

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20th, 1910.

At last we have started on our long-talked of trip to Montreal, Quebec, and elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Cummings appeared promptly at 5.30 this morning and we got off at 5.45. Everyone in good spirits, and hoping to meet with wonderful adventures to hand down to our children's children.

It was a glorious morning, the air cool and crisp, reminding one of early Fall, and by the way there is a crowd that never wishes to be reminded of Fall. Summer would be quite good enough for us for about twelve months in the year.

Our first stop was at Nashua for water and it seemed queer to us to be in Nashua at that hour in the morning (seven o'clock) as we usually land there about seven at night. With a sigh of regret we passed the "French Restaurant" and the "Hole in the Wall" and kept on to Milford, arriving at 7.45. Just beyond Milford we had our first adventure, and it came near being our last. As we approached a railroad crossing we heard a signal ringing but the Engineer had not blown for crossing so we thought we should have ample time but soon found out our mistake. However there was nothing doing as we travel with an experienced "after" and as usual he brought us through all right and

with a few inches to spare.

Went on through ^WMilton at eight o'clock (fancy getting into Milton at eight o'clock), South Lyndeboro, where we stopped to get milk for the coffee at noon, at 8.20. Reached Greenfield at 8.45, then on to Hancock, stopping on way to repair pump which had'nt been working just right for the last few miles. Reached Hancock at 10.10. Took water. Speedometer read 66 miles.

Continuing went through South Stoddard 10.20, Stoddard 10.35. While going over Stoddard Mountain we passed what is said to be the highest cultivated land in New Hampshire. Also ran into a thunder shower. We thought it was settling down for a rainy day so all piled out and put up top. Reached Marlowe about 11 and went on for another half-hour, then stopped for lunch. Said lunch proved to be something of a disappointment.

Mrs. C. says, "I have everything needed for lunch."

Mrs. B. says, "Oh, I have Frankfurts."

Result---Mrs. C. did not prepare for lunch, and Mrs. B. came up with one dog apiece. The condensed milk proved to be sweetened which spoiled the coffee.

After our frugal meal we took a few snapshots as the sun had come out once more, packed up and went on through Lempstead 12.30, Goshen 1.10, arriving in Newport at 1.20. Think Newport would be a good place to spend the winter, as



every time we strike it the heat is almost unbearable. This day proved to be no exception and we fairly gasped.

Did a little shopping, then sat in the car with our tongues hanging out while Mr. B. did some mysterious errand at a druggist's. We don't feel quite sure to this day whether he was having a nice cool soda (without a wink) or not. If we could make up our minds that he was there would be something coming to him later on. We had about decided to leave him to his fate when he made his appearance and we went on our way hoping to find a cool wave somewhere.

The ride from Marlowe to Newport is very beautiful taking through the woods most of the way.

Found there was a bridge up and State road under construction, consequently we had to go about four miles out of our way.

We were now 104 miles from home. Leaving Newport went on past the famous Corbin Park to Croyden Flats which we reached at 2 o'clock, Croyden at 2.10.

Here we met with adventure number two narrowly escaping being run into by an Auto.

Soon after this our nervous system received a severe shock by the sudden death of a hen as we were passing. Needless to say, we did not "linger longer" but opened up the throttle and were off for Lebanon.

Up to date the only savage beasts we had seen were a

Mink, a Coon, a Snake, and several Woodchucks.

Reaching Lebanon at 3.20 went on to West Lebanon and find that we have made 135 miles.

Arrived at White River Junction 3.45, and finding that we needed oil and gasoline, Mrs. C. and I explored the town while waiting for the machine.

Leaving at 4.10 followed the White River through Sharon at 4.50 South Royalton 5.15.

Here we held a council of war and decided that as the weather was fine we would have supper and then go on as far as we could. Went to the South Royalton House, rested awhile, got supper and were off again at 6.15 Think we shall all remember this ride for many a day. It was an ideal evening for riding and we felt that it was good to be alive and to be riding in the "Teamer." Our way led through Royalton, East Bethel where we left the River but still followed a branch of it to East Randolph then North Randolph.

For the last ten miles the scenery had been a perfect panorama as the valley gradually became very narrow then suddenly widened out again giving us a constantly changing view.

After leaving North Randolph found that two bridges were being rebuilt and had to drive down into meadows and up over hills to gain the road on the other side. This was

interesting for the passengers but must have been trying to the nerve of the "Shafter." However, he seemed to bear up wonderfully well and we decided that we couldn't do better than to keep him for the remainder of the trip if this was a fair sample of his ability.

Soon we came to East Brookfield, then North Brookfield and reached the Williamstown Gulf just at sunset. This Gulf is considered one of the most beautiful and attractive spots in Vermont. The passage between the hills becomes narrower and narrower until there is scarcely room for the road-bed.

