

Notes taken on Trip to West Coast.

August 17th, 1937.

This party of five - Dr. Rumreich at the wheel of the new Chevrolet, G. A. Tembrock beside him, Mrs. Rumreich, Vivian and Mr. G. A. Tembrock in the rear seat. We leave on U. S. Hi-way No. 10.

First stop at Fargo, N. D., where the ladies shopped for an hour, then on to Valley City where we lunched at Polly's Cafe. The little waitress gave Dr. R. special attention. Arrived at Bismark, N. D., about 1:00 P. M., where we visited the new three million dollar Capital Building built on an elevation - nineteen stories high - overlooking the surrounding country. A guide escorts sight-seers and explains the beautiful marbles and rare woods used in it's construction.

We had dinner at the Dickinson Hotel, Dickinson. Later visited with Mr. and Mrs. Perdames at a Night Club, while Vivian and Ida Perdames ( a school pal) attended a movie. Camped in comfortable Pullman Tourists Camp. \$1.25.

August 18th.

After an early breakfast we drove out to the Perdames' 1,600 acre farm where Vivian had spent the night with her friend. The Perdames were very hospitable and charming. Travelling West toward the Bad Lands of North Dakota. We decide to make a side trip and visit the Petrified Forest before entering Montana. Our Guide drove his own car in low down a winding and dangerous trail leading down into the canyon. Very lovely coloring and our Guide explained the different formations of strata and the many centuries required to form this large natural Petrified Forest. A charge of 75¢ ea was made. We lunch in Montana - at Endine, where we leave the beautifully-colored formations known as the Bad Lands.

It is quite hot this afternoon, so when we arrive at Miles City, we stop for refreshments and Doc is quite interested in a new Coco-cola storage case.

Things of interest to tourists are posted along Hy-way, such as Pompey's Pillar (where Lewis and Clark camped). We arrive at the bustling City of Billings, Mont., where there are many tourists camps. We got a nice double apartment \$4.25. In the evening we strolled around and Doc bot a new camera to use on this trip. This City has a western atmosphere.

August 19th.

After a good breakfast at a Waffle Shop, we leave Billings and head toward the great Yellowstone Park region. Vivian and I thrill at our first sight of a Mountain. The Bear Tooth Mountain Range can be seen in the distance. Elevation 12,990 ft.

August 19th, con't.

Visited Zoo at Red Lodge, Mont., containing birds and animals (many snakes) and flowers native to this mountain territory.

We start to climb our first mountain on the new recently completed two-million dollar Red Lodge Cook City Road. As we climb upward we experience a ringing in the ears and it is difficult to breathe in the rarified air. We stop occasionally to enjoy the grand, grand views. The grandeur of the scenic beauty is hard to describe but worth the cost of this new road. We use the Field Glasses and can see many miles. Gerry pointed out what he believes to be "limestone formations" in the mountains, but upon reaching the formations, they prove to be large areas of snow and ice. After the strain of this awful climb, we get out of the car on reaching the summit to gather wild mountain flowers and plants and to admire the clear crystal lakes. We are obliged to put on our coats the air is so cool.

The drive down the mountain is more gradual so one can relax, but it is very lovely and we all feel better. We stop to enjoy many places of special beauty - among them Lake Creek Falls, where a rain-bow can be seen within the Falls. While Mrs. K. was scouting by herself, she slipped on pine needles and called for help as she was very near the Falls. Doc seeing there was no danger, snapped her clinging to the bank while her hero (Gerry) rescues the lady in distress. This incident is laughed over as we enjoy a good lunch at Cooke City.

Now entering Yellowstone National Park via Silver Gate. Our party pay fee of \$3.00. Pass some real live wild bears, who seem curious. The scenery is so beautiful that we try to see both sides of the road as we drive along the Madison River. Passing through lovely Golden Gate with the sun shining full upon it. Then along the Firehole River and through the Firehole Canyon - all grand. Our first sight of a geyser, small one - but we have to get out to investigate. Decide to go direct to Old Faithful Lodge to register as the Tourist season is in full swing (high mark reached two days later) Unable to get cabins as everything is filled so we decide to stay at Old Faithful Hotel. Rates for bed \$8.00 and \$5.00. We stand in line with several hundred others for a good dinner at the Cafeteria. Tarif high. After scouting around, we wait on a log in the clear cool moon-lit nite surrounded by people from everywhere (likewise seated). There is a breathless suspense - all chattering ceases - everyone's eyes are glued with expectancy as Old Faithful Geyser - faithful as always - spouts upward and upward into the starry sky - We thrill to this phenomena of Nature as the searchlight plays on the gushing water. Later, we joined in the Community singing around a

August 19th, con't.

bon fire. Then listened to the Hotel Orchester in the Lobby of Old Faithful Hotel, and at 9:45 went on the Veranda to see Old Faithful perform for the second time. Quite cool. Then Mrs. R. and I had refreshments and wrote cards.

