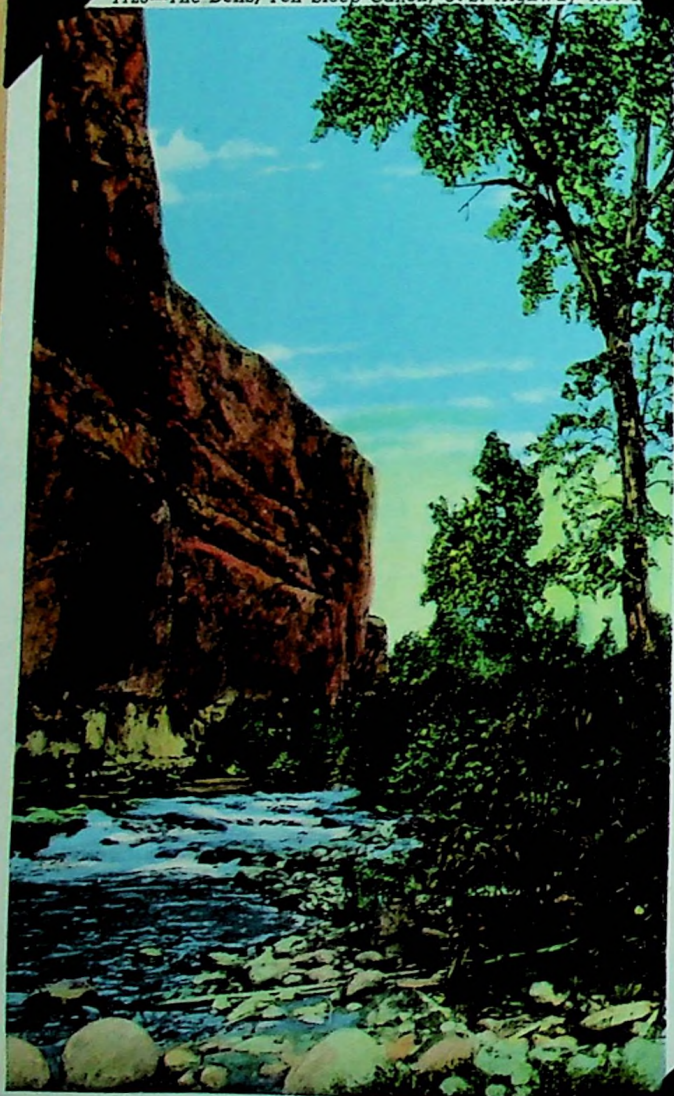


998—Great Cliffs in Ten Sleep Cañon, Wyoming on Black and Yellow Trail



From Worland and Ten Sleep to Buffalo through the Big Horn Mts.

1128—The Dells, Ten Sleep Cañon, U. S. Highway No.



1009-1009





We stopped at Meadows Lake(Ten Sleep Lake) and looked at the monument to the men burned in a forest fire. The Inscription reads "Dedicated to the men trapped in Shoshone Forest Fire Aug. 21, 1957."

"Artificial Meadows Lake, covering basined Ten Sleep Meadows, was formed in the late 1920's by the construction of a dam across East Ten Sleep Creek, to reduce spring high water hazards and to store water for irrigation in Ten Sleep Valley. The mountains on both sides slope to the shore, with no obstructing ledges or cliffs. Rustic lodges stand on the lake shore."



Powder River Pass, Alt. 9666 Ft., Summit of the Big Horn Mountains  
Highway U. S. 16, Wyoming

"Powder River Pass, altitude 9666 ft., also known as Muddy Pass, is the highest point on U. S. 16. Jagged granite peaks thrust upward. Along the forested west slope clear lakes glisten."

From here to the Muddy Ranger Station, about 10 miles, the grade is rather steep. Then we come to a plateau "where long pine slopes, broken by meadows, sweep away in a wide V to dark hilltops. Thousands of acres of meadowland along streams make this one of the most prized grazing areas in Wyoming."



1069—Cloud Peak, Elev. 13,165 Ft., Highest Peak and



Noted Landmark in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming

## OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little  
stronger,  
Out where the smile dwells a little  
longer.

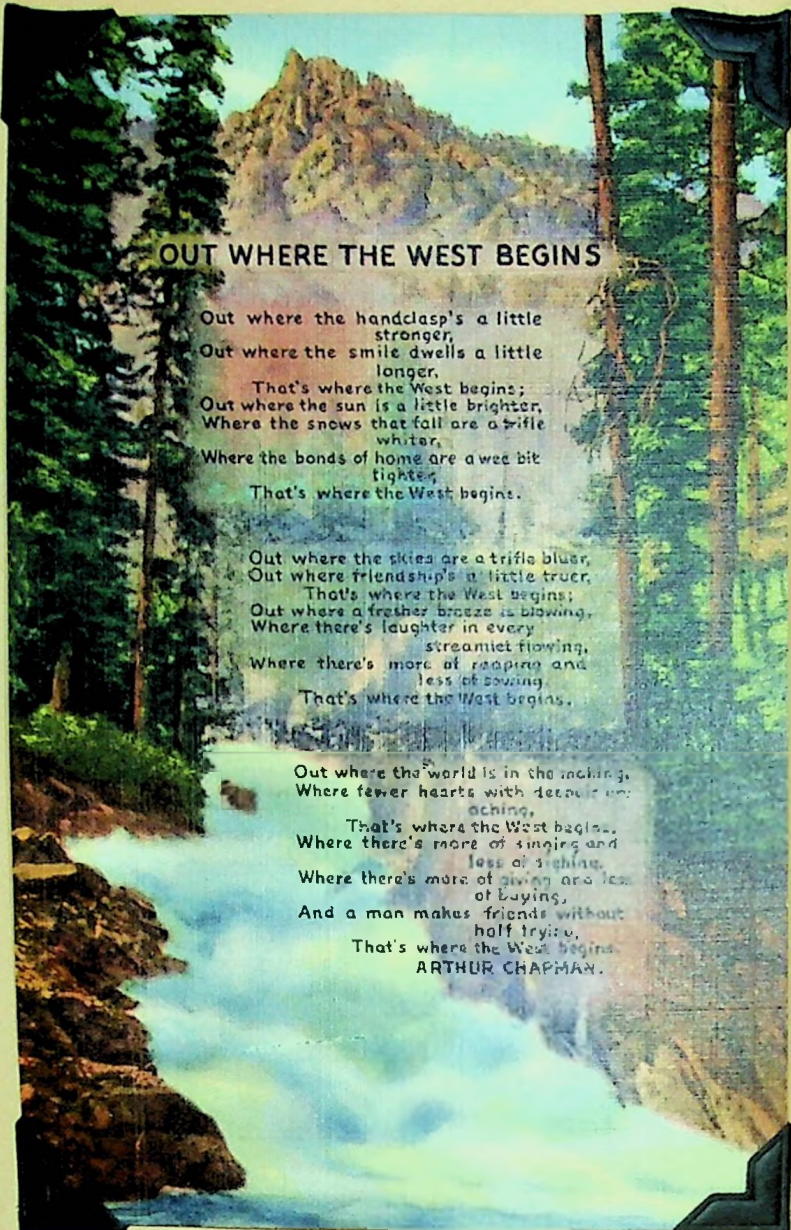
That's where the West begins;  
Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Where the snows that fall are a trifle  
whiter,  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit  
tighter,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
Out where friendship's a little truer,  
That's where the West begins;  
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,  
Where there's laughter in every  
streamlet flowing,  
Where there's more of rapping and  
less of howling,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,  
Where fewer hearts with deeper  
aching,

That's where the West begins,  
Where there's more of singing and  
less of sighing,  
Where there's more of giving and less  
of buying,  
And a man makes friends without  
half trying,  
That's where the West begins.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

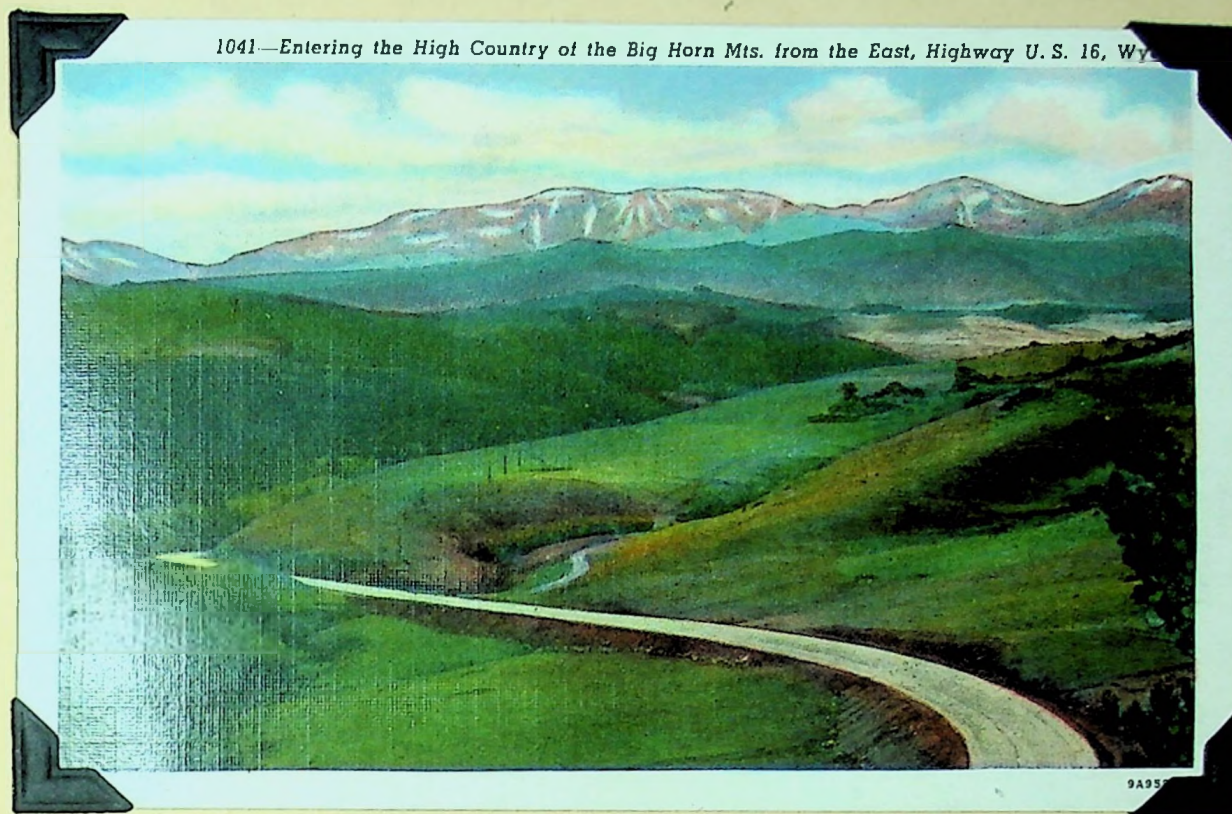


1071—Snow Capped Peaks of the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming





The road descends the mountains through the Clear Creek Canyon. We stopped in Buffalo and got our dinner and bought some post cards and a film.



"Buffalo is a modern ranch-country town which follows the winding cow trail along which the first buildings were erected." Clear Creek runs through the town.



East of Buffalo we saw them making rolled hay bales.

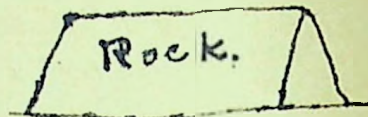
"Ucross, a trading hamlet, bears the name of a cattle brand."



East of Kenarick we crossed the Powder River.

"Spotted Horse, a post office with store and filling station, was named for an Indian Chief." Between Spotted Horse and Gillette we saw a very peculiarly shaped hill which looked like a roof.

"Gillette has a flour mill and oil refinery. In the region around it are more than 50 burning coal mounds, apparently ignited by lightening, by campers' fires or by spontaneous combustion. Indians and trappers who visited the country in the early 1800's reported one deposit burning then. Wide crevasses open above the burning coal."



Eight miles east of Rozat "the road crosses the Texas Trail where a monument commemorates the era when great herds of cattle were brought to Wyoming and Montana to replace the vanishing buffalo.

Moorcroft is on the site of a horse ranch owned by the Miller Brothers, who named it for their English estate, Moorcroft Acres. The town began as a railway station and developed as the trade and shipping center for a large stock-raising area."

We stayed at the Rangeland Court in Moorcroft over night. We stopped at 5:30 having gone 321.5 miles.





Fri. Oct. 29th. Temperature in the car 36°

We left the camp at 7:25 over U. S. 14. It was dark and rainy.

Before we reached Carlile we went over a winding road through timber.

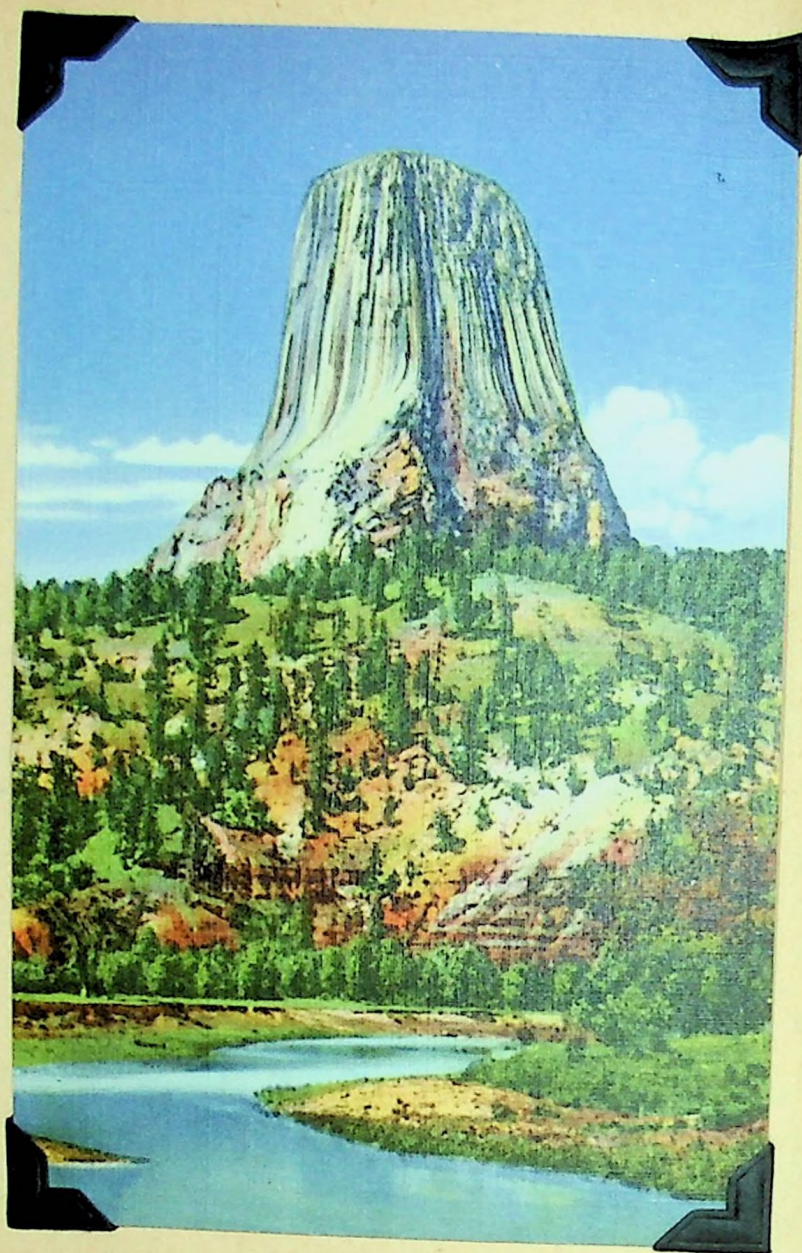
About 4 miles East of Carlile we took a side road to the Devil's Tower National Monument. Near the Devil's Tower we saw some deer beside the road. It was so foggy we could not see the top of the Tower from the parking place so we walked around it to see if we could see it anywhere but could not but at one time we got a glimpse of it nearly to the top. The walk took us 50 minutes. When we came back we went to the museum but altho we could get into the museum we were unable to obtain any information from the caretaker.

"The Devil's Tower Road. A graveled and oil-surfaced road through pines, past neat farms, and over grassy hills to a valley where the road forks. Go left here to the Belle Fourche River from which the road ascends to circle the base of the Tower.

Exhibits in the <sup>Monument</sup> Museum Headquarters and Museum illustrate the Tower's geologic history and explain the several ascents that have been made.

The Devil's Tower, an extraordinary mass of gray igneous rock, is the most conspicuous geologic feature of the Black Hills Region. It rises 600 feet above a rounded ridge of sedimentary rocks, which itself rises 600 ft. above the Belle Fourche River. The nearly flat crest is elliptical, with a diameter varying from 60 to 100 feet. The columns forming the sides of the Tower are sharply fluted; near the top they are somewhat rounded, and near the bottom they have considerable outward flare. The fluting gives the Tower the appearance of a gigantic petrified stump. Many of the columns are broken off part way up; near the top, their symmetry has been marred by erosion and irregular exfoliation. Phonolite, of which the







Tower is composed, is a volcanic rock, similar to granite. It is named for ringing sound emitted when a slab is struck.

The base of the Tower, about 1700 feet in diameter, is surrounded by solid bench rock extending outward 30 or 40 feet.

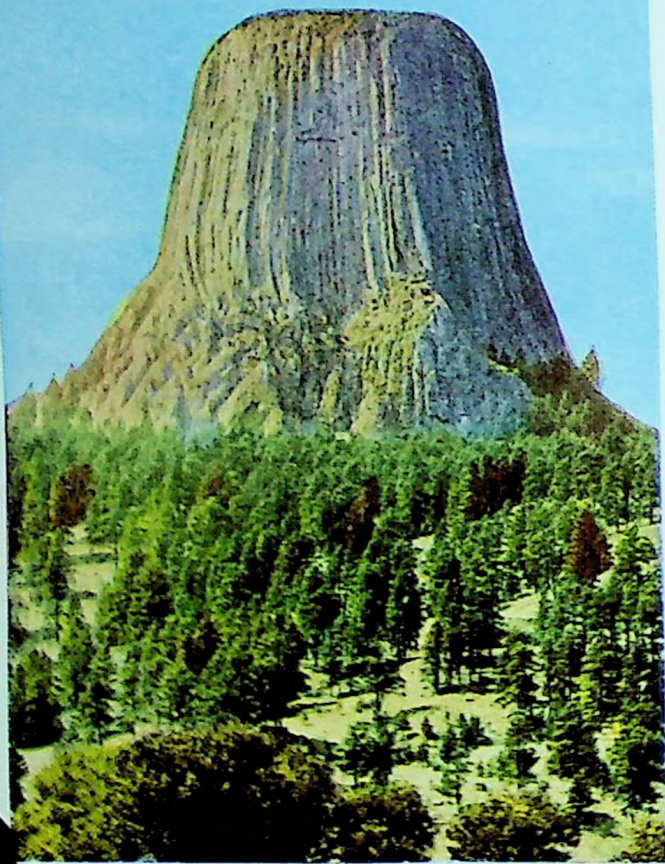
The Tower was a landmark of the Sioux who called it Mato Tipi (Bear Lodge). Near it Sitting Bull made medicine and received, according to his nephew White Bull, the god's assurance of victory in one of his greatest campaigns. Sioux legend tell that three maidens gathering wild flowers here were beset by bears. To escape, they climbed up on a large boulder; the gods, seeing their distress, made the rock higher. As the bears tried to climb the rock, it continued rising, until at last the bears fell and were killed. The girls braided their flowers into a rope, by means of which they reached the plain. The channels in the tower walls are the marks left by the bear's claws.

Another version of the legend is told by I-seo-o, a Kiowa scout. The Kiowa were camped on a stream far to the north, where many bears lived. One day the bears chased seven little girls who were playing at a distance from the village. The girls jumped upon a low rock and prayed: 'Rock, take pity on us! Rock, save us!' The rock shot upward, and, when the bears jumped at it they broke their claws and fell to the ground. The rock rose higher and higher until the children were pushed up to the sky, where they remained. They are known to white men as the Seven Sisters or the Pleiades.

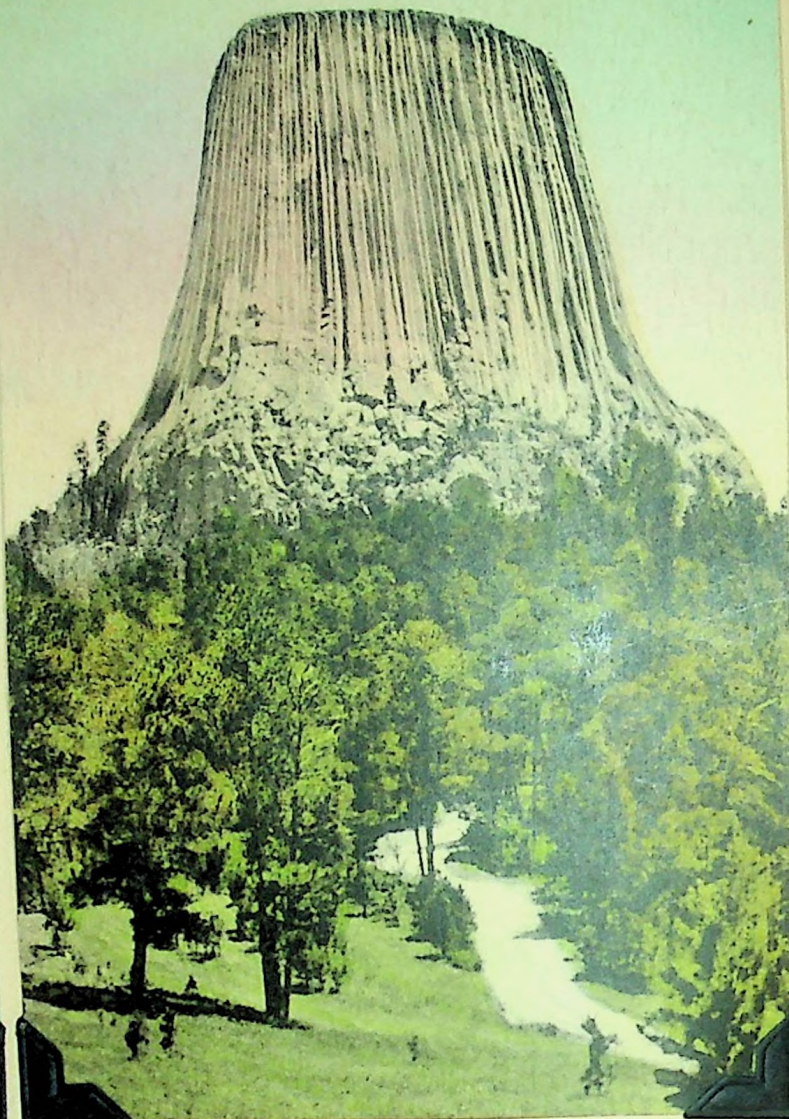
Pioneers used the tower as a landmark during their exploration of the Northwest, and, during the wars in the Sioux and Crow country, military leaders directed their marches by its aid. It is visible in some directions for nearly 100 miles.

President Theodore Roosevelt made the 1153 acre tower area the country's





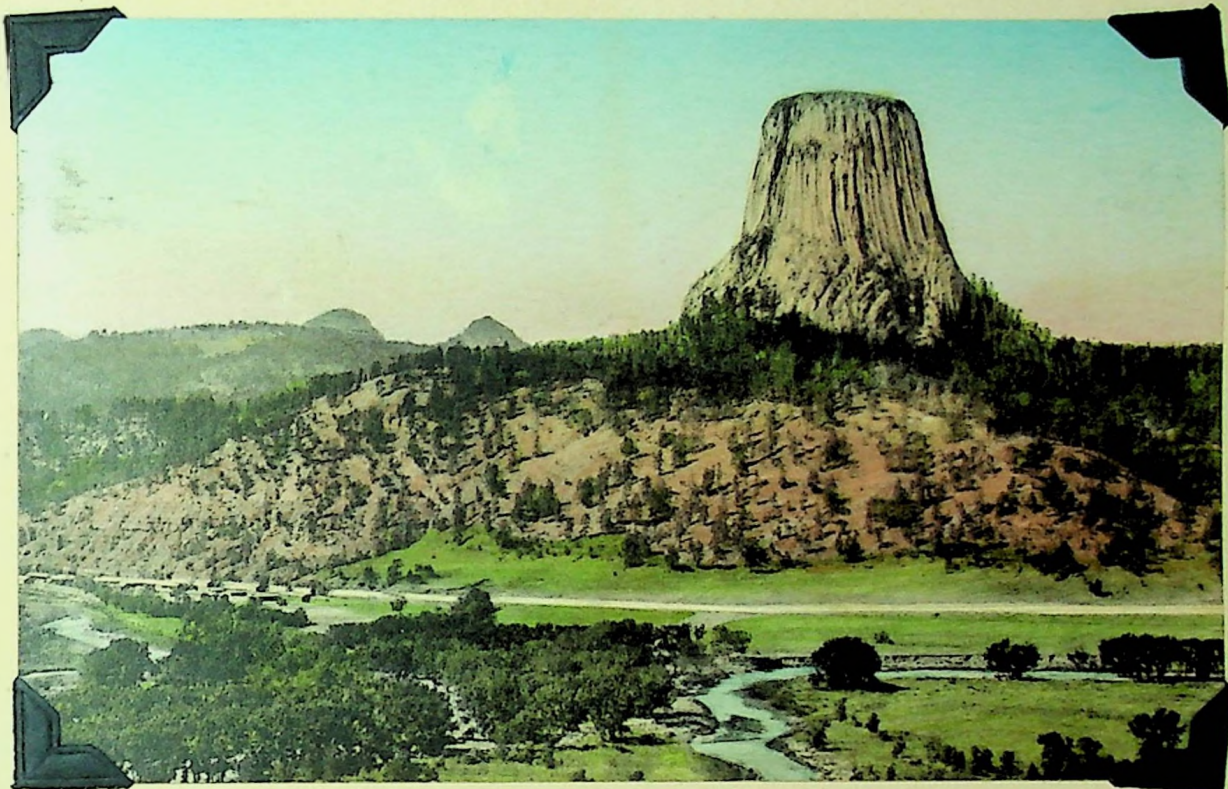
10. "The Devil's Tower," 800 Ft. High, One Mile Around Base



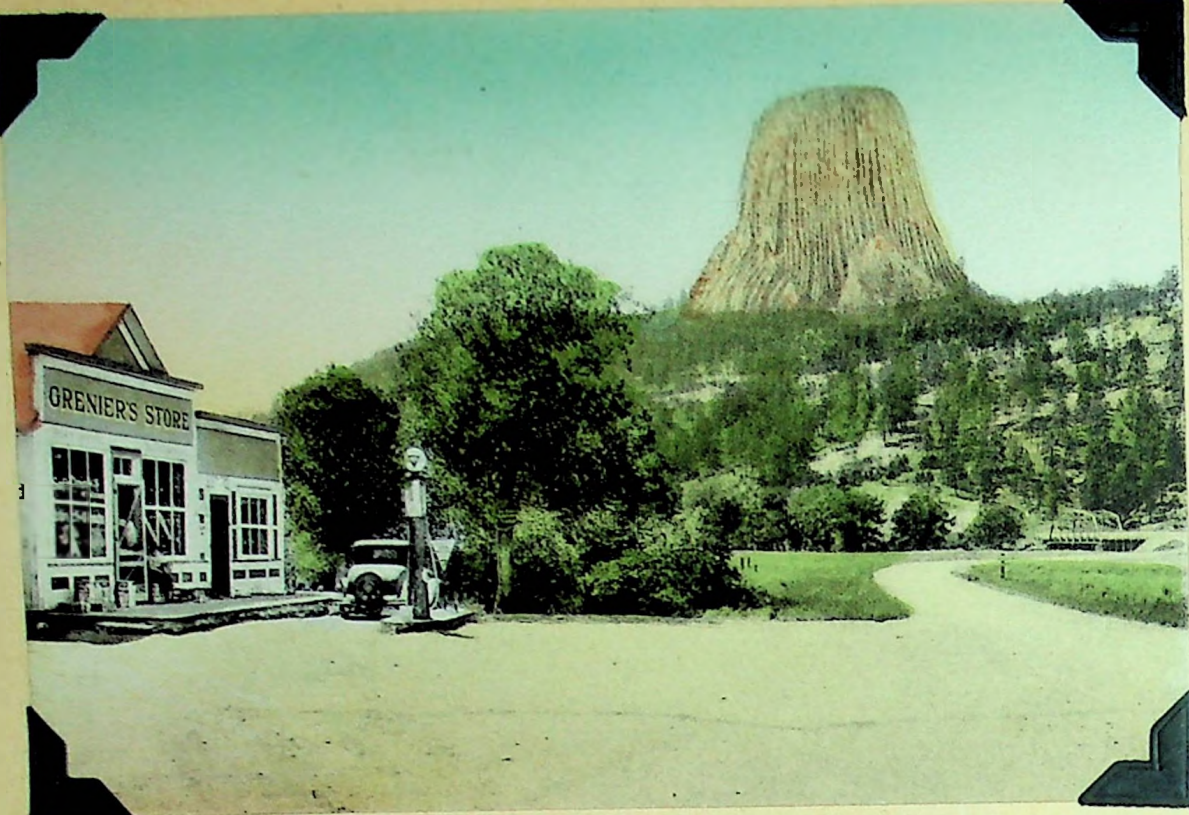


first national monument, Sept. 24, 1906. Few persons have scaled the Tower.

The Belle Fourche River, which is near the Tower was called the Bear Lodge River by the Indians. "Because the wooded hills kept out cold winds and because game, wild fruit, fish, pasturage, and firewood were plentiful the Indians spent many winters along it" Belle Fourche is French meaning Beautiful Fork."







On the way ~~out~~ from the Tower back to U. S. 14 we stopped at Grenier's Store to buy cards, gasoline, and souvenirs.



The fog along U. S. 14 was very bad but it cleared before we reached Sundance.

"Sundance is the smallest county seat in Wyoming. Stage lines connect it with Upton and Moorcroft. The town lies between Sundance Mountain and the Bear Lodge Range. Photographs of it, taken from the north, are sometimes mistaken for views of Oberammergau, the Bavarian village of the Passion Play."

East of Sundance is a monument which reads; "Commemorating the passage of the Custer expedition to the Black Hills - 1871. Dedicated by the Historic Landmark Commission of Wyoming, 1940."



"Beulah, a streamside trading center, was the scene of an early skirmish between the Sioux, under White Bull, and a party of emigrants from Iowa. Reinforcements from Spearfish, S.Dak. rescued them after two nights of siege."

Montana Lake which is almost at the state line, "was named for the Montana Expedition into the Black Hills. Some of the expedition's engineers were attacked here by Indians and forced to abandon their survey."

East of Spearfish it was foggy again for awhile. When the fog lifted it began to drizzle and except when it really rained, it drizzled most of the day. we remarked how very red the soil along the road was, also how red the hills looked.



7.—Spearfish Crossing, Spearfish Canyon, Black Hills, So. Dak.



Spearfish Canyon

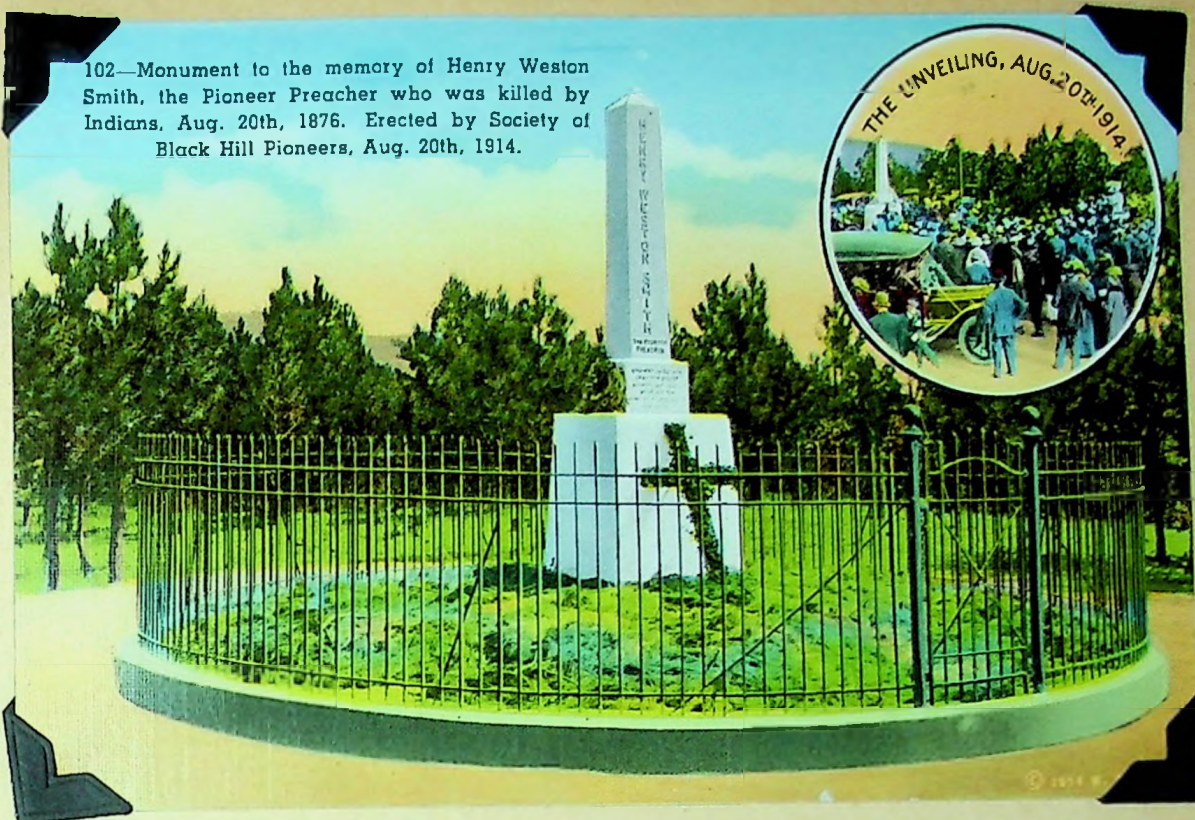


241 Spearfish Canyon, Black Hills, So. Dak.

7A-H-2537



102—Monument to the memory of Henry Weston Smith, the Pioneer Preacher who was killed by Indians, Aug. 20th, 1876. Erected by Society of Black Hill Pioneers, Aug. 20th, 1914.



Before we came to Deadwood we stopped at the monument to Henry Weston Smith, the Pioneer Preacher who was killed by Indians, Aug. 20th, 1876. The monument was erected by Society of Black Hills Pioneers, Aug. 20th, 1914.

Near Deadwood we left U.S. 14 and took Alt. U. S. 85. At Deadwood we drove to Mt. Moria Cemetery and saw the graves of Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane and Rev. Smith. This cemetery on the sides and top of a steep hill. It had rained enough so the soil was very slippery and also very wet. We got out of the car and slid and climbed to find the graves. Most of the graves have a stone retaining wall around them to keep them level. The whole cemetery was a very interesting place but it was raining too hard and was too bad under foot for us to walk very far. As we had no rubbers we had to do considerable wiping and scraping before we could get back into the car.

The inscription on the monument for Rev. Smith reads:

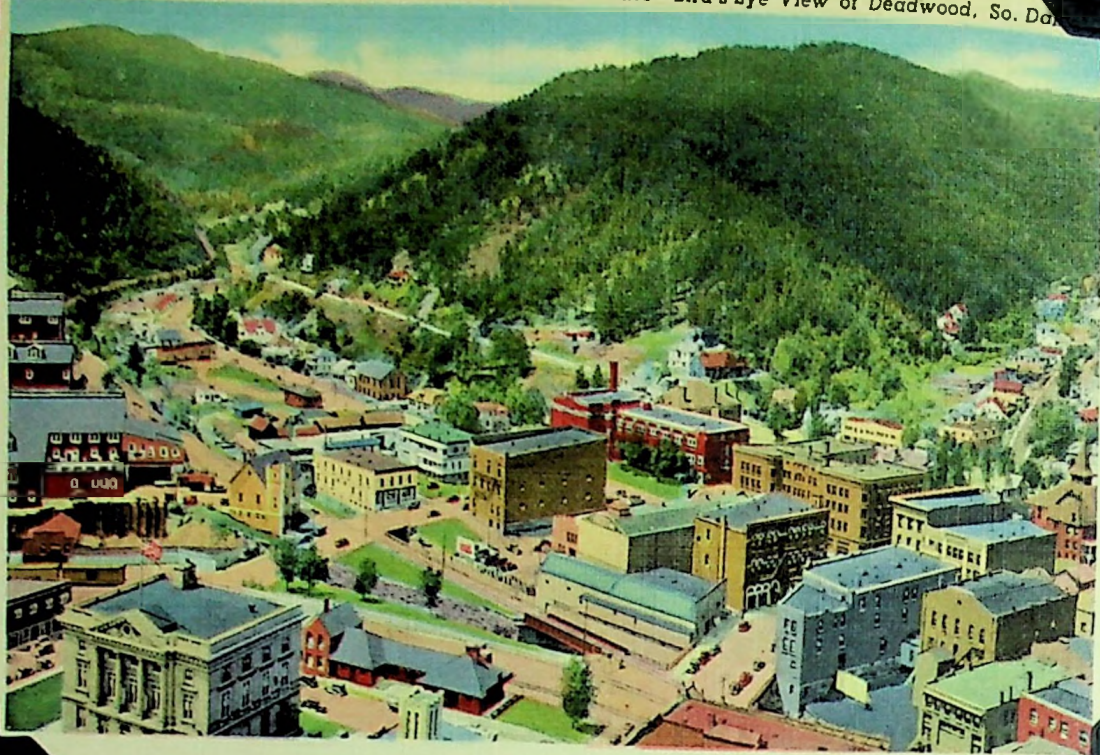
"Conn. 1827

Dak. 1876

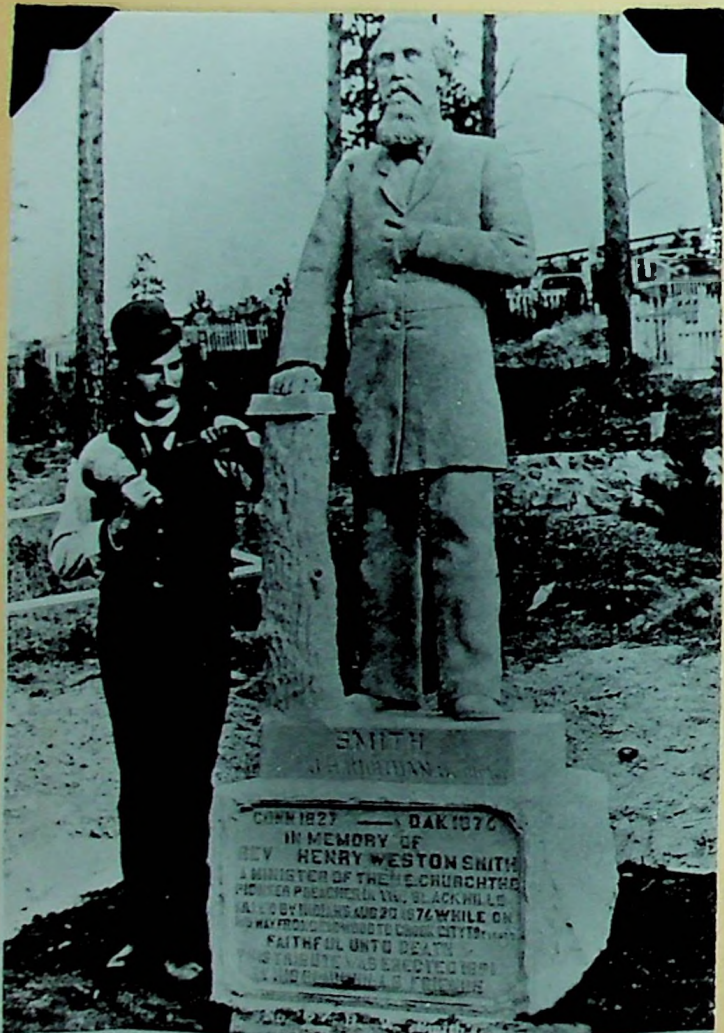
In memory of Rev. Henry Weston Smith, a minister of the M. E. Church, the pioneer preacher in the Black Hills, killed by Indians Aug. 20, 1876, while on his way from Deadwood to Cook City to preach faithful unto death.

This tribute was erected by his Black hills friends."





7A-H



FIRST MONUMENT OF PREACHER SMITH  
KILLED BY INDIANS NEAR DEADWOOD  
1876.





"Calamity Jane (Martha Canary) was born in Princeton, Mo. May 1, 1852. She came to Virginia City, Mont. with her parents in 1865 at the height of the Alder Gulch stampede. She became a scout for the U. S. Army in Indian campaigns, a prospector, a crack shot, and an expert horsewoman. No chronicler had drawn Calamity as a great lover, though sentimental journalists have tried to make something of her friendship with Wild Bill Hickok. She was given to shooting up saloons and to raising hell with tongue and quirt. Old-timers in Castle, Mont. where she kept a restaurant in her later years, and in other towns, remember very little good of her, but in fiction she lives on as the keen-eyed courageous, uproaring daughter of the old West."



