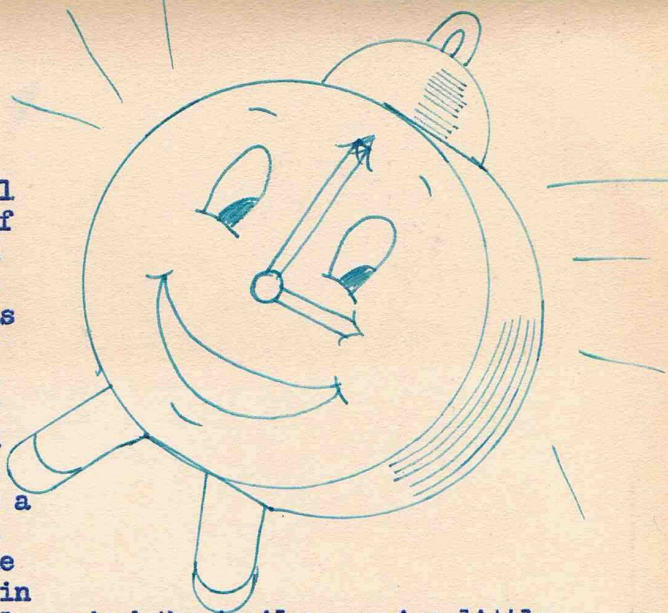


There cannot possibly be any sound in all the world worse than the unearthly screech of an alarm clock at three in the morning. And especially so when one has been in bed but a total of three or four short hours. This was the picture on August 17, 1953 at the Forkner house, and it really wasn't too hard to crawl out, for it seemed we had been sleeping only a few minutes. After having studied maps and guide books for several weeks, it seemed wise to get an extra early start in order to reach a selected camp site before dark. So, in but a few minutes we were dressed and had packed the breakfast which we planned to eat in the car in order to further save time.

We had carefully packed the trailer, a nice little one-wheel job, the previous afternoon, attached it to the car and had the new tarpaulin neatly tied down with the new nylon rope. So the car and trailer stood in front and all we needed to do was load the suitcases in the trunk; this we did before awakening the children. When at last we were all dressed and ready to make that customary last-minute inspection of the house to make sure all lights were out, all windows closed, etc., everyone was shivering in the pre-dawn coolness and filled with that special exhilaration which is all part of the fulfillment of something which we had planned for so long. The children were chattering excitedly as we loaded in the car, one youngster in the front seat with Daddy, Mother in the center of the back seat between the other two. This was to be the seating arrangement for the entire trip. Of course there was usually an argument as to who would get to sit in front, but there really wasn't much sense in the argument for invariably the one who wound up in front would spend most of his or her time hanging across the the seat so that more of the anatomy was in the back of the car rather than the front! But at least Mother was in a convenient spot to referee the "Disagreements" which were frequent and sometimes severe.

We were on our way! We had talked about it all year, studied maps and books all winter, sewed, bought and prepared for it during the spring and summer and now we were actually rolling along! So we all settled down and agreed that we would wait until we had crossed the Ambassador Bridge and were in Canada before we ate our breakfast.

Up Greenland avenue.....north on Middlebelt.....toward the city on Six Mile Road....."Stanley," said I,"That little one-wheeled trailer is jerking, isn't it?" "Why, yes," answered Papa,"I see it is; I hope we aren't going to have that sort of thing all of the way." Those small trailers are usually not at all noticeable for they have two hitches and the balancing is such that one is scarcely aware of their presence. The thump grew louder and louder and the jerk grew more jerky until we were certain worse had come to worse. About now I venture the opinion that there was either a flat tire on the car or else the rear end had fallen out, so we pulled over to a stop. Out we rolled, turned the flashlight on the trailer to discover that the one lone wheel on the trailer had completely broken off the axle and we were literally "dragging" the trailer. Of course everyone was thinking "What now?" It was still pitch dark and we were but two and a half miles from home. The children, particularly Paul Owen were frightened at the prospect of not getting to go but we assured them we would work something else out. So we unhitched the trailer and left it sitting beside the road and then Stanley brought us all home. He and Bob returned, loaded all the contents of the trailer in the rear seat of the car and towed the trailer home. What a revoltin' development this was!



We all agreed to try to take a short nap, waiting until daylight to contact trailer rental agencies, but the children were too "keyed up" so we got very little rest. To make a long story short about 8:30 we located an agency which was open and gave us a good offer. The place was far down in the heart of the city, so we left the gear loaded in the back seat, the five of us loaded into the front and we packed the trailer right at the rental agency. We were able to secure a very nice two-wheeled trailer for \$20 for a month including ropes and tarpaulin.

This time we were really on the way! We crossed Ambassador Bridge and entered Canada at