August 20th.

After breakfast at the Cafeteria, shopped at a Curio Shop, where Vivian's daddy presented her with a beautiful ring, the setting being mined and polished here. We purchased small souvenirs and then to Haynes Picture Gallery where Mrs. R. received two lovely paintings of the Park as her gift. Upon returning to the car we discover the keys had been locked in, so it required the combined services of a mechanic and a dollar to get back inside. We stop again to see Old Faithful Geyser before we begin the western tour of this very remarkable country. We visit Mirror, Opal, Sapphire and Turquoise Pools (being named for colors of their water). Then the Castle Geyser and Grotto Geyser and a host of other geysers, among them the famous Grand Geyser which spouts 200 ft. (anywhere from 3 to 30 hrs.)

On to Sunset Lake, viewing Gem Pool, Emerald Pool and the very lovely Morning Glory Pool. We tear ourselves away to visit Black Sand Pool, Califlower Pool and Frying Pan Pool. See Sunset Lake.

We spend quite a while as we go down into and wander through Geyser Hill with its hundreds of different sized geysers boiling and spouting on all sides and way into the distance where signs are posted cautioning sightseers to remain on the walks. We search for Handkerchief Pool, only to discover that it has dried up.

Then to Jupiter Terrace with its many colors all so georgeous and driving along the beautiful Firestone River Stopped to see Firestone Falls and canyon.

Returned to Old Faithful for lunch and begin on the Eastern Tour of the Park. See Lily Pools, Beaver Dams. Detour here - bad roads. More bears. Crossing Continental Divide - on one side all land slopes west to the Pacific Ocean and on the east side all land slopes to the Mississippi.

We stop as we see a mother bear with twin cubs. Snap Vivian's picture as she gives each cub an orange, which they first peel and then devour while the mother bear looks idly on. Other cars stop along the line - likewise intrigued.

Driving along beautiful Yellowstone Lake where there is a large hotel colony, cabins., etc. Across the Lake a peculiar smoke rises among the Shoshone Mts. (next day's papers report a disastrous forest fire had trapped 200 C. C. C. men, thirty losing their lives). We are unaware of the tragedy as we drive along in the sunshine beside this big lake.

20th con't.

Yellowstone Lake is unique in that fish can be caught and cooked in the same lake, as there are many small geysers boiling away within the lake, and near the shore. Now passing the snow-covered Red Mts. Another group of buildings the new large bright yellow Lake Hotel dominating all. Doc and Gerry stroll over to the Fishing Bridge to watch the many fishermen.

All tourists stopping - this time to view the famous Dragon's Mouth and then to Mud Volcano. These are advertised as most interesting phenomena in Park. Motoring along Yellowstone River we stop to see the Upper Falls which are 109 ft. high. Then on to Great Falls which are 308ft. high.

Into the glory of the Canyon - the great Yellowstone Canyon with the sun shining brightly upon it enhancing its gorgeous colors. This, truly thrilling to see. The Famous Artist's Point. At Grand View the scenery and colorings were so gorgeous that we were glad to forget it for a moment to rest our eyes while we watched an Osprey's nest containing two young. It was built on a jutting crag. The Osprey is like (tho slightly smaller) an eagle. The Canyon is 1500 ft wide and 900 ft. deep. In order to get a full view of the Canyon Falls, one must descend four hundred ninety steps, but this group all pansies. However, we did climb up to Grand View and also down 50 steps to Inspiration Point. A Cinnamon bear and its cub in the road stopped traffic. As the Sun is setting we decide not to make tour of Mt. Wasburn, so we drive around it's base. Below a herd of Buffalo grazing. Mrs. R. explains about the Buffalo Greens, where the herd camp.

Walked to Tower Falls, 132 ft. high. Formations of mts. known as the "the Needles" nearby.

