



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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Sept. 27, 1925.

6.30 A.M. Sunday.

Speedometer read. 22,242

oil, estimated, \$1.20

gas, 12 gallons, \$2.66.

A misty, moisty morning... wet streets... road to ourselves except for an occasional church goer... engine working beautifully.

At seven sky was lighter, hint of the sun coming.

Mist floating over the corn fields, hay fields, wheat stubble, as we ride out Lyndale Highway.

A Chinese pheasant crossed our path going east. We are headed south along with most of the birds.

The white road gleaming ahead through the mist looks like a bridge into heaven.

Most of the landscape is still green with an occasional red or yellow tree.

We are the only folks on the road, we opine, who are headed for New Orleans.

We picked up the Jefferson Highway J.H. sign at Farmington. A stray meadow lark.

Lakes, lakes, lakes.

Town signs amusing. Faribault says "Don't hurry through."

Double signs warn the motorist on one side and the "kids" on the other.

Northfield, Faribault, Owatonna... such pretty towns.

Hard maples gorgeous.

Albert Lea at 10.45. Took on gas... \$1.20 for five gallons. Lunched.

Rain gone, but sky overcast and cold.

Soon after noon sun really appeared.

Crossed into Iowa about noon.

Unless road is paved, the road leading into a small town is always bad.

Dodge car with black lace fringed curtain passes and repasses us beyond Mason City, a flat uninteresting town.

Flat fertile country. Lots of pigs.

Sun out now, and lots of clouds.

Race between a Ford and a Packard. Passed a California car.

Sun in our eyes to Ames.

Down paving to Des Moines at 5.45. Mileage, ~~22,257~~ 22,537. That makes 295 miles today.

Registered at our Chamberlain (how changed, alas!)

Delos nearly engaged in a fight outside the elevator on our floor.

Boekenhoff's for dinner and a tour of old haunted but ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

we find one holds places better in memory.

Very pleasant and warm; I change in black and purple dress for dinner.

September 28.

8.45 A.M. Monday.

Started out, 8.45, after breakfast at Boekenhoff's and inquiries of the courteous gentleman at the Des Moines Automobile Club in the Fort Des Moines Hotel. Delos with a fearful headache.

A cool sunny day.

Took on gas, \$1.85, 9 gallons.

Iowa famous for its fertility and infamous for its roads.

High tipping the practise in garages.

D... asks about an Emergee Station at another station; attendant very suavely directs him to one ten blocks away; innocent bystander reveals that there is one around the corner.

Ia.-farmers must keep their money in their pockets and go and ride on other people's roads.

On Iowa roads the driver cannot spare time to look at the black ploughed land, corn fields and cattle. He must keep his eyes glued to the road.

Rich black mud. Auto Club admits that after a rain it can be traversed only with difficulty. If it had rained, we should have turned about and gone back to D.M.

Towns are green, tree shaded and pretty. Indianola... Osceola. Had lunch in a clean little restaurant that used to be a bar, brass rail'n everything. Both towns built around pretty squares.

It is the pride of Iowa people that Missouri roads are worse than Iowa ones.

Begin to see mules in southern Iowa.

Tourist camp are equipped with showers and even gas plates.

Modern houses along J.H. advertise rooms for rent.

We gave a ride to a farmer near Davis City named Howell, a scholarly old gentleman with a roll of magazines. He reads the C.G. and the S.E.P. and wanted us to stop and visit him.

Such oceans of corn and so hot!

Drove for a moment into the pleasant little tourist camp at Lamoni.

Entered Missouri about 2 P.M.

More muddy roads and lovely country.

We were struck by the very green lawns; also by the fact that the barns are smaller and of less importance as we go south, while the houses are prettier, with vines and flowers and people sitting on the porches.

Picked up two women, one nursing a baby, and a little boy.

Many horses and more and more mules. Horses and rigs very common.

Stopped for night at Bethany, Mo.... house of Supt. of Tourist Park...

Speedometer. 22, 673. Making 136 miles of travel.

Incident of our inquiring about typical "old southern mansion", yellow brick with white pillars and old man reading, and finding that it was the newest apartment house. We asked postman first.

We knew we were in the south when our landlady said she was "sweatin' like a nigger at election."

Missouri accents cannot be reproduced. Like mother and father Bibb.

Supper in a little basement ~~xxxxxx~~ lunch room which we liked. Bought peaches for our breakfast and took them there.

On our way home, we stopped to ask our directions for tomorrow and got to talking with a fat, dirty, gray thatched old man, who gave us enthusiastic advice about the Ozark country. We stayed talking an hour and a half and when we left, in response to our query about Arkansas kfolks, he said, disgustedly, "Oh, there all right but they'd talk an arm off you." He said his daughter had written up their trip in a diary that read.... "started at 2 p.x., puncture at 7 etc." He wanted us to go to the Shepherd of the Hills Country and when I said I had never read the book, he said, with deepest reproach, "Never read the Shepherd of the Hills' Why, it's the masterpiece of Harold Bell

Wright!" Impossible to reproduce his accents. D... hastily covered up my ignorance.