26 Calamity Jane, Notorious Frontier Character  
Gen. Crook's Scout.

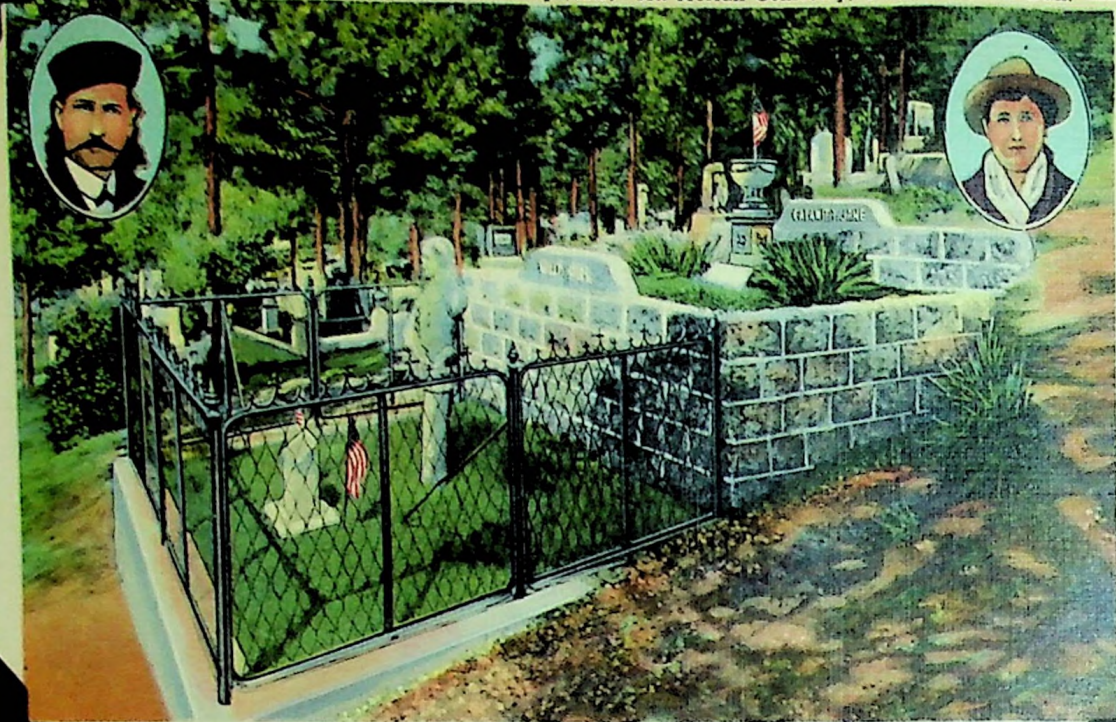


77—"Wild Bill," winner of 32 pistol duels, the quickest and best pistol shot that ever lived. Buried in Mt. Moriah Cemetery, Deadwood, Black Hills, S. D.

COPYRIGHTED 1908 BY W. B. PERKINS, JR.

Wild Bill Hickok was shot in Rapid City.





We took some pictures but the day was so bad they did not turn out so very clear. We ate our dinner in the Black Hills Cafe and then while Gilbert went to the garage to get the car when they had finished greasing the rest of us bought pictures and post cards.

Across the street from the cafe where we ate was a sign reading: "Preacher Smith delivered his last sermon here Aug. 20-1876."

Leaving Deadwood we went down quite a steep hill called "Strawberry Hill". It was raining so hard we could not see very far but what we could



See was pretty.

We went past a "Timber Sale Area". A sign beside the road said: "Timber was harvested from this area in 1905. A second crop will be ready for cutting in the near future."

At Sheridan we passed Sheridan Lake and 2 miles before we reached Hill City we passed Mitchell Lake. A few miles after going through Hill City we entered Custer State Park. We passed Horse Thief Inn which, for a sign, had a man hanging from a tree beside the road. We went through Hodd Tunnel and around Sylvan Lake.



Sylvan Lake, Custer State Park



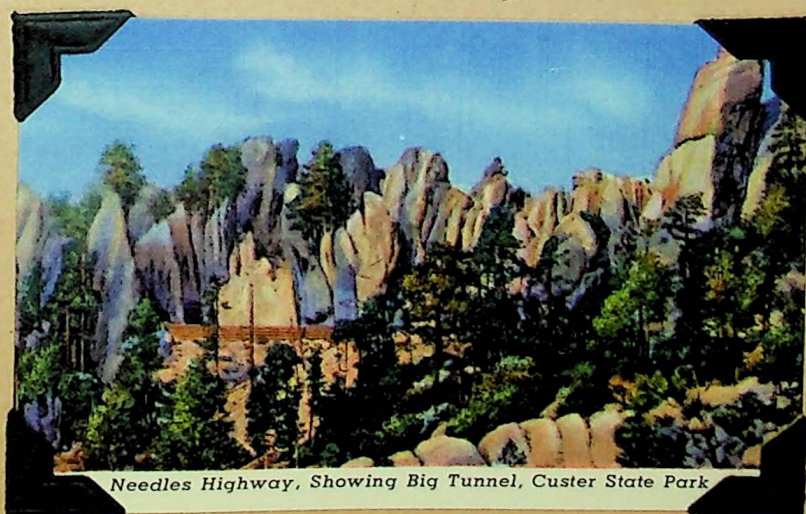
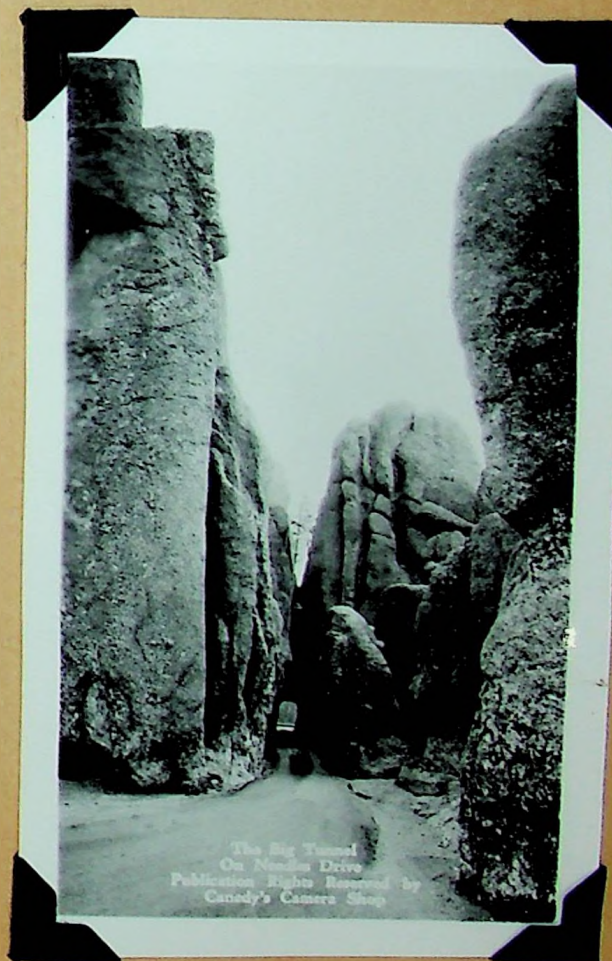
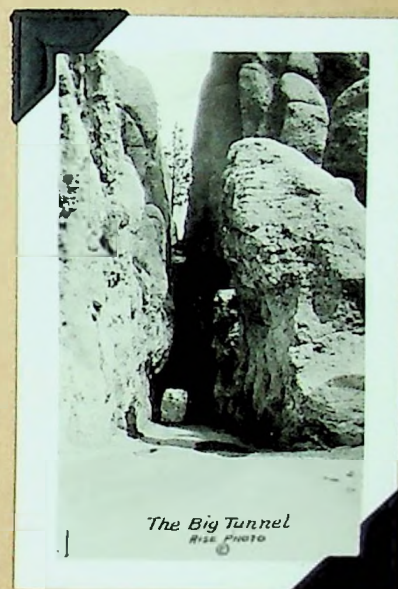
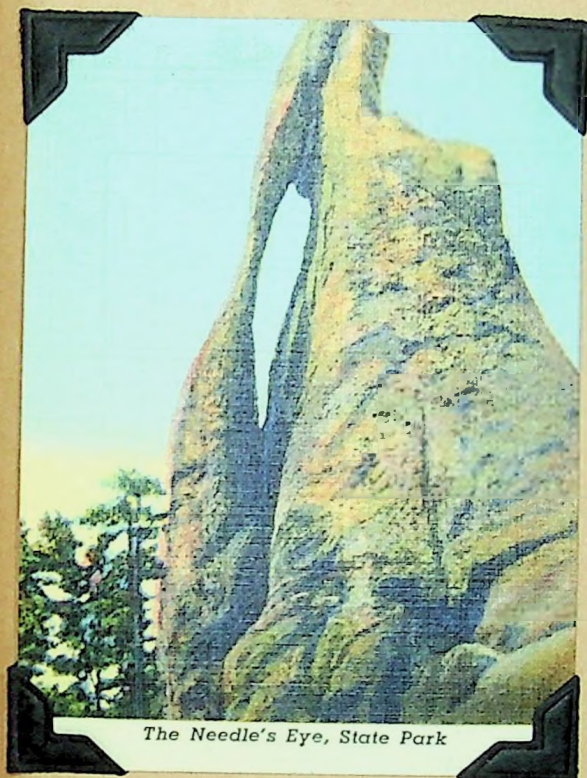
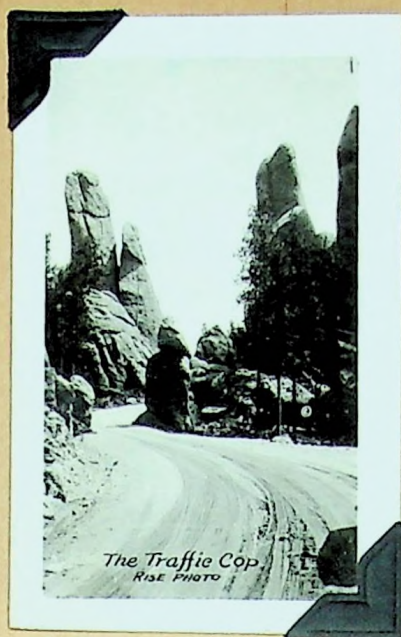
Reflection, Sylvan Lake





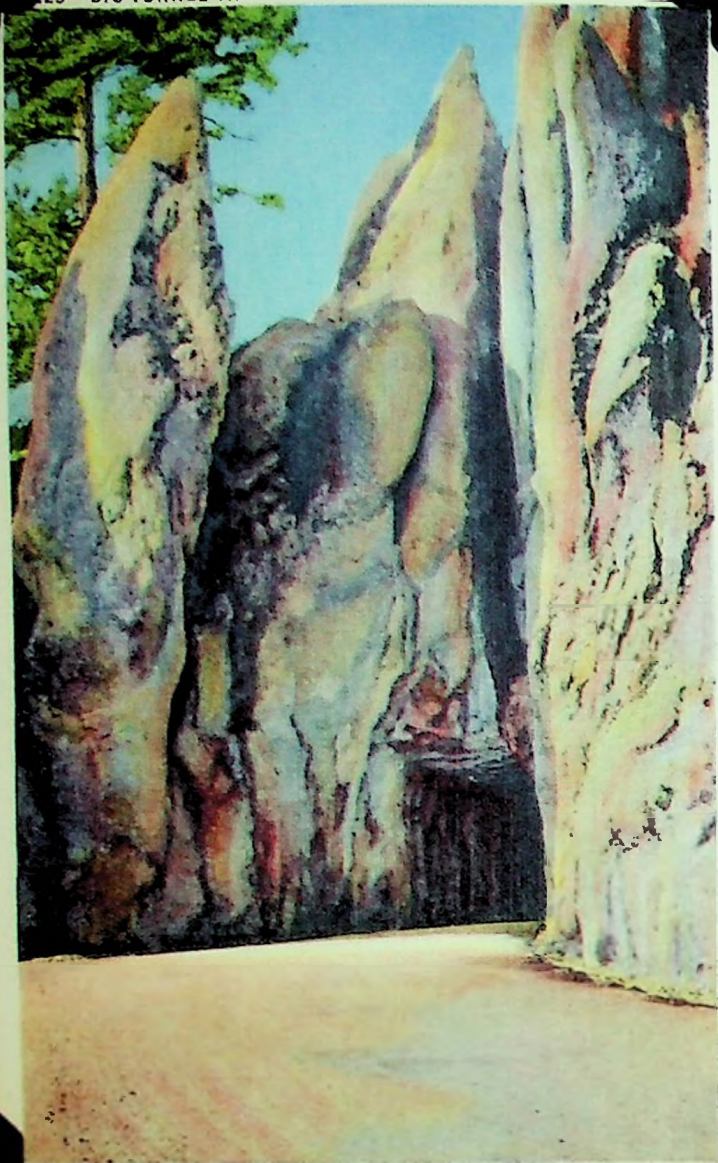
We went through Paradise Gate at the entrance to the Needles Drive. We saw the Traffic Cop Rock and the Needles Eye, went through Needles Eye Tunnel, saw Granite Point, Dog Face Rock, and Totem Pole Rock and many others.







23 BIG TUNNEL THROUGH THE NEEDLES, CUSTER STATE PARK

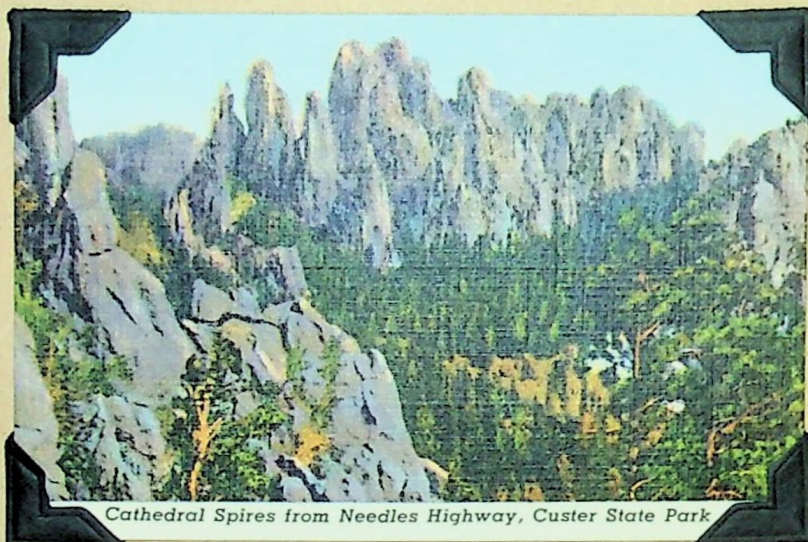


BLACK HILLS, SO. DAK.

2A-ME



Tunnel on Needles Highway, Custer State Park



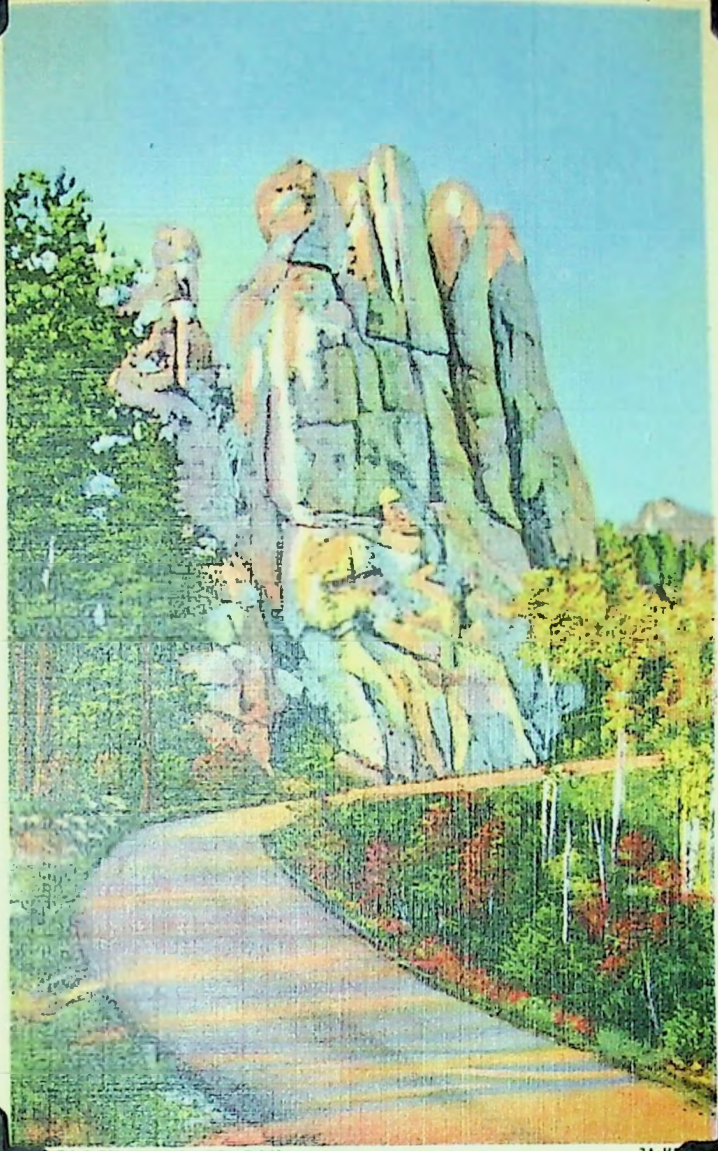
Cathedral Spires from Needles Highway, Custer State Park



Cathedral Spires  
Black Hills, So. Dak.  
Publication Rights Reserved  
By Canedy's Camera Shop



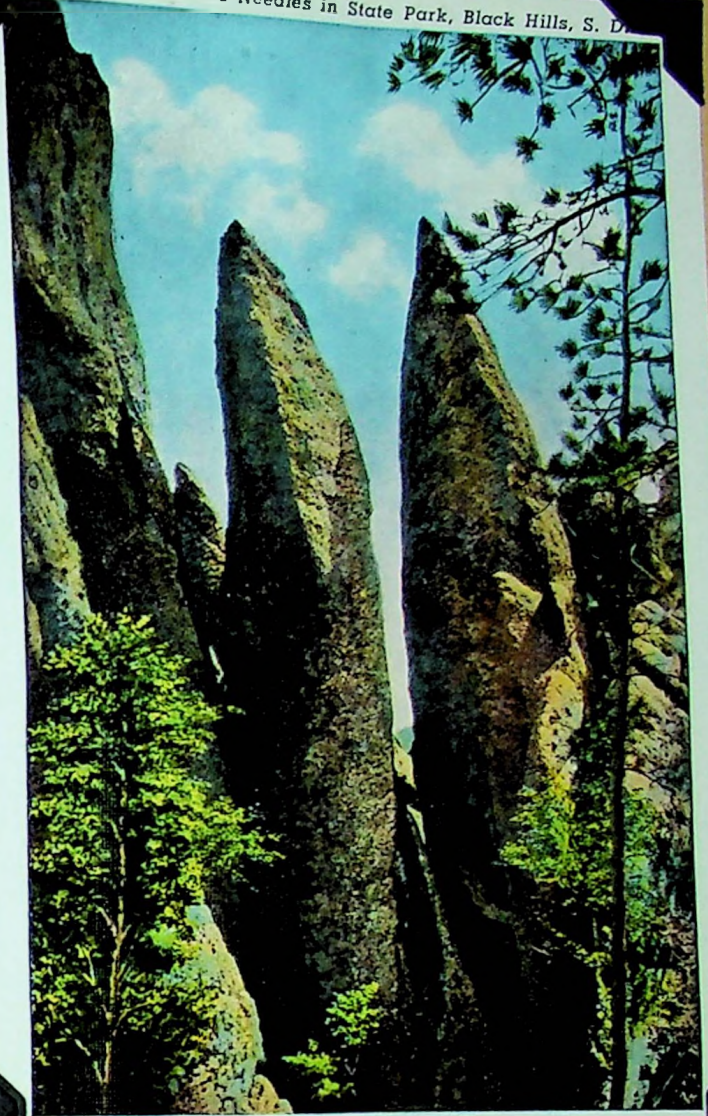
25 THE CHESSMEN ON NEEDLES ROAD, CUSTER STATE PARK,



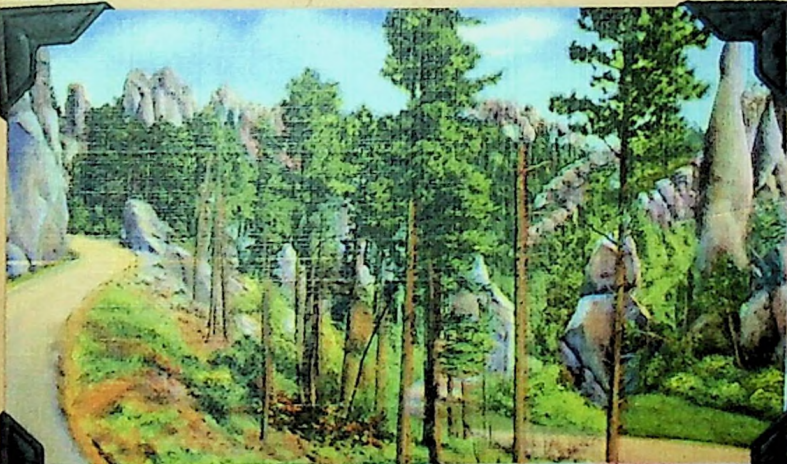
BLACK HILLS, SO. DAK.

2A-H

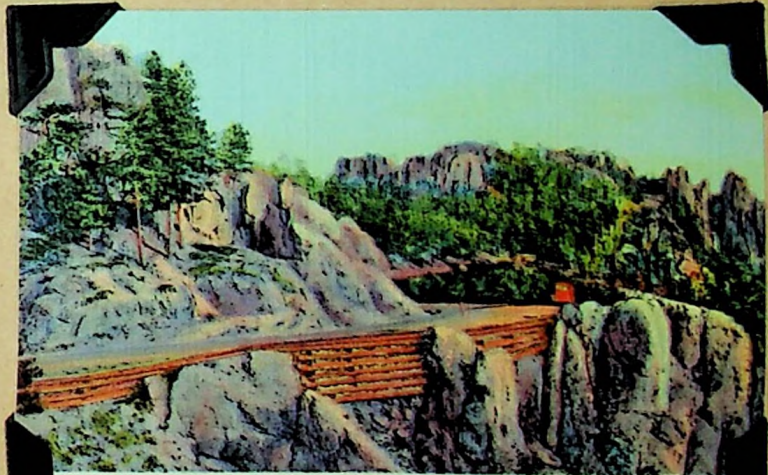
68—Among the Needles in State Park, Black Hills, S. D.



102084



Hairpin Curve on Needles Highway, Custer State Park



Curve on Needles Highway



Horseshoe Curve  
Rise Photo

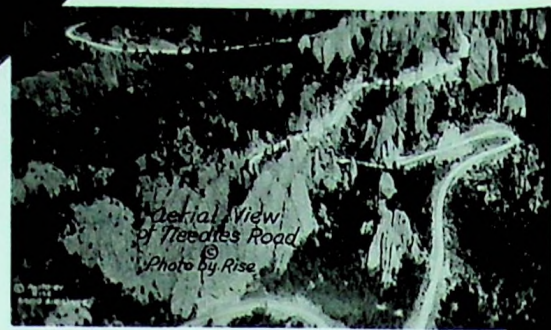


Thru the Needles





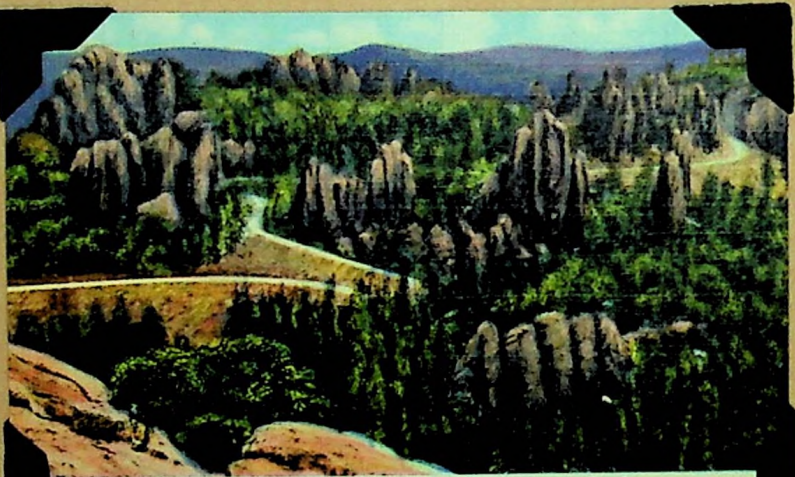
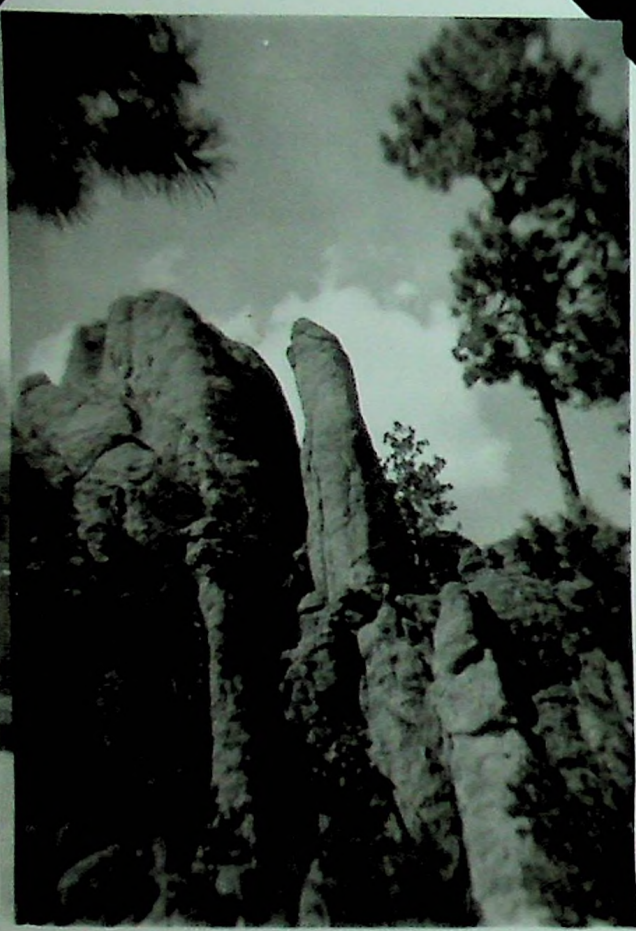
The Needles On The Needles Hiway  
 Publication Rights Reserved by  
 Canedy's Camera Shop



Aerial View  
 of Needles Road  
 Photo by Rise



The Sentinel  
 Rise Photo



Scene on the Needles Road, Custer State Park



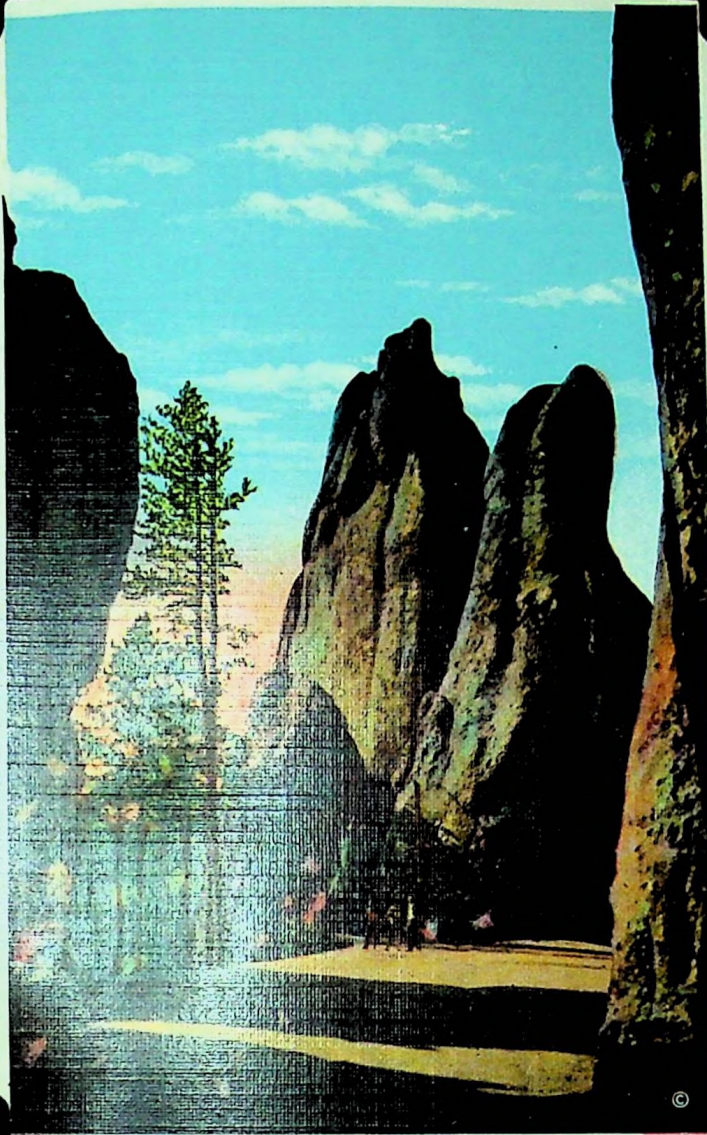
Along the Needles  
 Road - Black Hills  
 Rise photo



The Lookout  
 on the Needles  
 Road photo

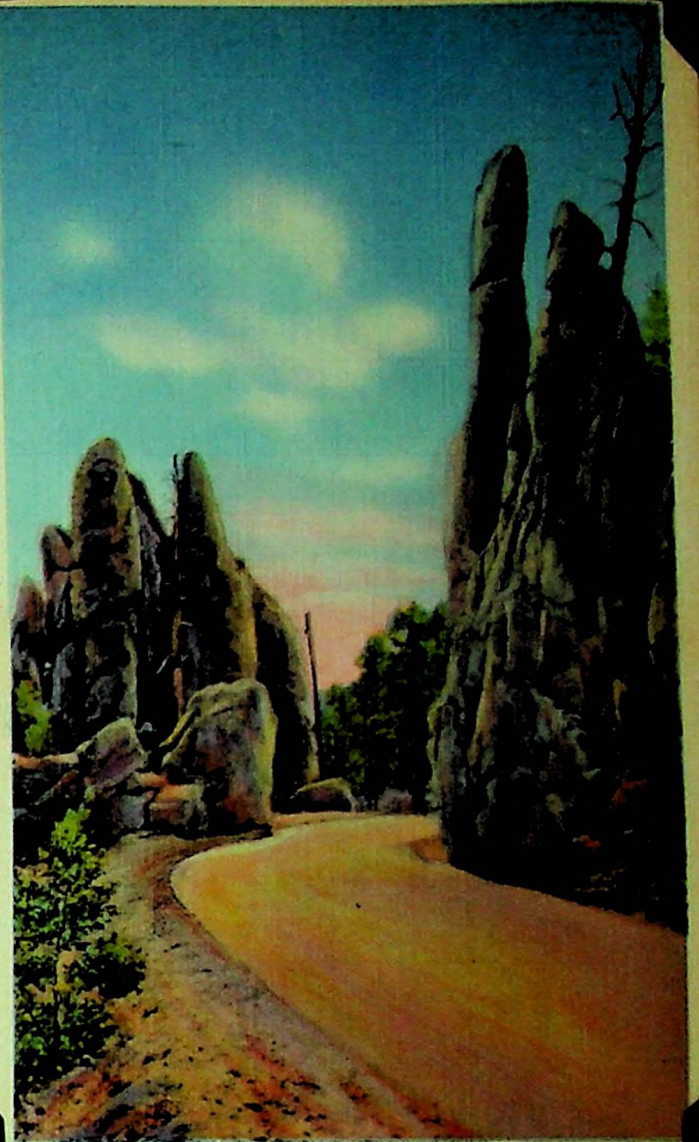


The Rock Formation at the Needles, State Park, Black Hills, S.



OA408

24 THE PINNACLES, NEEDLES HIGHWAY, CUSTER STATE PARK,



BLACK HILLS, SO. DAK.

2A-1

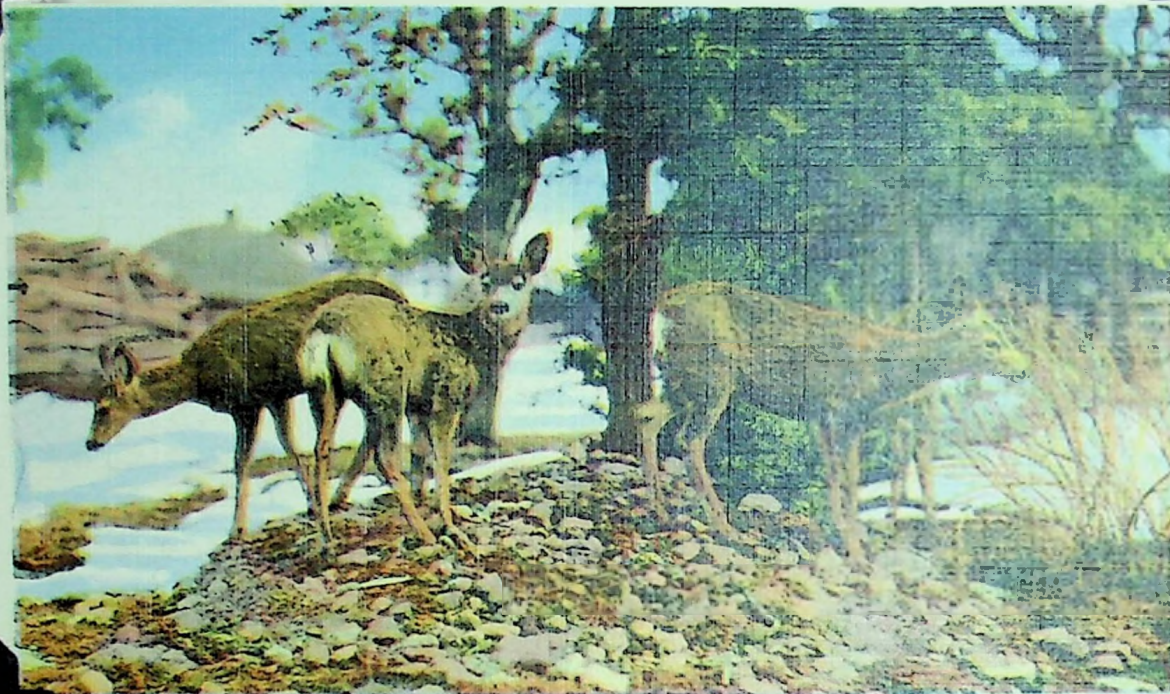




We went through the Iron Creek Tunnel and past the Game Lodge which was once President Coolidge's summer White House. Near the Game Lodge and after turning onto U. S. 16, The Iron Mountain Drive, we saw many deer and Big Horn Sheep.

THE DEER ARE PLENTIFUL HERE

S-415



SA-11

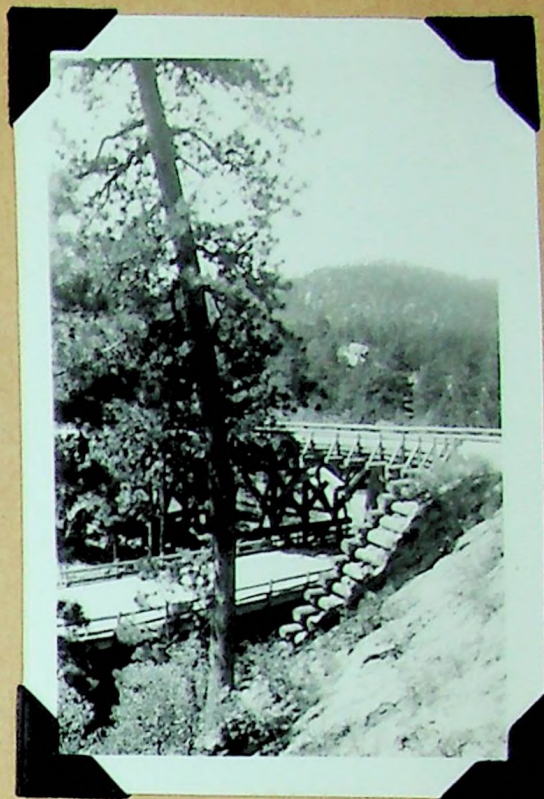


Tunnel and Bridge on Iron Mountain Road

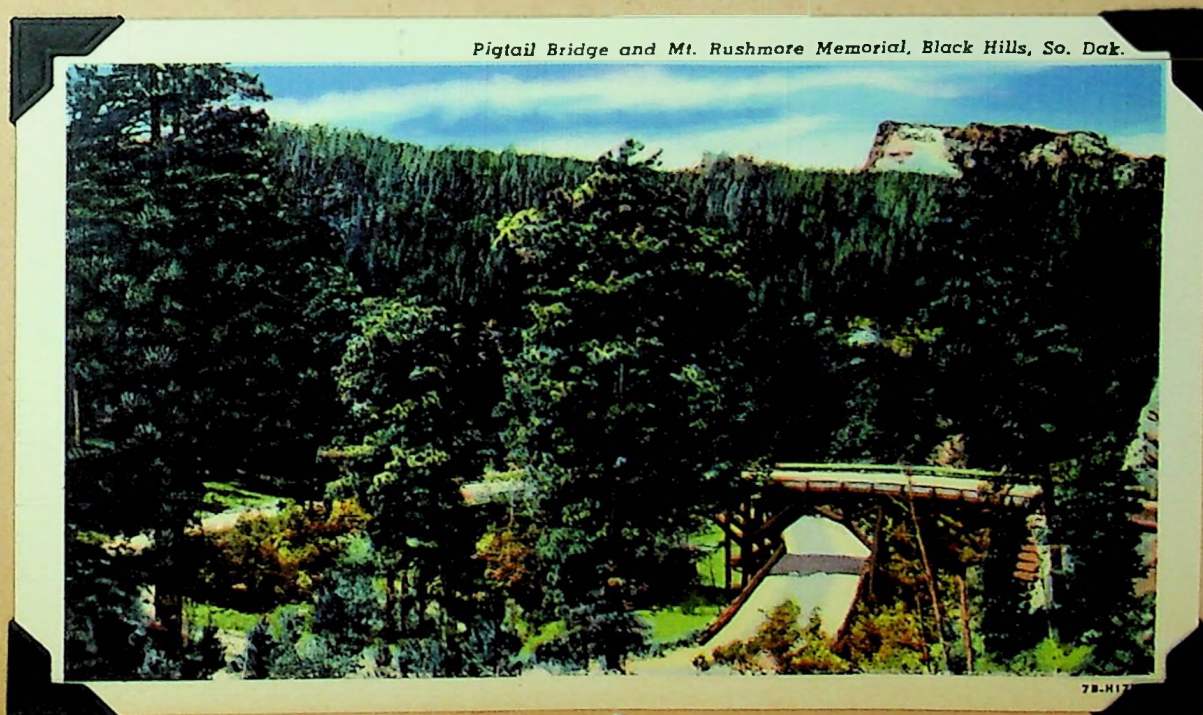




le Spirals on Iron Mountain Highway to Mt. Rushmore Memo

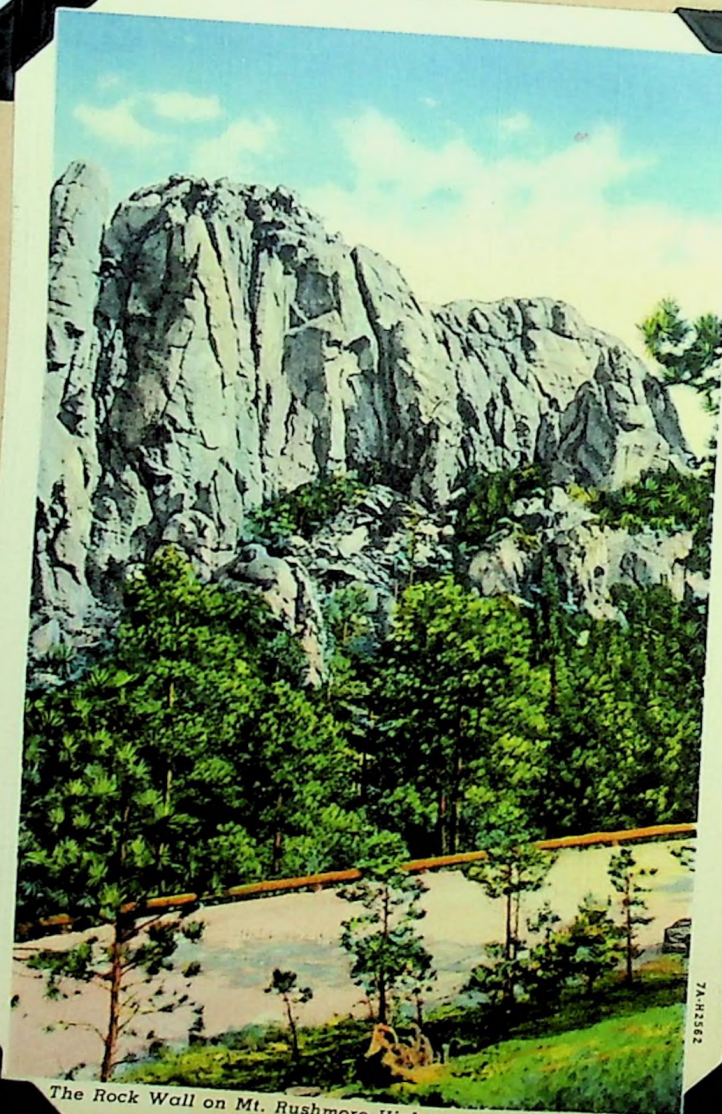


Rushmore Memorial from Spiral Bridge on Iron Mountain Ro



Pigtail Bridge and Mt. Rushmore Memorial, Black Hills, So. Dak.





The Rock Wall on Mt. Rushmore Highway, Black Hills, So.



238—Scene from Grand View Point on Mt. Rushmore Highway, Black Hills, So. Dak.