A short drive and we arrive at Mammoth Hot Springs. These Springs must indeed have been mammoth at an earlier day, but are now reduced to small stream. However, the high whitish mountain overlooks the whole area. Many fine homes here occupied by the Park Officials. We visit the most interesting sights, then climb back into the car and drive thru many quaint formations of limestone - Angel Terrace.

It is late so we decide to leave this great natural Park, which our Government has reserved that all might enjoy it's many wonders, travelling along the Boiling River. We arrive at Gardner, completing 175 mile tour of Yellowstone Park.

Slept at Livingston, Mont., in comfortable cabins.

August 21st.

After breakfast driving into Western Montana. Thru Bozeman and into Butte, a thriving mining town surrounded by mountains on all sides. Had lunch at Deer Lodge. Change of oil. Elevations 5,700 ft. Had a flat tire (Gerry driving) out of Missoula so we stop there to get repairs and write cards. On into Idaho over Lookout Pass, which is a honey with it's many turns, especially with the sun in our eyes and the road in process of completion. Pass many large mining camps and enter Wallace nestling among the mountains. After dinner we try to locate cabins, but not successful, so we decide to continue on over the ever-curving mountain roads. The moon shines brightly and we all feel so happy, we sigh. Doc chuckles over a sign at Tourists Cabins advertising Fresh Milk and Oils. The cabins not being modern we say goodbye to the comely(?) proprietress and move on into beautiful Couer D'Alene City built on a large lovely lake surrounded by large trees. We get rooms in a private home. Decide to see the town were tempted into entering a tavern which advertised "Have a good time here - Seek no 'further." Young folks were dancing in this typically western bar. A foaming pitcher of beer was brot to our table - compliments of Doc.

August 22nd.

After attending Mass at the beautiful Catholic Church here, we spent the morning in the park where we admired the gorgeous dallies which were the largest we had ever seen. Mrs. R. suffers from headache. As Mrs. R. feels improved after lunch, we travel on into the State of Washington. Perfect Sunday and a perfect drive on into Spokane the 2nd largest city in Washington. We window shop here for an hour and enjoy delicious chicken at a large Cafeteria. Also visited the gorgeous Lobby of the Davenport Hotel. It had a wonderful display of flowers to add to the luxurious surroundings.

Off again on highway going south. The speedometer not working but Doc assures us he isn't travelling fast. Along miles of wheat fields on the rolling hills. Many are summer-fallowed. Also see large apple orchards. The sun is dimmed as we travel into a dust storm for many miles. Reached Walla Walla early and after getting an excellent bed and cabin, we have a good steak dinner. Walla Walla being dry on a Sunday we feel safe in giving our hubbies the evening off and see "The Man in the Mirror" starring Evert Horton.

August 23rd.

Up and our destination to-day Portland, Ore., where Mrs R. Will visit her brother, whom she hasn't seen for 25 years, while Gerry and I will call on a half dozen of my cousins who moved out to Oregon about thirty years ago. We travel along beside the famed Columbia River, known for it's particular scenic beauty, it's fertile fields of vegetables, fruits and many lovely flowers. The trip is so interesting as we travel thru and above Mountain Passes, by many water Falls and thru tunnels. Vivian busy drawing the Falls and sketching tunnels as we all nibble on licorice. We stop for cool spring water from the mountains. Again to visit and view Multnomah Falls with its rushing gushing water in a 902 ft. drop. Superb. By many Salmon canneries. One is especially impressed on approaching Portland at the numerous fruit and flower stalls or stands. As everything is so temptingly displayed and delicious-appearing, we stop to purchase all we have room for. We see fields and fields of Gladiolas. Rock and landscaped gardens in all their glory of full bloom.

On reaching Portland Doc drives directly to the National Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother. This designed to be the world's most beautiful and imposing Memorial to all Motherhood. A Tea room and bus station are at entrance to the grounds. A misty rain is falling but the approach to the Grotto is so beautiful we are hardly aware of it. A trickling stream and falls beside the Grotto of St. Philip Benizi, draw us, and this being his namesday - August 23rd - and my birthday, I am especially thrilled at the privilege of visiting his Shrine to-day. A short walk and the imposing Grotto to Our Lady rises above us to a height of 50 ft. 30 ft. wide and 30 ft. deep - a natural opening in the Cliff. The Pipe organ is being played and the echoes reverberate against the mountain. We take the elevator up 160 ft. to the top with a young priest acting as Guide (Rev. Fa. Mullane). A large crowd with us. Here we visit the realistic hand-carved wooden statues representing the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Mother. We meet crowds of other visitors as we go from Dolor to Dolor. The Calège is a short distance away. After our descent, we register, make our donations, join the Confraternity and make small purchases at the store. We also enjoy lunch at the Tea Room.