Referring back to our restaurant dinner, one coffee drinker kept his spoon in his cup regardless of that upstart, Mrs. Post, disposing of it in the delicate old way between his forefinger and second finger, avoiding unsightly drippings.

Plug tobacco was on sale at that restaurant.

A girl in the tourist camp this afternoon was snooty because Delos was washing his Buick.

We buy and acquire maps and maps as we progress.

September 29.

Tuesday.

Left Bethany at 8.10 o'clock. Meter reading 22,675.

Had had breakfast in our little basement lunchroom and to our dis-
appointment had been overcharged.

Took on 7 gallons of gas, \$1.42.

A heavenly morning and a beautiful fertile country.

People said "Howdy" to us on the road.

Children on the road were on their way to country school, some
riding horses, others mules, others walking.

Mourning doves on the telephone wires. Blue birds.

Handsome small boy who rode on our running board, scrubbed pink cheeks
and blue eyes the color of his clean blue overalls, asked our advise
about city chauffing and was strongly advised by D. to run a garage
and be his own boss. Dabbling in other people's lives. "I don't guess."

Kentucky blue grass along through this country.

Worst school houses we saw were in Iowa. But pretty school ma'ams.

Title for our article 2250 Miles of Folks. Axel, not lost in woods!

Other suggested title, Riding Toward the Sunshine.

Pattonsburg, Mo. accent bursts into full bloom. "Hey, msiter, yew
going to K.C." (They call Kansas City K.C.) A drawl and the first
syllable held onto until it breaks. "Araund", impossible to spell.

First noticed Mo. accent in Eaglesville, but it gets more so as it
goes south.

Mud hole beyond Pattonsburg, with the box on a stick to mark it.

The less pretentious the object to the named the finer name, it seems.

Grand River, muddy and dingy.

We had heretofore associated Missouri only with the Missouri compro-
mise, the expression "show me" and mules.

Missouri conceals its r.r. crossings a little more carefully than
any other state in union.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Our attitude toward tourists and tourists camps. At first we claimed
no fellowship with the former and ignored the latter. Now we are
becoming quite fraternal and enjoying the many conveniences of the
T.C.s.

Tourist camps increase in splendor, it seems, as we go south.

Between Bethany and Cameron, country begins to be less intensively
cultivated.

Handsome people in Missouri.

Lunched in r.r. eatinghouse in Cameron after making slight repair
on car, disconnection fixed. Cost 75c.

Colored people begin to be common at Cameron.

More rolling and hilly country south of Plattsburg.

Nothing killed on these roads, no speeders.

Mules, mules, mules.

Entrance to Kansas City very impressive. Down long white rolling p-
aved road. Then a towered city appears. Down a curve and across a
cornfield one sees Kansas City. Corn to the very border of the town.

K.C. at 215 ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Clean pleasing cities. Many colored folks.

Took on gas, 8 gallons, \$1.59.

Thru Kansas City, into Olathe, a charming town built around a square.

Paving, electric night, etc. Dead tired and wated to stay for night,
for best hotel was full.

D said the proprietor was a character, finished his pinochle game
before he would talk to him, looked as if he might be Teddy Roose-
velt's gardfather.

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On to Paola. What fancy names they have in Kansas. (see map.)
Ponds ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ seem to be made, banked with mud, in the
pastures through Kansas.

Paola, another pretty town, modern improvements, built around a
square in the attractive fashion they use here.

Stayed at the Jackson Hotel. Bath and hot dinner seemed heavenly.

Walked into the square in the evening. Such soft balmy air, and a
beautiful moon. Clouds. We had had lovely clouds all day too. We sat
in the square and tried to see the life of the little town.

Colored people common now.

Lights like great flowers in the park.

Meter 22, 849.

September 30,
Wednesday, 6.45 A.M. Clerk didn't call us, then lied and said he had.
A 15c garage last night, and the old man in charge had wiped off our
car,

A golden morning.
Missouri had seemed like the south, but Kansas is like the west,
although just as far south.

Reminds us of Minnesota and South Dakota.
Drove to Osawattomie for breakfast in a little lunch room and then
out to John Brown's cabin in the John Brown Memorial Park.
Keeper looked like Abe Lincoln.

A lilac hedge around the charming little log cabin. Roses blooming.
D's note on hotel clerks and hotel proprietors.
Fall coloring along roads... sumac, golden rod, asters, a new bright
kind of aster, brown eyed susans.
Kansas through this country (we are headed east and south) is rolling
and ~~xxxx~~ pretty, with bridges and timbered country.
Many on way to work and school on horseback.

20c for oil.

We have been trying to find out the name of the bush or tree they use
for hedge all through Kansas and Missouri. Have asked a number of
people but can't find out. "Just a common hedge, common old hedge,
that's all," they say, drawling and pronouncing hedge "haidge."
They are pulling them out and trying to get rid of them, they say.
Crossing and recrossing river, country hilly and timbered.

We cross accidentally to Fort Scott cut-off.

Through Trading Post, Pleasanton, etc.

Hedges and mules, hedges and mules.

People on road not so friendly as in Missouri but very polite.

Kaffir corn.