7A-M



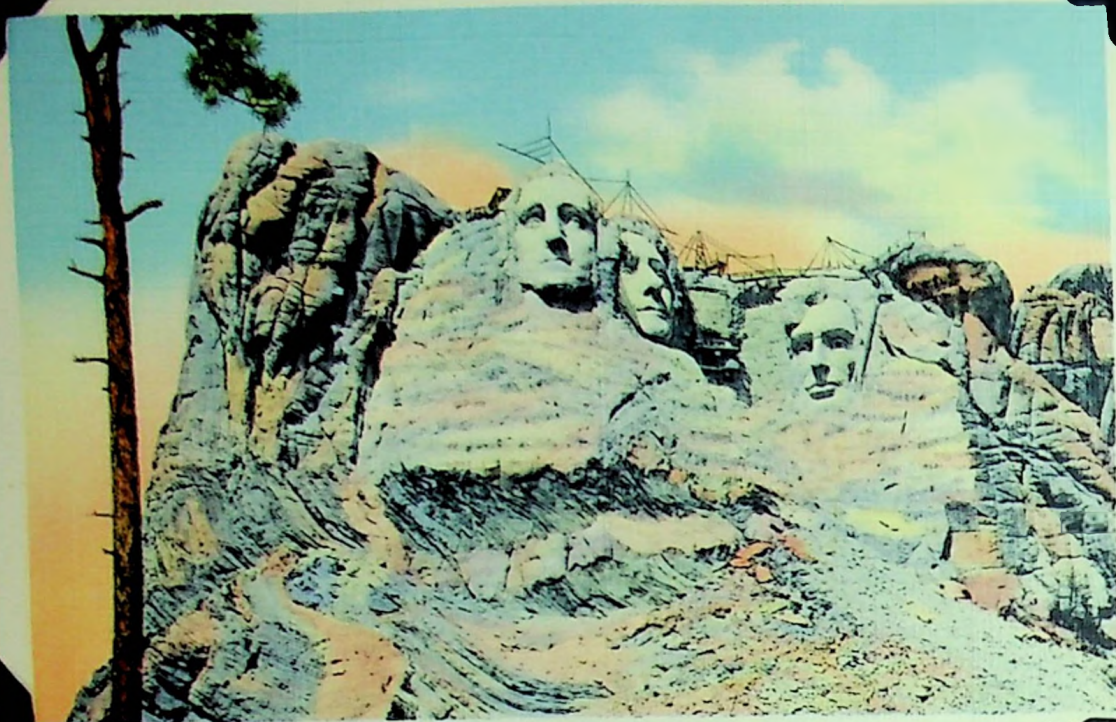
237 View on Mt. Rushmore Highway, Black Hills, So. Dak.

7A-N

We reached Mt. Rushmore just at dusk. Everything was closed for the Winter so we could not get into any of the buildings and it was too late to see all we would have liked to but we were in time to see it very well.

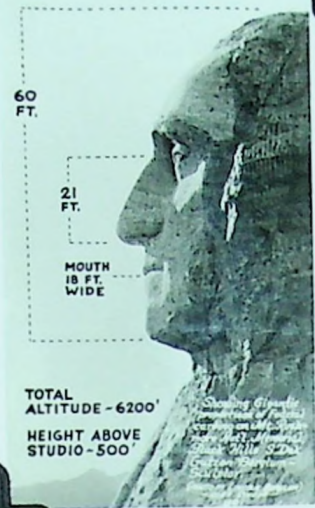




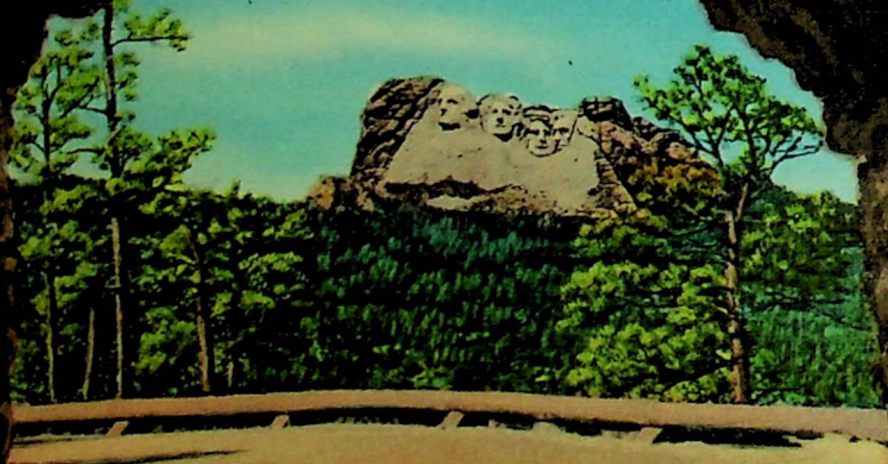


4 Mt. Rushmore Memorial, Black Hills, So. Dak.

BA-H



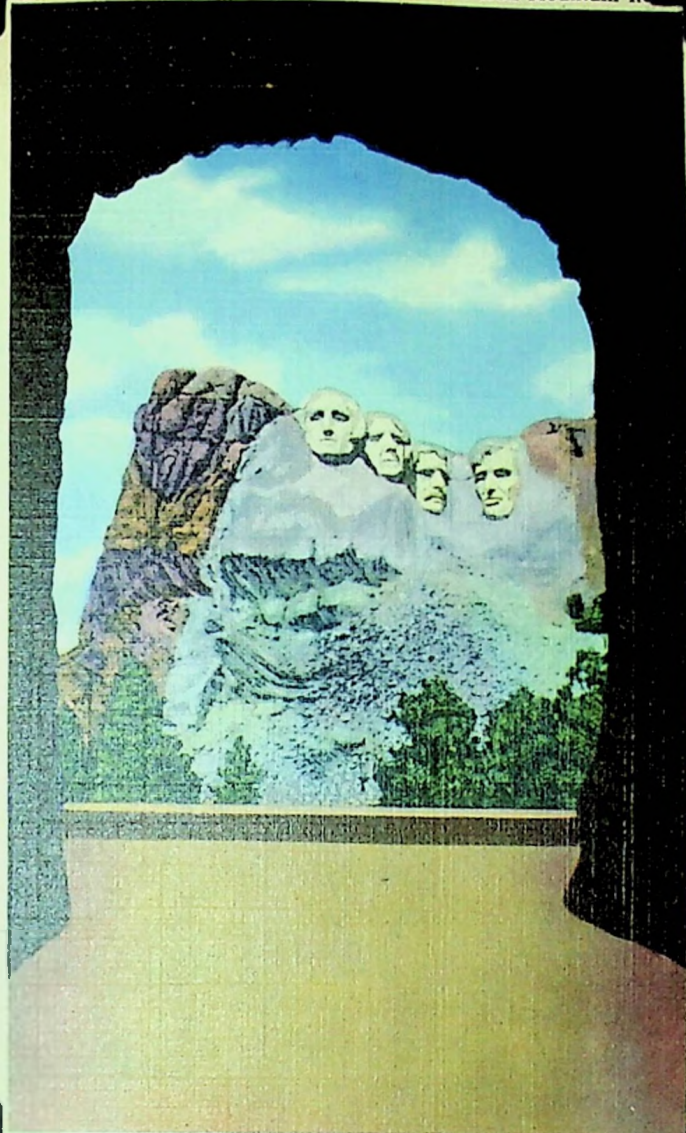
108-MT. RUSHMORE MEMORIAL THROUGH THE TUNNE  
ON IRON MOUNTAIN ROAD.  
BLACK HILLS, SOUTH DAKOTA



MT. RUSHMORE

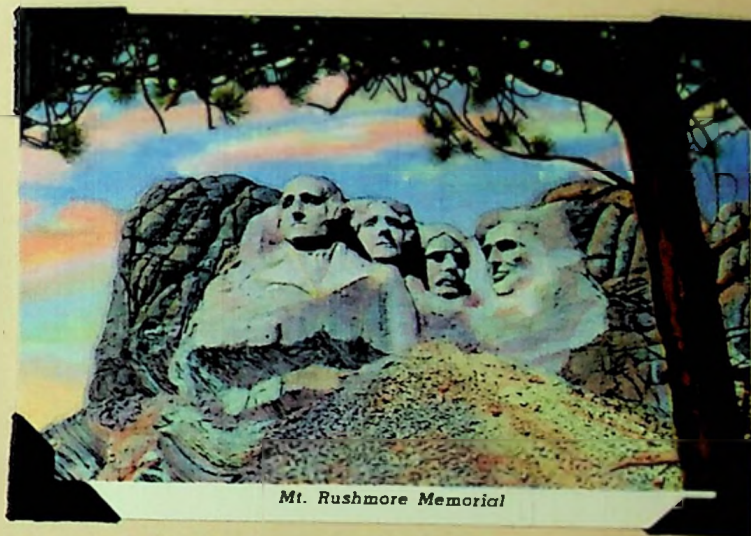


Mt. Rushmore Memorial from Tunnel on Iron Mountain R.



78-11154

Black Hills, So. Dak.



Mt. Rushmore Memorial





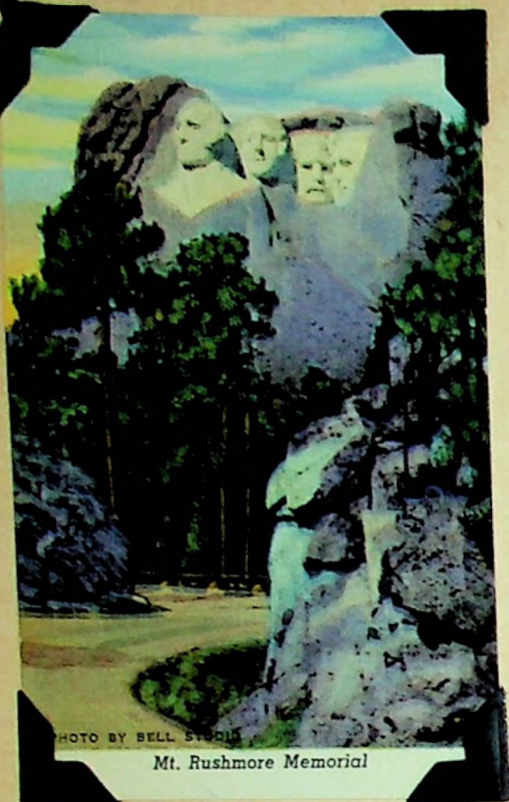
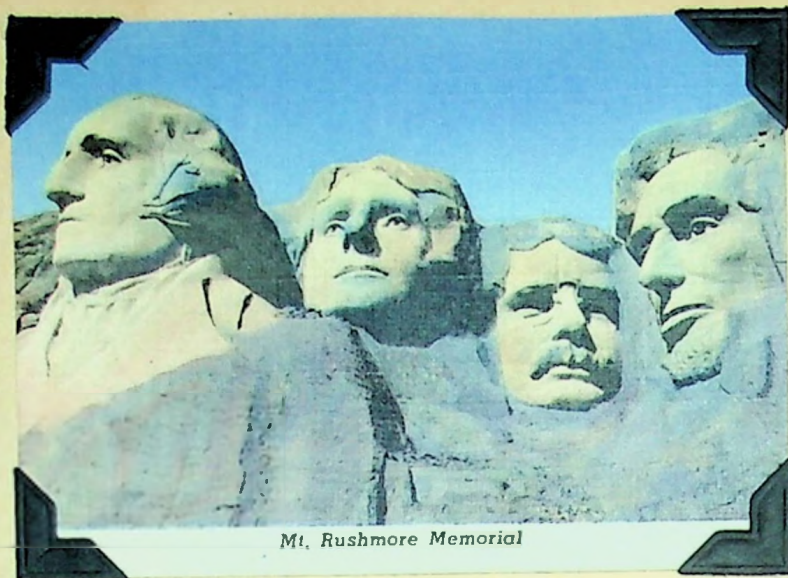


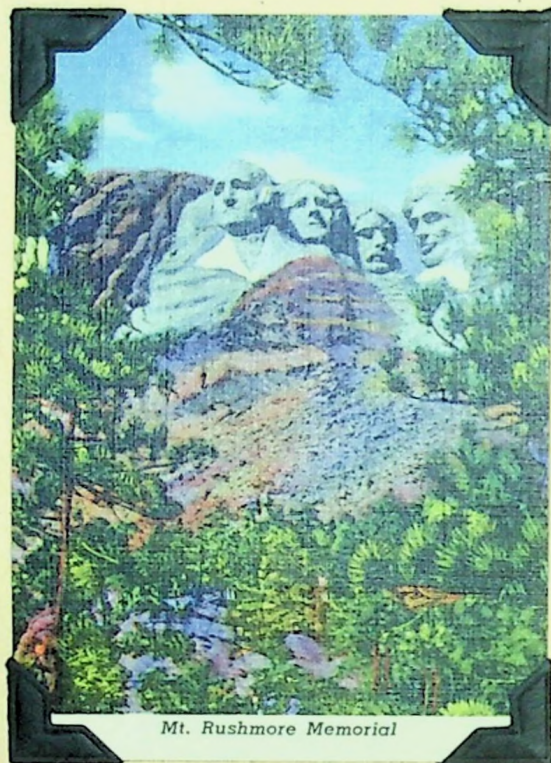
PHOTO BY BELL STUDIO  
Mt. Rushmore Memorial



Mt. Rushmore Memorial



PHOTO BY BELL STUDIO  
Mt. Rushmore Memorial



Mt. Rushmore Memorial

We reached Rapid City at 6:00 o'clock and found a cabin at the Gate City Camp. Irene, Gilbert, Edward and Moulton went out for their dinner. I stayed at the cabin and ate a lunch. Our mileage for the day was 239.4 miles.

Sat. Oct. 30th. Temperature in the car 28 at 7:00 o'clock. Rained nearly all night but was clear now.

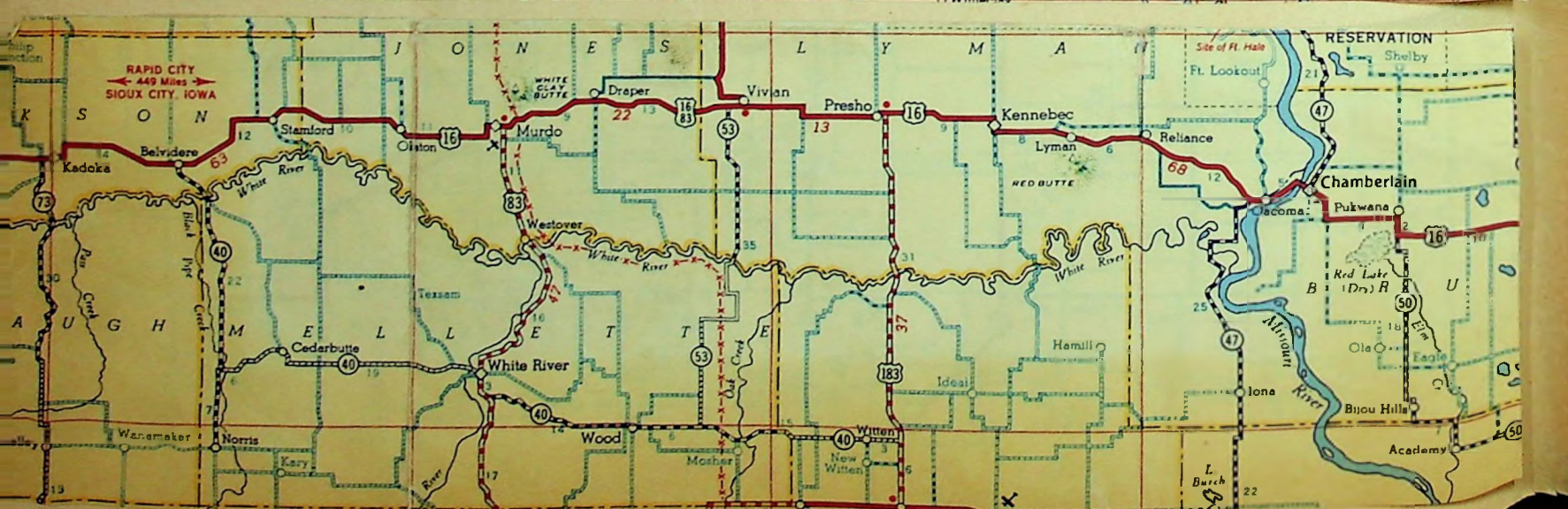
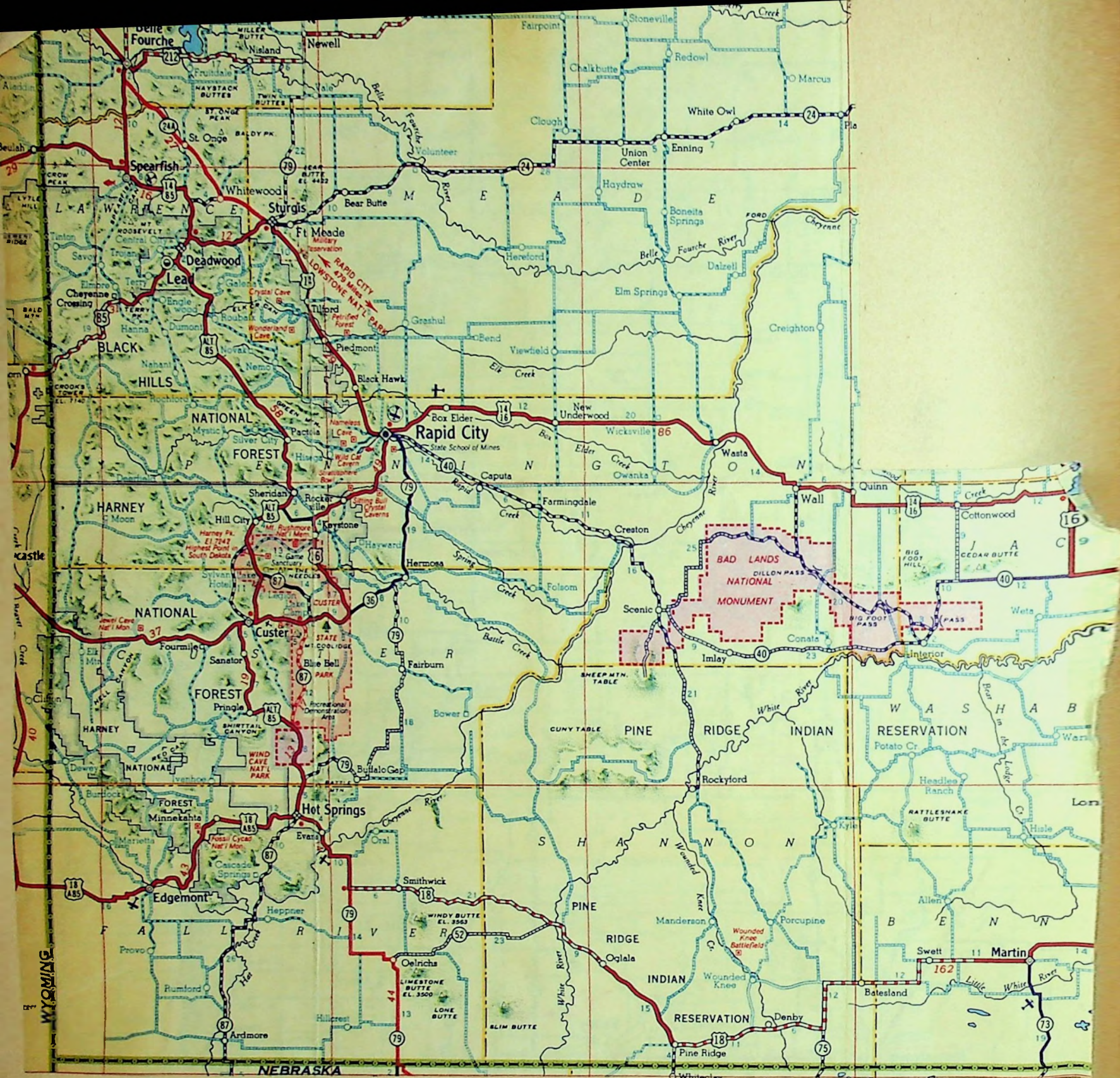
We drove to Dinosaur Park and spent some time looking at the different views from there and looking at the different cement dinosaurs and taking pictures. Then we went back up town and got our breakfast. We found a



**Black**



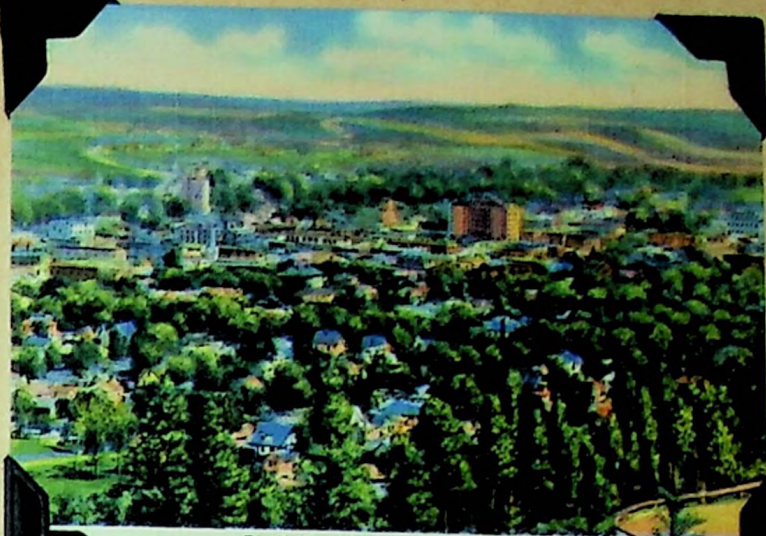








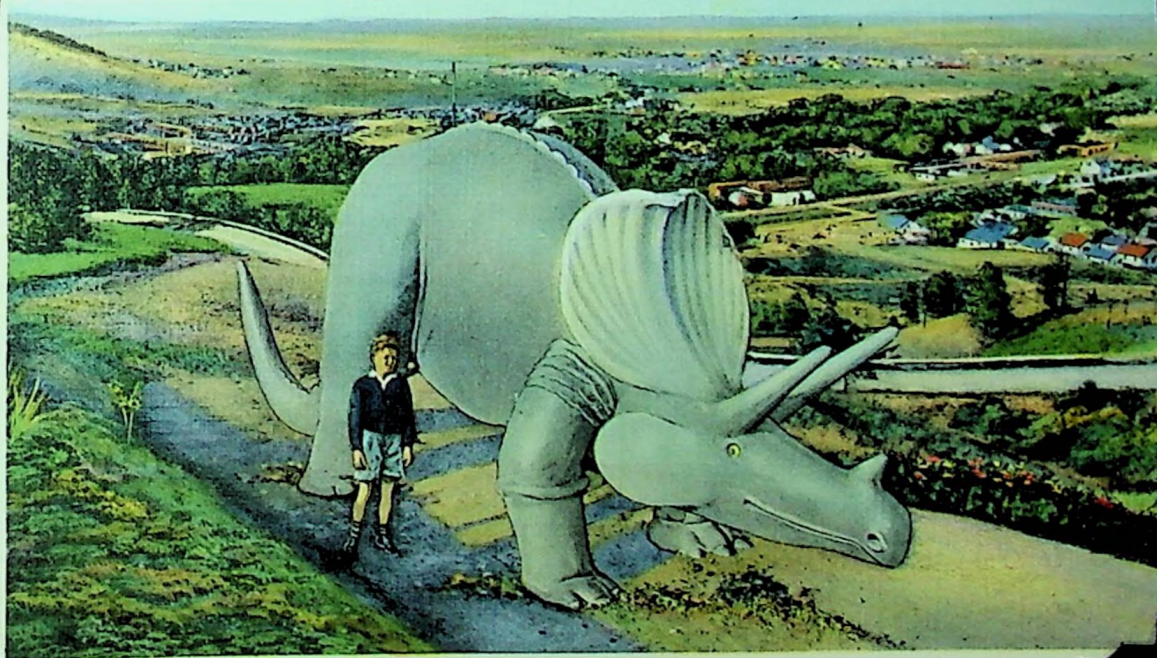
Dinosaur Park, Rapid City, So. Dak.



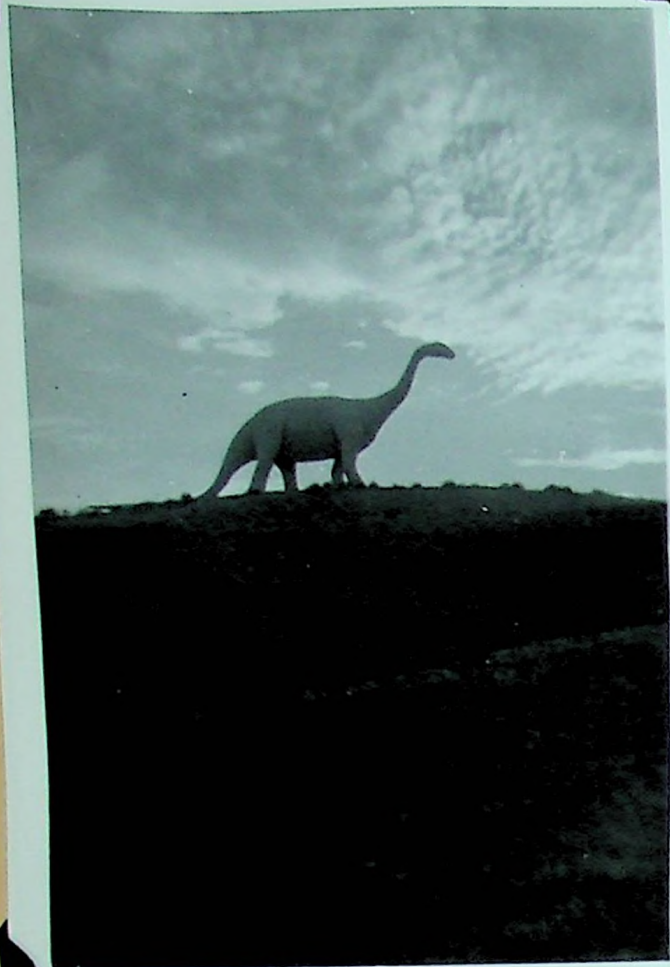
Bird's-Eye View of Rapid City



250—Triceratops, Dinosaur Park, Rapid City, So. Dak.









drug store that was open and bought some post cards and a film. From there we went back to our cabin and packed up our things and got them into the car.

We left at 8:45 over U. S. 16.

After going through Wasta we crossed the Cheyenne River which was very muddy from the rain.

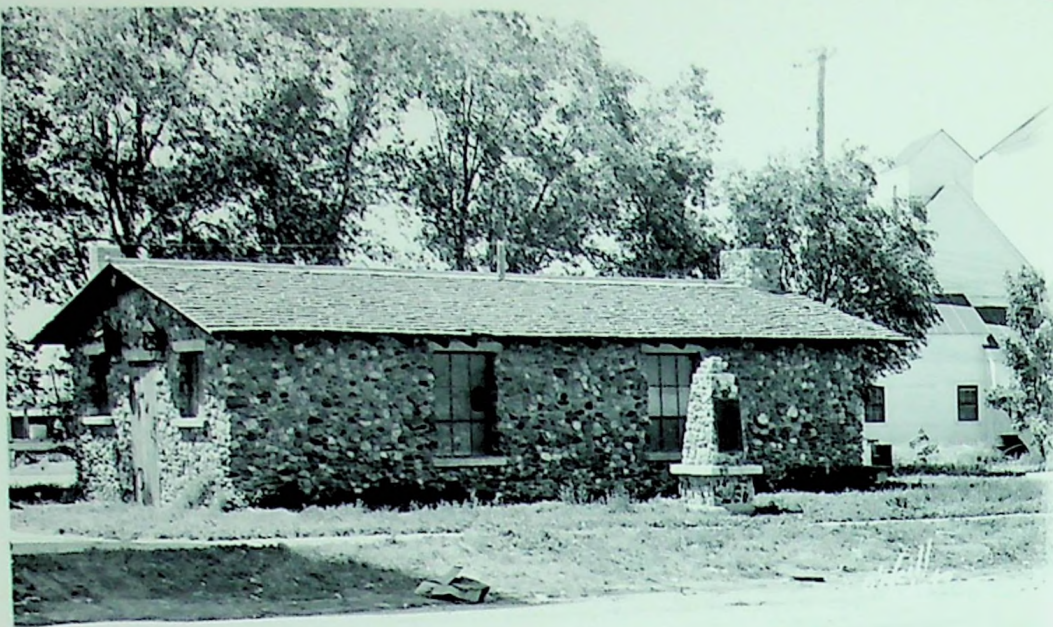
We drove up to a service station in Wall for some gas and noticed where a car had gotten stuck in the mud beside the station and we saw a car come in that was loaded with mud. As we had noticed by the road map that the road to the Bad Lands was not a hard surfaced road, we asked what it was apt to be like. They said the road was being repaired but that we could get through out to stay off of side roads. We went up to the Wall Drug Store which we had seen advertised all along the road and found it a very interesting place with all kinds of souvenirs for sale. We bought films, a View Master film, cards, a Pheasant salt and pepper shaker set and a number of other things. Outside the store was a totem pole and also a mounted bison. I took a picture of Edward and Moulton beside the bison. I wanted one of Edward petting the bison but he did not want to touch it and he did not want to stand by it alone.

73—Alex Johnson Hotel, Rapid City, So. Dak.



68-H20









WEST SIDE MAIN ST. LOOKING SOUTH

WALL S.D.



EAST SIDE MAIN ST. LOOKING SOUTH

WALL S.D.





We will be glad to fill mail orders for  
Black Hills Gold and South Dakota Agate  
Jewelry or any other Souvenirs.

—XXX—

## WALL DRUG STORE

Wall, S. Dak.

(On Wall of Badlands)



Scene in Badlands near Wall, S. Dak.

the road to the Bad Lands and it was awful. We slid  
back to the other and back again. The cars we met  
out they seemed to be having just as bad a time.  
ever in the same place at the same time. But as the  
through and we did. At the exact line where the



Bad Land National Monument began the road was graveled and a very good hard road. I never saw a place before where you could tell to the very inch where one road ended and the other began, altho I had seen roads in different countries joining that were very different.

We stopped near the entrance to the Bad Lands and Gilbert took a picture. We drove slowly through the Bad Lands so we could see as much of it as possible.







202—Dillon Pass, Bad Lands, So. D.



2A-H8







Old Man of The Bad



Bishop of The  
Badlands



Badlands Highway

264-B—Erosion of the Ages, Bad Lands, So. Dak.

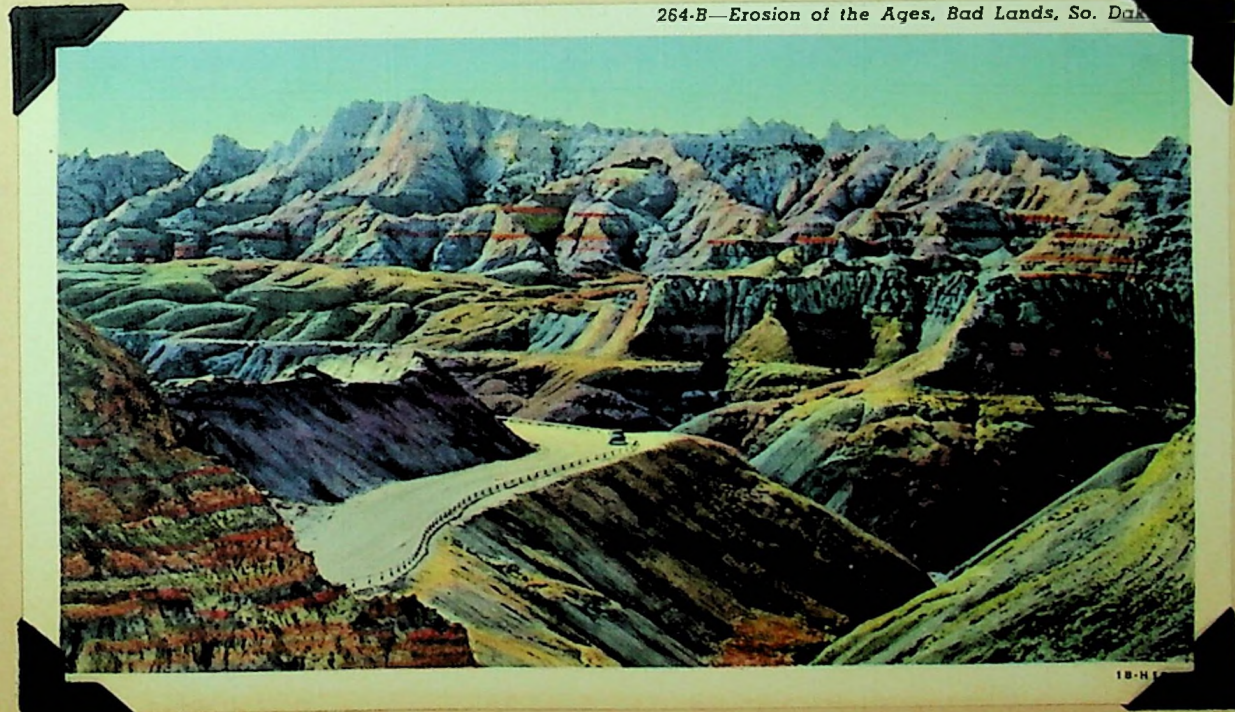
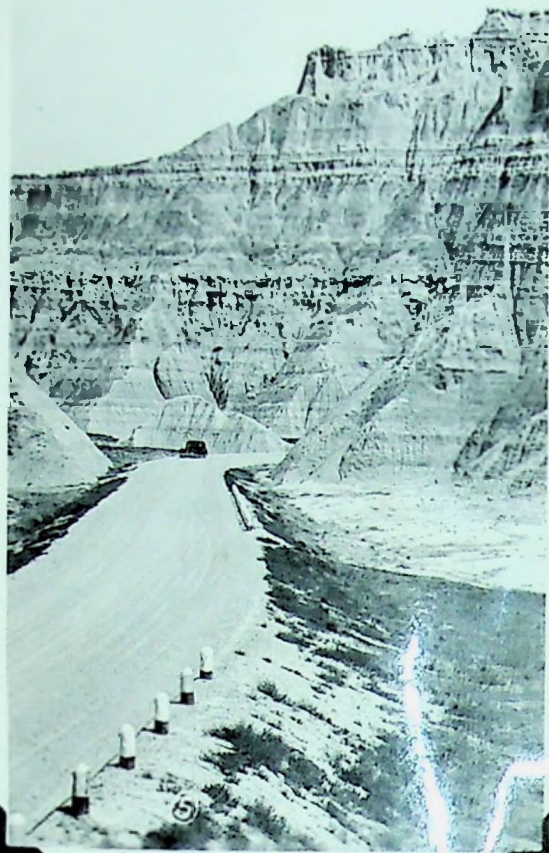






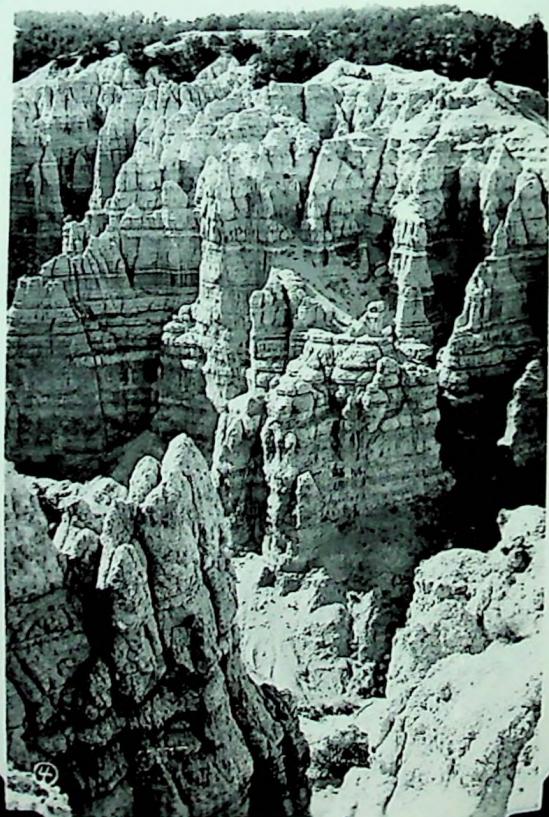
Table Butte in  
S. Dak. Badlands  
© Wise Photo #70



Winged Bad Lands

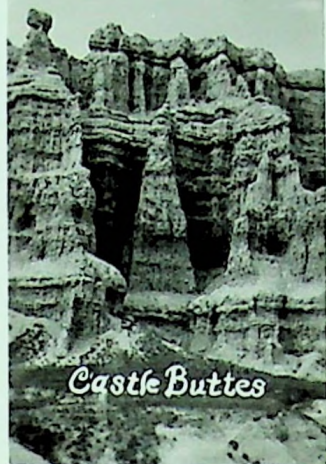


Shark Tooth Ridge



Bad Canyon of Castle B





Castle Buttes



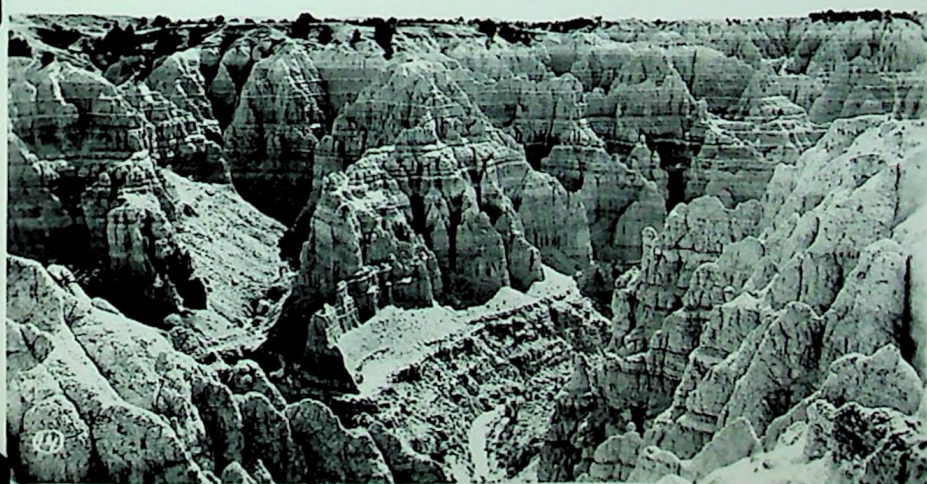
18-H



Castles of Erosion



"Place in Ruins"



"Giant's Head"



The Chapel of the World





BA H2



Leaving the Pinnacles

Bigfoot Pass

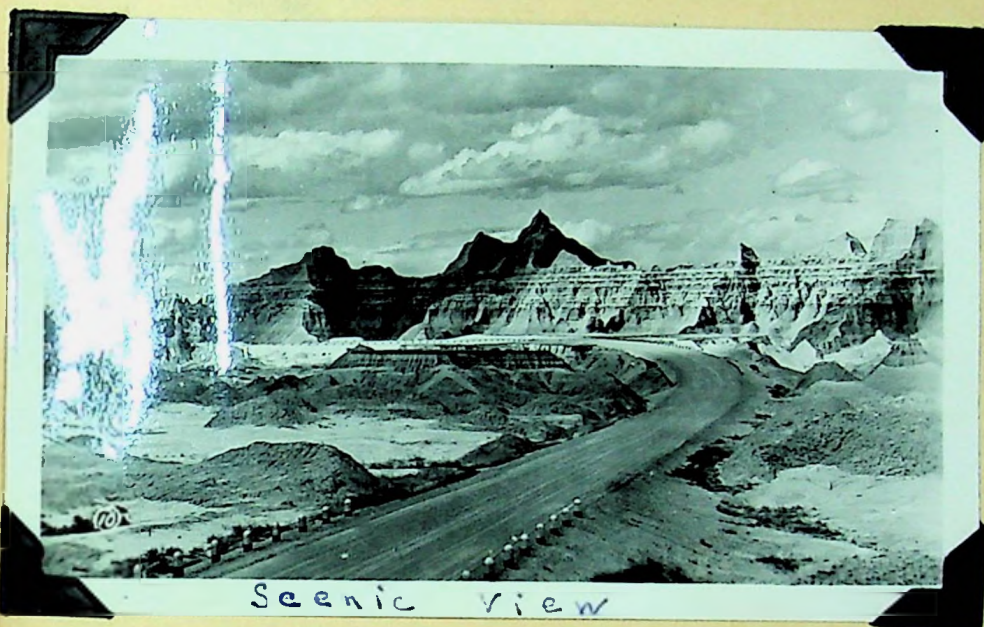


Red Domes of Era



Satan's Speedway

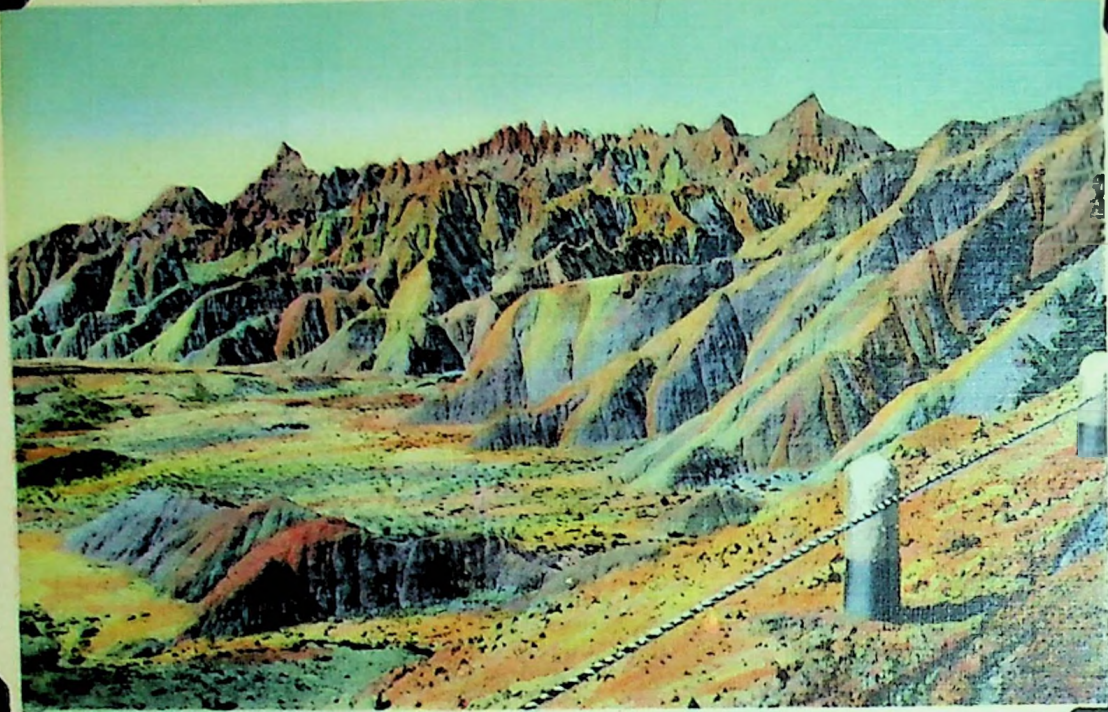




203—Scene in Big Foot Pass, Bad Lands, So. Da.