As it is still early in the afternoon, we decide to see the famous Lampert Gardens and were not dissappointed altho the season of roses is past. Here there are acres of flowers - arranged in the most artistic manner - the loveliest collection of flowers I've ever seen. Doc bot different varieties of seeds to try out at home.

Then we have a light dinner and begin our call on relatives. We separate for a day and a half.

August 25th.

We leave our relatives and Portland and again over mountain roads where we stop at 3:00 o'clock for a sea-food dinner at Astoria. Then ferry across the Columbia River and are back again in Washington. Ferry rate \$1.25 for car and driver. Again on land and passing thru a long tunnel.

We now arrive at Seaview - as far West as we will go) and, like Balboa, Vivian, Gerry and I get our first view of the mighty Pacific Ocean. We stop to listen to the breakers awhile, then get out to walk around. Vivian and I decide to taste the water to see if it is as salty as we heard it to be, and it is. Here, Doc's car became stuck in the dry sand as we get too far off the ramp, so three young men (one of them from Minnesota - Brainard) come to our rescue. They are amused that the ladies prefer to walk back while the men drive along the beach and leave by another ramp. Tide is receding. Seaview and Long Beach are both resort towns. Oyster canning factories and lumber mills along the Willapa Bay - many logs. High stacks of shavings burning in funnel-like cones along the road. Now travelling thru forests of large timbers. Burnt over areas. In Aberdene, a sprawly lumbering town, but as it's late and raining, we did not stop and travel eastward. Past a cascara buying plant. Arrived at Olympia, the Capital of Wash., enjoy a good dinner and have comfortable cabin - an entire house - three rooms and bath.

August 26th.

After cakes and coffee, we make tour of Capital buildings, several new and beautiful. Then visit the Washington Veneer Co. Saw Mill. Watched while 4 to 7 ft. diameter Fir logs being unrolled like paper to be made into 3 to 9 ply-wood. A courteous guide explained all operations which were very interesting.

Then to the Oyster Cannery, the Manager escorting us and explaining how shells are removed and quickly packed fresh oysters are kept under refrigeration until shipped. Japs were employed here, and one old Jap gave us large oyster shells as souvenirs. Away, and see Mt. Olympus, rising 8,200 ft. amid snow-capped range. We are travelling along beautiful Puget Sound. Weather being perfect adds to our enjoyment of this grand drive. Vivian contentedly eating fresh apricots. Along winding road over mountain Passes amid vaporous clouds. One resort after another along here. Arrive at Port Angeles to take the boat to Victoria.

August 26th con't.

A fine lunch at the hotel, then we sit in the lobby and write cards and letters while waiting for the Ferry. We board the "Olympia" after paying fee of \$2.00 each. A sharp whistle and we're off with sea gulls flying about. The boat is crowded as this is tourists season.

Landed in Victoria, Vancouver Island, B. C., about 6:00 P. M., to the music of bag pipes. Welcoming Committee are generous with stickers and circulars describing most interesting sights. This quaintly-beautiful City's slogan is "Fly with the Birds to Victoria". It is indeed a paradise of flowers and has the most ideal of climates (the climate varying between 48 and 98 degrees). After getting cabins for the night, we took the scenic drive. The trees are large and glorious. Much land-scaping of shrubs and flowers. We pass the Princess Margaret, England's new steamer in the harbor. Enjoyed a fine dinner at the Poodle Dog Inn (75¢ to 85¢). Particularly liked our Waiter, a man who had lived in many parts of America but preferred Victoria to all others. Later, Vivian had an enjoyable swim in Crystal Pool, one of the largest indoor swimming pools of fresh sea water in the country. We window-shopped and drove around the well-lighted streets. Everything in holiday mood for the many tourists.

August 27th.

Our first trip this A. M. is thru Victoria's large Park with it's wonderful trees. Stopped to see the only-known captive White Bear in captivity.

Then on to stroll thru the magnificent Pendray's Garden. The foliage here trimmed to resemble armchairs, teddy bears, hens, etc. We couldn't resist the temptation to pose beside these unique growths. Mrs. R. and I in love with one species of tree growing here - the Monkey Tree, I believe.