Lunched outside Fort Scott, beside road, waving to the men who go
by driving trucks of what seems to be soft coal. This was beyond
Fort Scott.

Milk, soft buns, what they called a cherry pie, we would call it a
doughnut with cherries inside.

Hot, very hot.

Ponds, we can't find the name of these... stone fences... stone houses
and stonetrims on houses.

Mining in S.E. Kansas? Why, the coal? Mining towns?

Pittsburg ugly but modern and efficient, fine roads.

Green fruit, like big prickly apples, proves to be hedge apples,
growing on the hedges which had so aroused our curiosity. Full of milk.
Persimmons pointed out to us also. "Ain't no 'count (caunt) to eat
just naow!" Not till after frost, they say.

Cross into Missouri again about 2 p.m.

Very hot.

Southern drawl increasing.

Small trucks of coal continue to be seen.

Get into Joplin about 2.30 and go first to Ozark Tourist Log Cabin
for information about tomorrow.

Connor Hotel for a heavenly room and bath.

Then dinner at a cafeteria and such service, tray lifted, dessert
and coffee brought.

Pretty girls in Joplin, with New York and Chicago make-up.

Speedometer reads 23,004. 153 miles today.

October one.

Thursday.

Left no call and slept till "plumb" seven as they say in Missouri.

Woke to find it had been raining in the night and was cool.

Breakfasted at our cafeteria and started off at 8.05 A.M.

Bought ten gallons of gas, \$1.90.

Gas wars on in these cities; in K.C. some of it was as cheap as 10c a gallon.

Stone and brick, especially stone in all the smaller homes.

Added to the joys of the farm now, is skating on the paving.

Good paved roads into and out of Joplin. Road troubles seem to be over for present.

Climbing out of Joplin into Ozarks.

Oak groves.

Even the girls we meet on the road are made up and wear silk stockings and smart clothes.

Beautiful paved road through rolling wooded country, more and more Ozarkian as to air.

Goats. Grape vines begin along road to Neosho.

Talk wit garage boy (who won't take tip for giving us water) who says the CHAT they use on the roads here so much is refuse from lead and zinc mines. That limestone and cobblestone is native.

Mile is pronounced ma-al. While is pronounced wha-al.

So far we have gone 793 miles on 39 gallons, averaging over 20 miles to the gallon.

Took on oil (\$2.10) at a country station where the boy had a sign up Free Gas Today. Travellers stopped and much disgusted to find it was a roulette wheel devise.

Slick means slippery in the Ozarks.

A veteran of Pea Ridge, a cheerful garrulous old man, at this station, blue clothes and a wide army hat. Said "Well, we gained the day."

Houses unpainted.

Anderson a shiftless little town, so are the other little Arkansas towns we pass through.

Scenery grows more rugged.

I loved Ginger Blue Lodge, surrounded with real mountain scenery.

Drove around a mountain side to Lanagan, a muddy town where a lazy boy with dark eyes and a mouthful of gold teeth and a southern drawl directed us on.

Overhanging cliffs, view of the valley and river.

Many caves along here, some famous, but they were closed for the season.

People lazy and dirty.

Bought bread, cookies and milk at Noel and picniced by Butler's Creek. The bridge was submerged but the Buick swam the stream. A big Lincoln car with a negro chauffeur went through. The benevolent old gentleman riding in ~~xxxx~~ it nodded at us. An Arkansas woman driving a horse and buggy stopped to talk. White umbrella open over buggy.

We had entered Arkansas, I forgot to say, at 12.15.

At Sulphur Springs things began to look western, arcade over general stores on main street, a cow boy on horse back.

Delos says views beyond Sulphur Springs are like France.

Sign out Handmade handkerchieves, before an unpainted house with pretty flower and vegetable garden.

At Gravett there was a mule for sale. Hitching post with teams. Muddy street. Woman in brown dress and black hat trimmed with yellow daisies.

Men in high boots, wide brimmed hats, overalls.

At trains... Stop Arkansas Law.