The hills towering above one on either side make one feel like a mere atom and it seems as if they might fall over and crush you. I think we all took a long breath when we emerged into the open once more.

Leaving the Gulf we passed through Williamstown, then to Barre where we stopped to light up, then on to Montpelier. Arriving at the Pavilion at 8.45 weary and worn but patting ourselves on the back to think we had accomplished the first 194 miles of our trip on our first day out.

THURSDAY, JULY 21st, 1910.

Left Montpelier at nine o'clock. Saw Crane in the Winooski River. Followed this River to Middlesex, then to Waterbury which is a very pretty place. We are yet having beautiful scenery as we are still passing through the Green Mountains. Reached Bolton, which is a small village, at 10.25, then on to Jonesville where there is a Creamery also a factory where they make staves for nail kegs.

Now we pass through Richmond Centre and Williston Centre. Between this place and Burlington occurred the "Gum-Tragedy" which was enacted by two of our party while the other two posed as spectators. After giving the gummy gloves a gasoline bath went on to Burlington which we reached at 11.35.

As yesterday's lunch had proved to be not quite up to the mark we decided to make up for it today, so Mrs. C. and Mr. B. were sent for Supplies while Mrs. B. went hunting for post-cards and Mr. C. stood on the curb-stone and watched the heat waves rise from the ground. My! But the sun was hot. Having completed our purchases we drove around the Battery to see the view, then on again, stopping for dinner at 12.35 about six miles out of Burlington.

This same stopping for dinner causes us some trouble at

times, as in the most beautiful shady spots there is almost never any water to drink. This day proved to be no exception and no one would say where we should stop. Finally Mr. C. gets desperate and says, "we stop right here." Right here proved to be a place which Mr. B. criticized in no gentle manner. After we had all expressed our opinion on the matter we got right down to business and cooked the dinner which consisted of steak of Mr. B's. selection (and this was one of the days when he wished to economize) coffee, doughnuts, cheese, and biscuits.

Got off again at 1.30. After riding about half a mile it commenced to rain, then "all out" to put up the top.

Now we come to Winooski, then enter narrow road across an arm of Lake Champlain where there were turnouts at which we must wait if we saw any vehicle approaching, as the road was only wide enough for one. This continued for about two miles, then we crossed bridge on to Grand Isle. On across toll bridge to South Heron, across another toll bridge to North Heron where we ran into thunder showers. Took water at a well where "everybody pumped but Father."

After crossing bridge stopped to put on chains as the roads were so slippery it was impossible to go on without them. We were now having our first experience with the clayey soil we had heard so much about, and we had to admit



that "the half had never been told".

Went to Alburgh where we stopped for the night at the Lakeview House. Why called Lakeview we couldn't imagine as there was no glimpse of the Lake from any part of the house.

Went to Custom House to get papers but couldn't do anything until morning. Had supper consisting of embalmed beef and griddle cakes, the same being highly recommended for dyspepsia. After supper walked over to station to watch for train driven by "scabs" as conductors and brakemen on Grand Trunk were on a strike. Train was late so we went back to house and retired. Rooms about three feet square and 120 in. the shade.

87 miles today.

FRIDAY, JULY 22nd, 1910.

Left Alburgh in pouring rain at 10.45 after visiting Customs Officials and paying \$15.00 for license registration and bond, thereby complying with the automobile laws of Canada.

Everybody mad as a wet hen because they had soaked us at the Lakeview without a view.

Drove down on to the shore road and through the rain got a glimpse of Fort Ethan Allen across the Lake.

Everyone we meet says, "the farther you go the worse the roads will be" and we believe they speak the truth. They are certainly something awful.

Saw Grand-peep and Crane on the shore. Crossed the Richelieu River on toll bridge, stopping at Custom House. Saw ruins of an old canal boat beside this bridge. "Stung Again." Toll 50¢.

Now we are on Canadian soil and passing through immense fields of clover, barley and oats. The country here reminds one of the Western Prairies, being very level and as far as the eye can see there are no hills - it is all one great plain. We shall never forget the perfume of the clover blossoms as the sun would shine brightly on them after a shower.

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We also saw a great number of horses, cows, calves, and pigs, and it seems as if this must be the very best spot for raising this stock as the fields all border on the River. After passing through these fields for miles saw a cow feeding on a black Auto curtain which some one must have lost from their machine. We are still wondering whether on that night she surprised her owner by giving black milk.

We are now getting into a country where the children all run to the doors and wave their hands as we pass by. They are all interested in the "Teamer."

Mr. B. found that he needed rubbers so we stopped at the little hamlet of St. John and he went into a store to try his luck. When he came out he related his experience. After trying in vain to make the owner of the store understand what he wanted he found a man who could speak some English and finally by agreeing that he wanted Coloshes he procured the rubbers.

Then the Franchman says, "Where from?"

Mr. B.--- "Boston."