BA-H

253—Going Down Big Foot Pass, Bad Lands, So. Dak.



BA-H



Along the Road at Badger Pass  
J. D. Badlands near interior

Big Foot  
"256"





263—"The Castle" on Cedar Pass, Bad Lands, So. Dak.



SA-H21

209—"Vampire Valley", Cedar Pass, Bad Lands, So. Dak.



2A-H828





Cedar Pass through the Bad Lands, South Dakota



7B-H



Fire Peak Cedar P





At Cedar Pass there are small cedars and a Lodge. It seemed to be closed. From the Bad lands we took U. S. 40 East to the junction with U. S. 16 near Vivian.

At Murdo we set our watches back an hour and we also stopped for dinner at the Lariat Cafe. We found one post card.



Near Chamberlain we saw this Burma Shave sign: "The midnight ride of Paul for beer lead to a warmer hemisphere." We crossed the Missouri River at Chamberlain. After Puckwana we saw some lightening rods. These were the first ones Irene had ever seen. Through this section of the country they were harvesting corn, mostly by machinery but some by hand. We saw lots of dead skunks along the highway and smelled a lot we did not see. Cars must hit them like they hit the jack rabbits in the West.

Near Mt. Vernon we saw this Burma Shave sign: "Don't listen, pop is trying to substitute instead of buying Burma Shave."

At Mitchell we wanted to see the Corn Palace both inside and outside but it was locked. We inquired and found that every year Mitchell gives a ball in the Corn Palace on the last day of the hunting season for all those out of state residents who have obtained a hunting license that year and this was the day.



However they thought we could get in if we came back early in the evening. We went to the 5&10 cent store and found a post card of the Corn Palace.

They also said we might have a hard time to find a place to stay as everything was usually reserved in advance for the hunters. However we found a place at the Flamingo Auto Camp. After eating our supper we went back to the Corn Palace and found it unlocked.

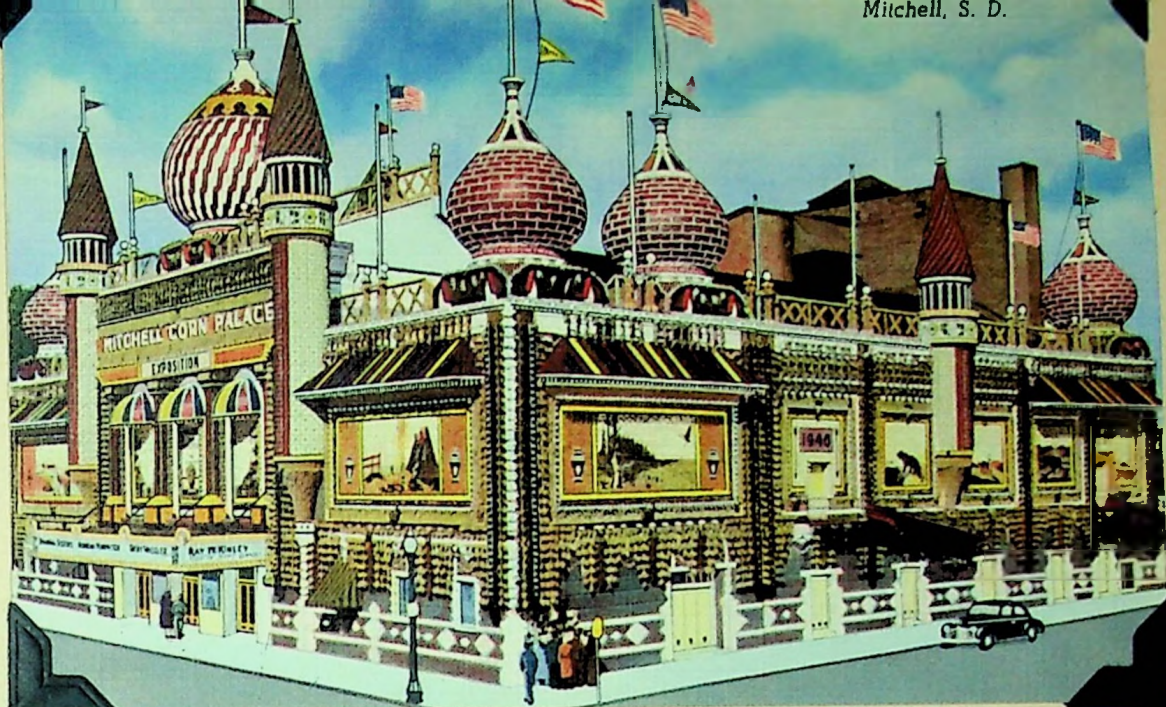
The pictures and decorations inside and outside the Corn Palace are changed each year at a cost of about \$100,000. They are all made from different kinds and colors of corn.

This year there were 2 large pictures in the auditorium, one on either side of the stage. One of 2 Indians kneeling with their hands outstretched toward the Devil's Tower, and the other was of Indians meeting the white man. Around the wall in the entry was a frieze of hills representing the hills of the region with their different strata in different colors of corn. The frames of all the pictures was made from oats and kaffir corn. On the outside of the building were 4 pictures, 2 on the front and 2 on the side. One of those on the front represented a cow boy lassoing cattle and the other an Indian shooting aison. One of those on the side was of an Indian standing with a long stick in his hand and the other one was an Indian woman moving with a horse fastened to two long poles with short ones holding them together and her possessions fastened to the cross poles.

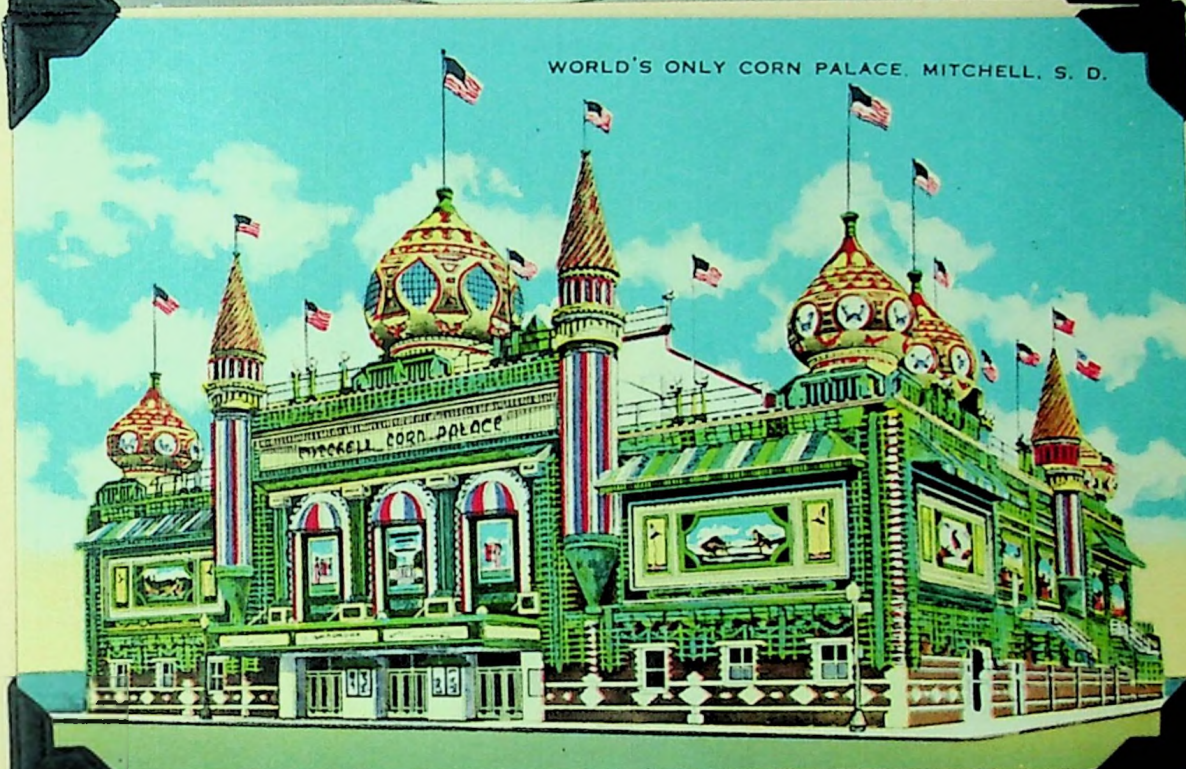
After we saw the Corn Palace we went to a drug store and found another view of the Corn Palace and then we went back to our cabin and went to bed. Our mileage for the day was 320.7 miles.



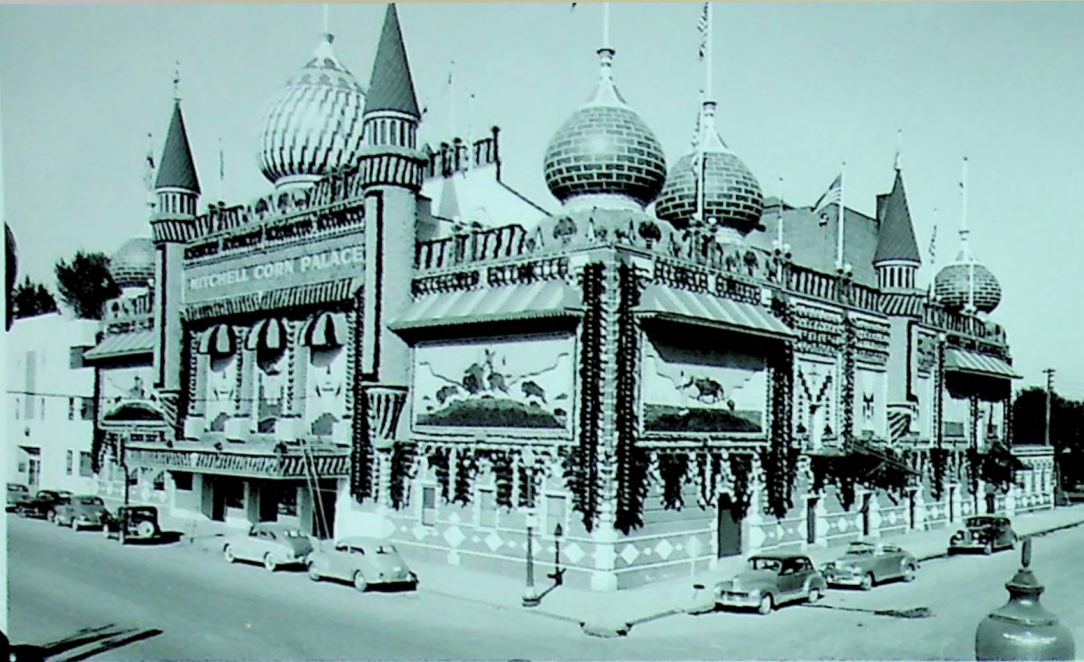




WORLD'S ONLY CORN PALACE, MITCHELL, S. D.







Methodist Church

Sun. Oct. 31st. Temperature in the car 50°.

Left the cabin about 10:00 and drove to the Methodist Church. Gilbert, Irene, and Edward went to Sunday School. Moulton and I walked about 4 blocks and took 5 pictures of the Corn Palace. We found a drug store that was open and had pictures of this year's Corn Palace. so we bought one. Gilbert took a picture of the church. We left town at 10:40. On the way out we stopped at the depot and mailed our letters.

After going through Bridgewater we saw this Burma Shave sign: Little Bo Peep lost her Jeep. It struck a truck when she went to sleep."

In South Dakota we saw a number of signs where someone had been killed





in an auto wreck. They were white signs with a cross and the word 'Think' above the cross.



West of Sioux Falls we crossed the Big Sioux River. In Sioux Falls we passed some fine old residences which had hitching posts in front of them.

At Sioux Falls we took S. D. State 26 to the Iowa line where it became Iowa State 9. We stopped at Larchwood to get our dinner but it being Sunday they served only sandwiches and ice cream. "Larchwood was so named because of the many larches planted in the vicinity by J. W. Fell who founded the community in 1870 and planted more than 100,000 fruit and forest trees on land adjoining the plat."

At Rock Rapids we turned south on U. S. 75. "Rock Rapids takes its name from the rapids in the Rock River."

Near Perkins we turned east on U. S. 18.

Near Sheldon we crossed the Floyd River. In this vicinity a farmer "in 1870, during a grasshopper ravages, signed this note for loan: '----- after date, for value received----- promise to pay-----or order and in case suit is instituted for its collection, anything and everything can be levied upon including the last suit of clothes, the school books and food of the children, with the coffin or coffins any of the family may be outlaid in; and in case every article is sold and there remains anything due on the note, I agree that the services of myself and my family shall be sold until the demands of the note are satisfied. And I further agree, that in case suit is instituted for its collection, to pay reasonable attorney's fees, together with board bills, back hire, saloon bills, and miscellaneous expenses of himself and family and near relatives while suit is pending. And I further agree to live on corn bread and sorghum molasses from date until the demands of the note are satisfied, with interest at the rate of 10% annually."



Spencer "was founded in 1859 and named for former U. S. Senator Geo E. Spencer. A fire July 4, 1901 caused by carelessly handled fireworks, razed most of the business section. The citizens immediately made plans for rebuilding and prohibited the use of fireworks at any time within the town limits."

Cylinder "takes its name from nearby Cylinder Creek, which was so dubbed because, when pioneers were trying to carry a heavy machine across the creek, a cylinder from it became detached and was lost in the water."

East of Cylinder we turned south on State 358 to West Bend where we spent some time at the Grotto of the Redemption. "West bend was so named because of its proximity to a large bend in the West Fork of the Des Moines River. At West Bend is the Grotto of the Redemption, an imposing religious structure whose construction was begun by Father Paul M. Dobberstein in 1928. The grotto stands near S S Peter and Paul Church, 2 blocks from the highway and St. Paul's Park, a landscaped area containing a small artificial lake. Since Roman times Grottoes (Italian meaning cave) have been associated with religion and religious symbolism. Medieval shepherds, both men and women, attending their flocks on the mountain sides, were wont to frequent such recesses for prayer when they could not attend public worship. Occasionally the bishop of the district would send a priest up into the mountains; the priest would conduct services, using a cave as a chapel.

In the artificial Grotto of the Redemption, the story of man's fall and redemption is portrayed. Father Dobberstein secured rocks from every state in the Union; shells and corals from waters bordering America, and thousands of precious and semi-precious stones, ores, fossils, and bits of petrified wood to incorporate in the structure. From the smallest crucifix to the largest statue, the grotto is ablaze with their brilliance. The materials were broken into small pieces and cemented into designs prepared by Father Bobberstein. The central part of the structure consists of <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> alcoves merging in a dome - symbolizing the unity of the Father, Son , and Holy Ghost.



On one side is the Garden of Eden, surrounded by an ornate stone wall. Within the garden, the allegorical story of man's creation is symbolized by a huge stone Tree of Life. Adam and Eve are shown being driven out of Paradise by the angel with the flaming sword. Other grotto structures set forth symbolically the story of the events in the life of Christ.

In S S Peter and Paul Church is a Christmas Chapel with a creche. Glowing in the center of the group is an immense Brazilian amethyst. Each of the 14 stations of the cross has a brilliantly colored scene in mosaic."

Father Dooberstein had intended to have the work completed before this but because of the war it was delayed and he figures it should be completed about 1952 if there are no more stoppages. He now has a trained helper to assist him. Because the work has not been completed we were able to see how it was done and some of the uncut stones and some ready for use. Father Dooberstein was telling about the work while we were there. Because of the crowd it was impossible to take all the pictures we would have liked to. We bought a book and a folder of pictures and some salt and pepper shakers.





A Synopsis  
OF THE  
**GROTTO**  
—OF THE—  
**REDEMPTION**

under construction

—by—

**Rev. P. M. Dobberstein**  
Pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church

—at—

**WEST BEND**  
PALO ALTO COUNTY, IOWA



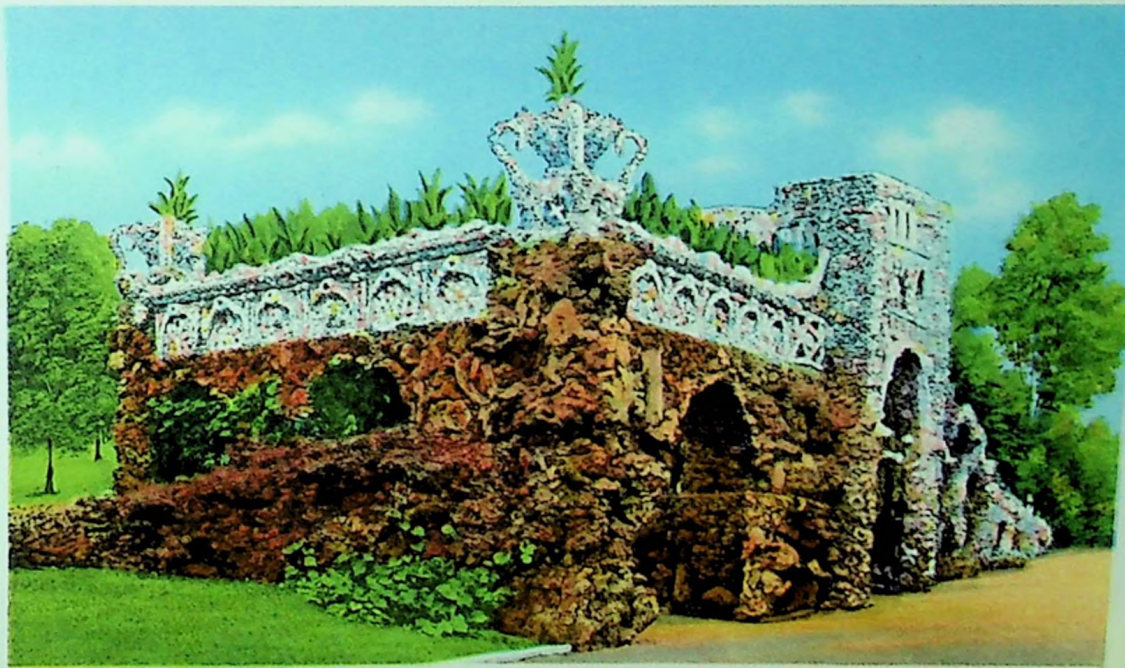
# Grotto of The Redemption

WEST BEND, IOWA

Row of Stations, Way of the Cross



FRONT OF GROTTTO AND ARCHANGEL FOUNTAIN



NORTH AND EAST FRONT OF GROTTTO

with beautifully designed flower vases.

Another phase in the redemption of man will be pictured by the humble birth of Christ in the Stable of Bethlehem. In this shrine the builder hopes to embody the truths concerning the Incarnation as they

of the rocks will be a mountain scene built from the scoria rocks of the Bad Lands. Figures of Mary, St. Joseph and the Shepherds with their flocks are to grace this niche that represents the Glorification of the Incarnation.





Stones To be cut



Stones & some prepared  
blocks



Where They were working.



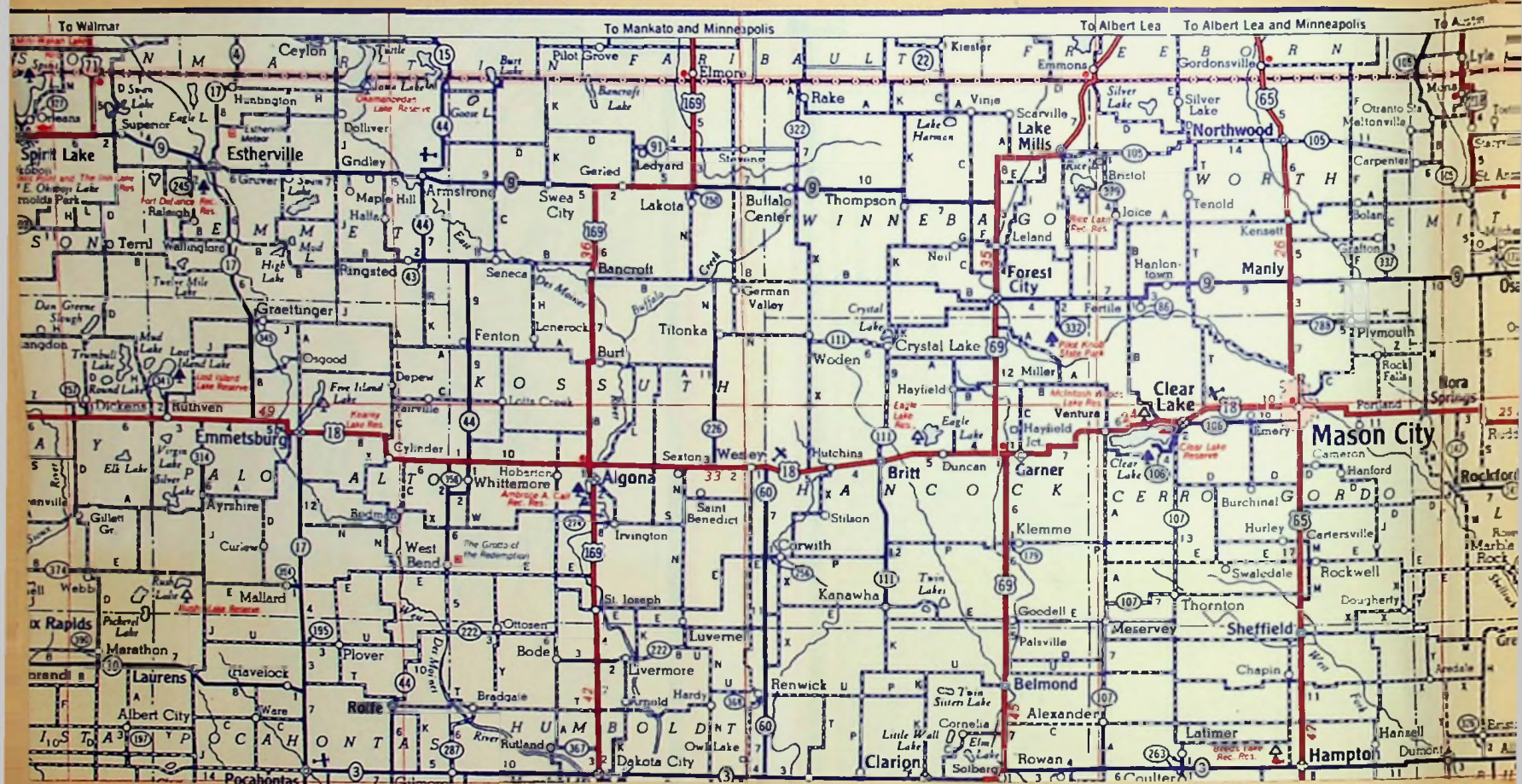
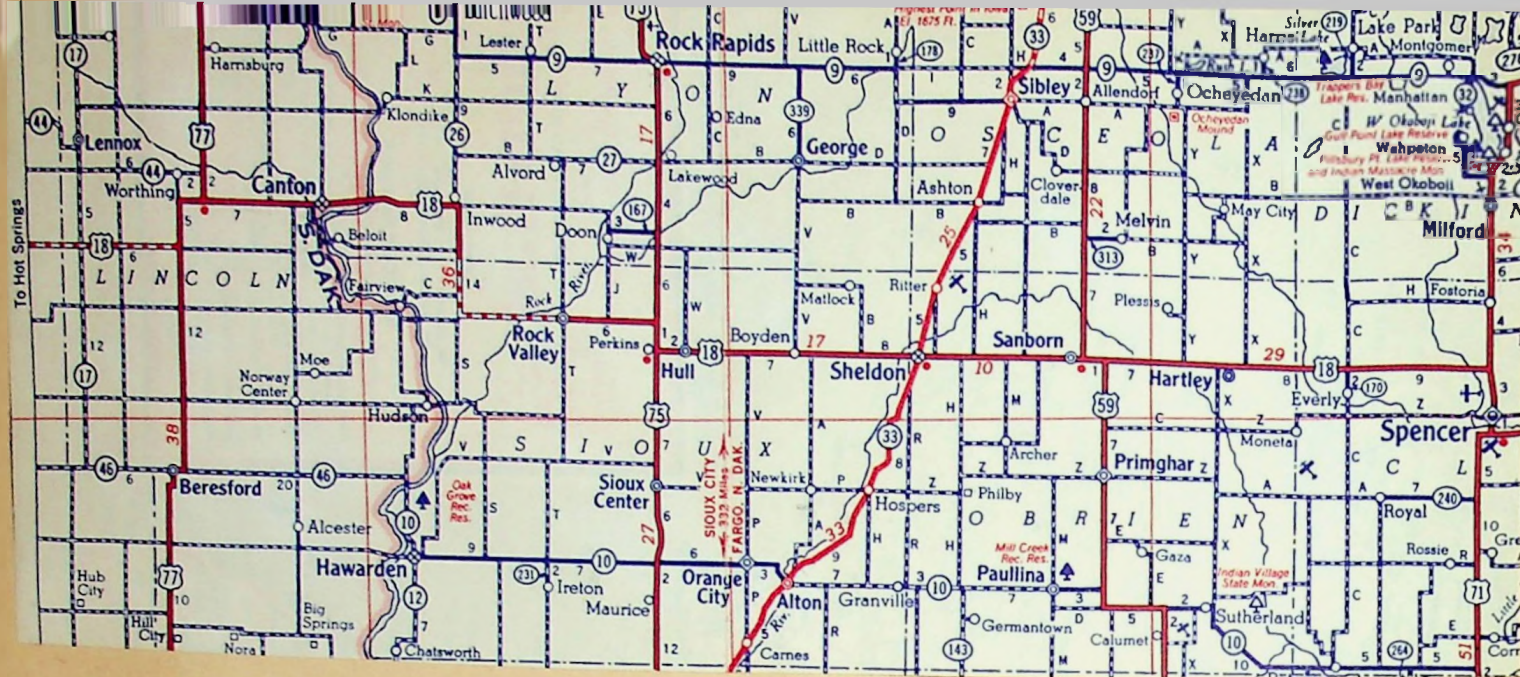
From West Bend we went back to U. S. 18 and <sup>east</sup> back to Britt. "An editor, 'Bailey of Britt', in 1900 announced that a National Hobo Convention would be held in Britt that summer; he followed up the story with imaginative accounts of the wanderers. On the appointed day reporters flocked into the little place from many parts of the country only to discover that they had been hoaxed. However, they entered into the spirit of the occasion, outdoing each other in inventing stories about hoboes who never existed. The publicity actually brought hundreds of hoboes to the town in succeeding summers to elect a 'Hobo King'. The attendance has dwindled now but the custom continues."

At Britt we turned south on State 111 to Kakawha where we visited Gilbert's cousins Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newes. In the evening other cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Herb Newes came over. Soon after we arrived Mrs. Harry Newes had a wonderful dinner ready, and we all ate with relish after our sandwich at noon.

Our mileage for the day was 279.8 miles.





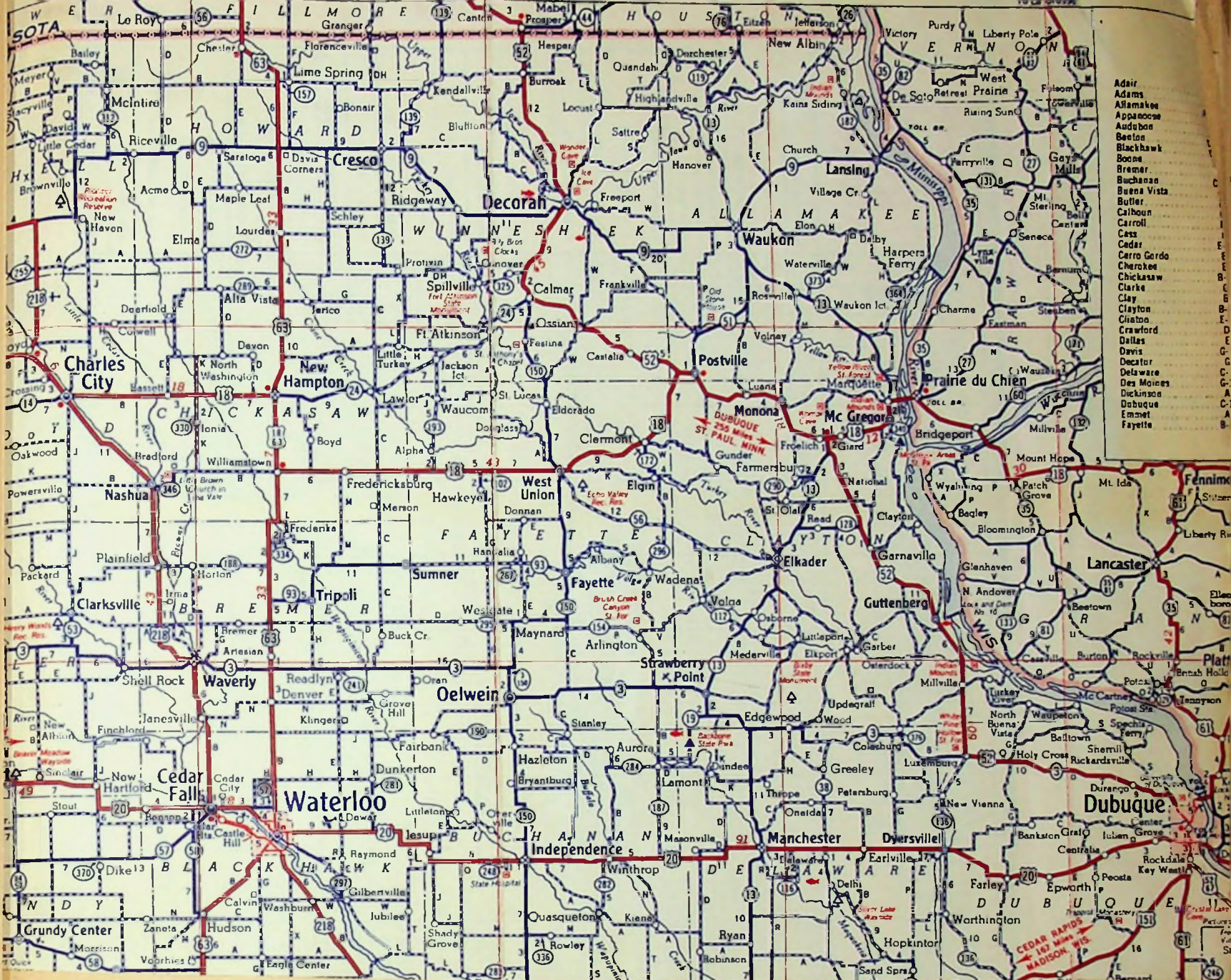


Mon. Nov 1st. Temperature in the car 50°.

We left Harry News and went back to Britt. From there we took U. S. 18 east. At Britt we saw a large ear of corn made on a truck as an advertisement for hybrid corn.

East of Garner we saw this Burma Shave sign: "Its not now fast or slow you drive, the question is, how you arrive."





Clear Lake is a very pretty lake. We traveled along beside it for quite a while. The town of "Clear Lake, named for the 6 mile lake on whose shore it has been built, is a resort popular with Iowans, This area was formerly a hunting and fishing ground for the Winnebago and Sioux and the settlers had many difficulties with them in the early days."

They were building a wider highway into Mason City and also east of Nora-Springs. Near Nora Springs we saw this Burma Shave sign: "Within this vale of toil and sin, your head grows bald but not your chin."

At Charles City we crossed the Cedar River. On a lawn we saw a grey squirrel. Here we changed onto U. S. 213 south. We followed the Cedar River to Nashua.



That's what made them wild no doubt." We crossed the Cedar River at the dam

and drove to the "Little Brown Church in the Vale" at Bradford on State 346.

"Bradford is an almost deserted village containing the 'Little Brown Church in the Vale.' This church has become known through the popular hymn 'The Little Brown Church in the Vale', written by Dr. W. S. Pitts of Fredericksburg. The building is a weatherbeaten brown-painted frame structure of severe New England type. The church was built in the 1860's, through the cooperative efforts of the congregation. One man donated lots, another logs, and others sawed them into lumber. A 'bee' quarried the stone and the village mason laid the foundation. A collection from a Sunday School in Massachusetts was used to purchase the finishing lumber, which was hauled 80 miles by wagon from McGregor, Iowa."

A tablet at the church reads:

"In Memory of  
Doctor William S. Pitts  
1830-1918

Who wrote the words and music of the song  
"The Little Brown Church in the Vale"

and of

The Reverend John F. Nutting  
1832-1917

Who built this church where the song was first sung  
and was its pastor from 1859 to 1869.

-----  
This tablet is the gift of  
Irving M. and Mary Fisher  
who were members of this church."

Inside the church are many interesting documents and letters telling of the early history of the church. Also pictures of the early members and a list of the charter members. The first communion service is there and a duplicate of the first organ. Near the church is a building where pictures of the church and a booklet about it are sold but it was closed so we drove a block west of the







# The Little Brown Church

In Story *and* In Song



Located in the Beautiful Cedar River Valley,  
Two Miles Northeast of Nashua,  
Chickasaw County, Iowa

REV. F. L. HANSCOM, Pastor

*A Congregational Church, Organized November 4, 1855; Building Erected 1860-64  
Dedicated December 29, 1864, during Pastorate of Rev. J. K. Nutting*

An Authentic History of the Church, Containing An  
Authorized Copy of Dr. Pitts' Beautiful Song

“The Little Brown Church In The Vale”

Twenty-five cents per Copy.

Published by The Reporter, Nashua, Iowa





INTERIOR LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE NASHUA, IOWA E-23



THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

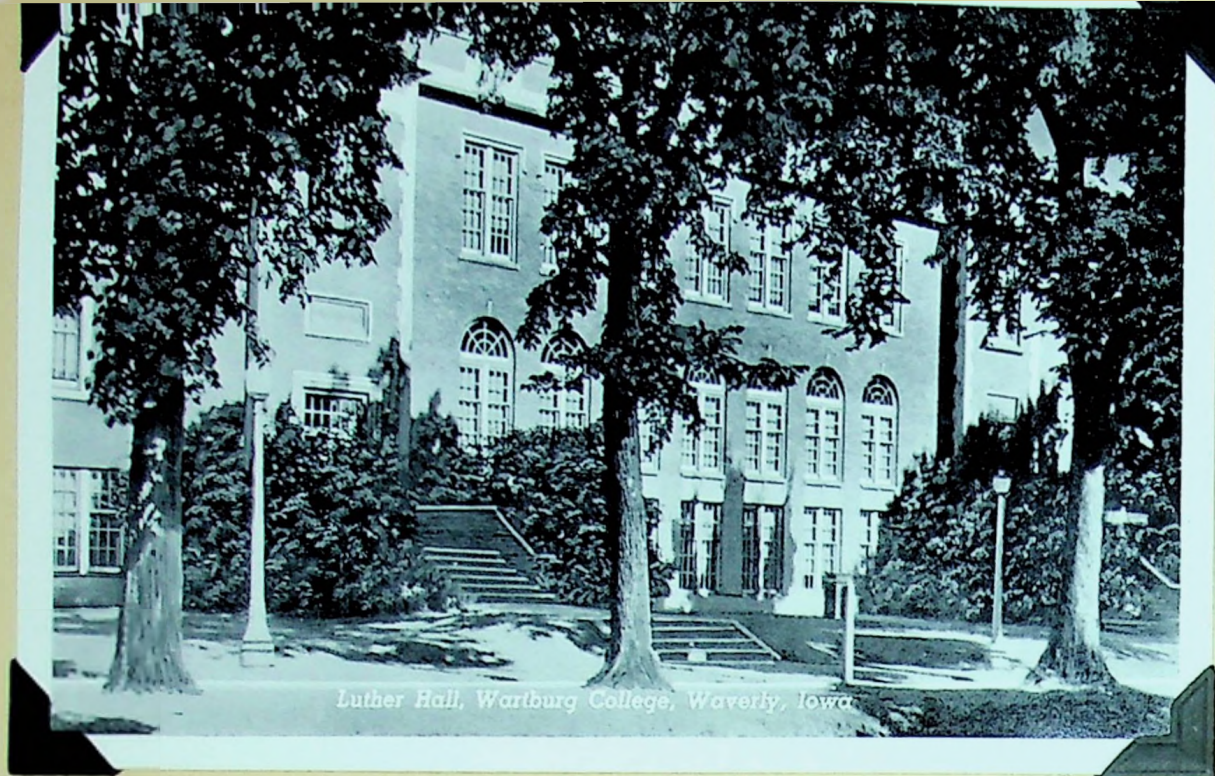
drove back to Nashua and took U. S. 216 south again along the Cedar River.

stopped at Waverly and got our dinner.

Near Janesville was this Burma Shave Sign: "A man, a miss, a car, a curve. He missed the miss and missed the curve." Also this one: "Hat and tie, nice and clean; not between spoiled the scene. He should have used Burma Shave."

At Waterloo we changed to U. S. 20 going east. At Independence we passed the state Insane Hospital. Near Earlville was this Burma Shave sign: "The highway is no place to sleep; stop your car to count your sheep." Near Centralia this one:





Luther Hall, Wartburg College, Waverly, Iowa

"Substitutes and imitations, send them to your wife's relations."

U. S. 20 between the Mississippi River at Dubuque and Ft. Dodge in the central part of the state was once known as the Ridge Road as in pioneer days "it followed the knolls and hogbacks and thus as far as might be, kept out of the slens."

We crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque on the toll bridge. "Dubuque, on the Mississippi River opposite the junction of the Illinois and Wisconsin state boundary lines, is one of Iowa's oldest cities.

Julian Dubuque, a French Canadian, for whom the city is named, arrived in Prairie du Chien, Wis. about 1785; three years later, he obtained permission to mine the lead ore in the river bluffs at Catfish Creek, near Kettle Chief's Indian village. The first white man to settle permanently in the Iowa region, Dubuque made his home just south of the present city. Later he certified his claim to the land doubly by naming it 'The Mines of Spain', and obtaining formal recognition from Baron de Carondelet, then Governor of Louisiana under the Spanish government.

'Little Night', as Dubuque was known to the Fox Indians, seemed to possess great power over them. There are several legends regarding this power, the



most popular being associated with the refusal of the Fox to grant one of Dubuque's requests. Even Dubuque's threat to burn the entire Mississippi did not move the stubborn Indians. So, while one of his associates emptied a barrel of oil into the waters above the bend of Catfish Creek, Dubuque called the Indians from <sup>X</sup> their lodges for consultation around the big bonfire he had built on the bank. Seizing a fire-brand he threw it on the water, smooth with oil. The sheet of flame, rising instantly so terrified the Indians that they ceded all Dubuque asked. Then, supposedly, at the exercise of his will, the fire went out.

When Dubuque died, the Indians buried him with honors befitting a chief, competing with one another for the honor of carrying his body to the grave. A tomb of wood and stone was erected and upon a cross was inscribed: "Julian Dubuque, Miner of the Mines of Spain; died Mar. 24, 1810, age 45 years, 6 months."

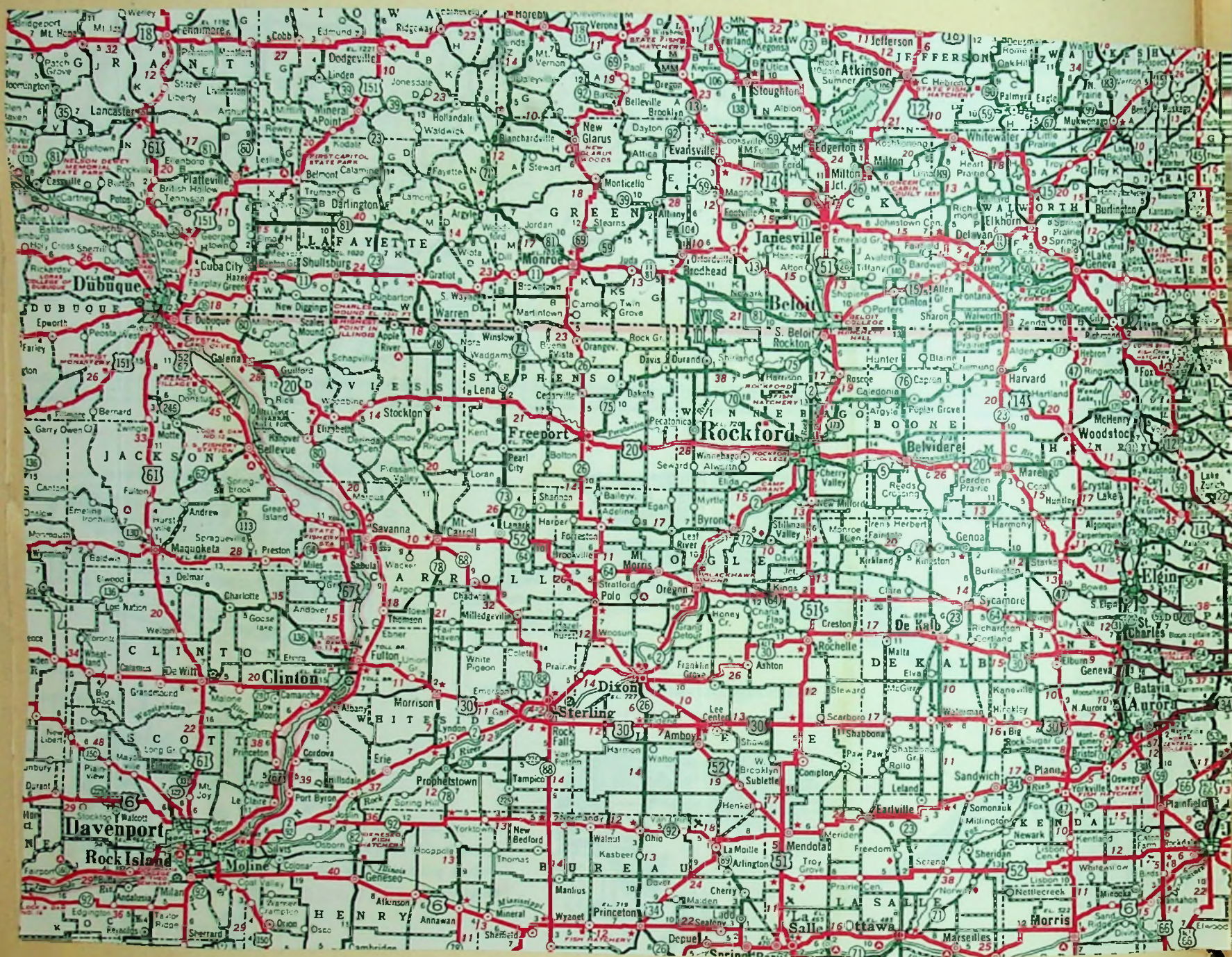
When we crossed the Mississippi we were in Illinois, at East Dubuque. For a short distance we drove along the base of the bluffs and then began to ascend from the Mississippi to the bluffs along the river. 17 miles after we crossed the river we came to Horseshoe Mound which is the highest point of the highway in Illinois. The highway enters a roadside park that was once known asattlesnake Woods. Along this highway and through this part of the state are many historical spots and markers but it was late and we wanted to get to Rockford to my sister's for the night so we did not stop to look for any of them. It was too dark to see them as we drove along.