7

Even chickens liesurely in Arkansas.
Never saw more desolate farms nor small towns.
Apples weighting trees. This should be a fine fruit country.
Bobbed hair even here.
Victory Theatre at Hiwassee had gone down to defeat.
Salesman there looked at us challengingly as though he thought we would laugh at him for being in Hiwassee, such a dirty desolate little town. We were in no position to laugh at him. We were there ourselves. Had nothing on him.
Sorgum cane. Makes sorgum and roughage. D commented to an Arkansan ab ut weeds, whichwere choking a field. He agreed there were a few sprouts (sprawts)
Mourning doves on wires.
Asked to buy apples as a week white house defended by a wee white dog. Girl barefoot but would not take pay. V.S. Van Hook, R.F.D., Bentonville.
Found our first confederate statue at Bentonville. James Berry. See account of Battle of Pea Ridge. Started where now stands the Massy Hotel. Union general breakfasting there. Chased out by confederates. 20 years later finished breakfast in that room with some of the same confederate officers.
Moth eaten town with a weedy square. Fire bush, a light green bush very common here.
Town on the upgrade; however. Community Club sec. who looked like Tom Uzzell very kind, planned our trip.
Enthusiastic over future of The Ozark Playground.
Ark. 1914 license on one battered car rattling through town.
Bandpractise while we were in Bentonville.
Title...Main Gravelled Roads.
B.V.D. signs. Small boys and national advertising put on the D.
B.V. for Bella Vista, example of herd instinct. Log cabins in swarms on hills overlooking golf links, swimming pool, dance hall.
Put an apple show sticker on our car.
Gave a ride to two boys whogave us chinkypins...cross between acorns and chesnuts.
On Pea Ridge, neglected graves, neglected tavern and monument.
Flavor of passerby's pipe along road.
Brick chimneys up sides of unpainted houses that grow shabbier and shabbier as we come into the oZarks.
Arrive at last at Gateway to Eureka Springs Scenic Route.
One of the most magnificent drives in the world.
Fold after fold of green hills... oak and pine trees.
Long vistas down valleys. Unpainted shacks at great intervals.
At Valley View, sun gilding peaks above valley with river and bridge, farm house. Tinkle of bells on Goats necks arises to us.
Curve after curve and, finally, Eureka Springs, a quaint picturesque, Switzeresque little town built on the hills. Streets without rhyme or reason.
Stopped at the Hotel Thatch. Room with bath and balcony overlooking town and hills. George and the landlady who "couldn't abide Eureka Springs in winter". Her pretty daughter and grand-daughter.
Fire in main hall. A good dinner. And we walk down town to laugh at the houses, I story high on one side and 4 or 5 on other. Narrow sidewalks, steep. Winding streets. A duck of a town and we decide to stop off a week at least.
Full moon. Shining down on mist in the valley. We see it from the balcony of our hotel room.
speed.23149.

high
point
up

30/
Night of October 1 to morning of October 9.
Thach hotel, ~~galkxy~~ porches all around it
Nobody locks doors...only ministers asked for keys
George, the born inn keeper
Pines and oak trees all about us
A downy wood pecker outside our porch
Canna, salvia and colia in green house garden across street
Wisteria climbing everywhere.
Fire bush common.
Chinky pins... our marshmallow and chinky pin roast.
Sidewalks steep and only wide enough for one
Run on one side of street only.
Houses one story wide on one side, four on other.
Gullies between streets
A tomato canning factory with a view fit for a God
Bells tinkling on cows and goats
Town in layers
Book and stationary store with view in back.
Hotel (Basin Park) with natural fire escapes from every floor
Arkansas voices "Ma-al" for mile, "wha-al" for while
Morning glories everywhere.
Ducks in gutters.
Streams used to run in middle of lower street. Now a sidewalk over it.
Streams running musically beneath these sidewalks
Basin Park Spings has a small stone step donated with inscription
"for the kiddies"
Benches donated by various groups
Mules or burros to ride would be a fine idea. Hills fun to walk down
but awful to walk up. They do have some in summer, they say.
Few autos. A poor town for them
Old man in park who had been here 30 years. Praised everything.
Man who cleans our clothes came in 1902 and never left
Girl who got lost and came to hotel for night. It is impossible
for strangers to find their way about on these streets. One must
travel several miles perhaps to get to a place not a quarter of
a mile away.
LOT FOR SALE sign on bit of rock.
Arcades over streets
Overalls and soft wide brimmed hats on some
Faggots for sale
Fog in valley every morning
Cool current of air even on a sunny noon
Most of the houses are white with many porches. Look as if they were
on stilts
Steep streets remind me of Madera, only no natives throwing flowers.
~~Stee~~ Flower covered walls rise above the steep streets in the
Madera manner.
Crescent Hotel. We found it closed for season. Opened in 1886.
From look-out on Crescent Hotel, one can see the far blue hills, the
nearer green hills with small roads leading back into the valleys,
the main yellow automobile road, white scattered houses, houses in
town with their galleries, standing as if on stilts, Cowbells can
be heard from look-out. Spoke can be seen rising from the chimneys
Our walk down town from Crescent, through what seemed a forest glade,
with a little stream
Goats milk advertised. Safest, cleanest, most palatable of milks
Inquiry about curious fish at dinner. "Cat fish. At least that's what
we ordered." As if they were proud of it.
Martha, Miss Dodson, the tragic story of the little girl who looked
like Irene Castle and who replaced Miss Dddson.

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Many outside stairways in the town.

Real hill billies to be seen in town some days, black soft brimmed hat and red kerchiefs

~~xxxxxxx~~ Story about the number of brake bands sold in Eureka Springs on account of the hills

Squirr~~al~~ served (but not to me) for Sunday dinner

On Sunday dinner table were zinnias~~x~~, verbena and marigolds

Porches are full of wood this time of year. They are laying in their winter's supply.

Pitch pine ~~xxx~~ faggots for sale, 3 for 25c

Houses called cottages.... Thach cottage.... Davis Cottage.... etc.

M~~as~~w from book store

Horseback riding common. Burros for children in summer.