Franchman ---! "Where going?"

Mr. B.--- "Quebec."

Franchman ---!

We prepared our lunch on one of the many milk platforms which we see along the way, this being a great country for milk farms. It was still raining, but we had an apple tree to shelter us and we were getting used to the rain. Soon after lunch we passed the first wayside shrine we had seen.

Got into the city of St. John at 2 o'clock. Stopped at the Windsor Hotel to inquire the way, then went on along the bank of the Chambly Canal. We were told in St. John that the road to Chambly was good so took off the chains after going about two miles. The mud was still with us. Reached Chambly at 3.30 getting a good view of Fort Chambly. Here we took gasoline. Ran into heavy shower while passing through St. Hubert. Kept on to Longueuil. Crossed the St. Lawrence River on Longueuil Ferry and landed in Montreal in a spot which taxed the ingenuity of our "Shaffer" to get us out of. He was equal to the emergency and drove us to the entrance of the Corona plastered with mud but in the best of health and spirits.

Had supper in the garden. Mr. B. "talked French" to the head waiter after we had waited nearly an hour for our orders to be filled, so it was all up with us at the Corona.

Walked down to the Windsor for mail but found none there.
54 miles today.

SATURDAY, JULY 23rd, 1910.

Went to His Majesty's Cafe for breakfast, and His Majesty has my sympathy if that is a sample of his breakfasts. After breakfast went sight-seeing on Tally-ho. Saw many magnificent buildings, also visited the store of Chas. Desjarden's and Co., the largest fur store in the world. While waiting here for some of the party to invest in furs Mr. C. saw a young English chap gazing at something in the window and heard him exclaim, "Oh Father, are those 'skeetoes?" We didn't wait to hear whether Father could answer Son or not, but went on our way stopping at the Notre Dame Cathedral, second largest church on the continent and containing the largest bell in America.

Everyone seems to think we would be foolish to attempt to drive to Quebec on the machine as the rains have made the roads almost impassable, so after talking it over we decide to go on the steamer Quebec which leaves at seven o'clock. Went to buy boat tickets this afternoon, then drove around Mount Royal in the Stanley.

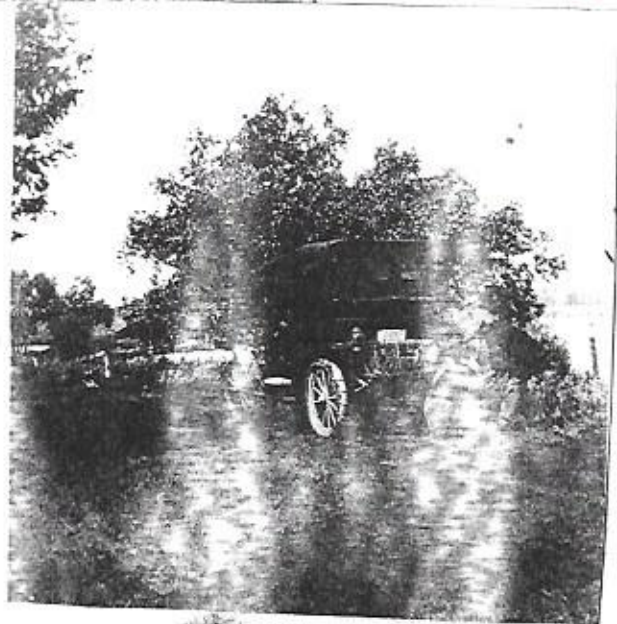
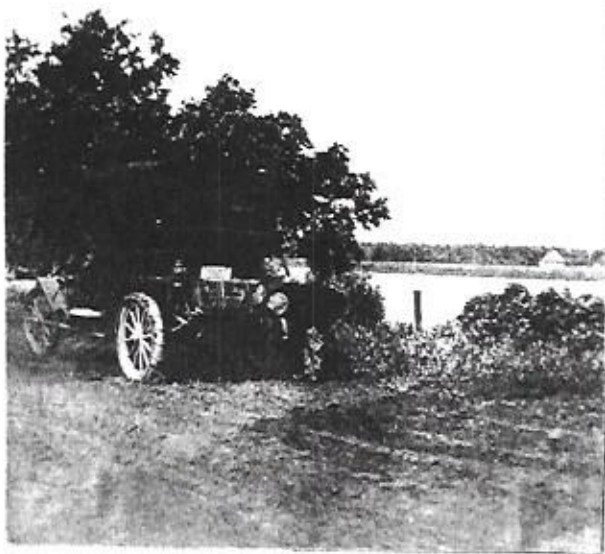
Going back to the Corona packed up our belongings and then went for lunch to a French Cafe.

After lunch went down to the landing, got the Stanley on board and then had to wait an hour for excursion from

Lachene Rapids. Finally got off about eight o'clock. It was a glorious moonlight night and we sat on deck until eleven o'clock.