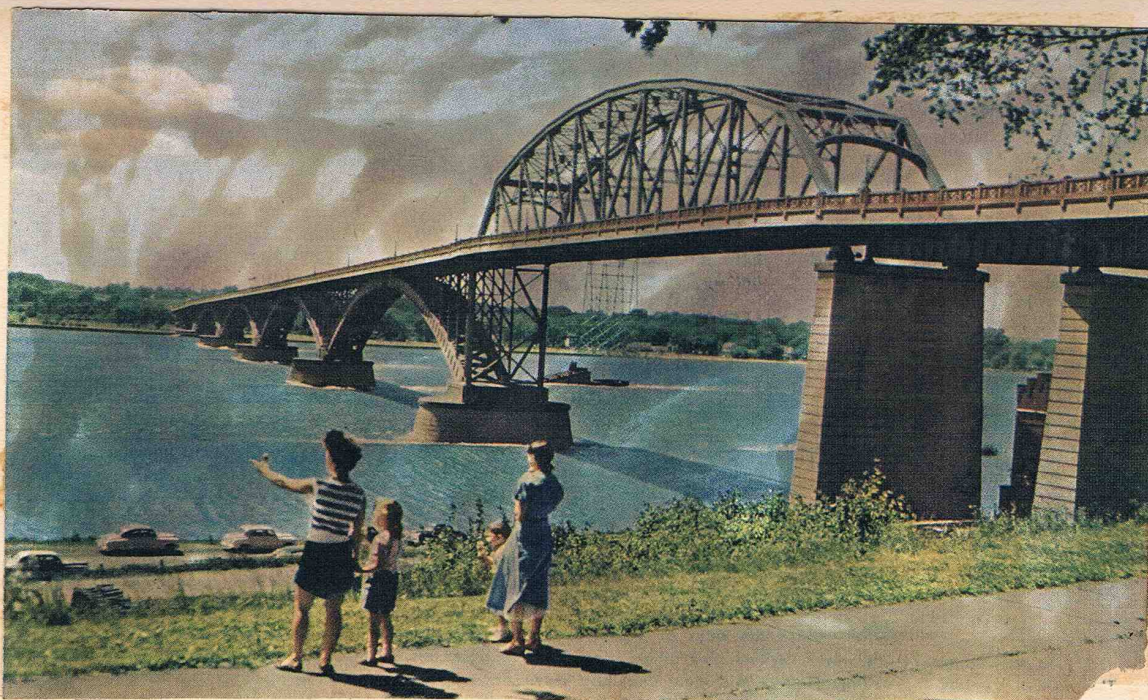
9:30 A. M. Of course it took about thirty minutes at the customs office and we had to declare and evaluate such things as cameras, the boat motor, etc. Incidentally we had forgotten about this item and had packed in the extreme back of the trunk so that the entire trunk had to be unpacked to get at the serial number on it. Such fun! By this time our stomachs felt as if our throats had been cut so we really dived into the pro-

visions. How wonderful the sandwiches tasted! A Thermos of hot coffee for Stanley, tea for me and cold milk for the children really hit the spot. Then a big can of fresh cookies which our super-efficient secretary, Elsie Newburg had baked and brought to us especially for this purpose.

We followed Route 2 (formerly the King's Highway, now the Queen's Highway) to Chatham, then down to route 3, which route we followed directly into Buffalo. The trip across this stretch of Canada is not particularly scenic most of the way and the road is none too good. About half way between Detroit and Buffalo Stanley became so sleepy that he could no longer drive safely, so we pulled to the side in a tiny village called Shedden and while he caught a few winks I took the children for a walk. Here I purchased my first souvenir, a pretty collector's cup and saucer decorated with pictures of Queen Elizabeth. It was rather a stupid thing to do I soon learned for I saw the same item available all along the trip and by buying it so soon I had to be concerned about protecting it from breakage all along the way. Stanley soon awakened, gathered up his brood and we proceeded on. When he saw the "loot" he concluded it was rather an expensive stop, but also thought the souvenir very pretty. He likes it even better on our dining room shelf.

The children were interested in the tobacco barns we saw along this route. I am not sure if they are called drying barns or curing barns, but we could see the stalks hanging inside. It occurred to me that perhaps the youngsters did not know tobacco grew as a plant before, but rather thought of it as a manufactured item, for they had never seemed much interested in it before.

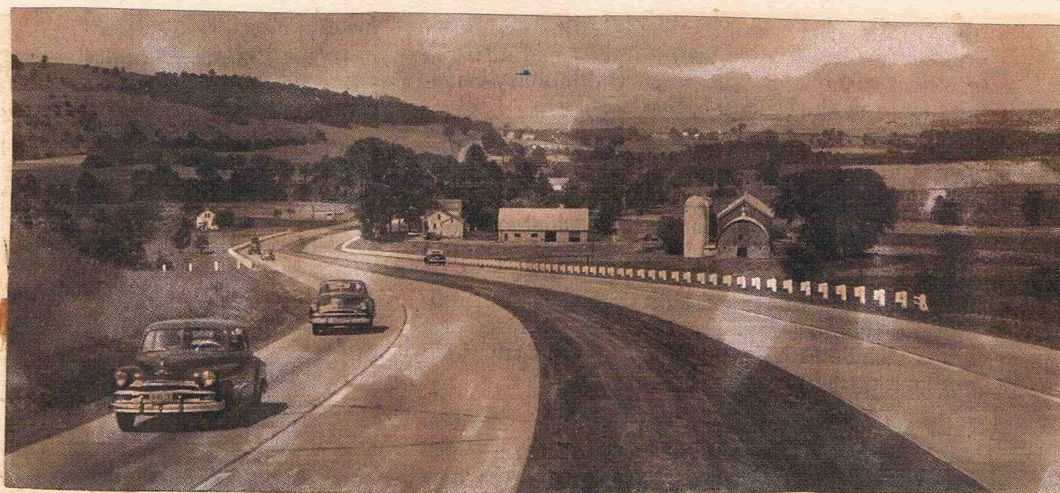




Linking Buffalo with Canada is the Peace Bridge over Niagara River, a symbol of Canadian-American friendship.