Beautiful to see the sunlight shifting over the distant hills

Mist ~~xxxxxxx~~ in valley. Folks living on hill used to tell valley folk to "live up out of the mist"

Story of the piano told by hotel man

Meeting Mr. Mundine

Sweet spring, basin park spring, etc. (I have these names)

Dr. Pace - our 2nd shots

10
October 9, 1925

Lv. Eureka Springs, 9.10 A.M., Friday.

Speedometer says 23155

\$4.10 for gas, oil, greasing, etc. including \$2.26 for 8 gal. gas

Sunny and very cold, following the prolonged rains

Wash drying on the porches as we ride through town.

We go down and up a scenic railroad.

Up and up and out of toy town.

Three blue mountain peaks seen for quite a while

Roadsides red, blue and gold with fall flowers. Our golden rod and
asters here.

The hawks are out after their breakfast, swooping down over the
fields

We pass a flock of white goats in a wood.

Sparsely settled country. Homes and barns of log or unpainted.

Zig zag wooden fences

Pass a man on horse back.

The teams we pass are mostly drawn by mules.

We pass two families who are evidently moving, wagons piled high
with household goods.

People unresponsive,

We cross a young river, with no bridge.

Huntsville a gloomy and dismal town. Mud.

We see a beautiful crimson bird.

This is lovely country. We pass almost no automobiles.

The wagons seem all to be loaded with the entire family.

A second unbridged stream. We stop car before crossing and are
mysteriously held up for a while as the car won't stop until it
decides to.

Third river. Why not bridges, we inquire?

Even when the houses aren't painted, they have flowers.

We pass covered wagons. More horseback riders. More rivers to cross.

Limped into Fayetteville with a broken spring at 1 o'clock.

Speedometer says 23219.

Fayetteville a county seat and the University of Arkansas located
there. Paved streets. Large trees. Pleasant homes. A rather
citified atmosphere. Rouge on the girls.

Couldn't get into the Washington Hotel so came to Mountain Inn.

Fine expensive furniture but no use of mop or scrub brush. Room with
bath, however.

Eye of big football game.

A high school football game that day.

We watched from hotel window, small boys trying to tie old barrel
on back of machine loaded with girls.

High school boys going in and out of hotel, with football pants
stuffed full of sweaters, etc.

Hotel full of students. Flirtation going on in parlor.

Delos had shoes fixed by deaf and dumb boy.

Saw Mary Pickford in Little Annie Roney in the afternoon and Bert

Lytell in Steele of the Royal Mounted in the evening.

At dinner, our first experience with "lady peas" and excitement
caused in dining room by our unfamiliarity with them.

Steam heat and did feel good. Cold.

October 10...spent in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Stayed in Fayetteville while car was being repaired.

Walk through U campus in the morning.

Had our ~~second~~ third "shots" given us by a doctor with a hard coal stove in his office. He had brought a baby into the world at 7 A.M.

Lunch at Hodges.

Football game with Mundine and his lady.

Hazing of freshies between halves....pie eating contest.

Freshman march . Girls calling themselves "The Rootin' Rubes"

Dinner at Washington Hotel with Mundine. Team there. (Oklahoma

Baptists had played Arkansas U)

Evening, reading at home.

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October 11, 1925.

Sunday.

Left Fayetteville at 7.55 A.M.

Speedometer 23227

Repairs cost \$14.95

Very cold. All bundled up in car.

Go down 1000 feet in 65 miles.

Still mountainous around Fayetteville.

Every poor cottage has its fire bush.

We see campers beside a grave yard, smoke from their camp fire cheerful, at 8.15 of a Sunday morning.

Grape vineyards.

Our road winds down, mountains rising above us.

There is a WELCOME WELL, HELP YOURSELF outside of Winslow.

Sometimes a little river in the deep valley.

We keep passing people moving. Also people in covered wagons.

Gorgeous down drive full of hairpin curves.

We gave ride to an old man with thick glasses and ~~an~~^{one} ear. He was 81 years old, and walking to Little Rock, Ark. from Montana for his health. From Lehigh, Mont.

We didn't like him, poor old soul.

Had a son, he said, an army officer in the Philippines.

Born 1844, Lived in Texas, Arkansas and Montana. Lost \$20,000 in bank failures in Montana recently, he said. Came over this same country in '82 with horses. Pacifist in the Civil war.

Our first cotton at Mt. Berg, Ark. Looked like a chocolate with white filling, bitten into.

We passed a rough looking gang parked in a big truck on one mountain curve.

Old fashioned brakes on a wagon ahead of us.

Pass two girls on horse back.

Down into valley as we approach Fort Smith. Arkansas River Valley?

Cotton in bales at Alma, Arkansas.

The Frog Bayou.... our old man crossed this 25 times in 25 miles, back in '82.

Cane and cotton.

The houses now have a dividon or great hall running through the middle of them.

Still roses.

At Fort Smith, 9 gal gas, \$1.89.

Asked directions at the Assembly of God church. Courteous boys.

Pass into Oklahoma at 11 A.M.

Confederate statues in these towns.

Cotton everywhere now, in bales in yards, also.

Mistletoe, a parasite, in great green bunches in the trees.

Mules and horseback riders.

Flat country now with blue mountains in the distance. They are the foothills of the Ozarks. We seem to be running into one now.