In Rockford we found many streets closed for repairs but by following the signs we had no trouble finding our way although I had never been that way before. I could not understand why we did not see the lights of the city as we had done other times before we reached it. I found out afterwards that it was because of a dense fog that hung over the city and made everything seem so dark and gloomy.



From Rockford we took U. S. 51 north to Loves Park where Thirza lives. We got there at 7:30. We soon had supper.

Our mileage for the day was 344.7 miles.



Tues. Nov. 2nd

Thirza took us to her farm and showed Gilbert and Irene around so they could see how they farm in Northern Illinois. From there we went down to see my brother Ivan for a few minutes, at his bee farm at Mariem. From there Thirza took Gilbert, Irene, and Edward over a sort road to U. S. 20 east of Rockford and gave them directions to Sycamore where they were going next.





Ivan's house  
and honey  
store



Ivan's bees at  
Harlem.

On our way back to Thirza's she stopped at the new Grange hall near her home to vote as this was national election day. The hall was cement with a quonset shaped top and a basement.

The church was serving an election day dinner and Maggie, the cousin who takes care of Mother, was working at the church and left word for us to come to the church and get our dinner. We decided we would go to the church and get the dinner and take it home and eat with Mamma. We saw Ida

Stockwell, Edith Buchanan, Ruby Muchmore, Claire Moore, Ray Hardy and



The day was very dark and gloomy. The radio said it was the fog which had been hanging over the Great Lakes region for some time and now was moving west to the Mississippi region.

We tried to listen to the election returns but I guess we were just too tired after riding so much because we just could not keep awake so we went to bed quite early.



Ivan and his  
grandson Richard  
in front of  
Mamma's home.

Taken in April - 1947.

Wed. Nov. 3rd.

It rained in the night and is still raining. For this time of the year it is very warm.

Bert and Edna Allen who live in Minnesota and are visiting in Beloit came down and stayed until about 4 o'clock. We visited about all the old times and timers.

About 5:30 o'clock Marion and Stuart Paul came down from Milton and took us all to Thirza's for supper. After supper we visited awhile and they brought us back to Roscoe. It was very foggy.

During the day Ivan came and got Moulton and they went to Rockton and then to Beloit.



Thurs. Nov. 4th

Still foggy and warm. The sun tried to shine for awhile but finally gave it up. I did my hand washing and hung it out on the line but in the afternoon took it down and put it in the basement to dry.

Maggie and Moulton raked the leaves, then washed the windows and put on the storm windows.

About 3 o'clock Thirza came and took Maggie, Moulton and me to Beloit. I got 2 childrens dictionaries for Ethel and toys for Richard and Douglas for Christmas. Mrs. Hutchins stayed with Mamma while we were gone.

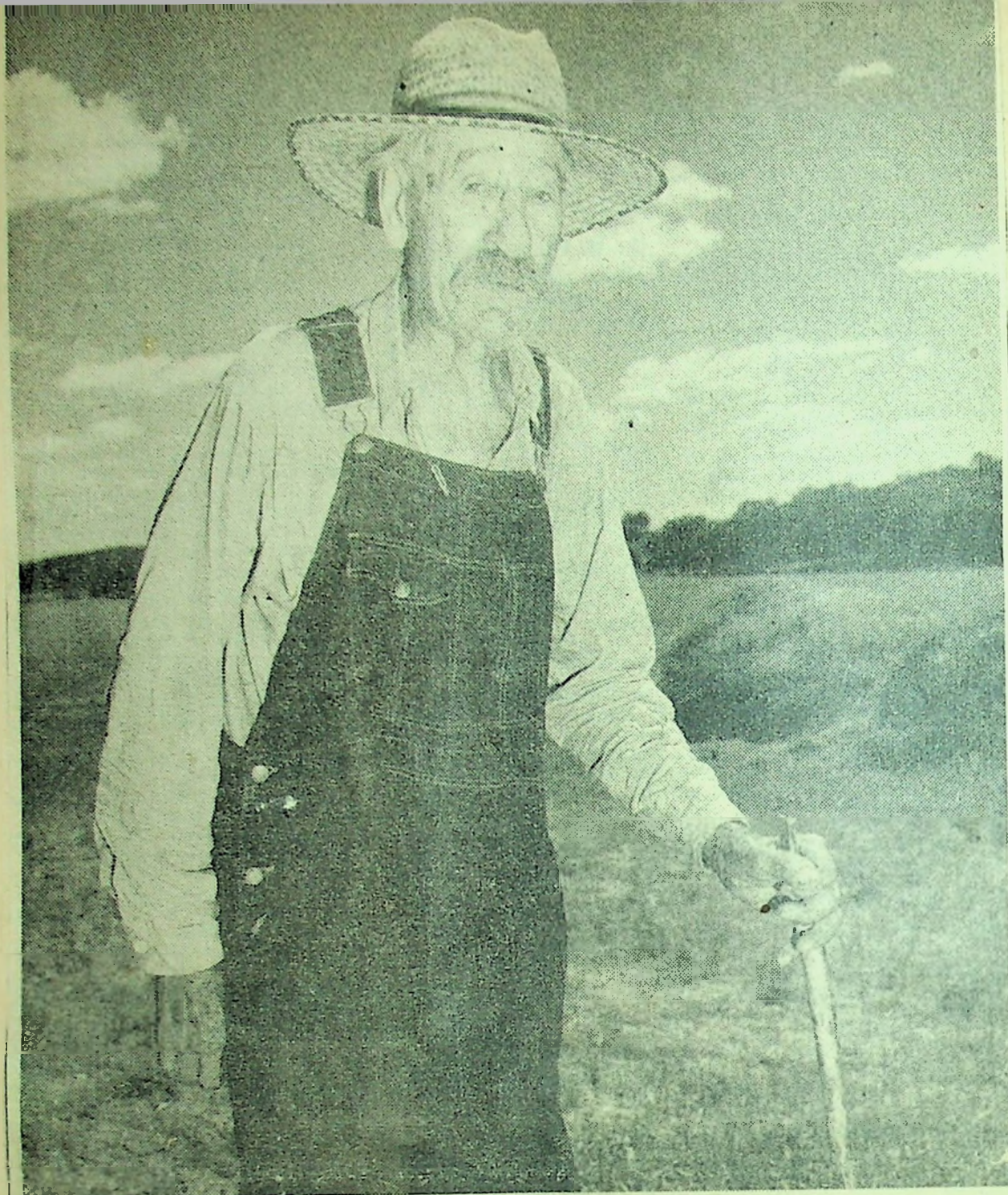
Thirza and Mrs. Hutchins stayed to supper and then Moulton went home with them.

While we were in Beloit we stopped to see the Halloween decorations in the City Park. A small space in the park is decorated for every occasion. Suspended from some of the branches by invisible wires were a full moon, bats and a skeleton. The moon was fixed so it did not move but the others swung with the breeze and sometimes the bats really looked like they were flying. A large owl sat in one tree. On the ground were corn shocks and piles of corn. An alligators head was poking out of one corn shock and near the top of another was a cow's head fixed so it looked like the cow was behind the shock and reaching over the top. There were several Jack-o-lanterns. A witch was brewing in a large kettle over a fire and stirring her brew with a long wooden spoon. It was very fine and I was sorry I did not have the camera.

It rained in the evening. We read in the evening paper of the death of Rev. Cyrus Osborne and also Mrs. Clothier.

I forgot to say there were two witches on brooms suspended from the trees in the Halloween decorations.





William 'Billy' Lovesee, of Roscoe

Started out to be a beautiful day but clouded over about noon and then drizzled in the afternoon. It was quite warm.

We all went to Marion's for dinner. Thirza took Mrs. Hutchins, Mamma, and Maggie. Raymond, Elizabeth and Douglas went from Rockton and Charles, Josephine and Richard came from Madison. Ivan took Moulton and me.

Ivan, Moulton and I went first to Rockton to hear Claude Warren preach at the Old Stone Church. He preached a good practical sermon on "Temptation". Bill was home over the week end. Jean sang in the choir.



As soon as church was over we went on to Beloit. We went past the park to see if the Hallowe'en decorations were still there so we could take a picture but they had been taken down.

"Beloit is at the confluence of Turtle Creek and the Rock River. As early as 1824 Joseph Thibault, a French Canadian, traded with the Winnebago here. When the Indians were removed after the Black Hawk War, Thibault sold to Caleb Blodgett of Vermont as much of his claim as could be encompassed by 'three looks', a standard Indian unit of measurement. In 1837 Dr. Horace White, agent of the New England Emigrating Co., bought one third of Blodgett's tract; in the same year a large part of Colebrook, New Hampshire moved here bag and baggage.

Known successively as Turtle, Blodgett's Settlement, and New Albany, the village was given the name of Beloit in 1837."

We went past Beloit College. "In 1847 the Congregational Church founded Beloit College on the east riverbank. The early buildings gave no architectural unity to the campus, for each was in a different style. Later buildings are Georgian Colonial, with slight adaptations. On the campus is the Logan Museum originally planned to depict the culture of the American Indian but later expanded to present a record of prehistoric man. The many Indian mounds in the vicinity (22 on the campus alone) have stimulated local interest and the study of anthropology and ethnology."

We passed the "largest of Beloit's many industrial units, the Fairbanks-Morse Co. plant, a great sprawling factory manufacturing Diesel engines and the Fairbanks-Morse Scales."

We did not follow the road along the Rock River as we had done when we had gone to Janesville before but took a road farther east. It was a fine road through a beautiful farming country.

Janesville is an industrial city on the Rock River. Flanking all the streets



and the gradual increase in the number of settlers brought Janesville the name of the Bower City.' Janesville indirectly owes its founding to the Black Hawk War, for the praise of soldiers returning home advertised its fertile valley. Hearing of the new country, Henry F. Janes, pioneer and visionary, reached the Rock River in 1836 and carved his name on a tree at the junction of present Main and Milwaukee Sts. When a petition was made for a new post office, the new settlement was named for Janes, who became the first postmaster.

Janesville grew rapidly. Stagecoach lines were routed through the village; flat-bottomed boats propelled by horses on treadmills plied the shallow Rock River. The tavern became an institution, posting such regulations as:

'Four pence a night fff a bed,  
Six pence for supper,  
No more than 5 to sleep in one bed,  
Organ grinders to sleep in Wash House,  
No dogs allowed upstairs,  
No beer allowed in the kitchen,  
No Razor Grinders or Tinkers taken in.'

In 1919, the General Motors Corporation came here and began the manufacture of tractors. They discontinued the manufacture of tractors in the early 1920's but established a Fisher Body and a Chevrolet plant here in 1922.

Next largest employer in Janesville is the Parker Pen Co., incorporated in 1892 by Geo. Parker.

Through the center of the city tumbles the shallow Rock River, held in its bed by riprapped walls of stone."

From Janesville we went to Milton and then out to the farm where Marion and Stuart live.

After dinner we took some group pictures but they were not very clear as it was raining. We spent the afternoon visiting. Charles, Jo, and Richard went back to Madison in the afternoon as Charles had studying to do but the rest of us stayed to supper. We left Moulton and Mrs. Hutchins there for a few days.



Marion had burned her hand the night before and Thirza thought Mrs. Hutchins might be able to help with the dishes, etc. Moulton stayed to help put up corn. I rode back to Roscoe with Ivan. Mamma and Maggie rode with Thirza.



Those in this picture are Stuart, Marion, Charles, Moulton, Mamma, Elizabeth, Maggie, Raymond, Jo., Thirza with Douglas, Mrs. Hutchins, Ivan holding Richard.



Mamma and her children.

This picture of Jo., Chas. and Richard was taken at Madison when Richard was a baby.





THIS picture of much the same

group was taken at Thirza's on

Christmas after we were there.  
They are. Charles with Richard,  
Jo., Stuart, Maxine, Raymond,  
Elizabeth with Douglas, Maggie,  
Marion, and Thirza.



Mon. Nov. 8th.

Thirza and I went to visit Byron and Maxine at Plattville and to do some sewing for her. We took State 81 out of Beloit. We had to make one detour but the road was good.

"Jude, small in size, lies in a broad valley. Westward, woodlots are conspicuously absent; hills are bare; fence posts and telephone poles stand in stark rows against the blue sky. Agriculturally this region is rich; the principal activity is dairying, though the raising of horses, corn and hogs is almost as important. Many barns have the name of their owners printed across their gables."

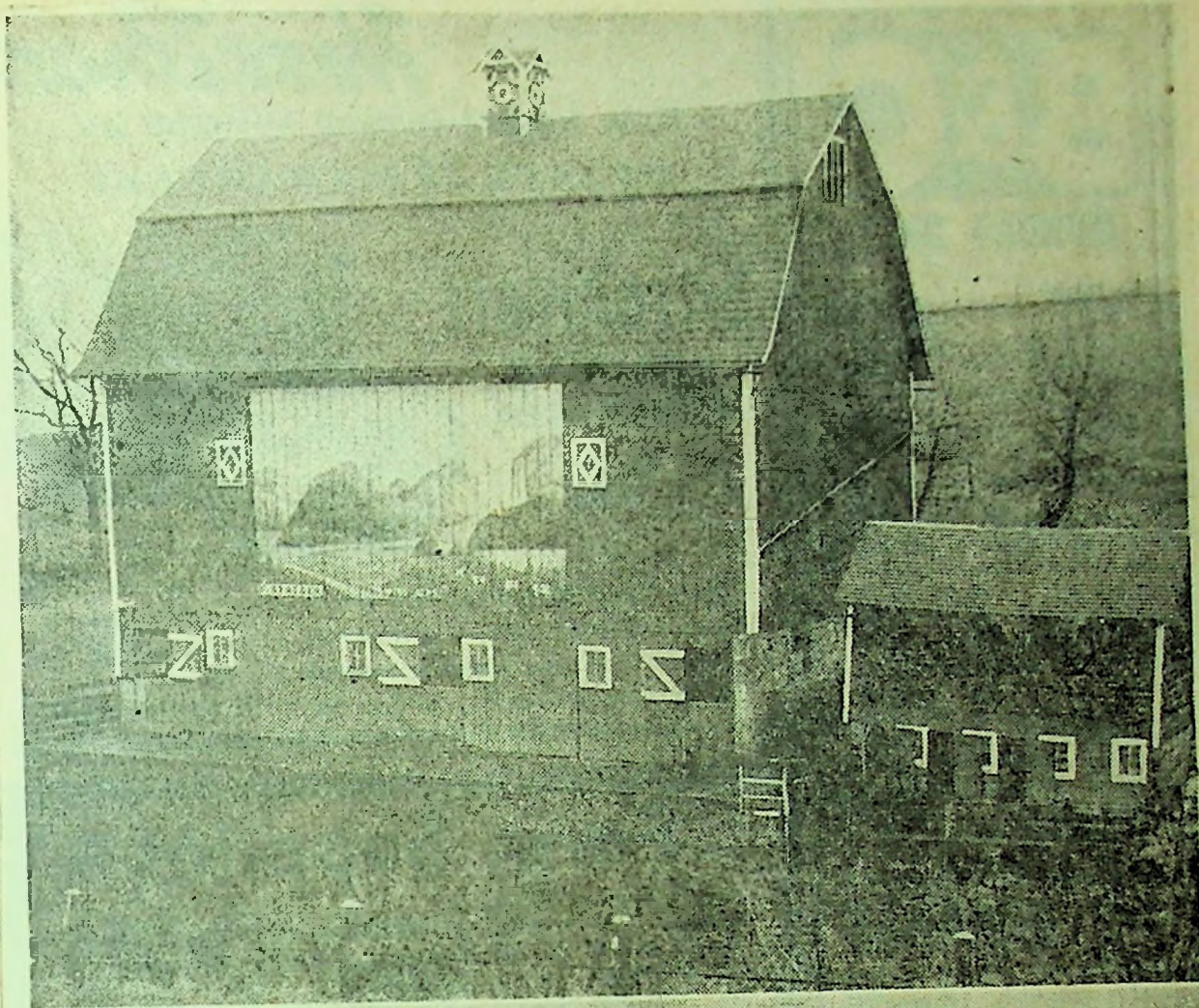
We stopped in Monroe to try to find some dress material but could not find what we wanted. This is a beautiful country as the road winds around among the hills and over them.

On the way we passed the barn in this picture with the Alps scene painted on it. We came around a bend going down hill and there was the barn. I had read about them but did not expect to see one.



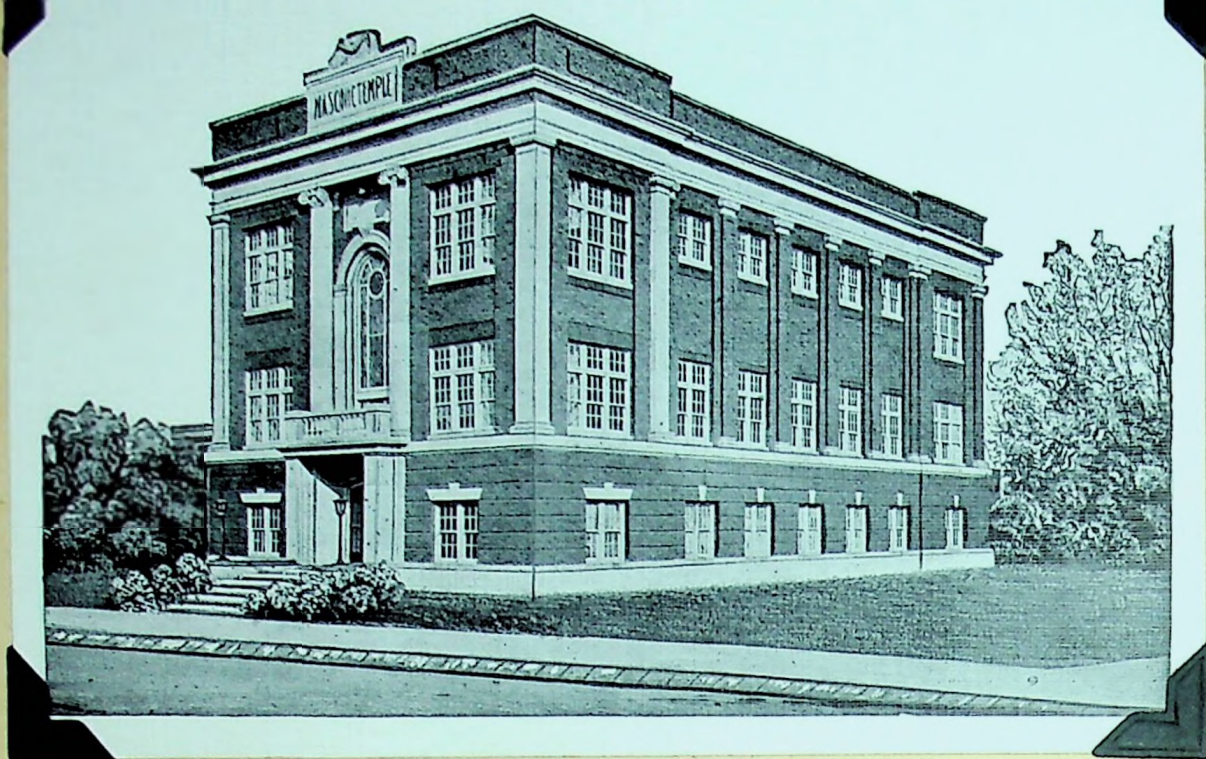
STARS & STRIPES, Sunday, April 10, 1949

# Barn Painter's Murals Add Touch of Color in Wisconsin





I will  
down into  
the basement  
of this  
building to  
Byron's  
sail testing  
laboratory.



Wed. Nov. 10th.

Thirza and I started soon after breakfast. The roads were quite dry most of the way. The snow had all melted.

We stopped first at Monroe to buy some cheese. The cheese store is a short distance north of Monroe. We had to detour on some side streets to get there and when we came back we wandered around over town trying to find our way out.

"Monroe is known as 'The Swiss cheese capital of the United States'. It is the trade and shipping center for a small area whose 300 factories produce more than half of all the Swiss and Limburger cheeses made in America. Great golden, pungent wheels of cheese are brought here from the numerous wayside factories in the region and stored in long warehouses beside the tracks to await shipment. Factories within the city greatly increase the amount of produce.

This city of cheeses and of many Schweitzers was settled by Irish, Scots, Scandinavians, and New Englanders. With the coming of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad in 1857, it began to grow more rapidly. Farmers and people from neighboring towns began to bring their produce in



for shipment. Thus in the early 1870's New Glarus cheese makers brought their odorous loads to Monroe and dispatched them to a growing eastern market. School children held their noses as wagons of Limburger passed, and an ordinance was once proposed in Monroe Common Council to ban the produce from the streets.

In 1914 a Cheese Day was inaugurated with the enthusiastic support of the city. The seventh cheese festival, held in 1935, attracted 50,000 people to watch an elaborate parade climaxed by the crowning of a cheese queen and to feast on 5 tons of Swiss and Limburger cheese. In the same year cheese was stoutly defended when Monroe's postmaster engaged in a sniffing duel with a postmaster in Iowa to determine whether or not the odor of Limburger in transit was a fragrance or a stench. Well publicized by the press of the Nation, the duel ended when a decision was reached which held that Limburger merely exercised its constitutional right to hold its own against all comers."

We stopped at a store or two in Jakesville but could not find what material Thirza was looking for.

At Milton we stopped at the old log cabin and I was going to take a picture when I discovered I had left my camera in Plattville. We also saw the Milton House. These two buildings were 'underground railway stations' in the days of slavery. The Milton House has partly fallen down but is to be restored. We went to the store and I found a postcard of the log cabin but could not find one of the Milton House.

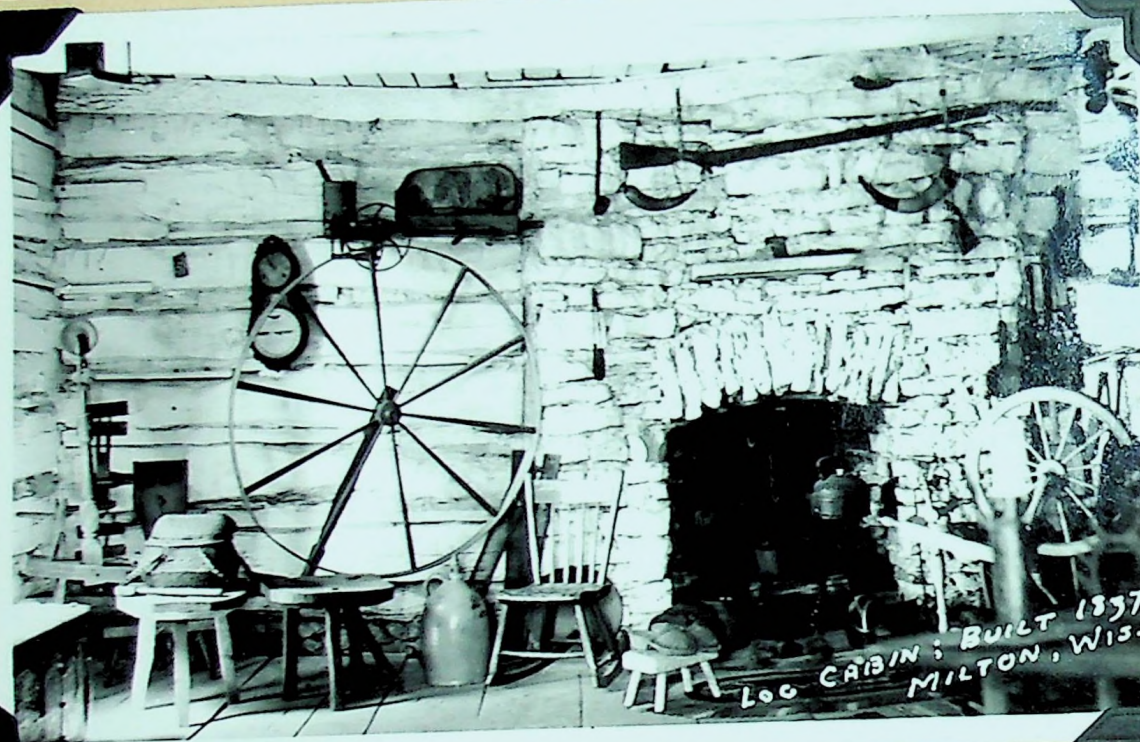
We had dinner at Marion's. It was rather late in the afternoon when we left for home. On the way home we saw a beautiful sunset. We stopped in Beloit and I got material for a heavy rayon dress for Annie.

Mrs. Hutchins and Moulton went home with us. Marion's hand was better and she was doing her washing when we got there.





LOG CABIN; BUILT IN 1837. MILTON, WIS.



LOG CABIN; BUILT 1837  
MILTON, WIS.



S. D. B. CHURCH  
MILTON, WIS.



# The Historical Society

DR. W. A. ROWELL was re-elected Beloit Historical Society president, in the annual dinner-meeting held last night in the Second Congregational church parlors. Selected to serve with him were Roger O'Neal, 1st vice-president; Miss Dorothy Merriman, 2nd vice-president; Mrs. Henry Bowen, 3rd vice-president; Mrs. Minnie McIntyre Wallace, secretary; Miss Katherine Frederick, treasurer; Blaine Hansen, Mrs. J. F. Crawford, and O. T. Thompson, advisers. The slate was submitted by a nominating committee comprised of Mrs. Arthur Walsh, Lyle Munn and Miss Margaret Goodwin, chairman.

The event closed the 38th season of the group, said by the presiding officer to have been successful in point of activities and membership. Members and guests in attendance at last night's gathering especially enjoyed a talk delivered by Dr. Rachel Salisbury, member of Milton college faculty and president of the newly organized Rock County Historical society.

## Milton History

Featured in the talk was a comparative history of Milton village beginnings, including erection of the famous Milton House, with its hexagonal tower, by Joseph Goodrich, founder of the settlement in 1838. This structure, still standing, was constructed of grout in 1844-45 along lines believed to have originated from a 16-sided Shaker barn, standing in Hancock, Mass., birthplace of Goodrich in 1800. The barn was built in 1826.

Erection of the Milton House was preceded by a grout school house, torn down after 10 years because its concrete structure did not manifest the staying qualities inherent in the later hotel business block, said to have been (except for the preceding school house) the first concrete building in the United States. Goodrich is said to have mixed gravel and sand with lime, obtained from nearby Lima, to obtain the material.

## A Phototype

The sturdy building was a matter of lifelong pride to the Milton founder. Some years later a traveling lecturer on phrenology, named Fowler, visited Milton and was so impressed with the block he returned to Fishkill, N. Y., and, in 1853-54, constructed a four-story home, containing 65 rooms, embracing all the good qualities of the original, plus many improvements. This house endured until 1894, when it was blown up for removal after having been vacant for some time. The well-known Richards octagonal house in Watertown built in 1856 was patterned after the Fishkill residence.

Dr. Salisbury outlined the colorful history of the Milton House and business block, citing some of its famous visitors including Grover Cleveland, John L. Sullivan, Tom Thumb, James G. Blaine and others. Sojourner Truth, the celebrated negress of anti-slavery days, came to Milton, staying with a colored family named Lee whose head had a shop in the business party of the block which housed eight separate stores, including the postoffice. Here the latter remained during Republican administrations, being moved to a location on the other side of the park whenever the Democrats took over.

## Built to Last

Joseph Goodrich did such an excellent job in mixing the grout it is said to have hardened in 24 hours. He claimed it to be four times cheaper than wood, six times cheaper than brick and, by repeated testing, was proven to be practically indestructible. Only during the past year did a section of Milton House collapse, necessary repairs and restoration now being planned by the state and county historical societies.

A guest at the dinner was Mrs. C. A. Atwood, Janesville, who is secretary of the Rock County Historical Society. She urged Beloiters to join the group, explaining the purposes of the new organization which will co-operate with the various local societies already formed in the county.

In the absence of Mrs. Mert Smith, museum curator, Mrs. Wallace, Beloit Historical Society secretary, submitted a report of important acquisitions to the Memoirs collection. Included in these was a quitclaim deed, dated Sept. 18, 1857, from Paul Dillingham and Julia C. Dillingham, by Matthew Hale Carpenter, noted Beloit lawyer and later U. S. Senator and cabinet member, among whose papers it was found when his son, Paul Carpenter's estate was settled. Carpenter defended Dillingham in the celebrated case involving Abraham Lincoln, in a trial of issues which affected the title of most downtown Beloit. The deed is a gift from Attorney George A. Garrigan.

## Lincoln Paper

The Memoirs committee also secured a photostat of a second sheet of manuscript from Lincoln's annual message to congress on

commissioner of Indian affairs by Lincoln. Dole is said to have obtained several sheets of the original manuscript when a government printer rescued them from a wastebasket and divided the sheets among his friends, Mr. Dole receiving two of them. Lincoln misspelled three words on one sheet, errors which were corrected by government proof readers before submission of the message to congress.

Miss Annie S. McLenegan submitted a report on work she has continued through the past year in preservation of old tombstones in Oakwood cemetery. She asserted recutting such markers is difficult because the stones themselves are often of a sandstone variety, subject to crumbling and deterioration with age.

## Protest Bridge Job

Mention was made of correspondence with Roxanne Price, Newport, R. I., who is doing excellent work renewing old stones by hand carving. Miss Price suggested an effort be made to locate some artisan in this locality who can do the work not possible with modern machine methods. Miss McLenegan addressed the meeting regarding destruction of Murphy's bridge on Shopiere Road to make room for a new one. She deplored it as having destroyed something of historical significance and ventured a hope that the Beloit Historical Society will act, if anything similar is ever attempted again in the name of progress.

Mrs. R. K. Richardson was chairman of the dinner committee. Table decorations were in the fall motif.

When we got back to Roscoe I found this article in the paper and also a letter from home with the picture on the other side which Ethel had sent me.



Squirrels gathering nuts.  
drawn by Ethel Sutton.

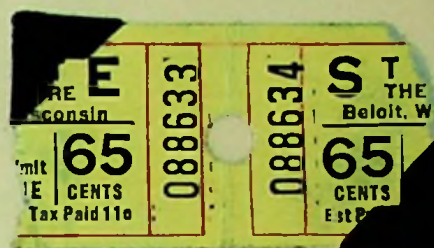
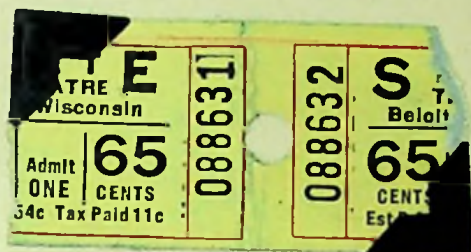




Thurs. Nov. 11th.

The day was beautiful for awhile and then cloudy for awhile most of the day. Maggie washed and it dried.

In the evening Thirza, Ivan, Maggie, Moulton and I went to Beloit to see "The Secret Land", pictures of Byrd's trip to the South Pole.



## *'The Secret Land,' an Epic Film of Real Adventure, To Open at State Wednesday*

THE TECHNICOLOR movie, "The Secret Land," an official record of the United States navy's expedition to the South Pole under Admiral Richard E. Byrd, opens a three-day run at the State theater tomorrow.

The "Northwind," a U.S. Coast Guard ice breaker equipped with Fairbanks, Morse & Co. diesel engines and auxiliary equipment, plays the "lead."

### Has Heavy Plating

This 5,950-ton craft was one of four ordered by the Coast Guard during the war. Specifications called for unusually heavy plating and with power to crush nine-foot ice.

Specifications also called for three screws, one forward and two aft. Dimensions of the powerful ice breaker are 250 feet by 59 feet six inches, and a draft of 26 feet six inches. The ship was built to plow through the ice and not be pushed upward on to it.

The designers, when they specified power enough to crush nine-foot ice, had no idea that only a few years later the "Northwind" would be called upon to tackle ice at least 20 feet thick with the pack apparently as determined to lick the "Northwind" as the "Northwind" was determined to lick it.

### "Northwind" Wins Ice Battle

The battle between the "Northwind" and the formidable ice pack, pictured in the film, is one of the most dramatic actions ever recorded. That is the testimony of several Beloiters who had an opportunity yesterday to get a preview of the picture, which will be shown at the State theater in Beloit continuously, afternoons and evenings, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week.

Equally impressive is the realization that actually pictured are men who were not on "location," but men who 24 hours a day, day after day, week after week and month after month were "carrying on" under the greatest of hardships and greatest of dangers.

### Several Epic Events Pictured

Epic scenes, other than the rescue of the submarine "Sennet," caught in the jaws of the giant ice pack, and of the fleet, also trapped in the ice, by the heroic "Northwind," are the blizzard which all but hurled the camp under mountains of snow; the plane crew that discovered the "oasis" of open water and bare land in a "desert of snow and ice;" the rescue of the naval officer hurled into the icy sea, and the crash of the helicopter.

Anyone who has a yen for adventure, and most everyone believes so sitting at a warm fireside, will find "The Secret Land," with its ice and snow, bitter cold, raging blizzards and icebergs, highly satisfactory—as long as it was "the navy that was doing it."

G. K. Fleischer, recruiter for the navy, is arranging for special events in connection with the showing of the film. One of these events will be the visit of the Huskies, descendants of the dogs on the expeditions, in front of the theater on Thursday.

Fri. Nov. 12th

Started out a fine day but clouded over and rained soon after noon.

Thirza, Maggie, Moulton and I went to Hebron to get doll clothes to sell at the Community Church bazaar. It rained hard all the way there but stopped



in San Diego. Saw Harriett and Dave for a few minutes. By the time we left Waiworth it was getting dark and it had cleared off enough so we saw the moon and a few stars.

In the morning's mail I had received a letter from Gilbert saying he would be in Washington, Iowa on Tues. so I sent him a telegram from Capron on the way to Hebron telling him where we would be. I also sent a letter to my cousin Alice Turner at Washington telling her we would be there.

In the evening Mrs. Gus Hamburg came to call.

Sat. Nov. 15th

It rained or drizzled all night and this was a cloudy day but no rain.

In the morning I went to the church and helped Thruza arrange the doll clothes and set her table for the bazaar. In the afternoon I went back and tried to sell doll clothes. There were very few people at the sale or at the supper. I saw a number of people I knew, among them were Allie and Kay McCurry ; Harry, Nora, Ray, and Bertha Hardy; Ruby Curtis, Edith Buchanan, Agnes Hobart, Claire Mocre. I also met a daughter of Mertie Kai Dillenbeck, Mrs. Reimer.

In the evening there was a program. Mr. Barnard showed pictures he had taken on his trips and pictures of Marion and Stuart's wedding. Among the trip pictures were a number of places in Oregon and other places where we had been.

**James R. Baldwin**

Word has been received by Mrs. W. W. Crockett, 603 Wisconsin ave., of the death of her youngest brother, James R. Baldwin, 67, of San Francisco, Calif. Mr. Baldwin formerly lived in Beloit and Roscoe.






Sun. Nov. 14th.

When Thirza went to church she left Mrs. Hutchins with us. We all went home with Thirza for dinner. This was another cloudy day. In the afternoon I read The Byr diary Byron kept on his way overseas and also the record of the first 100 missions of his air squadron over Italy.


Thirza had found this old party invitation of mine which she gave me.

In the afternoon Thirza took us to Ivan's and then home. Ivan came up in the evening and brought his stamps.





If you want to laugh good<sup>2</sup> & hearty;  
Please come to our Valentine party;  
February fourteenth nineteen hundred &  
Fritz, Jim<sup>2</sup> & dda Randall too see.



Mon. Nov. 15th.

Stayed bright all day. Thirza and Mrs. Hutchins came about noon and  
Marian came in the afternoon and brought the coat Moulton left at their place.  
We sew<sup>ed</sup> on a dress for Mamma.  
In the evening Thirza and Maggie took us to Beloit to take the train for  
Washington, Iowa. The train came on time, 8:10 but left at 8:35 instead of  
8:20. This is one of the fast trains but it seemed to me it spent a long time  
every time it stopped. We stopped at Freeport, Ill. and then at Savannah. We  
stayed here 45 min. and crossed the Mississippi River here. As it was night  
and as cloudy all we could see of the river was the lights of the towns shining  
on the water. We followed the Mississippi in Iowa and stopped at Clinton,



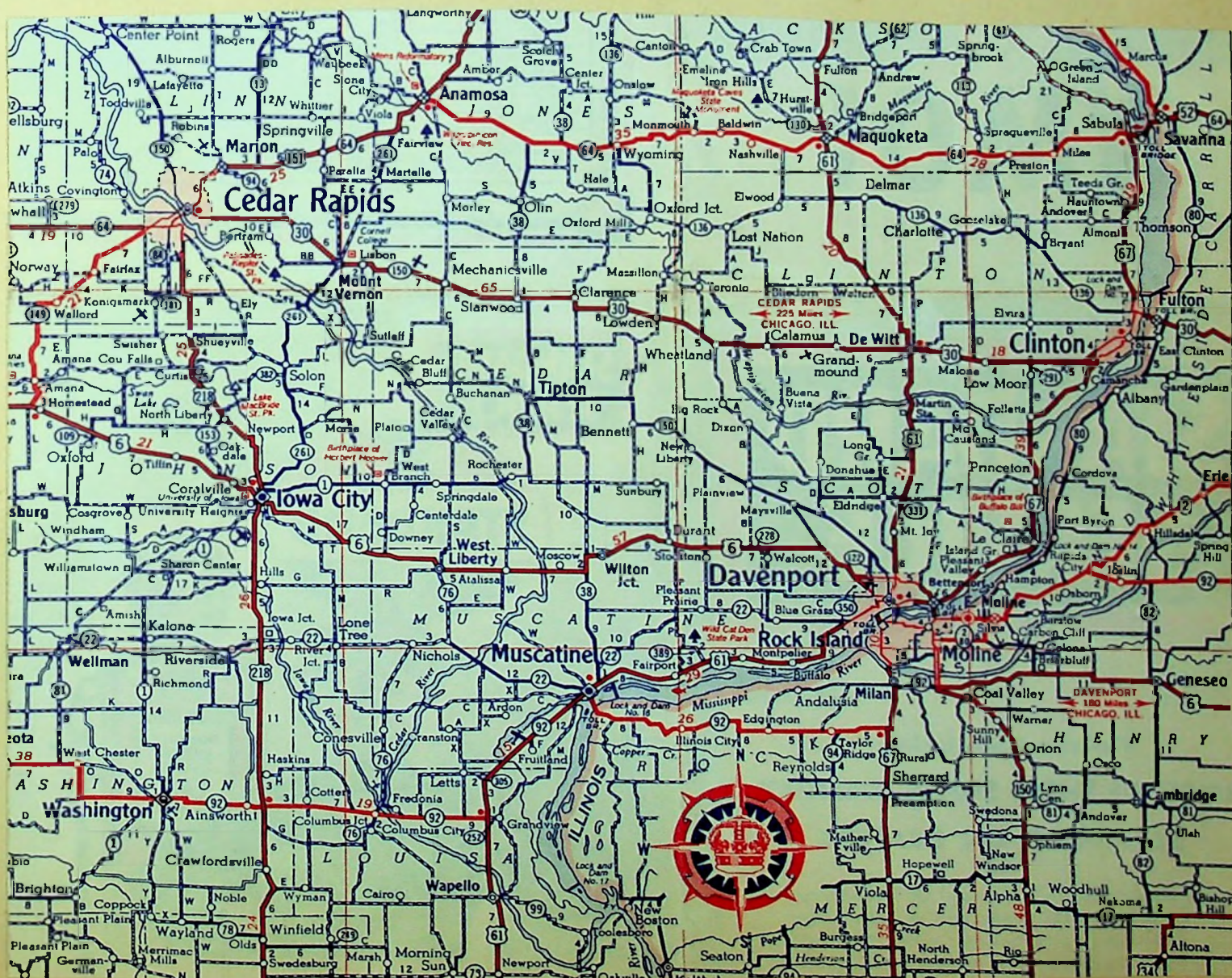
2:20 A.M. Harry and Alice met us. When we got to their place we talked awhile and then went to bed.

Tues. Nov. 10th.