The Captain kept turning the search-light on places along the shore and people seemed to be watching out for him for almost everyone responded.

10 miles today.



SUNDAY, July 24th, 1910.

Got up at 2 A.M. and went on deck to see the sunrise and it was a beautiful sight, but it was very cold. Wore sweater, duster, leather coat, silk gloves and leather gloves and still couldn't get warm.

One member of our party thought that under the circumstances the sunrise had no charm for him so he crawled out just in time to get some hot coffee which was served at 6.30, and you may be sure we took good care to be the first ones in the dining-room.

After breakfast went on deck and watched familiar objects coming into view one after another.

First the bridge that fell before being completed and that is not yet finished, then the Citadel, Dufferen Terrace, the Chateau Frontenac, lower city, Elevator, etc. We had been wondering how our "Shaffer" would extricate the Stanley from the mass of baggage, horses, autos, etc. by which it was surrounded. We were watching the men arranging the gang-plank when out shot the Stanley with our "Shaffer" at the "hellum" as unconcerned as you please.

Another thing that had kept us guessing was whether we should have any trouble in getting up the steep paved street from the lower to the upper city; but there was no cause for anxiety. Up she went without a pause and we landed in the

court-yard of the Chateau all serene. Walked through the chateau to see the parlor, reading-room, dining-room, and halls, then started to drive out to St. Anne. It proved to be a beautiful drive following the St. Lawrence, and as we took the upper road we passed through many villages and had an opportunity to see the surrounding country.

And now, indeed, we felt as if we were travelling in a foreign country. The houses and the people seem strange and very few can speak English. The better houses had the front wall built of fancy tiles and this, with the bright paper window shades always closely drawn, and queer curving roofs, gave to these houses a quaint appearance.

We found an immense crowd at the Church as there was a celebration going on in honor of St. Anne. It was the anniversary of the day on which a piece of the bone of the finger of St. Anne was presented to the Church.

Coming back we stopped at Montmorence Falls. Had dinner at the Trent House, then went out to look at the Falls.

Back in Quebec about 1.45. Got rooms at the Clarendon after a general row where everyone got hot under the collar because the elevator had broken down and they stowed us away under the roof. I positively refused to honor the Clarendon with my presence unless we could have some other

rooms, which made the bell-boy skip, and after awhile we had things arranged and started for another ride intending to take the eight mile drive through the lower city. Somehow or other we got off the track and went several miles out of our way. Finally we got on the right road again and headed for the Hotel. By this time it was raining in torrents and we were glad to get safely back in time for supper after which we went for a walk, as the shower was all over.

Went in at the St. Louis' gate and walked from there to the St. John gate on the city wall.

66 miles today.

MONDAY, July 25th, 1910.

A regular dog-day. Went shopping this morning.

Back to Hotel in time for dinner. Walked up to the Citadel this afternoon.

A soldier was detailed to escort us through the Citadel and he made our visit a very interesting one, pointing out to us in the River below the first gunboat of the New Canadian Fleet. Also other places of interest along the River. He also called our attention to a small brass cannon which it is claimed was captured at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

From the Citadel we walked down to the Terrace, had ice cream at the Chateau, then to the Clarendon for supper, then to walk.

Watched elevator working and in a few minutes a shower sent us back to the house.

TUESDAY, July 26th, 1910.

At eight o'clock our "Shaffer" drove the Stanley to the Hotel Entrance, and what a transformation was here. She had been washed and polished and looked like a brand new car.

Got off at 8.15 and went on ferry across River to Levis. Here was another opportunity for skill in driving, as the road is up a steep grade from the moment you strike the shore.

Went through Levis to St. Henri, then through on to Henri's Pike. Here we had been told would be 15 miles good road so took off chains, also got some snap-shots of gate keeper's children. Soon had to pay toll again, thus occurred first adventure of the day.

Meeting a team containing two women the horse became frightened so Mr. B. went bravely to their rescue. The women were more than grateful and one of them said, "Oh you too good, horse he awful fraid."

Soon had a good chance to get pictures of road-side cross.

Roads growing worse and worse we finally put on chains again.

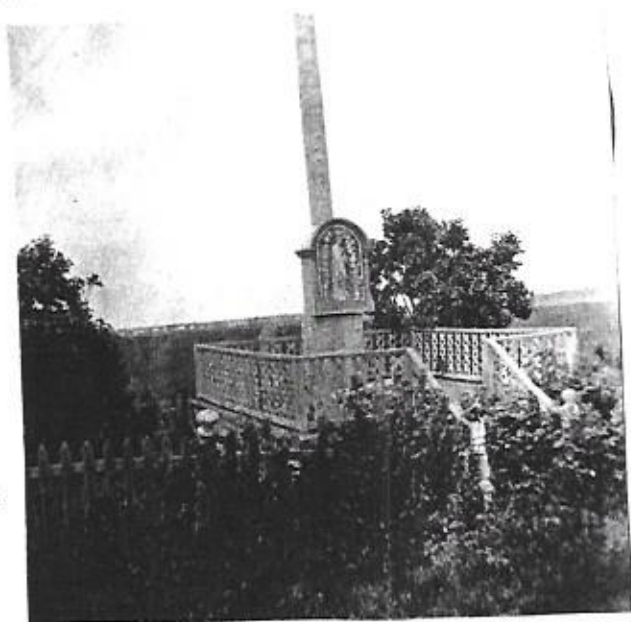
Passing through Scott Junction stopped to buy something 20

for lunch. No one spoke English so we had to point to what we wanted.