How the smell of fly tox changed our trip. We went into a restaurant, in Poteau, but the smell of fly tox drove us to the hotel, a very good one, where we ate our dinner. There we found it would be quicker to go direct to Shreveport (not go to Dennison at all)

Left Poteau about 1 p.m.

Oil, 90c

Passed a man on horseback who had a little girl riding behind.

Gave a ride in Heavener to two delightful small brothers who gave us our directions out of town.

They say that that big foothill we have been seeing is Poteau Mt.

Unpainted houses, piles of cotton on porch.

White washes houses. Flower baskets hanging on porches.

Fields of cotton like white flowers

Mountain roads from Heavener. Still pines and oaks. Now and then a

glimpse of valley.

Warmer.

Down in valley now.

The river has a foot bridge or two, but the Boock must "wade"

We are back in Arkansas again. Forest and more forest.

Zig zag log fences. Houses fenced too.

Up again mountain.

Pass a car full of men all wearing soft wide brimmed hats.

Horse back rider. Covered wagon.

Road winds down again.

Lantern hanging on wagon.

In a lonely valley, Delos inquires road to Mena. "Just fine except for two or three miles."

Road grows smaller and winds through thicket.

Gave a ride to a young dark boy, father has 40 acre farm, raises corn and cotton. "Cotton does tal'able well." They have one bale picked. Figure on getting four bales. 500 pds. to a bale.

Feed corn to hogs. People we passed in last covered wagon were his uncle and aunt. Boy said he had been down the road "jest to be a-go in" "to keep from settin' 'raound". Says he is 16 years old and in the fourth grade. This is our first encounter with the really ignorant Ozarkians of fiction. Boy had never been to Mena.

Unpainted houses. Stone chimneys.

On and on through mountains. Golden rod and asters. A field of yellow mustard with the sun on it.

Ask our directions at an unpainted shack with a woman with a baby on the porch. Two roads to Mena. She sends us on the best one. A terrible road.

Up, up, up again.

Eagleton, a lumbering village in the mountains.

Road gets more and more awful.

Mena at 5 p.m..... a really lovely situation among the blue mountains.

Arrive Mena when speedometer reads 23,393. Making 186 miles today.

Stayed at Mena Hotel. D goes in and asks lady if she has a room with bath. She says severely "certainly." They have, it proves, a room and a bath, but they are not together. Rates \$1.50 a day for two.

Bowl and pitcher in room and no heat. Clean, however. A grate fire in lobby and travelling salesman gathered about it. We were pleased to be here. Washed up and joined group around fire in lobby. At 6 p.m. the maid rang the dinner bell. One maid to serve about 20. Two old English ladies at our table. Dining room with wood stove and pictures of Romeo and Juliet, Henry 8 and Anne Boleyn, etc.

We ask for black tea. "You mean you want your tea extra strong?"

Small boy with a big cap acts as porter.

No Sunday movies. We walk out and supplement our dinner with milk choc.

Take the famous shower bath and are in bed by eight.

Texarcana a fine big modern town.

We get into town about two and lunch at the P.O. cafe, a big
down town restaurant. Get a good meal.

A blind street singer goes by and the waitresses go out to give
him money.

World series returns are being given on the street.

Warm, sky still overcast.

Ask for a hotel at the depot and are directed to Cosmopolitan, like
it very much. Bathed and dressed.

Kindness and courtesy of hotel people, of everyone we talk to.

People very talkative, string out a conversation every time they
get an opportunity.

Laughter of darkies outside our windows.

A rich prosperous pretty town but more "wild west" than "old south"

Got me a haircut.

Saw Lon Chaney in "The Phantom of the Opera"

Hotchocolate and back to the hotel.

Yams on the bill of fare this noon.

107
October 13, 1925.

Speedometer at 23,521

Start at 7.45 A. . after breakfast at the hotel.

I ask for hot rolls. The girl draws "We have bis-kits."

Four gallons of gas at \$.88

Fog and a misty rain.

A load of cotton.

What are the bushes with pink flowers? (Probably oleanders.)

Cotton growing, bales of cotton in dooryards.

Many unpainted houses, but much better than southern Arkansas.

No road markings.

12 miles of bad road out from Texarcana. This stretch of bad road coming into and going out of the town is all to be paved.

Then we strike the best road, D says, since we left Minnesota. A dark red road.

Still misty.

Passed a car with a New Orleans licence.

Atlanta, a pretty town.

Road signs more up to date than for three states back.

Now black clouds are behind us, rain slackening, light sky ahead.

Porches boarded up at one end and piled full of cotton.

Stretch of fine forest, but they re cutting it down.

Into Louisiana about 9.25. Didn't paving begin here?

Houses all have that opening in the middle.

Caddo parish. Aren't counties parishes here?

First dead rabbit.

New Orleans now 433 miles according to a sign.

Paul English Players, the Show with a Million Friends, under tent at Vivian, La.

Cotton gin at Vivian.

Oil fields out of Vivian. Clarkson Oil Co.

Salvia, canna, roses and that unknown magenta colored flower in the dooryards.

An oil country through here.