I slept until 9 o'clock and Moulton woke up about the same time. About noon we had a real rain. It was very dark with lightning and thunder.

In the afternoon Alice and I went to the library to a book review by the Methodist minister, Mr. Fred Miller. The book was "Peace of Mind." We rode down to the library with Harry but we walked back and it rained. We stopped at the drug store and bought some post cards.

While we were in town Moulton stayed and played games with Aunt Della who is 91 years old.







NURSES HOME - COUNTY HOSPITAL WASHINGTON, D.C.



UNITED PRESBYTERIAN HOME WASHINGTON, D.C.



Y.M.C.A. WASHINGTON, D.C.



Gilbert and Irene came for us at 4 o'clock. They had traveled 1721.2 miles since we reached Thirka's Nov. 1st. It was raining and Alice wanted us to stay until the next day but we felt we must be on our way. On our way out of Washington we went past the park and saw the old log cabin.



We took State 92 as far as Oskaloosa. We stopped here for our supper.

"Oskaloosa is a quiet college town, the home of Quakers, retired farmers, musicians, and music lovers. The city was named for 'Oscalooosa' (Last of the Beautiful), wife of Chief Osceola. The site in the early days was on a natural route of travel between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers."

From Oskaloosa we took State 165 to Des Moines.

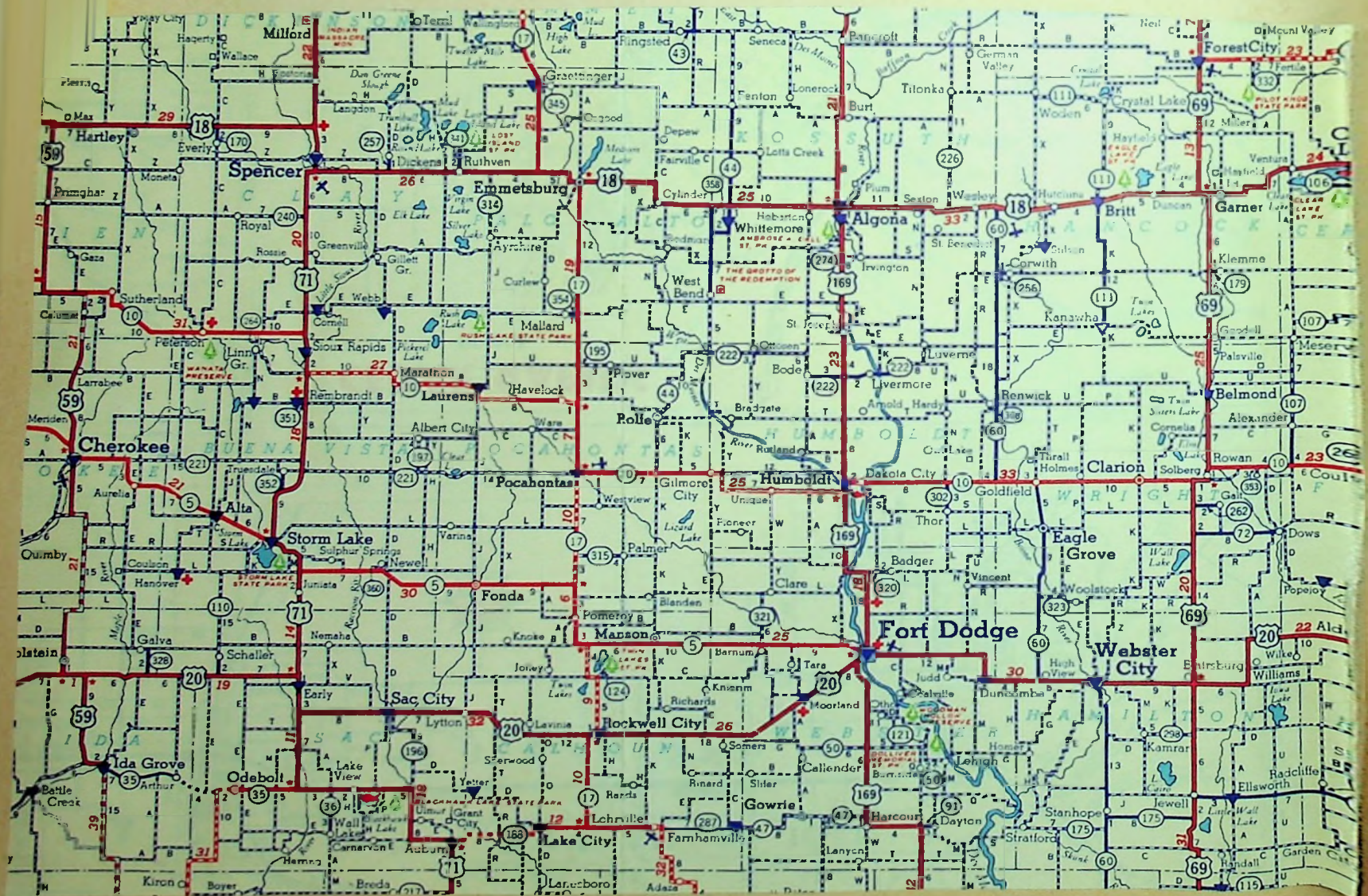
Pella, the first place we went through after leaving Oskaloosa, "was named by Dutch settlers, more than 700 of whom fled religious intolerance in their native country and came to Iowa in 1847. They adopted for a city seal the motto 'Deo Spes Nostra et Refugium', (In God is our hope and refuge). Pella is sometimes called the cleanest city in Iowa."

"Des Moines is the capital of Iowa. The name Des Moines is probably traceable to the mound builders who long ago lived near the banks of the rivers. The Indians called the main stream 'Moingona' (River of the Mounds).



it 'La Riviere des Moines', from the monks who dwelt in huts beside the water. It was spelled phonetically De moine, De Moyen, Demoine, and Des Moines. The term De Moyen, translated as 'middle', was understood to refer to the principal river between the Mississippi and the Missouri. Another variation in the meaning is 'the less' or 'the smaller', referring to a small tribe of Indians living on the river."

It was dark when we reached Des Moines and the directions given us at a service station for finding a cabin for the night, took us around the city on the east and then the north so we saw none of the city, not even the capitol. We had to stop at several places before we found a cabin on U. S. 69.. We reached the cabin at 5:15. We had traveled 115.8 miles.





We took U. S. 69 north from Des Moines. At Saylors Station we passed the Polk County Home. It has "approximately 320 residents about half of whom are insane incurables. The farm produces dairy products, fruit and vegetables for use of the institution."

At Ames we went to the Iowa State College where Gilbert tried to find his cousin who was a student there but we did not find her. While Gilbert was going to the first place of inquiry we parked beside Lake Laverne and watched some of the students who were surveying around the lake. From there we went to the dormitory but she was not there and they sent us to the Home Economics Building but by the time we found it, classes had begun so we could not see her. We drove around the campus and then stopped at a drug store where Irene and I bought post cards.

"Ames, a college town, lies on rolling prairie, near the geographic center of Iowa. Squaw Creek bisects the town. From a distance the town appears to be a dense grove extending between the water towers and smokestacks at the eastern and western ends of the town. To the casual observer, Ames is two adjacent towns, since the college farm lands separate the original town from the section that clusters thickly about the college - Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts. Each section has its own business center. Modern buildings line the wide streets of the downtown section and shops, catering to student trade, border the southern edge of the campus.

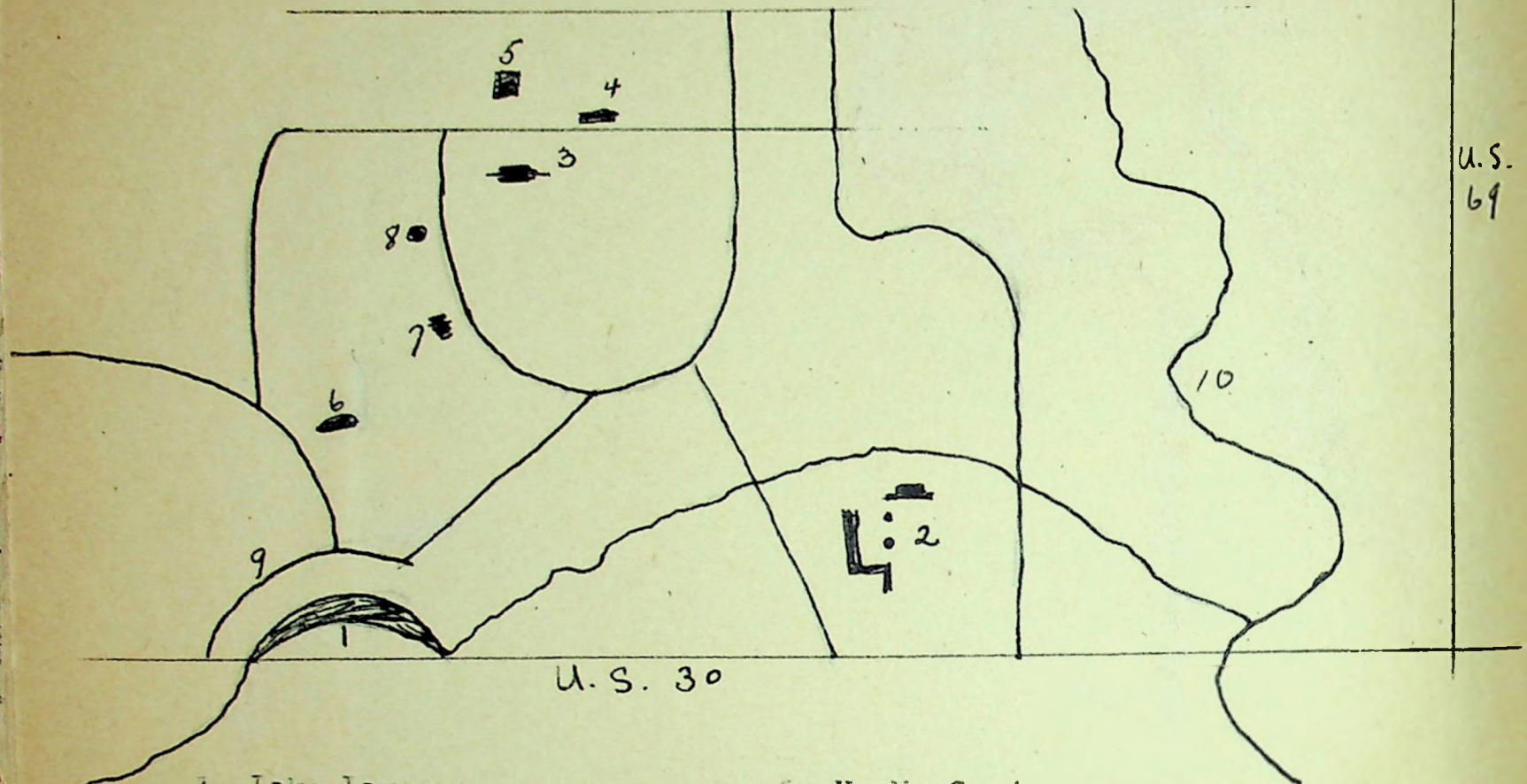
Near the college are two of the newer residential districts. Here the streets wind about between modern homes. At the east side of the campus stately dormitories stand out boldly against the heavy foliage of the trees.

At the end of 1865 there were 500 people living here. Special laws were passed by the State Legislature to safeguard the students of College Farm, as the college was called, including one prohibiting one prohibiting the sale



of any kind of alcoholic beverages."

# Ames College Diagram.



1. Lake Laverne

2. Dormitories

3. Home Economics

4. Science Building

5. Physics

6. Y. M. C. A.

7. Central Building

8. Morrill Hall

9. Where we first parked

10. Squaw Creek







*CHEMISTRY BUILDING—  
IOWA STATE COLLEGE — AMES — IOWA*

50



*HOME ECONOMICS BLDG. — IOWA STATE COLLEGE — 40.  
AMES — IOWA*



*MEMORIAL UNION BUILDING BY LAKE LAVERNE, IOWA STATE COLLEGE*

23



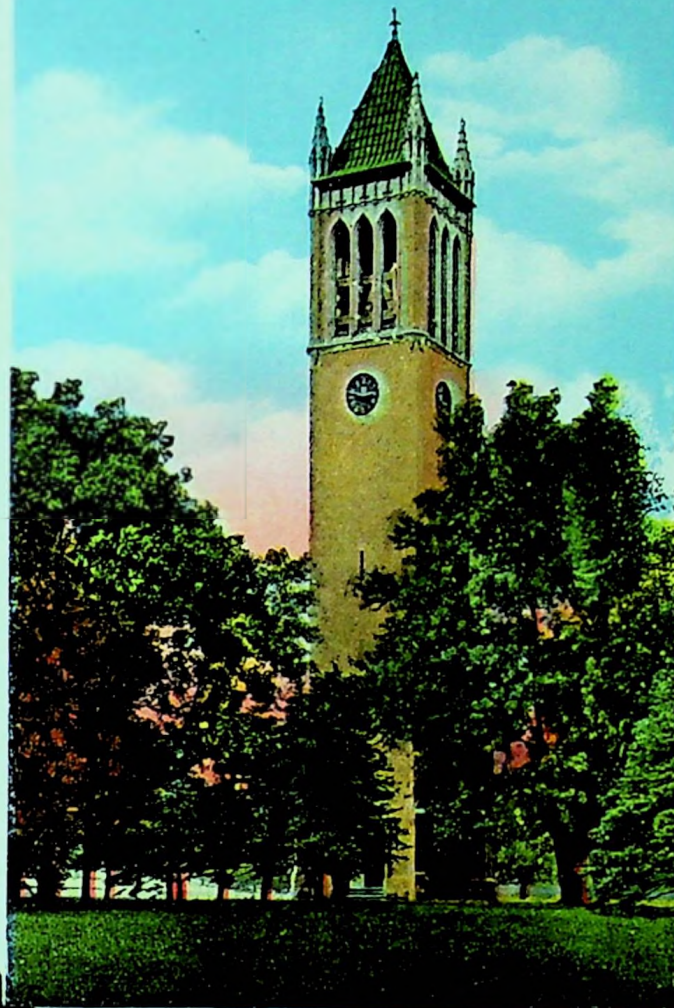


Home Economics Building, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa



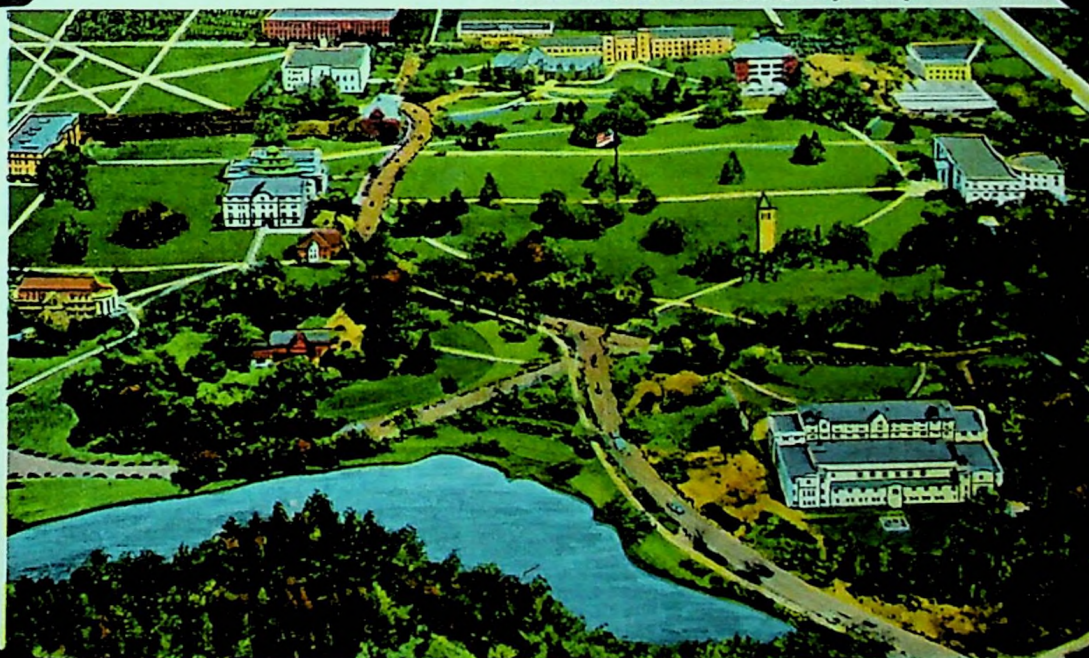


The Campanile, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa



73

Aerial View of Iowa State College Campus, Ames, Iowa



84



Wall Lake which formerly extended almost 2 miles, but is now largely swamp and marsh land." The north end is about 2 miles south of Jewell.

At the junction with U.S. 20 were some highway patrol officers who were stopping cars and trucks going west on 20 as though they were looking for someone or something.

At Belmont we passed the Chemical Division of General Mills.

At Goodell we took County E west to Kanawha where we had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Herb Mewes, cousins of Gilbert's. We passed a farm where they were shelling corn in the fields and would have asked them if they could tell us where the Mewes lived but they were too far away to ask them without getting out of the car so we decided to stop at the next house and ask. That was the house. We got there at 11:40 and left again at 5:30 . It rained by spells all afternoon. We had a fine dinner and visit.

We continued west on County E until we came to State 60. We went south on 60 to State 10 and west on this to Humboldt on U.S. 169. At Humboldt we crossed the Des Moines River. We went south on U.S. 169 and about 10 miles from Humboldt we crossed the Des Moines River again. Before reaching Ft. Dodge we saw this Burma Shave sign: "If you think she likes your bristles, walk bare-footed through some thistles."

Crossed over the railroads and round house at Ft. Dodge. We also crossed the Des Moines River again. "In 1850 the Federal Gov't established a fort, first called Fort Clarke as a courtesy to the commander of the Sixth Infantry Brevet Maj. Newman S. Clarke. It was changed on June 25, 1851 to Ft. Dodge for Henry Dodge, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, who fought in the Black Hawk and other Indian Wars. Roving bands of Indians that continued to plunder the country east, west, and southeast of the fort caused the only trouble, and in 1853, the fort, no longer necessary, was abandoned.



and H. B. Marin of Marshalltown, Iowa, resulted in the nationally famous Cardiff Giant hoax. The 'prehistoric' man whose 'discovery' caused a widespread stir of excitement during the last quarter of the 19th century, and cut for Hull and Marin by Michael Foley from a ledge of gypsum. Freightened from Ft. Dodge to Chicago, the slab was carged into a giant by two German stone-cutters <sup>who</sup> and pricked it with a leaden mallet faced with needles to give it a human looking skin, then bathed the finished work with sulphuric acid to give the appearance of great age. The stone man, 10 feet long, 2½ feet wide, and weighing 3000 lbs., encased in a strong box, arrived in Union, N.Y. on Oct. 12, 1858. A few weeks later it was buried near Cardiff, N.Y. by a Mr. Newell, brother-in-law of Mr. Hull. A little later Newell 'discovered' the giant while digging a well. Soon the Cardiff Giant was famous. Sculptors, geologists, and whriters believed him to be a 'prehistoric man'. James Hall, N.Y. State geologist, pronounced him 'the most remarkable archeological discovery ever made in this country.' Hiram Powers, sculpture of the Greek Slave, declared, 'no chisel could carve such a perfect man.'

Among the skeptics who did not believe the Cardiff Giant was a 'petrified man' was Oliver Wendell Holmes. He drilled through the giants head to prove to his own satisfaction that the statue was an old image, probably several hundred years old. Interest was so wide spread the magazines and papers everywhere carried stories about the giant, and up-to-date encyclopedias mentioned it. During the time the giant was part of P.T. Barnum's show, millions of people paid 50¢ to see him. Interest flowed to such a peak that the N.Y. Central changed its train schedules to permit passengers to stop and see the wonder when it was shown at Syracuse. In 1901 the giant attracted more people than almost anything else at the Pan American Exhibit



of Yale exposed it as a fake. Afterward people forgot the Cardiff Giant for nearly a quarter of a century. He was then shown at Emmetsburg, Iowa, in July 1955 and featured in the Centennial Parade on Aug. 17, 1955 at Ft. Dodge. The giant is now in the private museum of Gardner Cowles Jr. a Des Moines newspaper executive.

At Ft. Dodge we took U.S.20 west. As we were leaving Ft. Dodge we saw this sign: "School zone intersections. ~~Heed~~ <sup>we need</sup> ~~constructions~~, ~~to save~~ our little tax deductions."

"Between Ft. Dodge and Sioux City, U.S.20 Doughtly follows the 'Furrow Trail' plowed in 1856 by Alex McCready and his son. It was known to the pioneers as the Great Road. In the early 1859's it wasn't uncommon for travelers crossing the Iowa praries to lose their courage or to start wandering in a circle. Mc Cready, a civil engineer, and his son set out from Sioux City with oxen and plow to mark the trail to Ft. Dodge. A parallel furrow, 4 to 6 rods from the first, was plowed on the return trip. The ridges thus made served to indicate both to day and night drivers when their teams left the trail. The Great Road, winding to avoid the hills and rough places, was many miles longer than the present highway between the two cities."

We stopped at Early for the night and stayed in a beautiful cabin at Matt's Tourist Court. We went down town for supper.

In our cabin was this verse:

Welcome Guest.

You are welcome here,  
be at your ease.  
Go to bed when you're ready,  
get up when you please.

Happy to share with you,  
such as we've got,  
The leaks in the roof,  
the soup in the pot.

MODERN - HEATED  
AND INSULATED

TEXACO PRODUCTS  
CIGARETTES - LUNCH

*Matt's Tourist Court*  
OTTO H. MATTHAIDESS, PROP.  
TELEPHONE 52

ON HI-WAYS 20 AND 71

EARLY, IOWA



or laugh at our jokes.  
Sit deep and come often,  
you're one of the folks.

Our mileage for the day was 226.1 miles.

Thurs. Nov. 18th.

Temperature in the car 30°. We left the cabin at 7:15 as this was one of the cabins where we could not have our breakfast in the cabin.

The first place we came to was Schaller. We did not go through Schaller but a short distance to the south. It "is one of the important shipping centers in the pop-corn producing area of northwestern Iowa.

This section of the state lies along the eastern edge of one of the large 'dust bowls' most severely affected by the droughts of 1934 and 1936; when dust storms of great intensity were not uncommon."

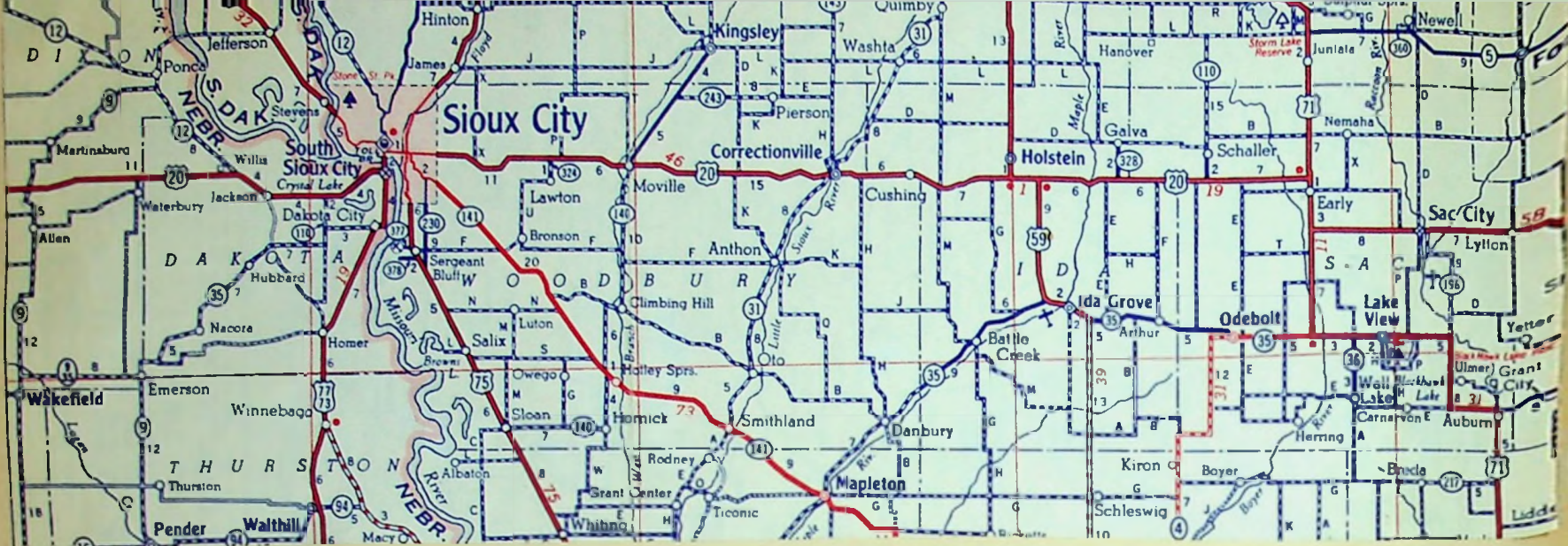
The first place we went through was Correctionville and we stopped here for breakfast. "Correctionville, on the Little Sioux River, was so named by surveyors because the town lies on a 'correction line' established for verification and correction of land surveying. The town is in the center of a stock-raising district." When we came out of the cafe a large truck full of pop-corn was parked beside our car in the parking area.

Near Merville we met a truck which was painted half red and half yellow.

As we were coming into Sioux City we stopped for gas and Gilbert discovered he had left his bill fold and his flash light in the cabin in Early so we went back for it. When we got there the cabin owner had just found it and had it in the office.

The roads in western Iowa are very hilly but they are very good roads and quite pretty. We saw 2 Burma Shave signs; "The boy who wants his girl's applause, must act not look like Santa Clause." and "We don't know how to split an atom, but as for whiskers, let us at um."





Entering Sioux City we went over the railroads and stock yards. The road took us around the southern part of the city and through the ware house district to the toll bridge across the Missouri River, so we did not see much of the city. It had begun to drizzle.



BIG SIOUX RIVER, SIOUX CITY, IOWA





In the middle of the toll bridge we met Santa Clause riding on the top of an inclosed truck, ringing a bell and trying to pull his neck down into his coat to keep out the rain. He looked anything but happy about the whole situation.

"Sioux City, lying along the Big Sioux and Floyd Rivers at the point where they empty into the Missouri, spreads over bluffs and river valleys at the western boundary line where Iowa meets Nebraska and South Dakota.

The junction of the Missouri, the Big Sioux and the Floyd Rivers was important both to Indians and animals long before the invasion of the white man. Military Road, the main traffic artery northwest into South Dakota, was originally an old buffalo trail that traversed the entire length of what is now Sioux City and extended southward to Sergeant Bluff. Omaha, Oto, and Sioux Indians beat a trail along the buffalo path, and French Traders, penetrating into the region, followed.

The explorers, Lewis and Clark, on their expedition up the Missouri River passed through this region in 1802.

Altho the Missouri River was a canoe route for early fur traders, it was not until 1855 that the first steamboat, Omaha, arrived from St. Louis.

The Combination Bridge is the largest and oldest pivot-span bridge in



rest, were completed in 1896, joining the city with South Sioux City, Nebraska. The bridge received its name because it was originally built for the use of the Pacific Short Line Railroad as well as for vehicles and pedestrians. This railroad used the bridge for about 9 months. Shifting sandbars that diverted the current made it necessary to sink the piers to bedrock and ramp the approaches to prevent erosion. The end span opens to allow the passage of boats and barges.

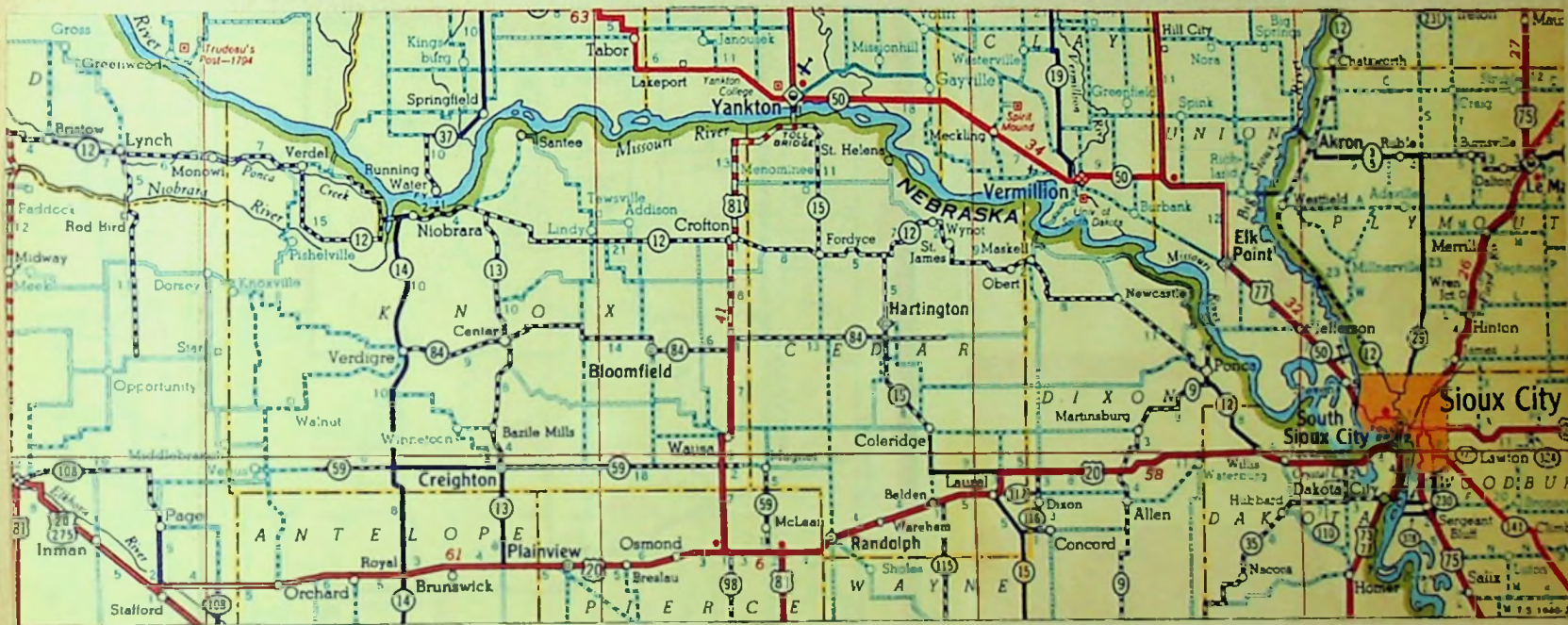
In South Sioux City, Nebraska one of the stores was playing Christmas music with a loud speaker outside. It was very fine. We stopped for dinner and also bought some post cards. We saw a grey squirrel in a tree.

"South Sioux City is a long town whose business places stretch along the main street. It is on the Missouri River. High densely wooded bluffs overlook the river to the east and rich agricultural lands stretch out from the town in the other direction.

South Sioux City, incorporated in 1889, was named for the Sioux Indians who had a reservation near the town site. Part of the town was originally known as Harney City, afterwards known as Covington. South Sioux City and Covington consolidated in 1893.

Covington was noted as a tough town and a center of vice, filling up with saloon keepers and gamblers from Sioux City when prohibition was adopted in Iowa. Gun fights were frequent on the pontoon bridge between Covington and Sioux City, and the river was used to dispose of the bodies of losers. One of the rougher saloons and gambling houses was built on the water front and had a chute to the water. 'Squawkers' who complained of losing their money were placed in the chute and sent sliding into the river. Many of the old saloon buildings of those days are still standing."





A few miles from South Sioux City we passed Crystal Lake. The farther we went the harder the rain became. There was a cold east wind. At Belden the rain had become sleet and at Randolph we began to see snow on the ground and the wind was from the north and blowing harder. At Plainville the snow was deeper and drifting and becoming a blizzard. The storm was soon as bad it was difficult to see the road and at times we wondered just whether we would get to a town. We met a snow plow near Orchard. When we got to Orchard we stopped to ask how it was farther west and were told we had better find a place to stay if we could. We were directed to a house where they might take us in as there are no hotels nor tourist courts. It is only



the basement we might have. By this time the storm had become a real blizzard and we were glad to find lodging of any kind. Moulton and Gilbert went down town to see if they could find some warmer clothes for Moulton and some galoshes for me. Moulton soon came back with some galoshes. Gilbert had found a place where he could put the car in a filling station over the grease rack as every garage was full of cars. We all bundled up and waded through the drifts to the cafe for our supper. About the time we got there the lights went out and did not come back on again. They hunted around and found a kerosene lamp but as they depended on electricity to cook with, we could have nothing hot unless it was something they already had cooked. We had a hard time to get back to our basement as it was getting dark and we had to face the blizzard and the drifts were getting deeper. We finally made it but the people where we were to stay had only one lamp. When we got back we found there was another room in the basement and 5 men had come in to stay there. When we got back they were all standing around a cook stove in our part of the basement. As there were no lights one of them lit a match to help us down the steps. Everybody went to bed about 7 o'clock glad of a place where we could get in out of the storm.

Our mileage for the day was 301.5 miles.

Fri., Nov. 19th.

About 10 minutes before 6 o'clock Gilbert awoke and turned on his little portable radio to see if there was any storm news. We could hear it still blowing so we knew it had not abated then. When the news came on it said the storm would last at least another day and as everything was dark and no electricity yet there was no need of thinking about leaving not getting up to go out for breakfast.



breakfast as the landlady had said we could cook on the stove in the basement. As she had an electric stove in her kitchen she had to cook on the stove in the basement too. As a number of the homes there were heated by oil furnaces run by electricity they had no heat and some of the stores were without heat. The people where we were had a coal furnace for heating their house so they were warm. Most of the town got their water from the town tank and it was pumped by electricity so all were asked to use as little water as possible. Also there was a large cold storage and frozen food locker plant and it depended on electricity for keeping it cold. They were very much worried about the meat in the lockers. It seemed strange when it was so cold out door to hear them talking about meat spoiling. The lady where we were took her things out of her refrigerator and put them on her screened porch and they soon froze again.

About noon Moulton and I went to the store and got some groceries for dinner and supper. It was hard going but we each brought back a few groceries. We also bought Moulton a warm cap.

Ira had a sore throat all day and about noon she felt so bad she went to bed and slept more or less the rest of the afternoon.

About dark the wind began to go down a little. As there was nothing we could do we went to bed about dark.

Sat. Nov. 20th

The storm is over but it is cloudy yet. The men have all gone out to help shovel paths or to watch the others do it.

In the middle of the morning Gilbert, Moulton, and I went out taking pictures. In front of the Ford Garage were some new Fords that had been left outside during the storm and they were completely covered. Some of them



also some of the big trucks and transports left on the street. The drifts were hard enough so we could walk on most of them. The school children were having a fine time walking on them and playing with sleds.



The house where we stayed.





There are cars under this drift.

## Storm Blows Itself Out in Midwest Area

KANSAS CITY (AP) — A late fall blizzard which paralyzed a large strip of the Great Plains area from Eastern Colorado to Minnesota blew itself out Saturday grounding a Lake Superior freighter in one final fling.

Despite the storm's paralyzing fury, only three deaths had been attributed to the blizzard as relief workers reported that of the hundreds of persons marooned only one definitely was known to be still missing.

Many, however, still were in improvised havens, safe from the weather, but in danger of possible food shortages unless relief crews could break through drifts quickly.

Western Kansas and Nebraska appeared to be hardest hit. There was no way of estimating damage and livestock losses.

Most of the stalled trains were moving again—slowly and hours late as snow plows battered pathways through drifts. Five trains still were stalled, but these were at stations and their passengers were safe. Four of them were on the Rock Island lines at Goodland in northwest Kansas and one was the Union Pacific City of St. Louis at Weskan on the Kansas-Colorado line.

Many stranded motorists were rescued by Santa Fe train crews in the Dodge City-Garden City area. One of them, the Rev. R. W. O. Knowles, minister of the First Methodist church in Garden City, said, "I owe my life to divine guidance and the Santa Fe railway."

This is an account of a later storm but in most details it is like the one we were in. The one we were in hit hardest in central Nebraska and Kansas.



Irene was feeling better, so after Gilbert got back to our room, Irene and I went back down town to see if we could find some souvenirs to take home with us. I got a street car salt and pepper shaker.set.

After dinner Gilbert, Edward, and Moulton went to town. Edward had a fine time playing in the snow. He played so hard he was ready for a nap as soon as he got back. Later in the afternoon Gilbert and Moulton came back with word the snow plow was getting near and might get there that evening. One reason it was coming so slowly was that every time they came to a car that was stalled along the road, they stopped to dig it out to see if anyone was in it. If they found anyone, dead or alive, they took them back to the next town.

At 7:45 the lights came on but the only connection we had with the outside was the radio and one airplane for which the man had shoveled a runway.

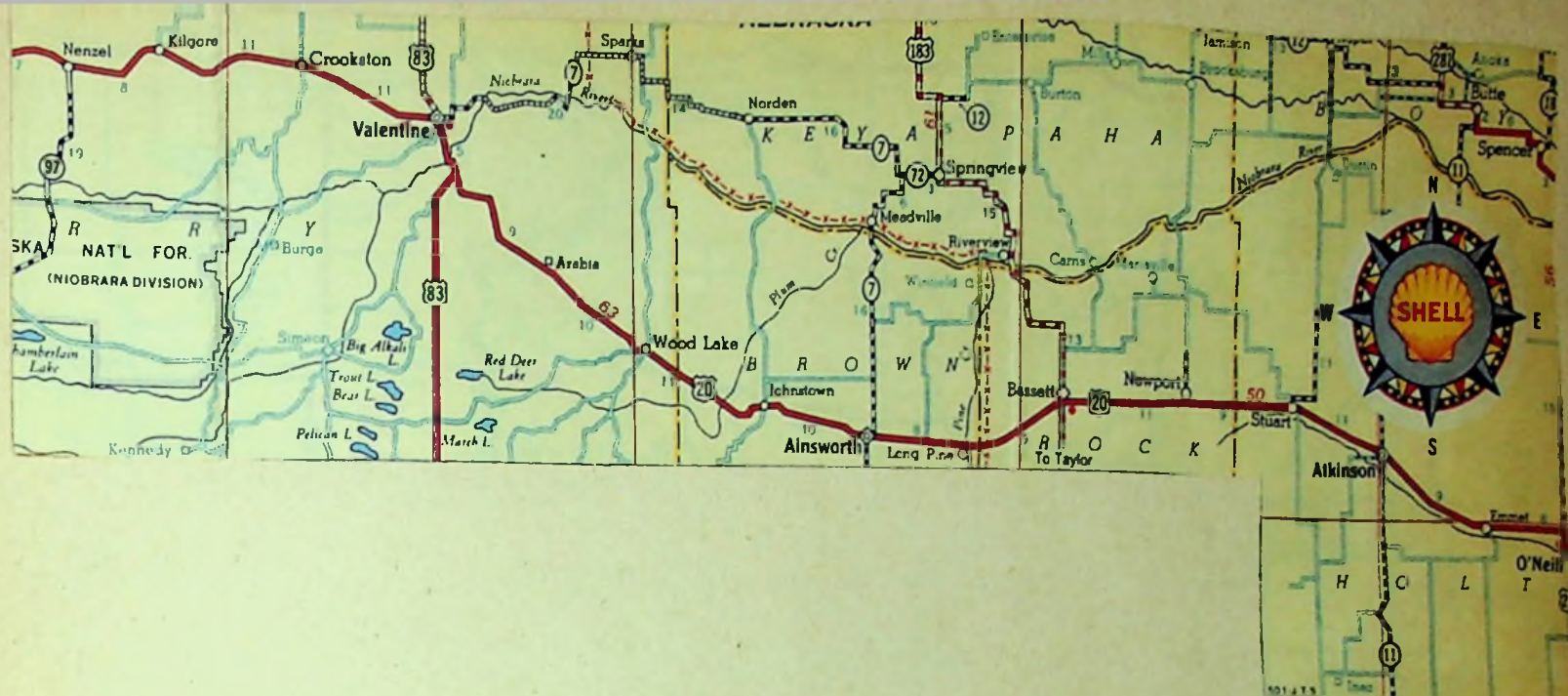
We went to bed early so we would be ready to leave early if the snow-plow came through but I am sure none of us slept very soundly as we were all listening to hear the plow come through.

Sun. Nov. 21st.

About 6 A.M. we heard what we were sure was the snow plow so we all got up. Gilbert went up to go out and see if it really was but he found the door was locked and he could not find a key to get out so we could not find out. About 7 o'clock we heard the rotary go through so we got ourselves ready to leave as soon as we could get our car. Men were out shoveling roads from their cars to the road and everyone was eager to be off. Gilbert and Moulton went for the car but the building was locked so after awhile they went to the owners home and got him. He came with them to unlock but when he got there he had no key so he broke the lock.

It was a fine day. The temperature in the car when we were ready to leave





We went on U. S. 20 west to State 108. The plows had made a one car lane through the drifts but part of the road was nearly bare so there were plenty of places to pass. We had chains so we did not find the going too bad. We went south on 108 to Ewing. Along the highway we saw a few parked cars that had been stalled during the blizzard. We wondered if the people had gotten out to shelter or if they were among those that had been taken out by the snow plow crew.

At Ewing we took U.S. 273 to U.S. 20 and west again. The reason for our leaving U.S. 20 was it was not open part of the way. We met some cars that were traveling without chains and they were doing considerable sliding; one of them had turned around and a number of men from other cars were turning it around again.

At O'Neill the snow was very deep and the roads here were the worst we



and a few miles both sides the drifts were deeper and longer.

"O'Neill was named for Gen. John J. O'Neill, founder of an Irish colony here. O'Neill tried to help as many Irish-Americans as possible to live independently on farms in the West. He founded 3 colonies. His first one was here May 12, 1874.