Out of water and finally got some at pulp mill drawing it in pails. Got lunch outside Scott Junction. Had quite an audience. Tried to buy some milk of a little girl but she "no spik English", so got a man who was driving by to tell her what we wanted. Father came out and motioned us to come inside the gate but we say no. Soon the little girl comes back with a beautiful bouquet which she presents to us. Mr. B. wrote our names on a card and gave it to her. We have often wondered if she has discovered what is on the card.

Starting on went through Ste. Marie where there is a tannery which we stopped to investigate. They tan 18 hides a day in their busy season.

Beauce Junction next where we met people coming from Jackman. We had thought we looked bad enough when we stopped for lunch with our nice clean car one mass of mud again; but our car looked quite respectable when compared with theirs. Not only was the car covered with mud, but the passengers also, you could scarcely tell whether they were white or black. They did not dare stop their engine as their batteries were gone and they were afraid they couldn't start again. They expected to make Quebec that





night, but we expected they wouldn't.

Arriving in St. Joseph we began to hunt for water and finally got some at a stable where they had a leaky hose. Mr. B. got on the wrong side of the leak and got a soaking which made him feel cheerful.

Now for Beauceville. Were held up by a custom official, but had wit enough to hang on to our papers. He recommended us to go to the St. George Hotel kept by Tommy Murther. This we did, arriving about five o'clock and found that Tommy was all right.
Days run --67 miles.



WEDNESDAY, July 27th, 1910.

Left St. Joseph at 8.30. Met there two girls from Attleboro Falls, Miss Daggett and Miss Jardins, who had come in a Maxwell runabout and were waiting for the mud to dry up. Think they may be waiting yet for it rains every night. They were eight days going to Quebec and have been five days coming from Quebec to St. George, the distance which we covered yesterday.

Kept on through the same old slippery mud and following the Chaudiere River, through Jersey Post-office, St. Clune and Armstrong Post-office.

We are now getting into a more hilly country, and if there were decent roads should enjoy the scenery, but all our time is devoted to keeping out of the gutter.

Had lunch at an old camp house within four or five miles of the line, then went on past the line house. When we were on the other side four good loud cheers echoed through the woods and it was the unanimous vote of the party that the good old United States would do for us.

Now we were going through forests of spruce, birch, etc., which seemed more like home. We were also travelling on good hard roads once more. Took water from a bridge. Thunder shower came up as usual so had to put up top.



At last we arrived at Jackman, where we gave up our papers at Custom House. We had imagined all sorts of things might happen to us here, but there was nothing doing. Our baggage was not disturbed at all. Here they told us we would have no more bad roads which cheered us up wonderfully. Took off chains once more and went on fine road to Parlin's Pond. Stopped to get cigars. Here there are log cabins for rent at \$2. per day. We are now within twenty miles of Moosehead Lake. Going on for six or seven miles through beautiful woods saw red fox crossing the road.

When within seven miles of Bingham stopped at farm house and bought milk and eggs. Went on to next spring and had supper beside the Kennebec River which we had been following for some time. On to Bingham and then concluded to go as far as Solon where we found Hotel - The Caratunk - J. H. Gray, proprietor. Had supper, went out bought postals, then to bed.

107 miles.

THURSDAY, JULY 28th, 1910.



Started from Solon about 9.30 in rain storm, chains on, top up, etc. Crossed the Kennebec River on cable ferry, then to North Ansen $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Can see Mt. Abram in distance.

Reached North New Portland at 11.10, bought provisions and went on about half way to Stratton where we stopped for lunch beside a spring which ran into a big hollow log. The sun came out and we got a snap-shot. Saw hawk and silvertip fox on way to Stratton, which we reached about three o'clock. Stopped here to telephone and although the service was poor made out that all were well at home, so went on our way rejoicing.