Paving continues.

Oil and lumber seem to be the two big industries through here.

No cotton now.

Mooringsport... a lake?

More forest. Coloring lovely. Barbecued meats and cold drinks advertised at a wayside inn.

Shreveport jumped at us out of the mist. Rain brought us all the way.

Shreveport a clean, paved, up-to-date appearing city through the rain. We got in at 10.45.

Nak-a-tush seemd to be the way to pronounce Natchitoches.

Lunched at the New England cafeteria in Shreveport, simply heavenly food, all the two of us could eat for \$1.05. Vegetables cooked with more care than at home. Lemonade and iced tea in October.

We notice colored people's entrance to a small sandwich shop.

Louisiana Purchase Highway out of Shreveport.

Paved road. Cotton again.

~~xxxxxxx~~ Colored people riding in cars pass us frequently.

Pass the cabins of the colored people.

Cloudy, mild, even warm. Seem to have left the rain at Shreveport.

Flat country. Cabins in the middle of the cotton fields. Trees.

Stretches of white where cotton is unpicked yet.

Colored man on the porch of one cabin, playing a guitar.

The women wear banadana, or kerchiefs of some kind, wound about their heads.

No foundations to the houses.

One more oil well.

A pretty painted school house but no colored children there.

Leaving paving at last after 75 miles of it in one stretch.
Road gravelled now and slippery but not bad.
Vines hang from the trees in the woods.
Oil wells.
Harmon, La.
Many oil cos. Oil derricks in all directions.
Drove of cattle.
Delos comments on the road being slick "farther on it gets slicker."
Black and white birds.
Listen to the piccaninnies s queal and see them wave to us when we
wave at them.
Mourning doves on the telegraph wires.
More cotton gins.
If a cabin burns, evidently, only the chimney is left. We see many
chimneys standing, in the fields.
Forest again, and the beautiful Spanish moss hanging from the trees.
Rain lets us a little.
We see our first cotton pickers.
Nakotosh a pretty town along Cane River. Yards just spilling flowers.
Many colored people. We get in about 2.30.
Speedometer. 23,686.
Finally decide on the Hotel Nakotosh. On main street, which has the
river facing it. Hotel doing remodeling. Rain beating on tin roof
outside our window.
Supper at a small confectioners and to bed early.

12/10
October 14, 1925.

Wednesday, 7 A.M.

Speedometer...23,686.

Started off good and early after a cup of vile chickory coffee at the hotel.

\$1.68, 9 gallons of gas.

J.H. again.

Rain has stopped now, light clouds, the air fresh. We hear tales of a bus which has gone in a ditch.

Grande Ecure, sign on bridge.

Pretty homes, no foundations, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

A forest, many new trees, Spanish moss so lovely, mistletoe. Live oaks?

All timber country through here. Parasitic growth with big red flowers?

Figs and mules on our road all along.

Colfax... two big schools for white children, none for colored ones that we see.

Another lovely forest, green grass, trailing vines and mosses. It looks like virgin timber. D says "This is my idea of Louisiana."

One way bridges.

Five minutes to nine and the sun out.

Rapides parish.

Prevent forest fires signs.

A perfect highway to Alexandria.

Arrive Alexandria, 9.15. Cross the Red River again and it certainly is red.

Lunched at Alexandria, more chickory coffee. They advertise yard eggs, meaning fresh.

Delossy tries to talk me into wanting to drive to N.O. tonight.

Had to stop here for some time to fix a leaking gas tank. Darkies do all the "lying under the car." White mechanics do the bossing

only in southern garages. "Goin' to be under there all day, niggah?"

Rain caught up on us while we were in Alexandria.

Saw Ricardo Cortez in "The Spaniard" and finally got off about

2.15 p.m. \$1.50 for oil : 6 gal gas. \$1.08.

Rain over.

Creek with overhanging trees fairly dripping Spanish moss.

Gave a cow a tunk on the nose at Le Compte.

Our first palm, just before Bunkie.

Old familiar golden rod and asters.

A bumper cotton crop this year, folks say.

Just before Bunkie, two tires go flat at once. We send a message back to the garage at Cheneyville by a passing car. Another

courteous Louisianan stops and offers to help. We wait on road with cotton growing on oneside and cane on the other. An unpainted negro

cabin with no curtains but a Ford out in a dirty yard. Opposite,

a white washed negro cabin with that plumed grass and flowers

on the other side. Colored children passing on way from school.

(They must go to school, then) Air very sweet.

Drizzling slightly. Poor D so dirty. Our rescue men come and D goes back with them to Cheneyville.

Both of us had been planning to wire Minneapolis.... "Minneapolis to New Orleans without a puncture." Now on the home stretch, as it were, they go flat.

I wait in the car, write letters, colored people watch me from their porches. One little girl goes by with a pail upside down on her head, having lots of fun.

School bus goes by with white children. Colored man on horseback.

On again at 5 minutes to 5.

Delos has found out that we have been seeing pecan trees, huckleberry trees.

19/
We pass our first estate. Big, dilapidated.

Second estate.

Avoyelles parish.

Willows, big fields of cane, hundreds of little palms along the road.