A few weeks previous to our leaving Stanley had made arrangements with an old college friend of his, Lloyd Houser, who is now a minister in Buffalo to have lunch at their home as we passed through their city. Of course the extra-ordinary delay in getting started made that impossible but even though the sun was sinking quite low as we approached Buffalo we did agree to 'phone them. We further agreed that if they should by any chance invite us to spend the night with we would take them up on the offer. (They didn't!) We crossed Peace Bridge at 5:45 P. M. Canadian time. Here we had the car serviced, made the telephone call and then proceeded as swiftly as possibly in the evening traffic across the city of Buffalo. We were still seventy five miles from the park where we must camp for the night, but we were very hungry and stopped at a "greasy spoon" type of restaurant for a bit of supper. We also took a minute to purchase milk, fruit and bread for the next morning's meal. I shall never forget an incident which took place as we stopped to eat that evening at the edge of Buffalo. A small boy, not over nine years of age, paused on his bike to watch us as we labored intently to get that awkward trailer parked out of the way. When we rolled out of the car, tired, probably dirty, stretching our muscles, he eyed us over and observed that we "looked like we must be a right fur piece from home."

Rapidly we sped on our way, across lovely rolling countryside, past neat, well-kept farms, while darkness rapidly crept upon us.



Darkness had settled as we arrived in the vicinity of Letchworth State Park. We then discovered the park is fourteen miles long and three miles wide and had three entrances so we had to guess which entrance would be closest the camping territory. Of course we missed it. But the main highway down the center of the park was well marked so it was easy to find the office, but found it closed for the night. After asking at the first lighted house which we saw we received directions as to where the home of the superintendent was. He in turn directed us to camp ground which was eight miles to the north. This park, we learned later, does not cater especially to the camper as some parks do, but merely offers this service as an accomodation to such as us. It was after 9:30 when we finally reached the spot where we must pitch our tent. By now the grass was quite wet with dew but the sky was clear and the stars sparkled overhead. It was foolish to spend time "Choosing" a campsite so we claimed the first open spot available and went to work. Mary Ruth and Paul Owen were both asleep in the car so they were not underfoot. But dear Bob was there to help and what a wonderful help he was.

The Coleman Lantern was lighted and hung on a bough of a tree, and we also used the car spot-light. This way we didn't miss the electric lights which they didn't have at this camp ground anyway! Soon the tent was up and the air mattresses inflated. The children's mattresses and sleeping bags always go right on the floor but we have a collapsable metal bed which makes sleeping a little more comfortable for Mother and Daddy. Soon after we had begun the work pitching the tent a young man emerged from a tent at the next site and offered to help us but the three of us had things nicely under control. It was at this point that we discovered a screw missing from our metal bed, so we couldn't use it. However we didn't spend any time worrying over such a minor item for at this stage of the game we could easily have stretched out on a concrete slab and slept soundly, so we put our air mattresses on the tent floor along with the children and I can't remember sweeter sleep in all my life. It was just 10:45 when we crawled in, and I do mean "crawled" for after twenty hours, plus hard work and little rest for the two previous days, we were almost at the end of our rope.

We were tired, but I lay for a few moments and silently thanked God for safety thus far. Then I tried to imagine how the surroundings looked about us but soon drifted off to sleep with the sounds which only the forest offers for a lullaby.

It requires a bit of skill to pitch a tent in the correct location for comfortable camping. First, one finds the location of the nearest water faucett, pump or, as in one case, the spring. Then, especially with three children along, the nearest rest room is located. Along with this it is wise to choose a location where the morning sun strikes the tent so that the night-time dews and dampness will soon dry off. Most state parks are arranged in individual camp sites, each provided with a picnic table, fireplace of some sort and a trash can. Some parks have these spots numbered. No two states have the same regulations, no two charge the same prices. When we awakened that first morning and inspected our surroundings, we found that we had not done well by any of the above-mentioned requirements so decided to move to a better site a little later in the morning.

The place was delightful. The camping area was quite secluded from the main roads and there was plenty of shade. We were right on the edge of the forest and the children had some good times in the next few days playing in the woods.

We prepared breakfast but found it difficult to eat without a table. The grass was still heavy with dew, making sitting rather messy. However some nearby campers soon came to our rescue with a couple of benches and we made out well with the meal. After breakfast Stanley and the children explored the territory and later we moved to a much better site where we remained for four days.

Here we met a fine young couple named Christensen. They were of Norwegian extraction, he a student at Yale University and she an office worker. They had so little money, this was their only way of getting a vacation at all.

Two full days were spent here in this park. It was easy to see why it has been named "The Grand Canyon of the East." The Genessee River flows through the center of the area, cutting deep gorges in many places and forming three lovely waterfalls. The State Department has spent vast amounts of money to develop the park into the scenic spot it is further plans are laid to make it even lovelier. At one place a tiny stream called Wolf Creek flows into the River forming many beautiful cascades and high above this lies a picnic area known as the "Tea Table." Small foot-bridges take one across Wolf Creek to the other side of the gorge where well protected foot-trails provide much pleasure to

the nature lover. Many beautiful look-out spots are marked to lure the vacationer. One of the most breath-taking of these is called Inspiration Point, where one can get a long range view of the majestic beauty of the waterfalls in this park.