About 5 miles east of Rangely saw two red foxes and quail. Got to Rangely about five o'clock. Stopped at the store of Oakes Quimby and Herrick and got keys to Mr. Hinckley's camp on Gull Pond which is the head water of the Rangely Lakes. Bought supplies and started out to find the camp from plan drawn by Mr. Hinckley. Rode out about two miles to farm house of Mr. Ross where we had to leave the Stanley, pack out suit cases, supplies, etc. in a wheel-barrow, carrying wraps on our arms. Then, according to directions of Mrs. Ross, we started across the fields

through a gate, across another field and there we stopped by a high stone wall with a barbed wire on top and no gate, but we had made up our minds to camp in the Maine woods, so a little thing like a stone wall couldn't stop us. We handed the load over piece by piece, then the wheelbarrow, got over ourselves and struck into the woods, going on until we came to a fork in the path in a thick clump of Alders. After consulting the plan Mr. B. went to the left and Mrs. B. went to the right, following the path until she ran up against some sheep. At first she thought she was afraid and then she knew they were - for they scampered off. In a few minutes she heard Mr. B. calling and went back to the Alders, wraps, camera, and all, and started all over again. Mr. B. thought he had found the camp, and Mr. and Mrs. C. had gone ahead with the keys. The Alders grew thicker and thicker. They tore Mrs. B's veil, slapped her in the face, and finally gathered in her Beetle hat pin. She then and there expressed her opinion of Mr. Hinckley's camp and all the members of the party in language more emphatic than polite.

But Alas! "the worst was yet to come." We struggled along for a few minutes, then came to a brook, shallow, but rocky and wide. We must get across, but how? It was worth good money to see the Ex Mayor manage the affair.

First he tried to push the wheel-barrow through the brook, but it was "no go", so he gritted his teeth and with the air of a martyr carried the load over piece by piece; then held Mrs. B's. baggage while she got over, and last but not least, brought over the wheel-barrow, loaded it up and started on. Finally we came to the cottage only to find that it was the wrong one.

Mr. C. walked along shore to the next one, but no use, the keys didn't fit. After holding a consultation the boys decide to leave us to our fate and start on an exploring expedition while we "minded the baggage."

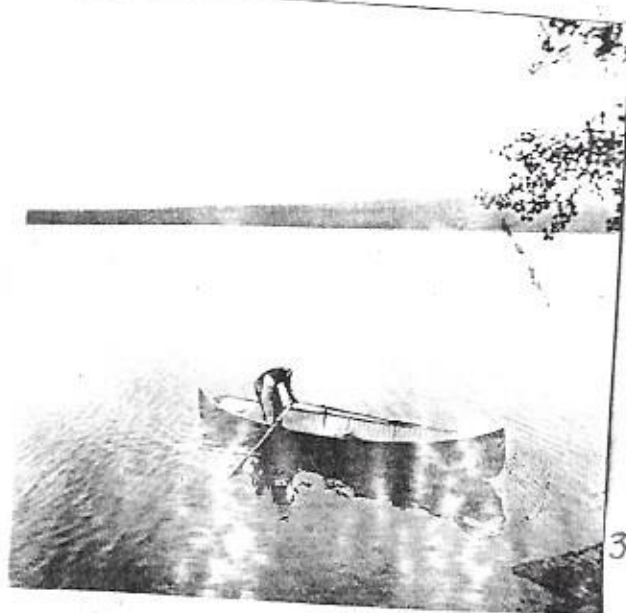
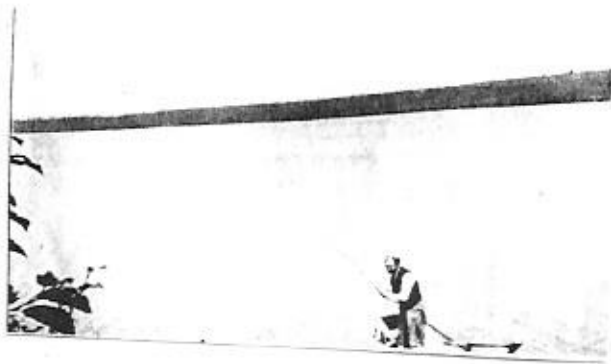
As it was now about sundown we had visions of sleeping in the woods all night. Mr. C. finally returned and said they had failed to find the spot and Mr. B. had gone to hunt up a guide. By this time it was getting quite dark in the woods and Mrs. B. took to the boat landing where she could see on all sides. Pretty soon we heard a Bobcat among the trees, and it is needless to say that Mrs. B. stuck to that boat landing, declining all invitations to sit on the piazza.

And now, "Oh joyful sound", we hear the splash of oars and here is a man coming to row us to the cottage which has been quite near all the time.

We were nearly starving by the time, so we unpacked

enough to cook some beefsteak, made coffee. Then rummaged until we found blankets enough to go around, and turned in not daring to leave doors and windows open for fear of Bobcats.

77 Miles today.



FRIDAY, JULY 29th, 1910.

The first pleasant day we have had since starting on our trip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. went to Rangely this morning leaving machine to be washed.

Mrs. B. set up housekeeping, arranged the furniture in her bed-room so that she could open the windows, then went fishing, but only caught one. Mr. B. had better luck and we had a fish fry tonight.