Later in the 19th century the town of O'Neill had a reputation for lawlessness largely because of the Barrett Scott case. Barrett Scott, Holt County Treasurer, disappeared in 1892 following rumors that his funds were short. He was finally found in Mexico and brought back to O'Neill to face trial. He was kidnapped while out on bail. Scott's body was found lying near a large stone on the bank of the Niobrara River by the Whiting Bridge. Of 40 masked and armed vigilantes suspected of the crime, 12 were tried but acquitted. Years later an eastern map company, on its map of Nebraska, listed O'Neill as one of the three important cities in the state, largely because of the notoriety of the Scott case.

O'Neill comes to life on Sun. morning instead of Sat. nights. By town custom, stores open at 6:30 Sunday mornings, so people from the surrounding country, who come in to early mass, may trade.

West of O'Neill the highway passes through the great hay-producing country, which extends as far as Valentine in an almost unbroken stretch of prairie, dotted in the fall with large haystacks.

Atkinson is spread out like a booming oil town. Houses and barns haphazardly placed in the outlying area, are far removed from the main street's stores and business places.

West of Atkinson the country is ideal for dairying, and fine herds are numerous."

Between Atkinson and Stuart our chain broke so we stopped and took them off. There was only a little snow here so we got along alright. We stopped at Stuart



stalled at Orchard was here eating. He was on his way to Valentine for another load of cattle to take to Sioux City. He said they took 9 people out of cars who had died in the storm.

"Newport is another hay-shipping town. Built on the north slope of the sand hill region, the town is surrounded by meadows, backed by hills to the west and north.

U.S.20 passes through typical sand hill country between Bassett and Valentine. The highway, in passing over the sand hills east of Bassett, runs through slightly hilly country.

Bassett lies on a long slope, with high school and court house above and a group of stores below.

Long Pine was named for nearby Long Pine Creek. Long Pine Creek is deep and narrow." We set our watches back an hour here to Rocky Mountain Time from Central Time. Here there are hills and pine trees. Ahead of us were black clouds and the wind was coming up.

At Ainsworth we saw a log cabin in the park. "Ainsworth was named for Capt. James E. Ainsworth. On the east side of the square, near the highway near the eastern end of town, is a log cabin, The Ainsworth Museum, with a few old relics.

Ainsworth lies in the valley of Bone Creek, so named because the valley was once strewn with thousands of bison and cattle skeletons.

Johnstown appears to have as many windmills as houses. Wood Lake lies in a small wooded plot near a water tower on a hill, and is the trade center of a large ranching area."

Near Arabia we saw two prairie chickens. At Arabia and west it was hilly. There was a little snow on the ground. Near Valentine we crossed the "Niobrara River on the Byran Bridge, a long, silver-sheened structure, named for Charles W. Byran, once Governor of Nebraska. The river winds



partly frozen over.

There were no houses for miles between Valentine and Gordon. We saw lots of cattle.

"Valentine is a typical western cow town, with cowpunchers, sportsmen and weather beaten stores.

West of Valentine U.S.20 runs through sand-hill country. This region is treeless, sparsely settled, and largely devoted to grazing. The hills are grass-covered, with typical 'Blowouts' and sandy stretches appearing from time to time.

Nenzel is little more than a trading post on a hill.

Cody is a trading post for the Rosebud Indian Agency. Between Cody and Gordon is Dane Hill, "one of the steepest of the many hills over which the highway climbs after leaving the plateau country. Near the top of this series of hills, the sandhill recede to the northeast and south, leaving a hard soil area bounded by the Niobrara River and by South Dakota."

East of Gordon we saw a brown eagle on a hay stack. Near Gordon we saw some wheat land.

"Gordon, which lies just outside the sand-hills area, was named for John Gordon, one of the first settlers to attempt to travel into the Black Hills with a train of wagons when that country was still a part of Indian territory. The Federal Government had forbidden white settlers to enter. Overtaken south of Cody, Gordon was stopped by a lieutenant in command of a detachment of U. S. cavalry. His oxen were turned loose, his wagons and freight burned, for which the lieutenant was later dismissed from the service.

South of the highway the wide valley of the Niobrara River is visible. To the north the country is rather rough and broken, rising gradually to a tableland dotted with scattered pines and irregular ledges of caprock.





Rushville, named for Rush Creek, has been visited by many notables, largely because the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota, is easily accessible from this point.

Hay Springs lies in meadow country watered by a number of springs." At Hay Springs we took State 37 south as we were told we had better get farther south or we would run into snow again. We went south and then west until we came to State 19. No 37 was not a bad road but there were very few



dark and rather foggy. We went south on No. 19 to Alliance where we stayed all night in the Kastner Cabins. No. 19 was quite icy and hard traveling. Gilbert said he was glad when we were able to find a place to stay as he was tired from the hard day's driving. Gilbert, Irene, and Edward went up town for supper but Moulton and I ate a lunch in the cabin. The yard near the cabins contained a pool with eagles carved around the outside of the pool.

"Alliance, seat of Box Butte Co., lies west of the sand hills on a high treeless tableland, almost all of which is tillable. The town is the trading center of an extensive farming area, shipping many carloads of seed potatoes annually. Alliance is a relatively new town, settled in 1888 when the Burlington Lines, which owned the site, advertised a great land sale and ran special excursion trains for those who came to buy."

Our mileage for the day was 51779 miles.

Mon. Nov. 22nd. Temperature in the car 9°.

I left the cabin at 7:56 and went south on State 19 to Sidney. The road south of Alliance is hilly and winding and was icy in places. The road reminded us of the road to Toppenish from Goldendale.

"Angors, near the North Platte River is in the sand-hills section."

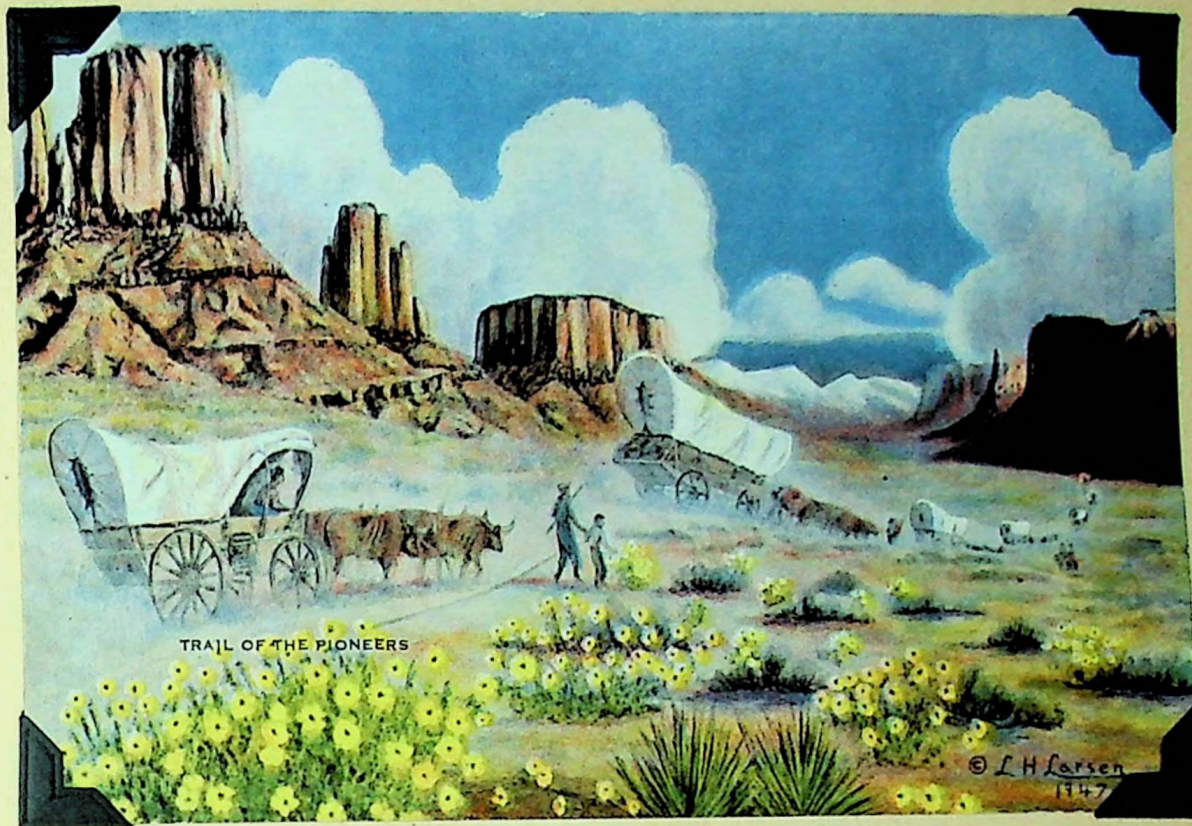
For about 10 miles before reaching Northport, the road goes southeast near the North Platte River. This place was very foggy and the trees were white with frost and very beautiful. At Northport we crossed the river into Bridgeport. Soon after leaving Alliance, Gilbert noticed his speedometer was not working so we tried to get it fixed at Bridgeport but the garage was too busy then so we went on.

"Bridgeport is near the place where the Astorians camped in the latter part of the winter of 1812-1813."

"Dalton, founded in 1902, is supplied with water from the springs once used



Trail of the Pioneers who paid 56¢ for a tankful. State 19 is the Covered Wagon Trail."



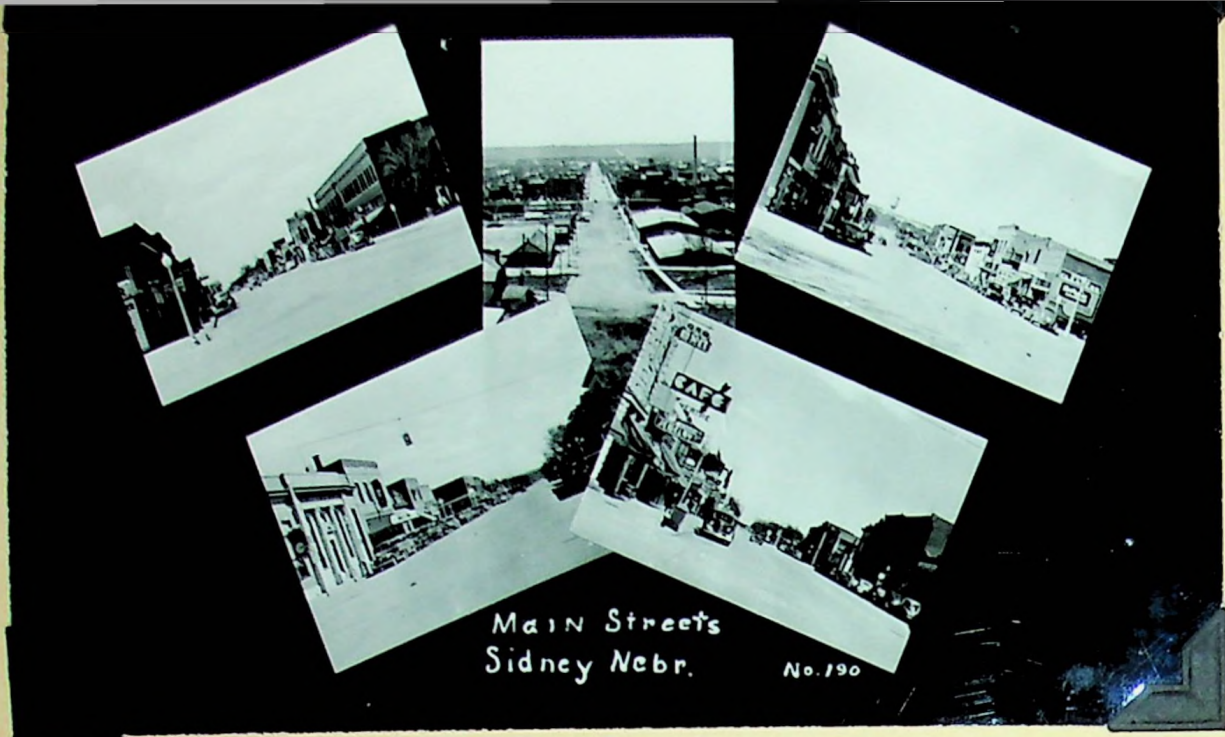
From Bridgeport to Sidney the road was icy most of the way.

At Sidney was a marker commemorating Ft. Sidney. While the speedometer was being fixed Irene and I walked around town and bought cards.



Monument, Old Fort Sidney, Sidney, N.D.













OFFICE - SIDNEY, NEBRASKA



CITY AUDITORIUM - SIDNEY, NEBRASKA

"Sidney, situated in Lodgepole Valley, is surrounded by high rolling plains, broken here and there by imposing cliffs. High bluffs at the north protect it from winter winds. The town developed around Ft. Sidney and grew rapidly because it was nearer the Black Hills than any other railroad point of consequence during the 1876-77 gold rush days. The fort was called Sidney Barracks. It was established for the protection of railroad construction workers and maintained until 1894 when the Indian wars were over."

We took U.S. 30 which follows Lodge Pole Creek. At Brownson we passed the Sioux Ordnance Depot.



road 100001 and Lodge Pole Creek disappears under ground but appears again several miles downstream.



Lodgepole Creek  
No. 10, Sidney, Neb.

"Kimbell is noted for the amount of wheat it ships, and is the center of an extensive potato growing country. It was the southern terminus of the the old stage route that passed through the Wild Cat Range to Gering on the North Platte River."

At Pine Bluffs is a marker to the 'Old Texas Trail'."

There was no snow or ice on No. 30 in this section of the country.

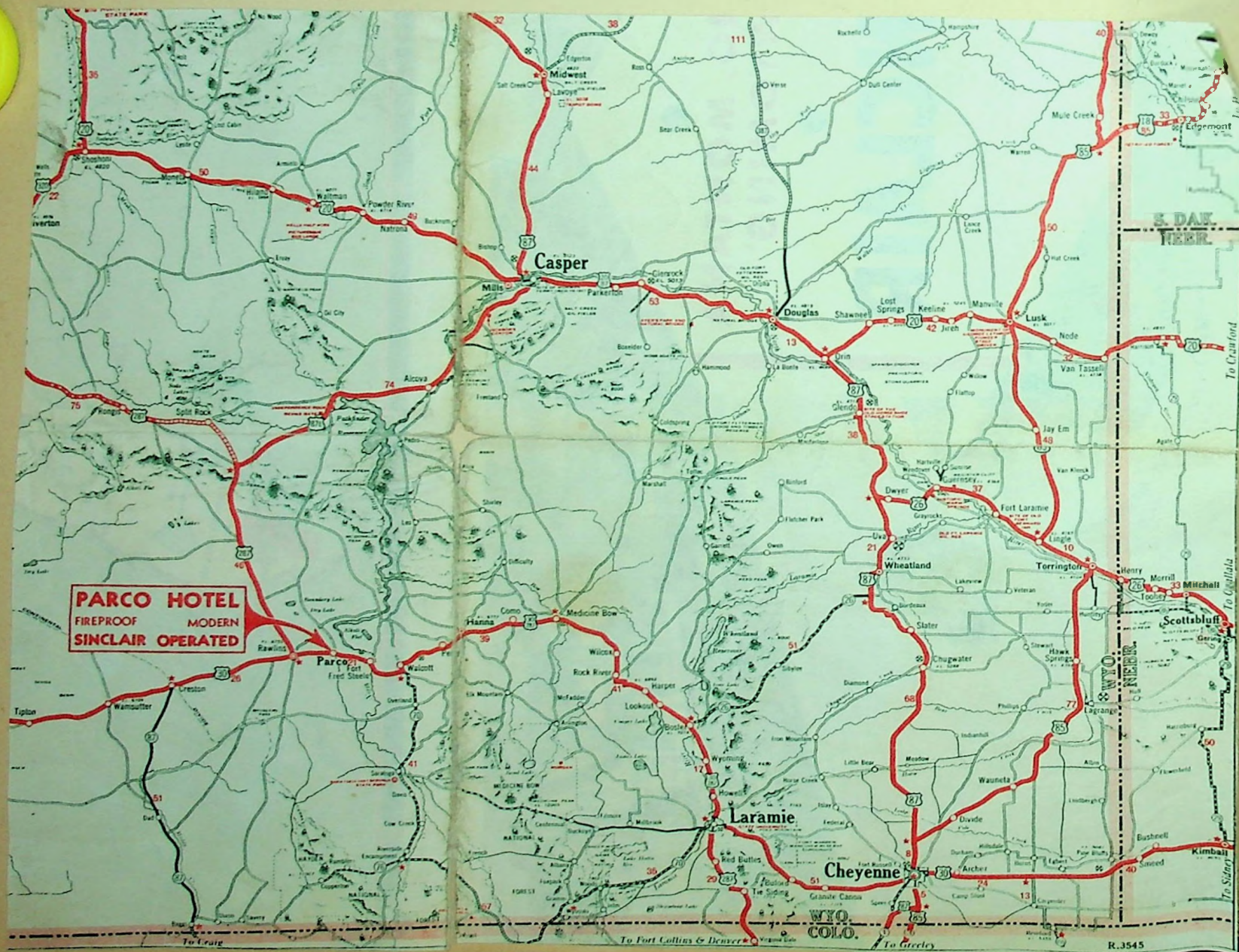
At Pine Bluffs we crossed into Wyoming. "Pine Bluffs was once the center of a vast hunting area, over which wandered the Arapaho, Cheyenne, Ute, Sioux, Blackfeet, and other Indian tribes. Many skirmishes between hunting parties took place in this vicinity.

U.S. 30, The Lincoln Highway, crosses the rolling prairies and deserts of southern Wyoming, with heavily timbered, snow-capped mountains in view nearly all the way. Altho it reaches its greatest altitude (8035 ft.) near Laramie and crosses the Continental Divide at Creston, it offers easy grades, with little mountain driving. The route connects several of the largest towns in Wyoming, yet has vast stretches where no dwelling is seen for several miles. Long freight trains chuff over glistening rails near the highway and stream-



lined expresses either swiftly through the sage, making bright orange streaks across the dead brown and gray-green plains, which sometimes sweep unbroken from one blue barrier to another.

The first dim lines of this route were traced by the travois of poles of Indians, on thier way to obtain mountain birchfor bows and arrows or to participate in hunting encampments. Fur brigades, with heavy laden carts, made the first wheel tracks; emigrants, with ox-drawn wagons and loose stock, wore these tracks deeper. After an Indian uprising in 1862, the frothing horses and awaying coaches of the Overland Stage used this route instead of the Oregon Trail through central Wyoming. Remains of stage stations and military posts are still to be senn along U.S.30. In the late 1860's, engineers and contractors laid the tracks for the first continental railroad beside the old trail."





Near goert we saw some snow covered mountains to the south. Near Archer we met a house which was being moved.

We stopped at Cheyenne for dinner. There had been some snow here but it was about melted and the streets were wet and the crossings muddy. We passed the U. P. depot and saw the capitol building.

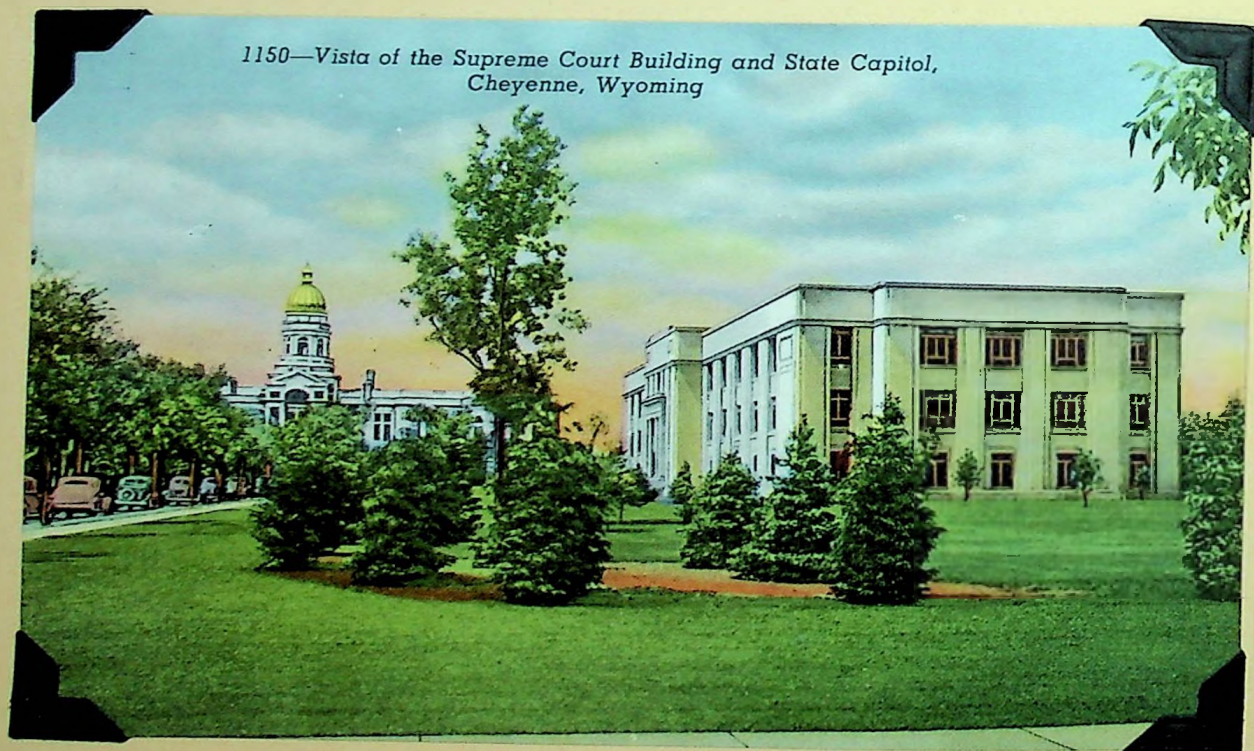
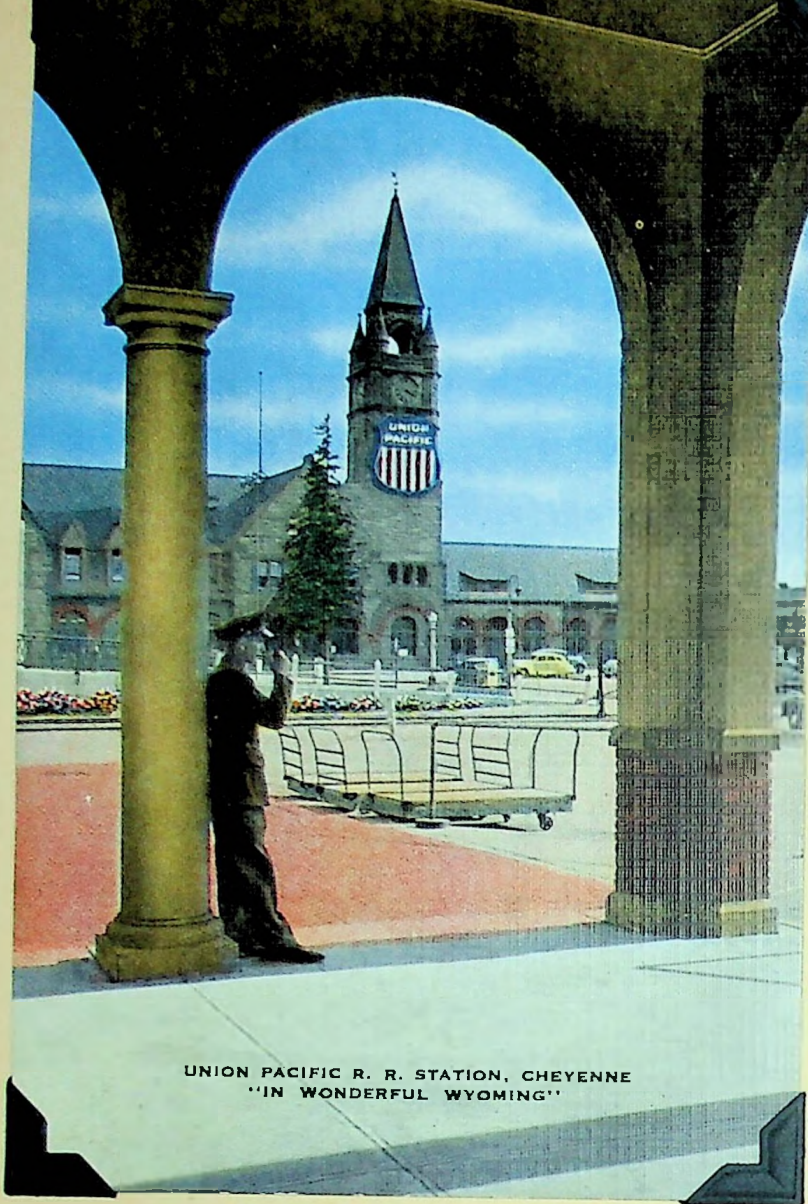


15748. Transcontinental Airport, Cheyenne, Wyoming

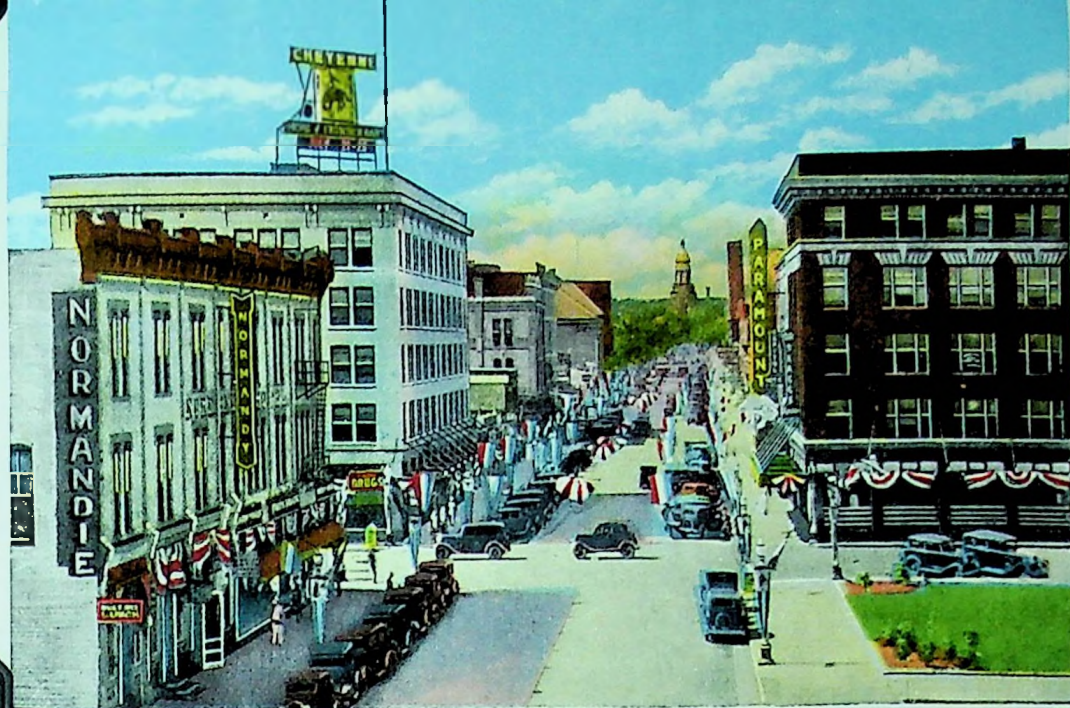


1065—Carey Ave. Looking South, Cheyenne, Wyo.









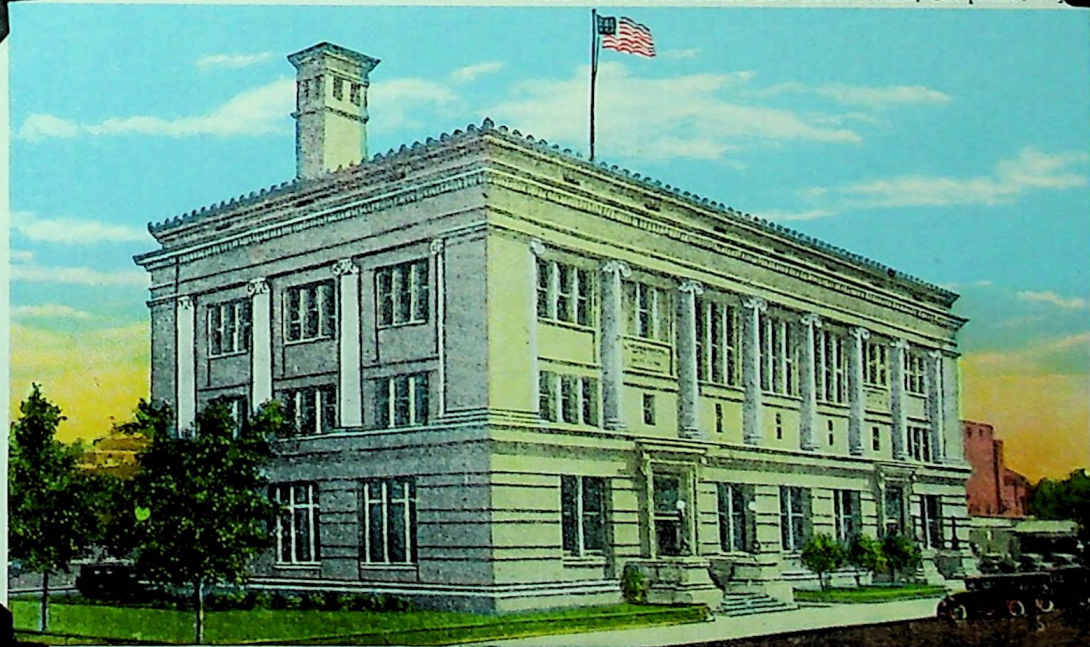
Capitol Dome in the Distance

8A1



912—State Capitol Building,  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

1039—U. S. Post Office and Court House, Cheyenne, W.



A-117



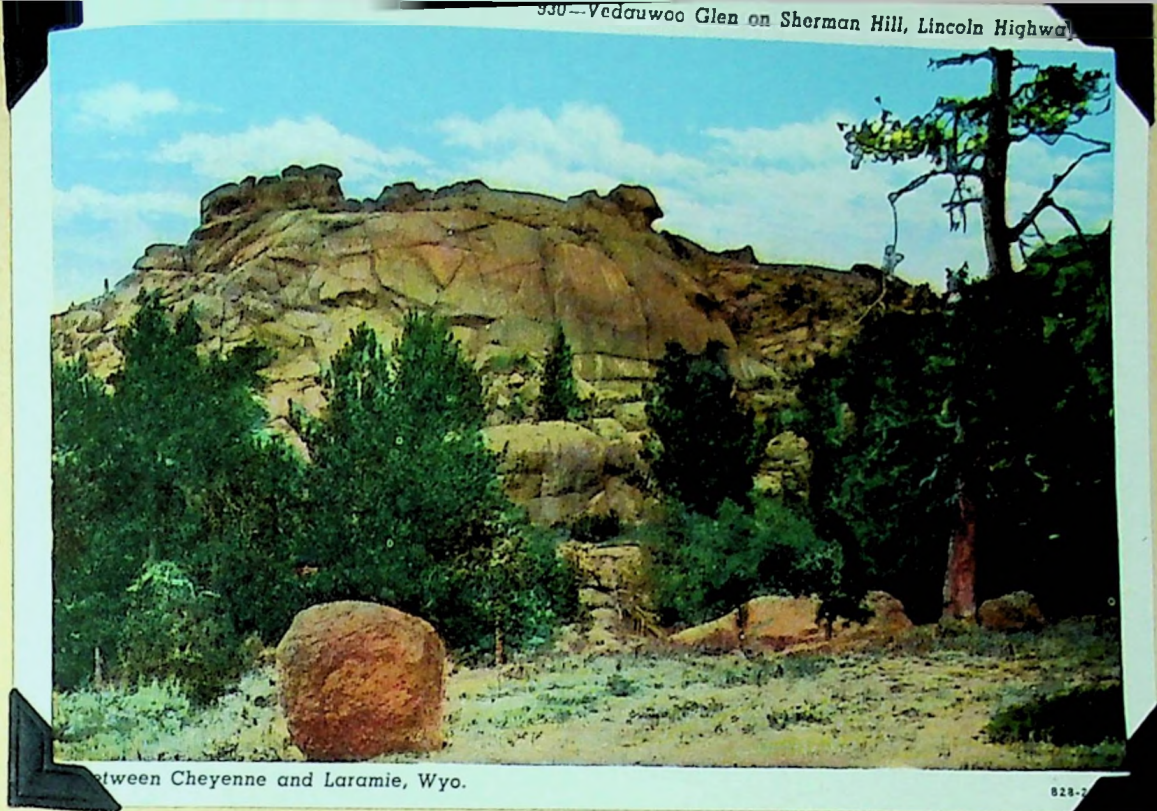
its streets are diagonal to the main compass points. Recent residential additions were platted with regular compass directions; and when these additions join the original townsite, streets are a maze of pointed intersections, short courts, and blunt avenues.

Cheyenne bears the name of an Algonquian tribe of Plains Indians, warlike and skilled horsemen.

Difficulties encountered by the telegraph line crews have a place in Wyoming folklore. Indolent buffalo still roamed the treeless prairie between Omaha and the Laramie Mountains in great herds. They regarded newly set poles as scratching posts, and several bison could rub a pole out of the ground in a few hours. The line boss decided to spike the poles, points out, to discourage them. This, from the bison's point of view, added greatly to their value. Within a few hours, according to the legend, a waiting line of 30 bison had formed at each telegraph pole between Cheyenne and Omaha. And when a lone bison lumbered east from Cheyenne, oldsters allowed he had heard of a vacant pole somewhere this side of Omaha."







Between Cheyenne and the top of Sherman Hill, a distance of 33 miles, U.S. 30 follows the old road bed of the U.P. which crossed the Laramie Mts on a relatively flat summit. The route was discovered by Gen. Grenville M. Dogge and a party of surveyors who were endeavoring to escape an Indian attack. Along the road are strangely eroded rock masses. The snowy peaks of Colorado, about 60 miles to the south, are plainly visible, and to the north are rugged pine-topped ridges."

Near Buford the hills to the north are sharp peaks. They are rather pretty. There was no snow on them.

"Granite Canyon was named for the heaps and ridges of stone that marks the countryside."

West of Buford is the "Tree in Solid Rock." The sign at the tree reads: "the original line of the Union Pacific Railroad passed within a few feet of this point and supposedly was deflected slightly to avoid destruction of this freak. The fireman of each passing train never failed to drench the tree with a bucket of water." When we were there the wind was blowing so hard the tree was blowing far over and the sign was swinging back and forth. There was snow on the ground and it was blowing across the road so that in places it was



blizzard and it surely is one.

"The Old Pine Tree, which appears to grow out of a large granite boulder, was kept alive in early days by Union Pacific firemen, who daily drenched its roots. The trunk grows through a great crack in the rock, while the roots are in the soil beneath the boulder. The tree is possibly the most photographed object in Wyoming. An iron fence protects it from souvenir hunters."

Between Buford and the Summit we entered the Pole Mountain District of the Medicine Bow National Forest.

At the summit we saw a load of Christmas trees.

"U.S. 30 drops quickly down the west slope of the range; through Telephone Canyon, it descends 1669 feet in 9 miles, one of the steepest stretches on the Lincoln Highway. In the winter the trees on the wind-swept slopes stand out gnarled and deformed. In cold weather, frequent fogs glaze the pines in the lower canyon with ice that shimmers in the sun-light." There was no snow blowing here.

As we entered Laramie we passed the University of Wyoming.

"Laramie is on the east bank of the Laramie River at the southeastern edge of the Laramie Plains. Rows of cottonwoods and <sup>poplars</sup> ~~poplars~~ <sup>b</sup> ordering the streets are conspicuous against the barren prairie background. East of the city the Laramie Mountains reach an elevation of approximately 9000 feet.

Jack McCall's arrest in Laramie on Aug 30, 1876, for shooting Wild Bill Hickok in the back of the head in <sup>a</sup> Deadwood, South Dakota saloon is still remembered by Laramie citizens. One year after McCall's arrest, Jesse James with several companions, was lodged in the Laramie jail as a suspect in a nearby stagecoach holdup, but was freed before his identity was known.

The University of Wyoming, 3 years older than the state of Wyoming, celebrated its 56th anniversary in the spring of 1957.



Ls Ramie, whose name was also given to a military post, a river, a county, and a section of the Wyoming plains.

Following a northerly course for nearly 56 miles, U.S. 30 edges gradually away from the Laramie Mountains; then it veers westward through rugged hill country and emerges on dry plains near Walcott. North of Laramie a wide view may be had of the countryside. The Medecine Bow range stands out in distinct units to the west. Laramie Peak (10,274) 85 miles to the northwest, lifts, very blue, above the horizon. Pine-covered Pilot Knob (9000 ft.), topping the Laramie Mts. east of the city, was a landmark in the days of the Overland Trail."



West of Laramie we saw a herd of antelope in the field. From Cooper Lake to Hanna the snow blew across the road and the road was icy by spells. Since leaving Cheyenne we had been seeing more and more snow in the fields along the road and now there was enough so it was beginning to pile up.

U. S. 30 crosses the Laramie River at Bosler and passes Cooper lake.

About 10 miles after going past Rock River we came to a large sign which read

"Wonderful Wyoming, The Dinosaur Graveyard.

The Bluff lying 1 5/10 miles to North is Come Ridge, just beyond the



beds of dinosaur skeletons in the world. One of the largest dinosaurs ever unearthed measuring 70 feet in length, was taken from the fossil beds.

Hundreds of dinosaur skeletons and the bones of early mammals were unearthed and shipped from this area between 1880 and 1910. These dinosaurs lived from one hundred to two ~~hundred~~ <sup>hundred</sup> million years ago."

The Creation Museum is here but it was closed. The wind was blowing and the snow was drifting. "Creation Museum which contains many fossils, artifacts, and relics, is made chiefly of dinosaur bones set in concrete."



—Road through the Snowy Range, Medicine Bow National Forest, Wyoming

Near Medicine Bow we crossed the Medicine Bow River, "so named, according to tradition, because the Indians found mountain birch, a wood suited to the making of bows, along the stream. Terrific battles were fought when hostile tribes met here."

At Medicine Bow was a sign board with the Wyoming cattle brands on it.

When we reached Parco it was getting dark and the refineries were all lighted making a brilliant sight. We passed the hotel and some stores.

"Parco is modern from its water works to its hotel. Dominating the town is



an oil refinery, its shiny tanks twined about with spiral stairways and web-like steel ladders; great stacks, tubes, and stills rise above it, and the water-cooling plant sends volumes of spray into the air. Oil is piped to the refinery from the Lost Soldier Field.

The modernity of Parco is emphasized by its isolation on miles and miles of awe-inspiring, but sometimes monotonous sagebrush plain. Many dwellings of stucco are of the California Bungalow type. The principal buildings are grouped around three sides of a grassy plaza. An 80 room hotel, with Spanish motifs, occupies a whole block; the ceiling with open beams was modeled after one in the Monastery of Montesino in Barcelona."

Just as we reached Rawlins we ran into a blizzard which made it difficult for us to find our way through the town. We finally came to the cabins and when we saw one with a garage, Gilbert hurried to see if he could get it. We were very glad when we did and were able to get in out of the storm. We got our supper in the cabin as it was too bad to try to find a cafe and there was a good stove in the cabin where we could cook. We went to bed as soon as the work was done up and were soon all asleep. About 10 o'clock I was awakened by some one shoveling the snow away from in front of our garage and door so I was sure the storm was over. There was a bright light in front of our cabin so I looked out the window and everything was clear. We were at the Sunset Auto Court.

"When, in 1867, Gen. John A. Rawlins discovered a spring in a draw near this point, he called it & the most gracious and acceptable of anything' he found in the area; He told Gen . Grenville M. Dodge that if anything was ever named for him, he should prefer it to be a spring. Both the spring and the town established near it the following year were named Rawlins.

Our mileage for the day was 555.7 miles.





Between Rock Springs and Rawlins, Wyoming

Tues. Nov. 23rd. Temperature in the car 24°.

We left the cabin at 7:055 The road was icy in places about the same as we had traveled over the day before.

West of Creston we went over the Continental Divide where a large sign reads "Continental Divide and backbone of the nation. 7173 feet above sea level. The three principal river systems of the United States west of the Ohio have their source in Wyoming. The Mississippi, through the Missouri by its branches, the Madison, Galatin and Yellowstone. The Columbia, flowing into the North Pacific, by its longest branch the Snake. The Colorado by its longest branch the Green. Precipitation falling west of this point finds its way into the Green and Colorado Rivers and eventually the Gulf of California. Precipitation falling east of this point finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico by the way of the Mississippi."