*View from
Insp. pt*

*Wolf
Creek*

View from "Inspiration Point"

View from the "Tea Table"

A beautiful stone walk has been built down to the Middle Falls, and also a picturesque stone Bridge across the River. Bob counted the steps down, all 183 of them and the beauty of the place, once we were there made it well worth the trip down and back. Here we were at the bottom looking up at the immense cliffs, looking on down at the numerous fish in the clear, blue

stream below us. Lovely, delicate flowers grew out of the crumbling rock along the sides of the cliffs. This park is a delight to the photographer and we have many beautiful slides in kodachrome taken here. On our first picture-taking hike, we left the trail and climbed up a very steep hillside where we hoped to get a "perfect" shot of the canyon out before us. That completed, we started back down, when Stanley lost his footing and went scooting down the hillside at a terrific rate of speed. Far below lay the gorge, but worse than that, a cement guard rail had been built to protect such as us from falling in the canyon and I am sure Daddy had visions of himself plastered against that cement wall! Paul Owen was at the bottom, and the faster his Daddy came the largers his little eyes got. Something suddenly caused the traveler's course to change a bit; a small sapling about two inches in diameter loomed in the way and wham! pappa straddled it. Paul Owen broke into a giggle and all of the children begged him to do it again so Mother could get a picture of it!

The Upper Falls were more interesting probably because of the railroad bridge which spanned them. I rested at the foot of them, but the Children climbed every step of the way to the top.

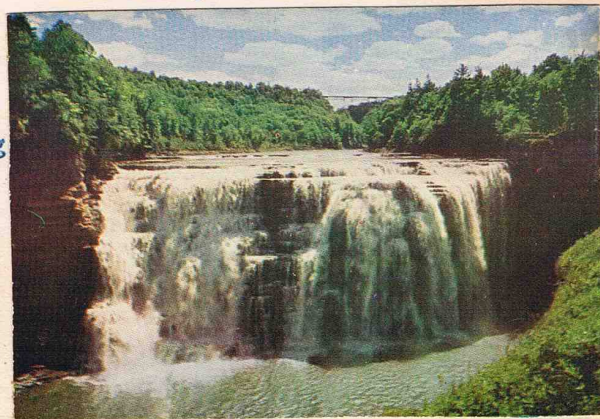
There was a lovely swimming pool here in this park, and even though it had been cool enough to wear sweaters most of the time, the kiddies coaxed unceasingly to go swimming. We argued with them but they became so upset that they cried about it so we decided to let them learn. Each of them had money of their own for "incidentals" so they paid the 15¢ out of their own money. The pool is fed by mountain spring water and I suspected that it would be a little cool. They were scarcely in before they wanted to come out and Mary Ruth shyly admitted she wished she had her money back. Paul Owen said "Mother, I'm so cold my teeth are wiggling."

While buying groceries one day we saw a poster in a store window advertising an evangelistic meeting in an EUB church not far from the place where we were camping. It was a coincidence that Stanley remembered being in the Seminary with the man who was speaking so we decided to go over some evening. This we did had a very pleasant evening.

There was a very nice playground at Letchworth Park, something we did not find in many parks on this trip. In Michigan all camps are equipped with playgrounds, so we



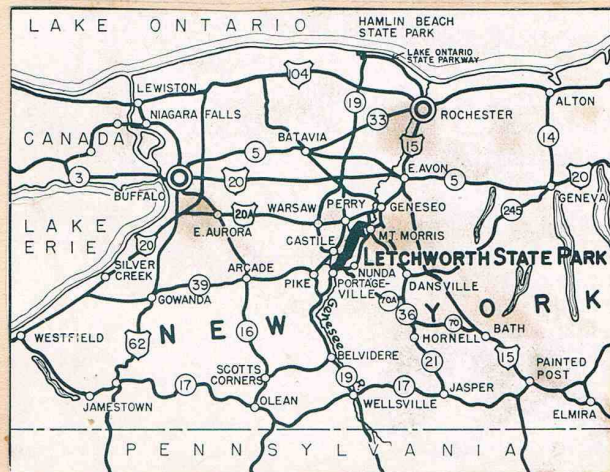
Bridge at Middle falls

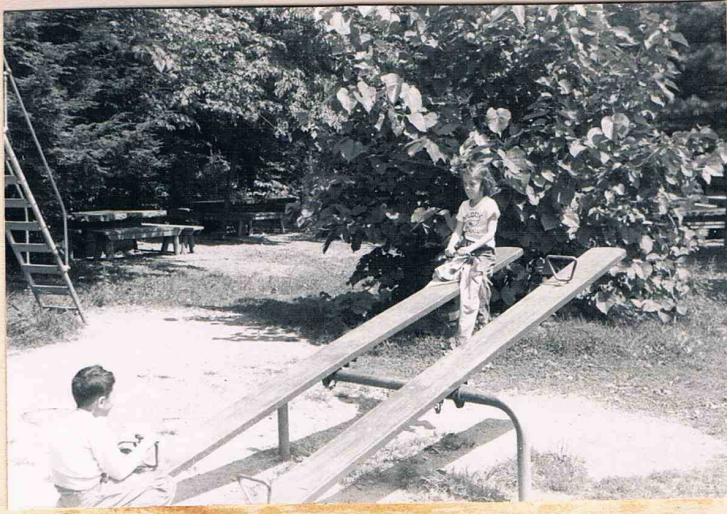


Lower Falls



Upper Falls





did not know but that this was the case in other states as well. The playground here was several miles from the camping area so the small fry did not play much there.

We are thankful for many things which happened in our favor on the entire but especially so for the lovely weather. We traveled and camped for nearly three weeks with scarcely a drop of rain.