About 5 P.M. we started on a hunt for eggs and milk making Mrs. C. our guide as she knew just where to go. Mrs. Ross had told her all about it. Well, she led us through fields, over wire fences, and through swamps where one had to climb trees to see how to get out. We chose Mr. C. as the climber, which office he filled very acceptably, using now and then a French word in his direction which we could interpret in any way we chose. Finally we reached the farm house we were aiming for and bought some milk but could get no eggs. Came back to camp and had supper. Then rowed up to next landing for a swim, then to bed, leaving two windows open much against the wishes of Mrs. B. who was still afraid of Bob-cat.

SATURDAY, JULY 30th, 1910.

Same old rain again. We woked up this morning to hear it pattering on the roof, so all hands stayed in bed until nine o'clock.

After breakfast Mr. and Mrs. C. went to Rangely to get machine, supplies, etc. Mr. and Mrs. B. went out in boat to try for fish but they refused to bite.

Landing on opposite side of Lake we found a man building a log cabin who told us where we could buy milk, so we bought milk and eggs and then back to the camp as there was another shower coming up.

Had dinner, then Mr. and Mrs. C. went out to fish and Mr. and Mrs. B. went to look for the hat pin lost in the Alders and, strange to say, they found it.

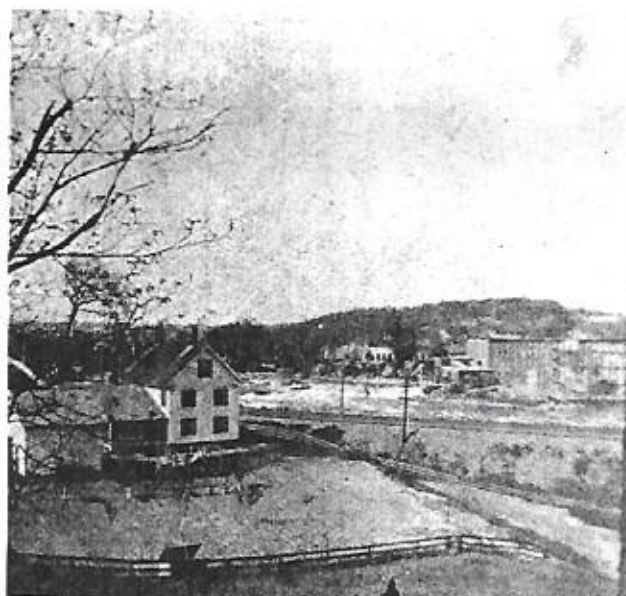
SUNDAY, JULY 31st, 1910.

Left the camp directly after breakfast and got started from Rangely about nine o'clock. Stopping there for water. It seems like a morning in October, roads muddy, but drying fast.

Lovely drive, winding among the hills to Phillip which we reached at 11 o'clock. Took water and then went on, stopping for lunch 4 miles north of Welds. Then to Dixfield following Androscoggan River through Mexico and Oxford to Rumford Falls, where there are immense paper mills. Stopped and took pictures of the Falls. Here they make paper for magazines and newspapers.

Went on through Newry Bethel, Gilead. Met Dr. Hutchings and wife near Gilead. Went to Gorham and stopped for the night at the Mt. Madison House (a good one). Went to walk after supper, and bought postals.

114 Miles today.



MONDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1910.

A beautiful morning. Got off at 7.45. Stopped outside Berlin to watch the loading of logs with which the River is filled, then went on to the Centre where the International Paper Co. has immense mills employing thousands of hands. Bought supplies and went on, following the Androscoggan River, over a fine road for eight miles. Think we never saw as many logs in our lives as we are seeing today, the River is packed solid with them for miles. Went through Milan, then a thirteen mile drive through the woods. We had been told the road here would be very muddy, but after our experience in Canada we decided that this was pretty bad, but passable.

Took pictures of men building state road two miles south of Errol which we passed through next. Then to Dixville. Stopped for lunch at a loggers camp just before entering the Notch. After lunch took pictures of the Flume, then started to go through the Notch and it is certainly a grand sight. Stopped at the Balsams and bought post cards. Then on through Colebrook, North Stratford, Stratford, Groveton, across the Ammonoosuc River, then across the Connecticut to Guildhall, Northumberland, Coos Junction to Lancaster, from there to Whitefield where we



stopped for the night at the Fiske House. For the last two hours had beautiful views of the White Mountains and some of the finest state roads we ever rode on.

106 Miles today.



TUESDAY, AUGUST 2nd, 1910.