Driving out a few miles from Victoria, we reach the nationally known Butchart Gardens. An old stone quarry which made the Butchart family wealthy, has been converted into a fairy-land of beauty. Mrs. Butchart, herself supervises the landscaping. We caught a glimpse of her on the porch of her home. There were guides (uniformed and young) to escort the large groups of people around. About 20 in our group. The guides explain the numerous varieties of flowers, shrubs and trees - typical to garden they represent. There are many gardens - natural and land-scaped - hill-side - rock and sunken. Japanese - Italian and a glorious Rose Garden. Everything planted on a large scale with walks and intriguing and inviting by-paths - many steps leading up - others down. We pass other parties. No admittance charge is made - the Butchart family wishing to share this beauty with all appreciative visitors.

August 27th con't.

Vivian, havin' fallen in love with a gorgeous black and white hand-embrodered robe on display in Victoria, we return to Wing Sang Lung's Chinese Importing Shop, where her daddy purchased the robe and matching slippers. We made a few small purchases - Totem Poles, back-scratchers, and small curios for the folks back home. (now regret that we didn't buy more at this fine shop.

On our way to the Port of Sydney where we lunched and after passing thru Customs House, where we fill out papers leave this lovely Island of Vancouver on the Steamer Rosario for Friday Harbor. These San Juan Islands - hundreds of them - are lovely and make this trip so interesting. A fresh salmon dinner on the Steamer. Snapped Sea Gulls as they perch on roof tops. Salt-air pea canneries at Orcas Island. Docked at Anacortes, Washington. We all wait in line while the Imigration officers question us about our purchases in Canada. Doc amused because they inspected our bags and we had made only trifling purchases. At last we are off along the beautiful drive between the Sound and the mountains - Mountain Ash trees bordering the Hy-way. We arrive in the busy City of Bellingham where the world's largest salmon canneries are located. After our evening dinner, we stay at Grande Vista Cabins. Cabins poor, but the view of the lighted City below us with its many lumber mills lighted up and operating all nite is a Grande Vista.

August 28th:

We begin the day by making tour of the Salmon Packing Plant No. 7, where men and women work in hip boots as they attend the machines as so much water is used in this business. Mr. R. walked out on us as the fish odor was so strong.

On toward the Canadian border and again thru Customs. An Official, inspecting car, took away Vivian's large pine cones which she had gotten at Couer D'Alene, Idaho. As we drive along we are amused by passing delivery truck bearing sign "Please don't hit me. I'm full of Mrs. Moody's Marmalade". Over a very long new bridge to New West Minister and into the large City of Vancouver (reminds me of Chicago). At Hudson Bay Co, big store, Mrs. R. and Vivian purchase becoming new Fall hats. Then toured of the large park and snapped pictures of this perty at the quaint old Totem Poles which are very much in evidence around here. I should say that they are featured.

We have an excellent lunch for 35¢. Best for price on this tour. Back again at the Custom Office where we are questioned and inspected as we get back into the good old U. S. A. Into Bellingham, and thru the Larabee State Park.

August 28th con't.

Signs posted along the road "Beware of Falling Rock" - "Report Slides" - as we travel along this fine road built thru the mountains, and along the Sound. Water deep blue. Weather ideal.

On thru Marysville, Wash., which place Doc believes would be ideal for the tourists cabin business. A grand new two-way drive from Everett to Seattle - for once a western road without the curves.

Reaching Seattle, we call at the P. O. for mail and register at the Calhoun Hotel for the nite. We hurry to get in on the fun of attending Saturday's closing hour of the large City Market. The crowding was awful and the din of the owners offering their perishable fruits, vegetables and meats was terrific. Food was trust at one end offered at any price. We were pushed and shoved around but decided the experience was worthwhile. We then shopped at another market for delicious fruit. After dinner, Doc treated us all to a private tour of China town. We finish the evening by seeing "Stella Dallas" at a local theatre where the ushers are comely young Chinese maids.

August 29th:

On the second Sunday of this tour we attend Mass at St. James Cathedral, which overlooks the large City of Seattle, which is built on both sides of the River. After leaving Seattle, we travel thru the Cascade Mt. Range - on a fine new road - glorious views - sunlight and exhilarating air. What a drive. Way up at Summit Inn we enjoy a delicious wild-huckleberry desert made from the fresh fruit which is being sold from stands along the Hy-way at 25¢ per qt. Now over a long, long Pass - it's many and continuous curves making the ladies quite nervous. Being tired, we stop at the base for refreshments. Placer gold mining is done in this section but it being Sunday, we don't see the miners at work.