On the second morning we were out, before we had emerged from our sleeping bags, someone hatched the idea of pancakes

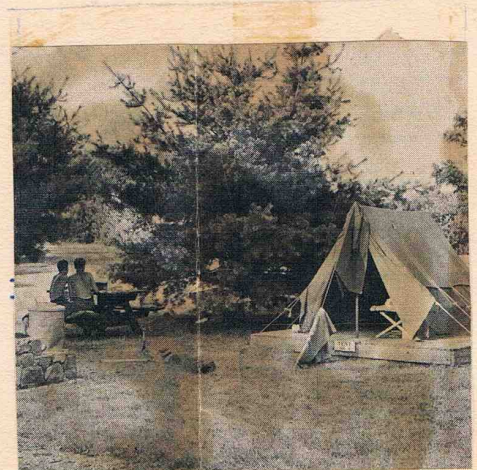
for breakfast. So while Mother and the children were getting dressed, Daddy had the gasoline stove dried off (table and equipment was always wet with dew) and hissing merrily and we were soon at it. Let me say right here that if you have never eaten pancakes in the out-of-doors early in the morning, you just haven't lived. Only drawback is, the family can eat them faster than Mom can turn them off the griddle, so there she stands, flipping the hot cakes from stove to table and pouring coffee and milk, while she slowly dies of starvation. If she is really clever, then she can put the rest of the family to washing up the dishes while she enjoys her breakfast alone!

Since we were so very fatigued when we reached this place we determined at the beginning to really use the days here for rest. And this we did. Of course the children played hard and were very tired when darkness came. So it was not difficult to get them to bed early. Sometimes for the evening meal we would get a good fire going in the fireplace and have a weiner roast. Then after the children were settled and quiet Stanley and I would sit and watch the fire until it finally died out. Some times we would study maps, or read literature we would pick up concerning the places we desired to visit. But more often we "hit the hay," and ten or eleven hours of sleep was not exceptional. For real honest-to-goodness rest we heartily recommend a camping trip for a vacation.

Most places offer electricity to the camper for a small fee. However we have never availed ourselves of this utility, preferring rather to use our coleman lantern. This is easily moved about, produces a brilliant white light and eliminates the need for carrying about extension cords. We have the radio in the car which we used mainly for picking up weather reports.

On Wednesday evening we decided we were quite well rested and refreshed and felt we would like to move along eastward the next morning. We remember with pleasure our time spent at this place and would love to return sometime and once again hike the trails we covered this summer of 1953.

Many things we saw and learned here but rather than spend more time and space on but one of the stops let us move on.



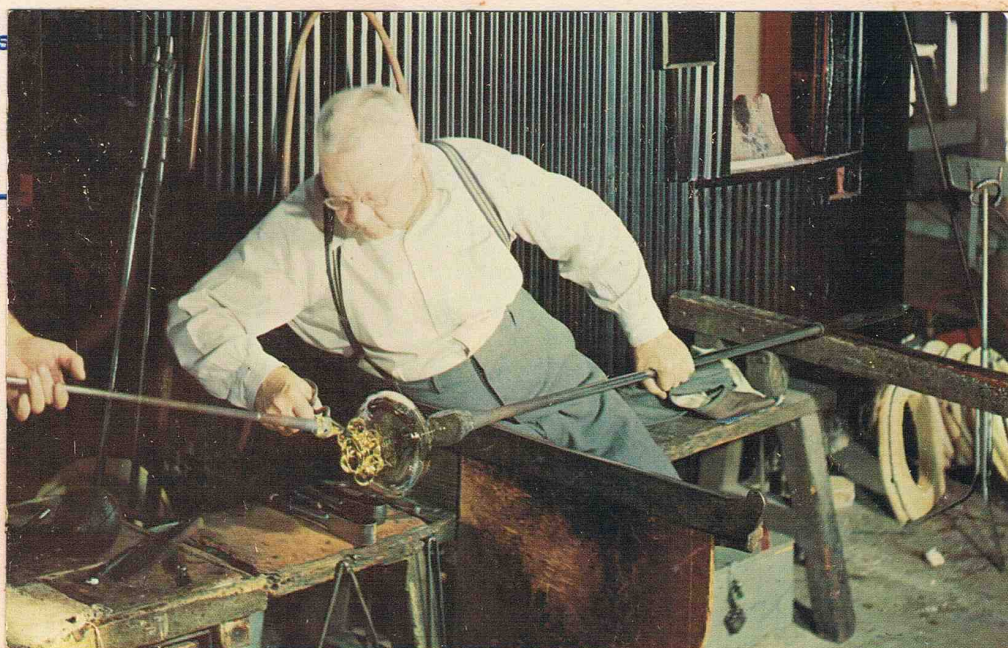
Thursday morning, August 20th.....7:30 A. M.....Wake up, everybody!
Get up.....today is moving day and every body helps.....

A quick breakfast, then while Mother and Mary Ruth wash the dishes and pack away all the food and house-keeping items, Bobby and Daddy roll up the sleeping bags and take down the tent. It takes about half an hour after this to get everything in its proper niche. One problem always arose on moving day; one must leave on the work clothes, that is, jeans and the like to do this work, but we like to wear better clothes for traveling. But where to change with no tent? We licked the problem by saving out our traveling duds and changing in the camp rest room.