We wish Louisiana would fence its cattle.

Then, as a last straw, just as night comes on our lights go out.

For a while the lovely sunset lights us; at last darkness comes.

Strange muddy roads, unfenced cattle, negro villages.

We are fortunate in finding a fine clean new little hotel at
Melville, La. A good supper and a room with bath.

It is about 6.30 when we get in.

Speedometer reads 23,829.

We have had 143 miles of grief.

21
October 15, 1925.

Mother and daddie's wedding anniversary.

161 miles to New Orleans.

Speedometer reads 23, 829.

We have breakfast at our hotel and are off at 7.25 A.M.

Still raining.

To the Melville ferry and are ferried across a muddy stream, with a terrible name. Something like Atchafalaya River.

"Most folks going to Miama. Want o have a fat poc etbook if you're going there. Robms and eats so high. Lost all I made there." We glean this information as we wait for the ferry to unload.

It holds, they say, ten Fords or eight cars.

A house boat is moored near.

Everyone friendly, smiling and polite.

Whistle and off we go.

"Off in a cloud of dust" says Delossy. Anything but dust.

Sign says 50c for ferry. Only 40c. Give folks a pleasant surprise says the captain.

Up a muddy hill.

Ducks in the road.

Sunbonnets.

Through more forests. Goats.

Wooden doors at windows in place of glass panes.

Trees dripping moss overhang the roads.

All Louisiana cattle have horns. They move slower than sloths. (Wm. Beebe writes of sloths.) And they love the middle of the road.

Belmont Plantation sub-division.

Maringouin.

Levees.... we see our first one at Melville.

We give Paola, Kansas, the medal for morality... the lady who asked D if I was his wife.

Medal for stupidity to the Louisiana cows.

See a nigger picking up pecans in the rain.

The palm for pulchritude to two girls in Nakotosh.

Rain, rain, rain.*

White houses with ~~nixxxxx~~ green blinds, among the bigger homes.

Lake Crocodile.

Rain with us most of the time since Mena, Arkansas. Short interludes of sunshine.

Ferry to Baton Rouge. Down muddy bank. City across from us as we wait. The Mississippi! Hurrah! Saw this last in Minneapolis.

Ferry into Baton Rouge at 9.25. Ferry boat named the City of Baton Rouge.

We see the big boats on the Mississippi. The levee.

Colored folks don't hurry.... not even to catch a ferry.

Advertising on the levee.

Two big full sized real palm trees, in Baton Rouge.

We pay \$1.75 to Dr. J.J. Roberts, 611 N. Boulevard, Baton Rouge. We bent his rear fender so he couldn't get a spare tire in.

New Orleans, 113 mi.

Darkie woman, holding baby and smoking a pipe.

Hope, La. gets the petite palm for being the smallest town.

After Geismar, we run along beside levee.

Still timbered country.

Roads soaked, but very good considering weather.

Stopped for coffee, cheese sandwich and cookies at Darrow. Workmen drinking small cups of chickry coffee with heaps and heaps of sugar and cream. Delos won a carton of cigarettes on a lottery. Waitress' father and his brother had donated land for Jefferson College at Convent, a little farther on. Nigger girl brought the coffee to us in this humble little garage restaurant.

2/ Delos asks one of the men if it ever gets down to Zero here.

"Ma-an, do think you in Greenland?"

Sun came out at Darrow.

Flowers, look like trumpets, climbing over porches.

We pass an adorable estate. Most of them have a double line of trees, with the Spanish moss, leading up to a ~~xxxxx~~ white house with green blinds. Sometimes pillars in front.

Levee on one side now, all the time.

Estates, inns, small cabins on other.

Road very winding.

Cows grazing on levee, children playing there. old colored men tending the cattle.

Negro houses strung along this road for miles as if in one town.

Shabby and run down looking cottages. All white with green blinds.

The convent for which the town is named, impressive. White plaster.

We see a nun on the gallery.

Jefferson College, the Marist fathers, another beautiful structure. with white pillars.

We seem to be following the levee into N.O.

Picket fences, faded white houses with green blinds.

N.O. advertising begins, 53 miles out, giving us a thrill.

Banana trees. A riot of flowers over fences and 1 yards.

Sugar Co. at Lucher.

Tall, spindling palms begin.

One continuous town along the levee.

One great estate has obviously "gone back to the niggers."

Some need paint but the grounds are beautifully kept up. "Can get a nigger for next to nothing but need real money to buy paint"

No tourist camps.

Trees full of yellow persimmons.

A colored school, near Sellers.

Names on stores, etc. getting very French.

All have fences now.

Sun and rain at once. N.O. very near and we are very excited.

Make ourselves beautiful outside of city. D changing his shirt.

Big sign says "Welcome to N.O. the most interesting city in America."

On the last bump before we reach N.O. paving (the road is very bad as we near the city) we apparently crack something and drive in rattling.

Blue sky and puffy clouds ahead, a long palm boulevard.

We draw triumphantly up at the St. Charles at 3.30 exactly.

Speedometer reads 24,000.

24,000 N.O.
22,242 Mpls.
1,758 trip.