How good these miles and miles of Fruit Orchards look as we enter the Wenatchee Valley. Crates are stacked in the orchards awaiting the ripening of the fruit. Peach Pear and Apples grow here. The fruit trees appear silvery from the spray used on them. We get a few samples.

Get a change of oil at Wenatchee, which is the shipping center of the apple country. Following Doc's suggestion we buy "Aplets" a delicious confection which is made here. The obliging proprietor also furnished Mrs. R. with drinking water and large plums, gratis.

August 29th con't.

Leaving the Wenatchee Valley, we pass miles of wheat fields as we head toward Grand Coulee where the great Coulee Dam is in process of construction.

Arriving at Spokane, we register at the Hotel Calhoun. A number of strikers were parading around the beautiful Davenport Hotel bearing banners, and were giving the police trouble. It made one feel uncomfortable.

August 30th:

Returning on U. S. Hi-way No. 10, via Couer D'Alene over Lookout Pass where we have lunch. A long drive to this place. We pass Bison Ranch and thru St. Ignatus Mission, which was the 2nd Catholic Mission established in Montana. Several hours drive and we reach Kalispell, where we enjoy a good dinner at the Lister Cafe (Mr. Lister formerly from Alexandria, Minn.) Vivian and I go to see Shirley Temple in "Wee Willie Winkle" while the others look up a suitable place to spend the night and decide on the Landwer's Tourists Cabins.

August 31st:

Our destination to-day - Glacier Park. We get some checks cashed at Belton, 1st stop. The Mission Range mountains appear very high and dark. Burnt-over areas. A fee of \$10.00 for car is charged at entrance to Glacier National Park. A 15 mile speed limit is in effect on these mountain roads. No smoking permitted - so our hubbies douse their cigarettes. An abundance of natural beauty along the drive. The stones in the river appear all colors. Now along the famed Lake Mac Donald - white caps on the lake. The high mountain peaks are surrounded by fleecy clouds. Forests and rocky crags. The jutting crags are gorgeously colored green - rose - maroon. The lofty peaks are thrilling to see. Many tall cedars. Pass Mt. Brown - elev. 8,400. The scenic beauty of this locality is indescribable - must be seen. Now in the Canyon drive, up Logan Pass, thru tunnel. A movie camera-man takes picture of our car as we reach end of tunnel. This thrilling road is cut out of sheer rock on mountain side. The edge of the road is faced or fenced with a stone wall, but entirely too low to suit me.

21st of August - Con't.

Past Mt. Jackson, elevation 9,000. Heaven's Peak, elevation 8,994. Mrs. R. and I are scared, but the views are breath-takingly lovely. On and on and always climbing higher up - at one place there is a straight drop of over one mile. We see clouds ahead, now within them - the air is vaporous and moist - visibility poor. Finally, we reach the top - it feels like the top of the world to us. All out of the car with our coats held tightly around our throats, we make a hurried and shivering inspection of the Lodge and watch a group of warmly-clad men with packs and donkies leaving the Summit for a camping trip on the trails with Guides. The rarified air is hard to breathe. Going down this mountain seems a cinch to going up - the road is steep but we don't have to cross those awful drop-offs.

Being much in need for a bracing warming cup of coffee, we stop at "Going to the Sun Chatlets" built amidst a very paradise of scenery. Mrs. R. in love with the quaintly Swiss-like buildings comprising these Chatlets. The mountain streams come direct from the top and drop into lovely St. Mary's Lakes.

At St. Mary's Chatlets on lower St. Mary's Lake, Doc snaps a picture of a large quaintly-carved wooden Indian.

By the Swift Current River Road to Many Glacier Hotel. We meet another road grader on this narrow road and sit in suspense until we are safely past. W. P. A. workers smile as we pass. Now in the Blackfeet Reservation. We are now in the Many Glacier region - the air is deliciously cool and sweet. Grinnell Glacier, the largest in this Park - lies ahead (and above)

We leave the car here to wander and walk about the magnificent large Many Glacier Hotel and shop for cards in the large Lobby. A fire drill is in progress while we are here. Not knowing it was a drill, we are alarmed as Mrs. R. is in another part of the building. Hotel rates are high but there were many guests about. Excursions by trail and also horse-back are made from this headquarters into the places not accessible by motor.