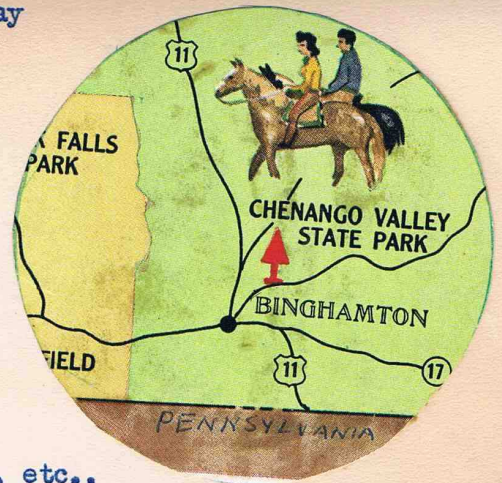
On this day we set out at 9:30 and headed eastward. The road was smooth and rolling but very winding. The farms were small but neat and well kept and it was on this trip that I first saw ROUND bales of hay.

We stopped at the edge of Corning, New York and purchased food for a picnic. We found a delightful little park at the edge of the city where we ate.

The highlight of today's trip was our visit to the Corning Glass Center. Here is not only the world's largest exhibit of glass but we also saw beautiful Steuben Glass being made by the finest magic of the glass-blower's art. They brought orange blobs of molten glass from the fiery "crucibles" and right before our eyes it was shaped and coaxed, rolled and blown into beautiful vases, goblets, candlesticks glasses and other objects. Comfortable galleries and platforms were built for us to observe every step in the evolution of a piece of fine glassware. There was the hall of science and industry where we saw what part glass plays in today's world - in everyday living. This was really a day to remember and the two older children enjoyed it particularly. One thing is sure, we now have a keener appreciation of the price tag on a piece of fine glassware.

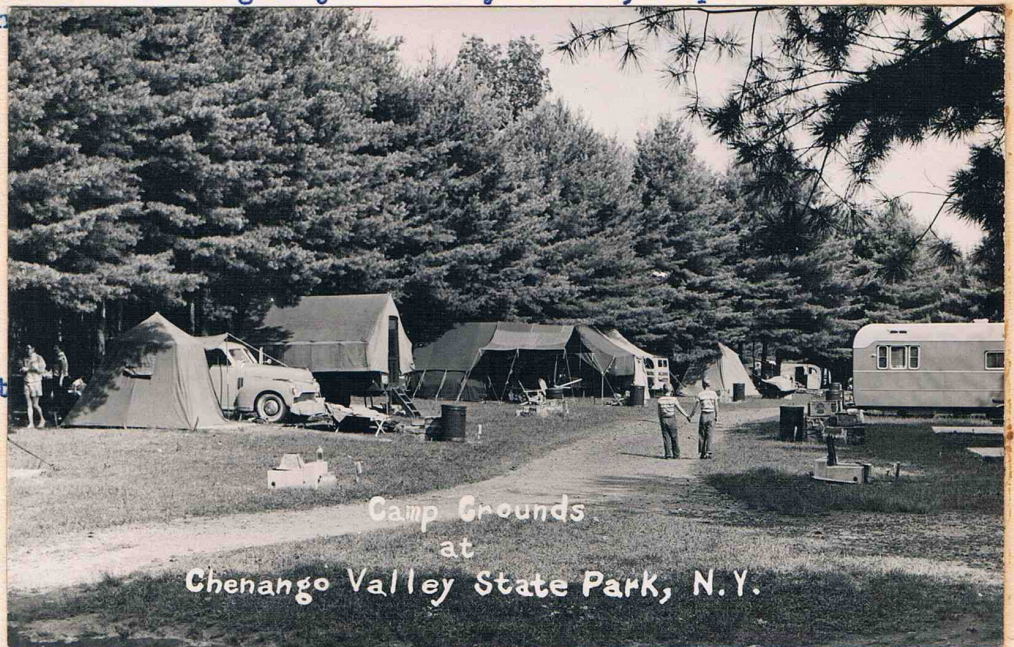


Soon it was necessary for us to be on our way, for today we planned to reach Chenango Valley State Park, a few miles north of the city of Binghamton. Here we found the camp crowded beyond capacity. It is really a small camping area, designed around a large circle, originally planned so that the center of the circle would be left open, and campsites all about the outside of the driveway. However tents were set up all over the inside of the circle so we chose a site as best we could and went to work for it was already six o'clock. There was no shade here at all, not even a picnic table, but soon a truck brought us one so we were a little more comfortable.

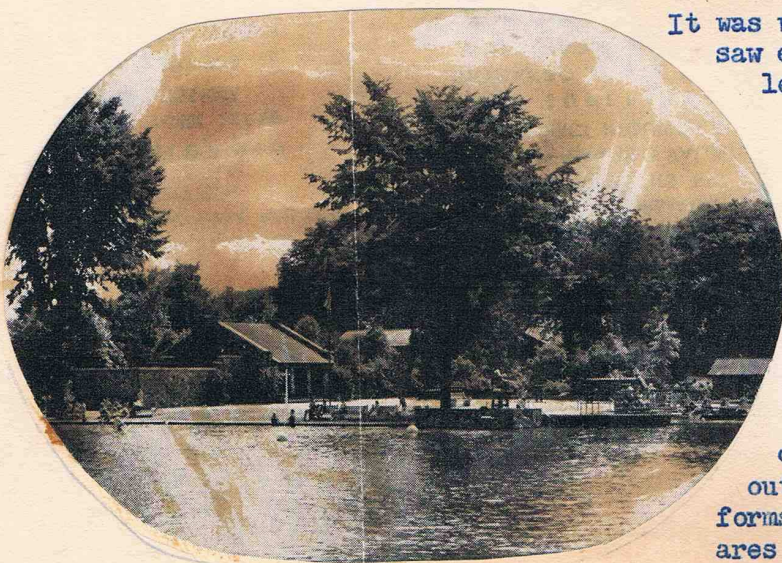


Everyone was extra hungry tonight so the supper I prepared of cubed steaks, potatoes, gravy, frozen peas, etc., was gobbled down to the last crumb. Right away Bob attached himself to a group of boys and put in the evening playing baseball. A family from Brooklyn who had a little girl just seven years old, camped next to us so Mary Ruth had a playmate. Paul Owen just put in his time pestering them all. I did not feel well this evening and rested poorly.