"The Continental Divide (7,173 altitude) is approached so gradually that is difficult to recognize the highest point. West of it the road runs through barren and mostly uninhabited country, with few accommodations. Here and there a bridge over a dry stream-bed indicates that this is cloud-burst

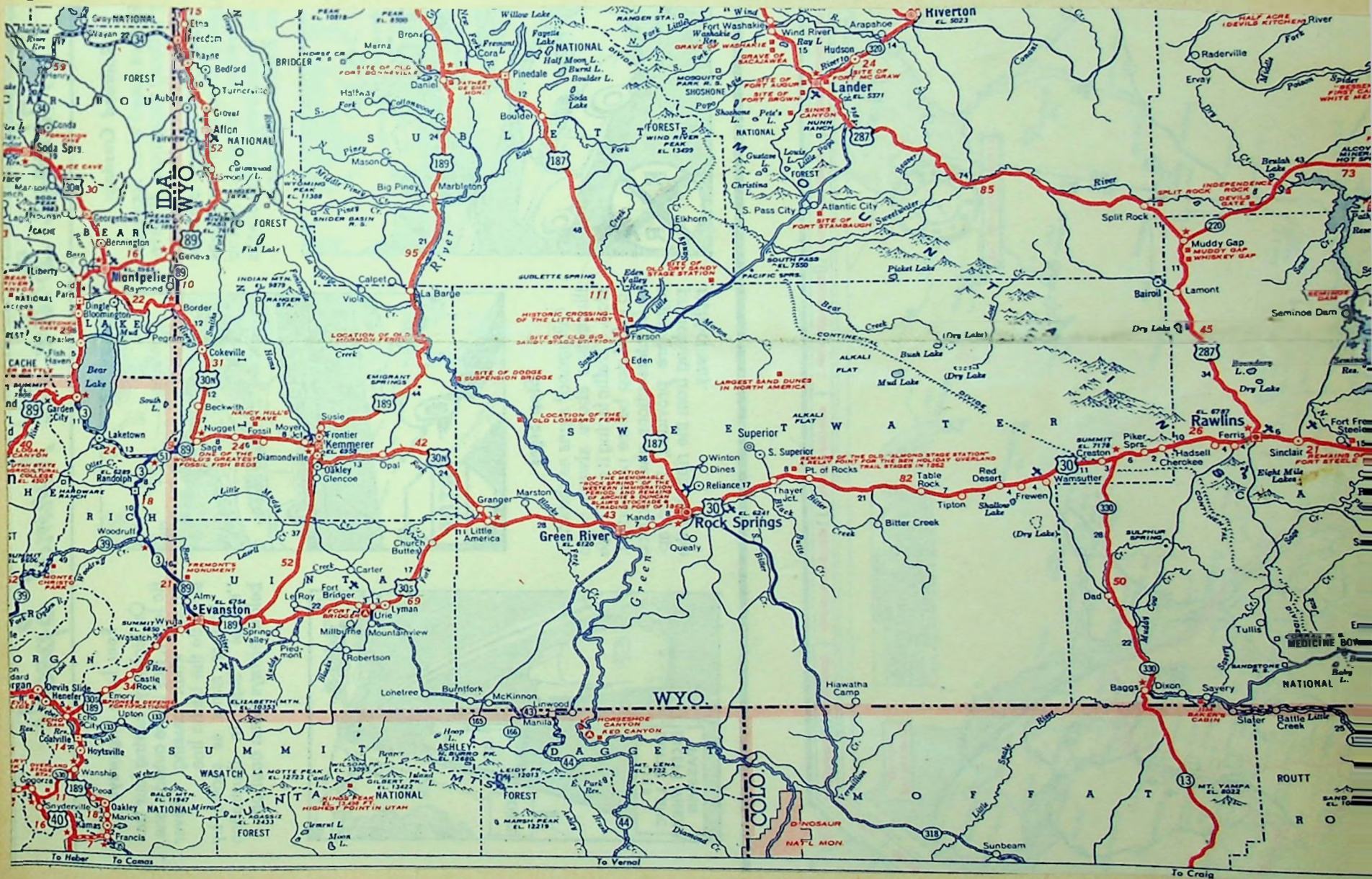


of rare torrential rains, which otherwise would wash out, in a few minutes

roads that took months to build, endangering the lives of those who use them."

There was fog at the Continental Divide but it was not bad and did not extend very far.

"Point of Rocks is named for the great gray sandstone ledges that rise 1,100 feet above the railroad. Gray cliffs form a mile long wall beside the road. They have a strange moth-eaten appearance. Holes and small caves in the stone have apparently been scoured out by wind and rain. The highway parallels Bitter Creek."



"Rock Springs is a city of large gray shafthouses and black smokestacks spur tracks and crooked streets, fine homes and tiny snacks, modern busine



Mississippi.

A Pony Express rider in 1881, detouring to avoid Indians, came upon the spring for which the town was named, flowing from a rock north-west of the present town. When the town was settled, houses were built anywhere and in any position that suited the builder's tastes. As the town grew, it spread out from the haphazard early streets, but retained the intricate bends and turns the puzzle strangers today."

At Green River we saw Castle Rock. There was broken ice in the Green River.

"Green River is built on the north bank of the Green River. Green River is bordered by sandstone cliffs, of which the most prominent, Castle Rock, rises 1000 feet above the river. A path leads to the crest, circling the rock on the east.

Running sharply uphill through a cut, U.S. 30 follows the river."

Not far apart we saw 2 Burma Shave signs: "Little Bo Peep lost her jeep. It took a tree when she went to sleep." and "Paper hangers with the knives, now can shave with carving knives."

"Though the Green River takes the color of the shale over which it flows, it was named for a business associate of the trader, Wm. A. Ashley. The Indians called it the Seeds-ka-dee-agle (Prairie Hen).

On Dec. 11, 1811, a string of bonfires, nearly 450 miles long, lighted the route across southern Wyoming, heralding the opening of the pioneer transcontinental route."

At Granger we took U.S. 30N.

At Opal is a marker made of cement. In one side an old musket is cemented into the monument. Gilbert and I each took a picture. On the front is written "To all pioneers who passed this way to win and hold the west."





"Opal was named for the Jewell but is pronounced ~~Opal~~ O-pál.

The highway climbs to an almost level plateau." We found almost no traffic on U.S. 30N until it united with U.S. 91 in Idaho. There were lots of magpies along the road. We followed the Union Pacific Railroad most of the way across Wyoming and it seemed to us there were a great many very long freight trains on it and also long passenger trains. We stopped at Diamondville and got gas and some cards.

"Diamondville, once a prosperous mining community, is a somber, partly deserted village of uniform company houses. Harrison Church, a prospector, found a vein of coal about a mile to the north. When the mines worked out and the miners moved to other camps, Diamondville almost became a ghost town. Low rents, however, kept it alive as a suburb of Kemmerer."

We stopped at Kemmerer and sent a telegram to Kknewick, got our dinner and bought some cards. On a plate rack in the cafe were some dishes with cattle brands on them. We tried to find out if we could buy any like them town but didn't find out and did not see any place to buy them.

Kemmerer has attractive houses, with large shade trees and



Telegram or Cable-gram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

# UNION

JOSEPH L. EGAN  
PRESIDENT

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

16SKFPD

KEMMERER WYO 1130A NOV 23 48

M G CLARK,

KENNEWICK HIGHSCHOOL, KENNEWICK WN.

HOPE TO BE HOME SOMETIME TOMORROW NIGHT. TELL CLODFELTERS.

ETHEL 1110A

1441  
ntfd 1147am  
Phoned  
1205  
pm

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

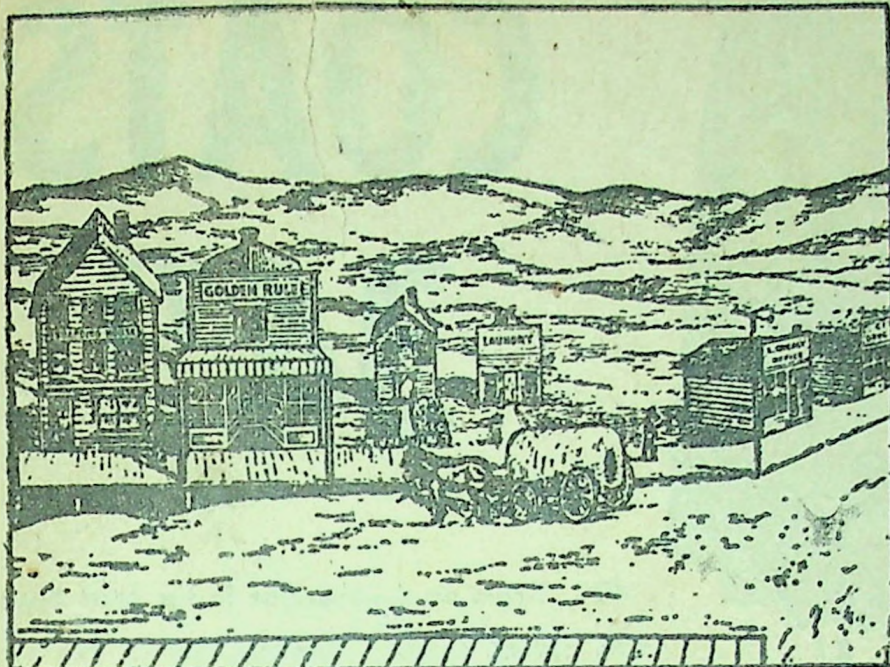
business section faces a triangular landscaped park. Named for Mahlon S. Kemmerer who backed a mining company.

An outstanding institution of early Kemmerer was the saloon of 'Preaching Lime' Huggins, who claimed that he never served a drink to a man already 'under the influence'. Over a mirror behind the bar hung mottoes: "Don't buy a drink before seeing that your baby has shoes"; "Whatever you are, be a good one"; 'Fill the mouths of the children first'. One patron remarked that he liked 'Preaching Lime's' place because he could repent while sinning and 'get the whole thing over at once'.

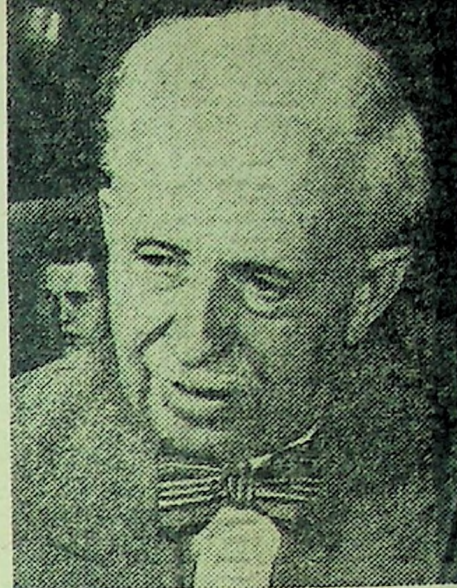
J. C. Penney, founder of one of the largest chain-store systems in the United States, once clerked in Kemmerer and opened his first store there.

Fossil, named for the Fossil Cliffs near by, stands in a desolate setting"





**ORIGINAL PENNEY STORE**—The Penney Company's "mother" store was opened as the "Golden Rule Store" in Kemmerer, Wyoming, in 1902. It was a small building in a real old Western mining town—just one small room on the town's muddy main street. It was an era when "let the buyer beware" was the ordinary business philosophy, and prices usually depended on the customer's haggling ability. Mr. Penney really lived up to the principles involved in the name he gave his little venture, and he further broke with tradition by plainly pricing his goods and then selling at no other figures. Today the company he founded in Kemmerer operates attractive, modern department stores all over the United States, testifying to the wisdom of his fair business practice, based on the Golden Rule.



**FOUNDER** — James Cash Penney was born in Hamilton, Missouri. During his youth he clerked in a dry goods store, and in 1902 opened a similar store in Kemmerer, Wyoming, as one of three partners. Out of this humble beginning—one small store in a western mining town—grew the present Penney Company with stores in every state in the union. The phenomenal growth of the company is proof of the soundness of Mr. Penney's belief in the Golden Rule as the best possible business policy. He applied the principles of square dealing equally in merchant-customer and in employer-employee relations, and these policies have won for the company the confidence of the public and the loyalty of associates, both so vital to success.

Near Border we crossed into Idaho.

It was snowing in the mountains east of Montpelier. "Montpelier is the largest town in this area. Founded in 1854, it was first known as Clover Cree and later as Belmont; but when Brigham Young came here and decided that he liked it, he named it after the capital of his native state."

East of Soda Springs we passed a lake but could find no name for it.

"Soda Springs is the second oldest settlement in the state. Fort Conner, in southwest part of the present townsite, was established in 1863 by Gen. Connor and a little band of Marrisites, dissenters from the Mormon Church. The present townsite joins the original on the east. Soda Springs was named for the many springs, highly charged with carbonic acid gas and most of them cold, that gush out in this area."



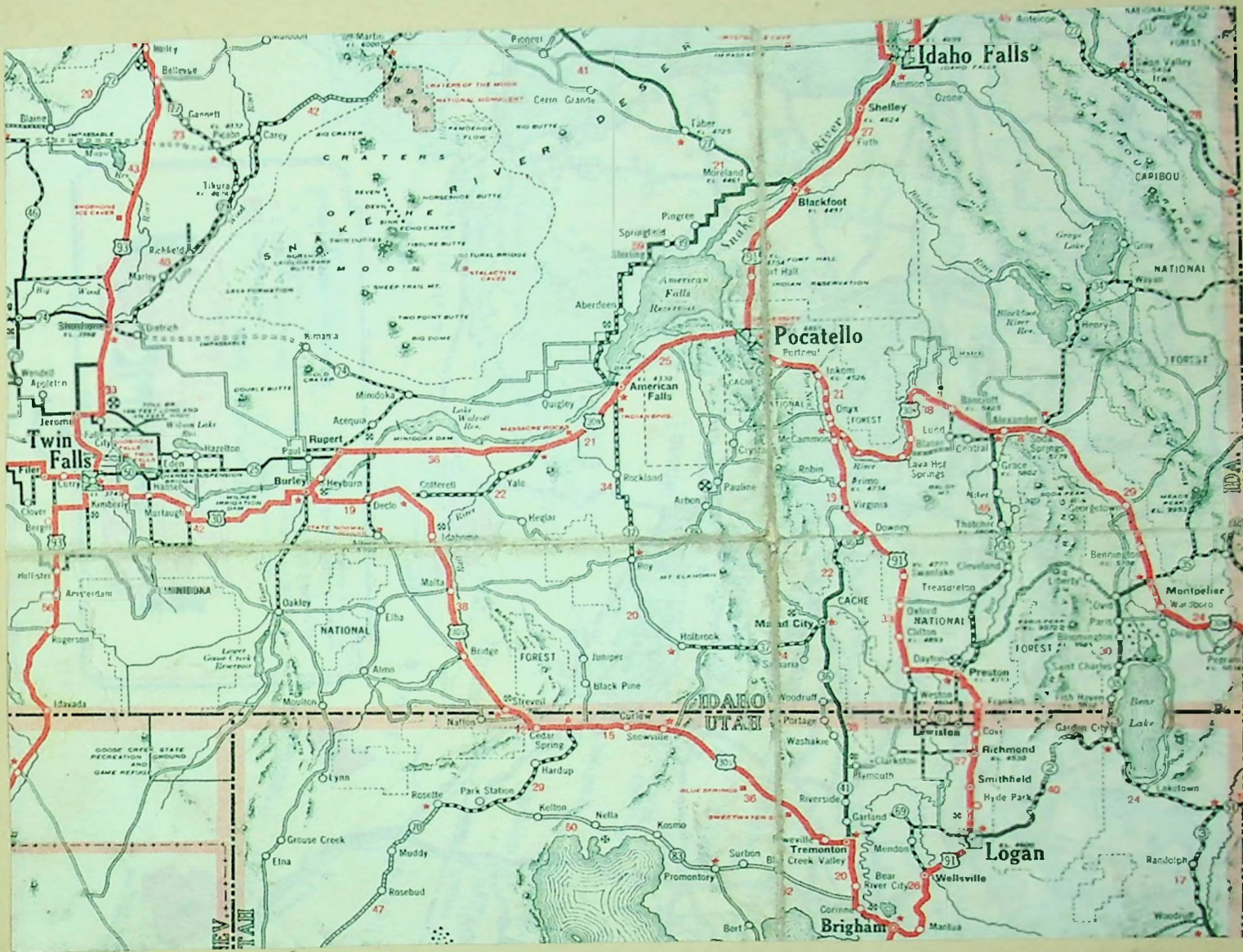
Springs as one of the most phenomenal spots in the state. Natatoriums have been established there, 2 by the state and 1 by the town; and there is a fully equipped sanitarium. This town, situated on the lovely Portneuf River at the base of great cliffs, has water which, in both volume and therapeutic value, are said to be among the most remarkable springs known. For centuries the Indians paid tribute here to the Great Spirit for the curative properties of these hot springs and set this spot aside as neutral ground to be shared in peace by all tribes. The daily flow from the hot springs here, each with a different mineral content, is 6,711,000 gallons.



At the junction with U.S. 91, U.S. 30N turns north and follows the Portneuf River and Canyon, the second of which is rich in historic lore. With its abrupt walls and innumerable crevices, cut in limestone and shales, it was a favorite hide-out for Indians and for white men of prey. It was here in 1865 that a stage coach carrying several passengers and \$50,000 was betrayed by its driver to a gang led by Jim Locket, a notorious villain.



trees near the Big Elbow of the river. The robbers, 10 in number and said to have been terrifically villainous of aspect, held up the Wells, Fargo stage, murdered 6 of the 7 passengers and made off with \$110,000 in gold dust.



Inkom is the home of the largest cement plant in Idaho. For its materials the factory draws on the mountain of lime rock that stands against the village."

In Pocatello we passed the Southern Branch of the University of Idaho.

"Pocatello is the second in size of the Idaho cities and one of the largest railway centers west of the Mississippi. It stands upon an area which formerly was a portion of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, and was named by the builders of the U.P.Ry for a friendly Indian leader who helped to secure tribal consent for the transfer of needed rights of way and building sites



within the reservation to the then Utah Northern Railroad. It has been practically completed by Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, from Salt Lake City to Butte in 1879, Pocatello did not take form until 1882, when, with a collection of tents, it became the junction point of these two rail properties."



#### Reservoir

We did not see the American Falls ~~Dam~~ until we were coming into American Falls and we saw the dam as we were leaving it.

"American Falls Reservoir is the first and largest of many between Pocatello and the Oregon line. Though it has a capacity of 1,700,000 acre-feet and through a network of canals and diversions serves 600,000 acres, it is less spectacular by far than many which are to be seen elsewhere. The dam is a mile wide and has a maximum height of 87 ft. The reservoir it creates is 12 miles wide, 26 miles long and covers an area of 55,000 acres.

American Falls was once a favorite camping spot on the Old Oregon Trail. Of unusual interest to persons who fancy old historic trails is the fact that a part of the Oregon Trail can still be seen within the townsite and for a short distance south."

We stopped at Massacre Rocks and took a picture but it was getting dusk



and the picture was taken toward the light in the morning.

"Massacre Rocks is one of the most famous landmarks in the state. To understand what happened here in 1862, to see the telephone lines and highways, the town of Laramie, the river, this bleak road is a part of the most famous trail the Western Continent has known. It is necessary to imagine the solitude, the loneliness, of unexplored mountains, the great river, the vast and unobtrusive and desolate wagon road taking its course for many miles. It was here, on Aug. 10 in 1862, that a train of 22 wagons carrying 25 families from Iowa, took its journey with the sun in the sky, the deep and with nothing in the distance save the distant mountains of ragged stone and beyond this the hot luminous haze of a far valley. For these ox-drawn wagons was an hour covering a mile and a mile. This was a day in August with not a tree in sight and with no breeze. When the first wagon came to the crest of a hill and looked down a long slope to great piles of stone on either side of the trail, his gaze reached beyond to the Snake River, now a visible oasis in a landscape of scorching sun. For 15 minutes the wagons plowed in their furrows down this trail toward the south and it was not until the leader had passed into the small gorge, with refreshing shadows on either side, that a sudden movement in the clouds above brought every man to a trigger. The sudden confusion and panic, the awful horror of the next few minutes, it is almost impossible to realize. The bare chronicle reads that 9 were slain, 2 were escaped, many were captured and a few miraculously escaped. The chronicle declares that wagons were plundered and burned and the beasts were driven off; and that on the next day the next wagon train reached this spot and buried the dead. And here, on a site now known as Massacre Rocks, 65 years later, a monument was erected."

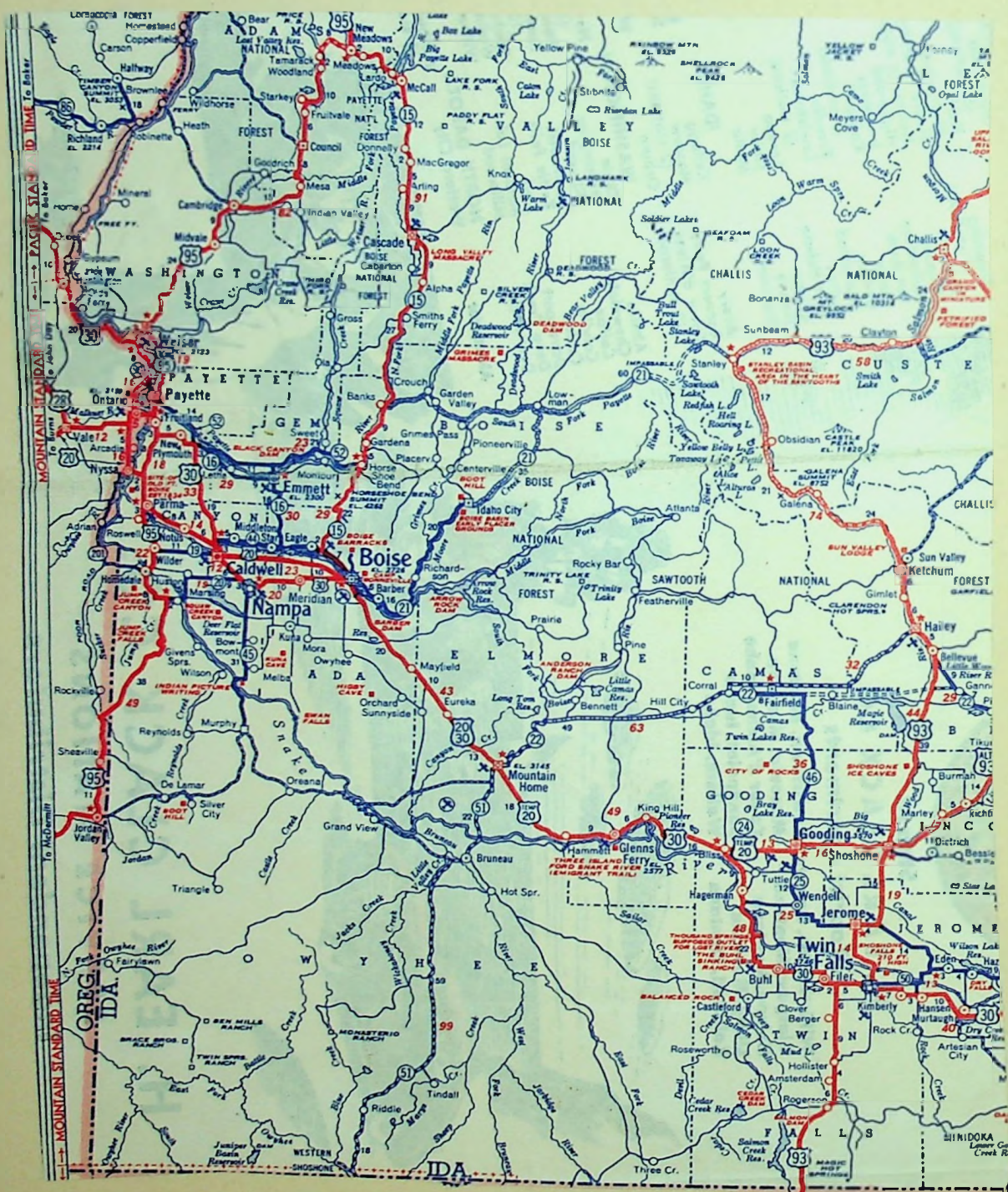
We drove along Lake Walcott Reservoir and crossed the Snake River.



almost overnight out of this vast semiarid region into which water was poured."

At Rupert we took State 25 to Jerome. It was getting dark so saw very little of the country but we could see the lights of and around Twin Falls for a long time. We stopped at the Crystal Auto Court in Jerome. We got there at 7:15.

Our mileage for the day was 498.8 miles.



Wed. Nov. 24th. Temperature in the car 50°.

We left the cabin at 7:15. It had rained during the night but it was



clearing with a few scattered clouds. We continued on State 25 to Bliss.

This is a new road from Wendell straight to Bliss and not to Gooding as the maps show. We crossed the Malad River. It was very narrow and down in a deep canyon.

"Malad River is said to be the shortest river in the world: and it may be for it is only 3 or 4 miles long. This river in springtime is a wild river of considerable size that is fed from springs. The main source of Malad River is a huge spring which rises at the foot of a precipice and plunges down in a chain of cascades."

At Bliss we took U.S. 30 again.

"King Hill is a historical spot. Just northwest is a landmark on an early trail from Utah to Boise; at the foot of the hill the old Overland stage station was burned by Chief Buffalo Horn in 1878; and on a flat above the village is the Devil's Playground, a picturesque area of round smooth stones. Eight miles from King Hill is the historic Three Island Ford on Snake River, where emigrants headed for Oregon, crossed on the Oregon Trail."

At Hammett we saw a rainbow. There were black clouds ahead and it was misting. Soon after this it began to rain but the sun soon came out again.

As we entered Boise we had to detour. We crossed the Boise River twice to get into the city and did not go past the U.P. station. We saw the capitol building. We stopped a few minutes for Irene to see her aunt and then drove a few blocks for her to see her uncle and grandmother.

We stopped in Meridian for Irene to see an aunt and then at the post office for her to see her uncle. While Gilbert, Irene, and Edward were in the post office Moulton and I hunted for post cards.

At Nampa the High School band was marching on the school grounds.

"Nampa is said to have been founded by a wealthy old-timer who, falling



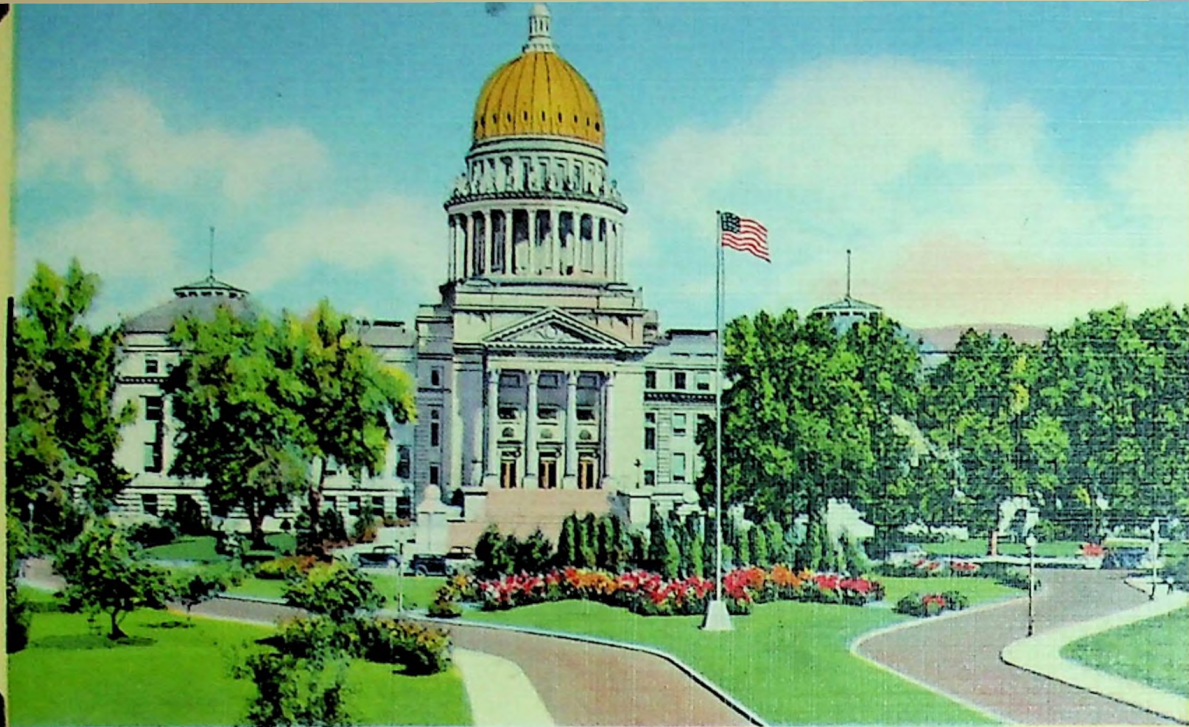
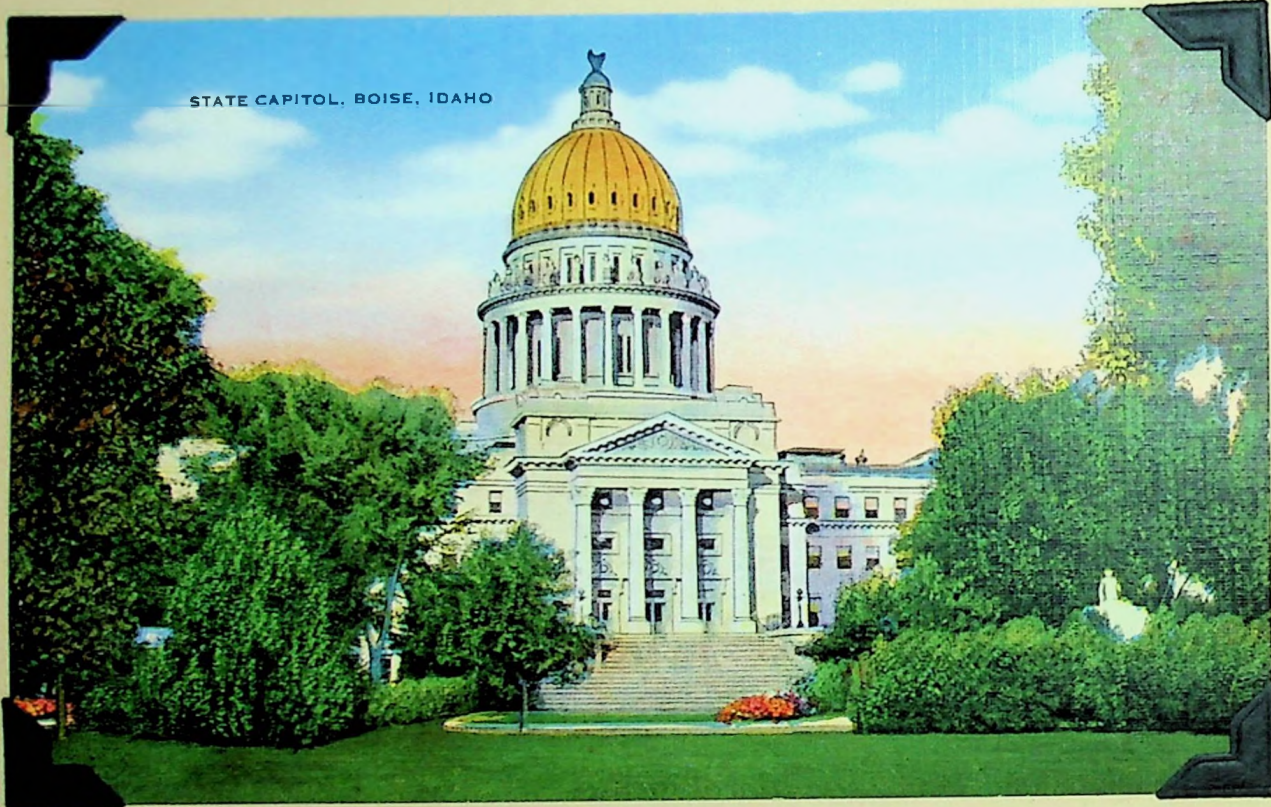


PHOTO BY WESLEY ANDREWS

7A-1



STATE CAPITOL, BOISE, IDAHO

into a fury with Boise one day, strode out of it swearing that he would make grass grow in its streets. Nampa takes its name from a leader of the western Shoshones who was one of the most enormous thieves and murderers that ever broke the back of a pony. Nampa was so huge that the vest of John McLaughlin, himself a giant of 315 lbs, failed by 15 inches to reach around him."

We passed the College of Idaho at Caldwell, saw a log cabin in a park and crossed the Boise River after leaving Caldwell.

"Caldwell has in the College of Idaho, visible at the eastern edge of the



city, the oldest settlement in the region. Park beyond the campus are playgrounds, a large outdoor pool fed by artesian water and a cabin of historical interest. On U.S. 30 at the western edge of town is Canyon Ford Bridge upon the Boise River and just north of the bridge is the Dorion Monument, erected to Marie Dorion and as a marker upon the original Oregon Trail."

Near Fruitland we crossed the Snake River into Oregon.





shallow canyon, and looks northward over the Powder River Valley. Rising over the city roofs, the 10 story Baker Hotel, one of the tallest buildings in the state, is a conspicuous landmark.

North of Baker the route runs through the broad Powder River Valley. The Elkhorn Range of the Blue Mountains, to the west, is dominated by 5 conspicuous peaks; from south to north, Elkhorn Peak (8922 alt.), Rock Creek Butte (9097 alt.), Hunt Mt. (8232 alt.) named for Wm Price Hunt; Red Mt. (8504 alt.) and Twin Mt. (9820 alt.)

A couple of miles north of Haines is the Ford of Powder River called in early days 'The Lone Tree Crossing'. Thos. J. Farnham noted on Sept. 19, 1859: 'Cooked dinner at L'Arbre Seul, a lonely place in an extensive plain'. Four years later Fremont wrote: 'From the heights we looked in vain for a well known landmark on Powder River, which had been described to me by Mr. Payette as l'arbre seul (the lone tree); and, on arriving at the river we found a fine tall pine stretched on the ground, which had been felled by some inconsiderate emigrant axe. It had been a beacon on the road for many years past'. After the cutting of the tree the place became known as the Lone Pine Stump.

Crossing the North Powder River, U.S. 30 passes a rodeo stadium on the edge of North Powder. Founded in the seventies by Jas. De Moss, father of the famous DeMoss family of concert singers, the city was named for a branch of the Powder River that enters the main stream at this point. The river was so named because of the powdery character of the volcanic soil along its banks.

A marker about 3 miles north of North Powder indicates the camp where Matie Dorion, wife of the half-breed interpreter attached to the Hunt party gave birth to a child on Dec. 30th 1811.

Crossing a dividing ridge over which the wagons of the pioneers struggled



French-Canadian trappers, La Grande Vallee.

At Hot Lake, water gushing from springs has a temperature of 208 , boiling point at this altitude. It is used for both medicinal and heating purposes in a large sanitorium. Irving says, in speaking of the eastbound Astorians under the command of Rob't Stuart: 'They passed close to a great pool of water 300 yards in circumference fed by a sulphur spring about 10 feet in boiling up in the corner. The vapor from the pool was extremely noisome, and tainted the air for a considerable distance.'

La Grande lies at the foot of the Blue Mts. near the western edge of the Grande Ronde Valley. Eastward rise the Wallows, a low wall against the sky, serrated by bristling growths of fir and spruce. The town spreads out across a gently rising slope on the south bank of the Grande Ronde River, its wide streets pleasantly shaded by long rows of deciduous trees. Modern brick and concrete structures lend a metropolitan touch to the little town city.

The Oregon Trail marker on a hillside, is a slab of stone 5 feet high and 15 inches square, with 'The Old Oregon Trail, 1843-1853' inscribed on the east face."

When we were near La Grange it began to rain and then as we drove on into the Blue Mts. it turned to snow. At the summit at Kamela it was snowing very hard which made driving hard.

"West of Le Grande U.S. 30 winds up the gorge of the Grande Ronde River into the Blue Mts., Oregon's oldest land, known to geologists as the Island of Shoshone. The Blue Mts. were one of the most formidable barriers in the path of the pioneer. In 1839 Thos. Farnham wrote: 'The trail over a series of mountains swelling one above the other is long and gentle ascents covered with noble forests of yellow pine, fir, and hemlock.'

Kemela is the highest railroad pass in the Blue Mts." The summit between



Emigrant Springs State Park is at a spring said to have been discovered in 1854 by Jason Lee. East of the highway, opposite the entrance to the park, is a large stone marker, erected in honor of the members of the first wagon train over the trail. It was dedicated in 1925 by President Warren G. Harding.

By the time we reached the park it had nearly quit snowing but there was snow on the ground but it was less and less as we went on and at Deadman Pass it was all gone. Near Deadman Pass we enter the Umatilla Indian Reservation.

"Umatilla Indian Reservation was named for a tribe of Indians that once inhabited the land adjacent to the Umatilla River. It was established in 1855, and is now occupied by about 1200 members of the Cayuse, Umatilla, and Walla Walla tribes, who engage in wheat growing and ranching.

The summit of Emigrant Hill discloses a panorama of the Columbia Basin wheatlands.

Pendleton, home of the famous Pendleton Round-Up, is the trading center for an extensive grain, sheep, and cattle area. Curving between folded hills, the Umatilla River flows through the city, dividing it into two unequal sections. North of the city the hills rise abruptly from the water's edge, bring<sup>ing</sup> to a quick terminus the well paved streets that for a short distance climb the precipitous slopes. The stadium in which the Round-Up contests are held is in the western side of Pendleton beside the Old Oregon Trail."

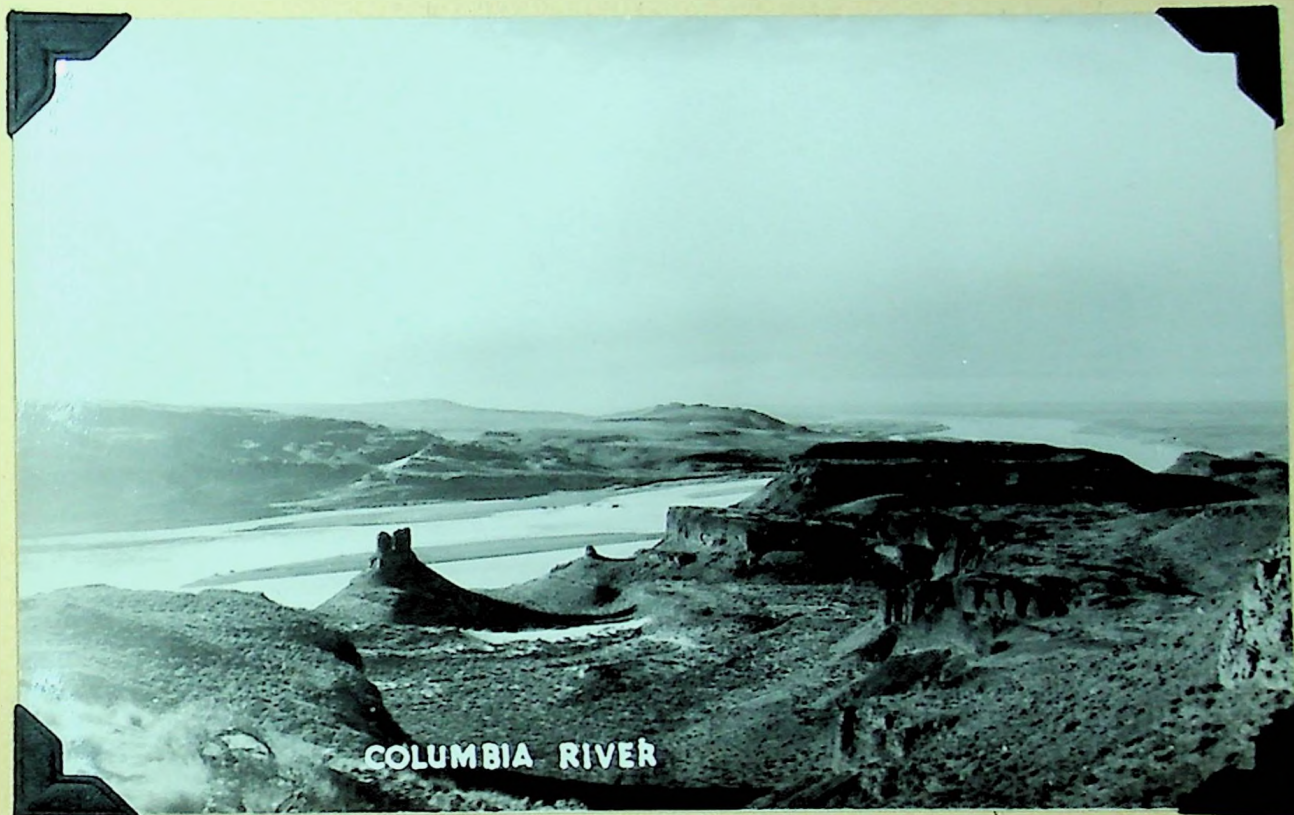
It was about dark when we reached Pendleton. Here we left U.S. 30 and took U.S. 99 to Cold Springs. This road goes through a canyon most of the way. We saw a car ahead of us that seemed to know the way around the curves so we decided to keep it in sight as Gilbert thought he could tell when we were coming to curves, hills, etc. better that way and the car traveled along as



that we discovered they were from Idaho. The canyon through  
goes is called Cold River Canyon. Coming out of the canyon near Cold Springs  
the road "Crosses a plateau that has reverted from a wheat-growing area to a  
typical Oregon desert.

It was near Cold Springs that Astor's overland expedition, under Wilson  
Price Hunt, saw the Columbia River in Jan. 1812."

At Cold Springs Junction we took U.S. 395 to Wallula and on the Pasco.  
The road "follows the Columbia River along walls of columnar basalt that  
shows many superimposed flows of lava marking the geologic ages."



COLUMBIA RIVER

When we were coming down the trail into Cold Springs we saw the traffic  
on U.S. 395 which was the first real traffic we had seen except in the  
largest cities since leaving Pasco when we left home. About 10 miles from  
Cold Springs we crossed from Oregon to Washington.

At Wallula we crossed the Madam Dorian Bridge over the Walla Walla River.  
Near Burbank we crossed the Snake River and soon were going under the  
railroad tracks in Pasco.





Snake River Bridge - Washington

Christian  
W-956



LEWIS STREET-LOOKING EAST - PASCO WASH

BRYAN Photo Pub by Ellis  
2852



LEWIS STREET-LOOKING WEST - PASCO WASH

BRYAN Photo Pub by Ellis  
2872





We stopped for a few minutes to let Gilbert's mother know we were home. Then out to our house. We got here at 6:50. Our mileage for the day was 448.9 miles.



From the time we left our home until we were there again the car had gone 46.6 miles. Moulton and I had been with them 4625.4 miles. We stayed in cabins 14 nights which cost us \$81.

(over.)





This is part of the relatives we saw during The summer.

Maggie Allen	whom we saw at	Roscoe, Ill.
Mother Whiting	" " " "	" "
Chas. Whiting	" " " "	Milton Jct. Wis.
Alice Turner	" " " "	Washington, Iowa
Aunt Della Whiting	" " " "	" "
Byron Hutchins	" " " "	Platville, Wis.
Mrs. Emma	" " " "	Loves Park. Ill.