Left Whitefield at 8.30. Rained in the night as usual, but finally the sun came out and we had a nice day. Got to Littleton 9.30. A few miles before coming into Lisbon saw this sign:- "The Maid of the Meadow", which proved to be a rock on the hillside on which one could see very plainly the profile of a girl. Reached Lisbon at 10.10. Now follow the Connecticut River to Wells River, cross the River into Vermont, then to Newbury past steep cliffs at Fairlee, then on towards Thetford, stopping for lunch at Lake Morey which we reached by going over Potato Hill. Here we had our first tire trouble having to put in a new inner tube.

It is claimed that the first steam boat ever built was made by a man living here and sailed in the boat on this Lake. This was before Fulton's boat.

After lunch went to Thetford and visited the summer home of Mrs. Cummings. This is a beauty spot among the hills and we tried to get some pictures. Went from there to Windsor where we stopped for the night at the Windsor House. After supper walked up past the prison then down to the Dyke.

106 Miles.

The
house
at
Thetford

A "Simsen" place -
in family from
1870 to 1948 when
purchased & burned
to clear valley for
flood control dam -
not used to
this day.



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3rd, 1910.

Started from Windsor at 8.15 and from here the road became more and more familiar as we went through Claremont, Charlestown, Keene, where we bought something for lunch, then on towards Troy. Stopped for our last lunch on the bank of the River about five miles from Troy. Had a pile of lumber for a table and everything as handy as you please. After lunch started in on the home stretch, taking a cut across country after leaving Fitchburg in order to strike Lowell, where we had a farewell supper, and then went on home arriving about eight o'clock, sunburned and tired, but well pleased with ourselves to think that we had completed this trip of 1140 miles without any serious mishap and that the only time spent on repairs had been the adjustment of oil pump at Hancock and replacing inner tube at Lake Morey.

We felt quite sure that "Willie" made no mistake when he purchased the Stanley.

EDW. H. CUMMINGS
1874-1960
LOUISE A. C.
1874-1963

MASS REGISTRATION
15502

Will Mr & Mrs Cummings
please accept from their fellow
travelers these pages as a memento
of a delightful trip through Canada
during the summer of 1910.

We sincerely hope that
these lines will recall to you
as many pleasant memories as
they have to us.

Daniel W Bond

Martha E Bond.

December 25 1910

Wed	194	Woburn, Nashua Milford Greenfield Haverhill Marlow Newport Lebanon Sharon Brookfield Montpelier
Thurs	87	Montpelier, Waterbury Jonsville Burlington Grand Isle St. Helen N. Helen Albany
Fri	54	Albany, Richfield River crossing at Andover St. John, Chubbuck St. Hubert, Longueil, Montreal
Sat	10	Montreal, on boat
Sun	66	Quebec, St. Anne, Montmorency Falls, Quebec
Mon	0	Quebec
Tues	67	Quebec, Lewis, St. Anne Scott Junction St. Marys Beauport St. Joseph
Wed	107	St. Joseph, Beauville, Jackman (Maine) Bangor Sken
Thurs	77	Sken, Kenebec cable ferry, New Portland, Stratton, Rangely
Fri	0	Rangely
Sat	0	Rangely
Sun	114	Rangely, Pliskiey Wells, Fairfield, Mexico, Oxford, Grand Falls, Newry, Bethel, Gilead, Gorham
Mon	106	Gorham, Bangor, Milam, Enrol, Durable Hotel, Calabash St. John, Grand Junction, Cross Junction, Linc. to Whitefield
Tues	106	Whitefield, Littleton, Litchon, Wells River (VT), Newbury, Fiske, Thetford, Windsor
Wed	152	Windsor, Vermont, Kane, Troy, Fairbury, Lowell, Woburn

1140

- ① who owned 15502?
- ② return this and indicate which photos you wish reproduced
- ③ 7/60 issued to grandfather, 1906 Stanley
- ④ His 2nd son, my uncle, named Edw. Stanley Cummings after Stanley brood. In Newton his grandchild. are still carrying Stan. name. prob. don't know why! DillC.
6-10-94



CURRENT STRATEGY FORUM
NAVAL WAR COLLEGE
NEWPORT RHODE ISLAND

8/8/96

art

a sample -

Decision ① Do you want

black/white or brown tone

② signs are $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ or 4×6

so I'll order 4×6 and
get 4×4 since neg. are

squares
Price for these two $\approx 5^{00}$ total.

advice on ① above and I'll
get the others you wish.

Bill Cunningham

517/749-1223

1914

32963 R.S. Cummings
1371 Washington St
Newton, (1911)

3547 F.S. Cummings
251 Elm St
West Somerville
#5772 20 (1911)

1911

10864 Morton Cummings
858 Pleasant St
Malden MA
10hp

18313 Francis Cummings
251 Elm St
West Somerville
8hp

1912

19834 Edward H. Cummings
59 Fowler St
Woburn
~~#5290~~ model 70
180

7160

1905 6 hp Stanley
1912 WW Stanley to MA V.F. to
Montreal, Quebec Pittsburgh
1100 miles