Back along Hi-way where we see Black Feet Indians camping around a lodge. Then on over a giggety road - broken pavement on way to Glacier Park Group. Hotel, cabins Depot, etc. Visited an Artist's Studio and saw hand paintings of Glacier priced at from \$45.00 to \$200. It being the close of the Tourist's season, the artist made a proposition to throw in the frame on the \$200 painting, and Doc said he'd think it over.

August 31st: con't.

Dinner to-nite at an Indian Curio Shop but after viewing the ancient musty curios while we waited for our order, we had lost all desire to eat. While in the Artist's Studio we had admired one particular painting showing a sunset on Mt. Lockwell. As we left the Glacier Park Group we pass Mt. Lockwell, the sun is setting so we are privileged to see the actual picture as well as the painting thru the artists eyes.

Thru some crooked, very twisted crooked trees (poplar, I believe) and out of the mountain range. By Montana Lake (now a dryhole). We are now driving along the flat plains and it feels so good to be back on good level old terra firma that we sing as we drive along into the twilight. We spend the night at Shelby, Montana, where the big prize fight took place between Gibbons and Dempsey.

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September 1st.

We reach Havre, Mont., rather early in the morning and visit Doc's relatives. While here, he met an old friend, Jewel Miller, who presented him with Passes to the County Fair which is in progress. We have a leisurely lunch and window shop until we are met by Mrs. Rumreich's friend, Frances Niewehner., who came from Harlem to get Rumreichs and hospitably invited us along. After a grand dinner of home-cooked foods at her home in Harlem, we visit the Quarry. Hugh rocks to be used in the construction of Fort Peck Dam were blasted and placed on rail-road cars by cranes. We sat and watched the operation by electric light and found it very interesting but I was worried about snakes as we were on Rattlesnake Butte. After an enjoyable evening, we stayed at the local hotel as the guests of the Niewehners.

September 2nd:

After breakfast, we visit the newly completed St. Thomas Catholic Church across from the Niewehners home. It is beautifully clean and Mrs. R. and I in love with their well-equipped kitchen with its lovely new colored pottery dishes. We say good-bye and again take up our home-ward journey.

Enter Wheeler, known as the "Best Dam Town" - tiny frame stores - many taverns - typically western. Large encampment of U. S. Engineers - lovely homes with flowers on this barren dry soil. Lunched in the Town of Fort Peck, visited some of the buildings, bot cards and then hired a guide to escort and explain operations of construction of

September 2nd, Con'd.

the largest dirt Dam in the World. This undertaking is stupendous - and this Tour required four hours. Our young Guide was slated for important promotion in charge of a branch of the work at Harlem Quarry. Very hot and dusty here. Seventeen mushroom towns have sprung up around activities pertaining to construction of this Dam. We also made a trip to the over-flow where a mile long re-inforced cement Spillway is being completed. Watched a large sand Dredge in operation. We purchased a book explaining the Dam.

Back in Glasgow to spend the nite at Dr. Klein's Esbino - After dinner, Mrs. R. Visited her neice and nephew and we attended a movie.

September 3rd.

Slept late as we were still affected by the heat during our visit to the Dam., and now on our last leg of our trip thru Eastern Montana. Lunched at Williston, N.D., Travelling over the Dakota prairie, past "Birthhold". Arrived in Minot about six o'clock and had to set our watches back so we lost an hour here. It's more fun to gain hours while travelling than it is to lose them. As the cabins didn't appeal, we registered at the Leland Hotel, here we had a 4-room suite. After a nice pike dinner and a generous wooden bowl of salad in the Coffee Shop (which centered around an old oaken well and bucket) we strolled around. Mrs. R. bot a lovely blue pottery pitcher. We decided to attend the Hiawian Follies Musical Comedy. A good orcheater and entertaining child actress. Refreshments in our suite.

September 4th:

Up and on our way to Devils Lake after a good breakfast in the Coffee Shop. This road under construction most all the way. Vivian not feeling so well. Now at the geographical center of America. A drizzla at Devils Lake where we lunch. The lake here receded for eleven miles.

A few hours later finds us in Grand Forks where we call on two of Doc's nephews. Then on to Crookston for dinner, and home to Mahanomen as darkness begins to fall. Thanks to God for our wonderful trip and safe arrival home.