We only spent two nights here and learned that the mornings were always cold and foggy. About eight or eight-thirty the sun came out and dried off the dampness and then it was quite warm. We took the children swimming here and found the water very nice and warm but the sand was filthy.



Camp Grounds
at
Chenango Valley State Park, N.Y.



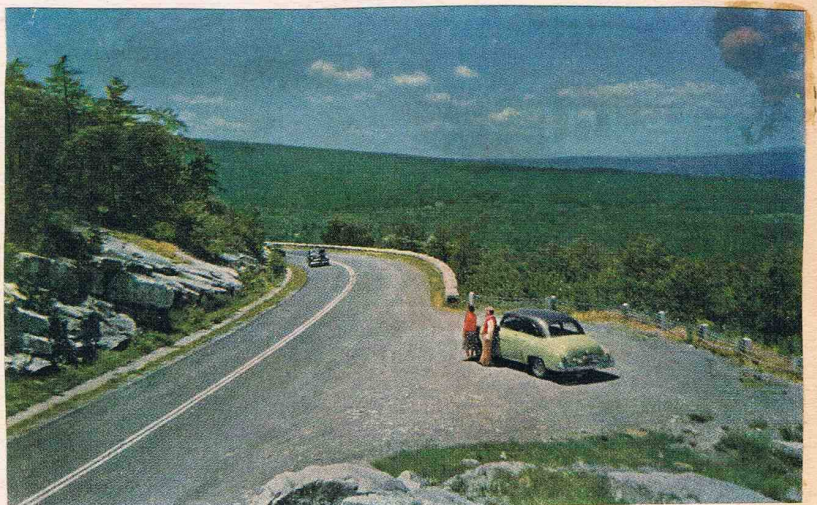
It was while we were at this place that I first saw evidence of permanent camping. We learned that in this state one can rent a camp site for the entire season, in contrast to the Michigan regulation which allows one to camp on one site for only two weeks or remain in one park for not more than a month. Here at Chenango Valley we saw families who seemed to be settled for the season; they had brought refrigerators, stoves and all sorts of furniture. We learned that they set up camp as soon as school is out and stay until Labor Day. On the outside of the "circle" there were platforms of concrete which formed the "living" areas for the campers. Facilities here were modern, including washing machines.

Our nearest "neighbors" here at Chenango Valley was an elderly couple from Brantford, Ontario, Mr and Mrs. Derbyshire. They had been camping each summer for the past thirty-five years and knew all about camping in the Eastern and Central United States and Canada. We had fine fellowship with them, otherwise our stay in this place was somewhat dull.

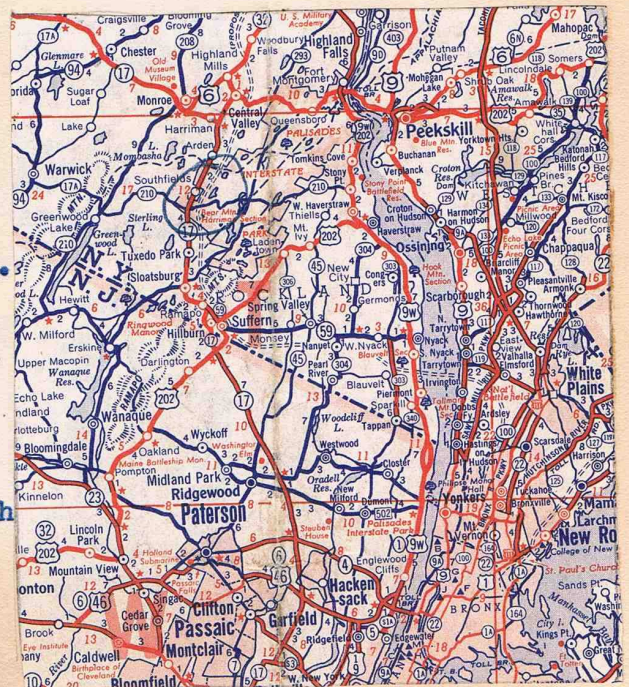
The next day was Saturday, August 22 and, as we desired to get nearer New York City to spend the week-end, we had to arise early and get packed. The heavy fog was still with us when we rolled out that morning, but we donned our heaviest clothing and went to work. It was a shivery breakfast in spite of the hot food which I prepared. Paul Owen didn't seem to feel very well and I could not tell if he had a little cold or whether it was just irregularity. However later in the day he complained of a "swallow stuck in his throat" so I felt perhaps he did have a sore throat.

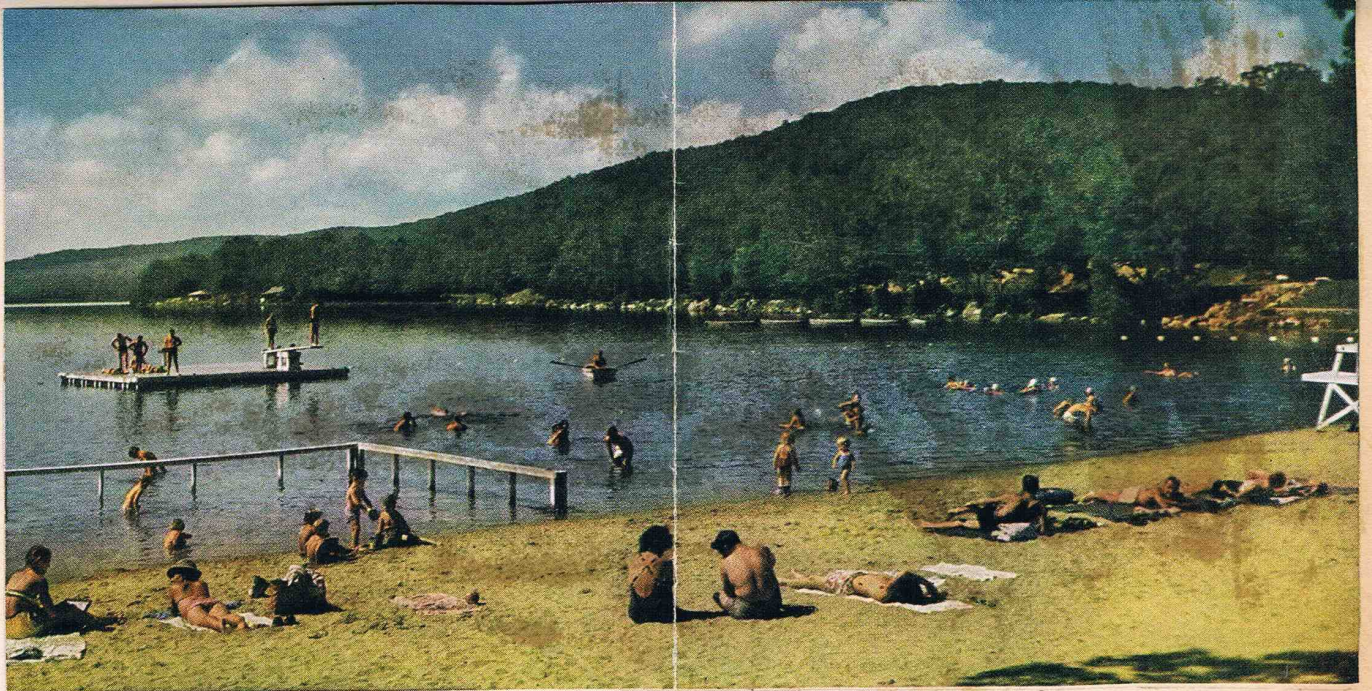
This day's route was over even more mountainous territory and the hills were completely tree-covered. Much of the travel was over highway under construction, which slowed down the trip considerably. We stopped about five miles beyond Hancock, N. Y. for our lunch. These noon-time meals which we had on travel days were always restful. If we could spare the time at all we always stopped. In New York state, instead of a sign reading: "Roadside Table" such as we have in our Home state, they read: "Parking Ahead." It took us a while to figure out just what it meant. In every way we found New York State tied up with more apparent useless rules and regulations than any other state.

We arrived at Harriman State Park about four o'clock. This section is part of a Huge area known as Palisades Interstate Park, part of it being in New Jersey and part in New York. The only section permitting tent camping was in the Bear Mountain Vicinity about ten miles west of the Hudson River. Here at this camp was still a different set-up. Large wooden platforms had been erected on which the tents could be set up. These platforms each had a sort of rack on two sides to which we tied the tent ropes. We had our choice of the earth or a platform, but I remembered Paul Owen's throat and decided that if he really were in danger of illness perhaps it would be better if we were off the ground. This was the costliest camping of the entire trip, \$1.50 per night.



Highway Scene in Eastern New York State





Swimming in beautiful Lake Tiorati, Bear Mountain Section (Our camp)

Here in this camp were grouped together many New York and Brooklyn families. Much foreign and colored element was evident and also many permanent summer homes for some of the inhabitants. Large army squad type tents were jammed with people, yet all was orderly and everyone was very friendly and neighborly. Bob found a boy who seemed to be Italian, Mary Ruth became friends with a small colored boy and they played all evening on an empty tent platform directly back of us. A family across the drive had a distinct "Brooklyn" accent and were in general quite noisy, otherwise there were no other annoyances. The entire campground was divided into "Blocks" and in the center of each block was a huge galvanized dishwashing sink. Soon after mealtimes one would see folk coming from every direction bringing their dishes and pans to wash them at these large sinks----in cold water. None of this for me; I preferred hot water even if I did have to wait a few minutes for it.

Since this was Saturday night, we hung a blanket over the door of the tent and all had baths. We found the weather quite warm here, too warm to crawl inside the sleeping bags. So we slept on top of them. Some group nearby spent the evening loudly singing cowboy and folk songs with a guitar but they sang them quite well so we didn't mind listening to them. This sound, together with the screaming of a few million cicada lulled us off to sleep and we slept well. Inasmuch as the working population would not be in New York City on Sunday, we decided to take the car on into the city; this proved a wise decision.



The Hudson River



George Washington Bridge

Because of the lateness of the hour and also the extreme heat we cut short the tour of the building and hurried along. Very near the church is the burial site of former President Grant, so being fans of the Groucho Marx show we thought we should go over and have a look so we would know who is "buried in Grant's Tomb." This we did, then set out to find a place to eat before we all died of starvation.

We went on farther into the city and had our lunch at an autom- at. It goes without saying that the children had a great time and it was a task to persuade them that they couldn't possibly hold every- thing which looked good. After such an early breakfast our lunch really gave us a lift.



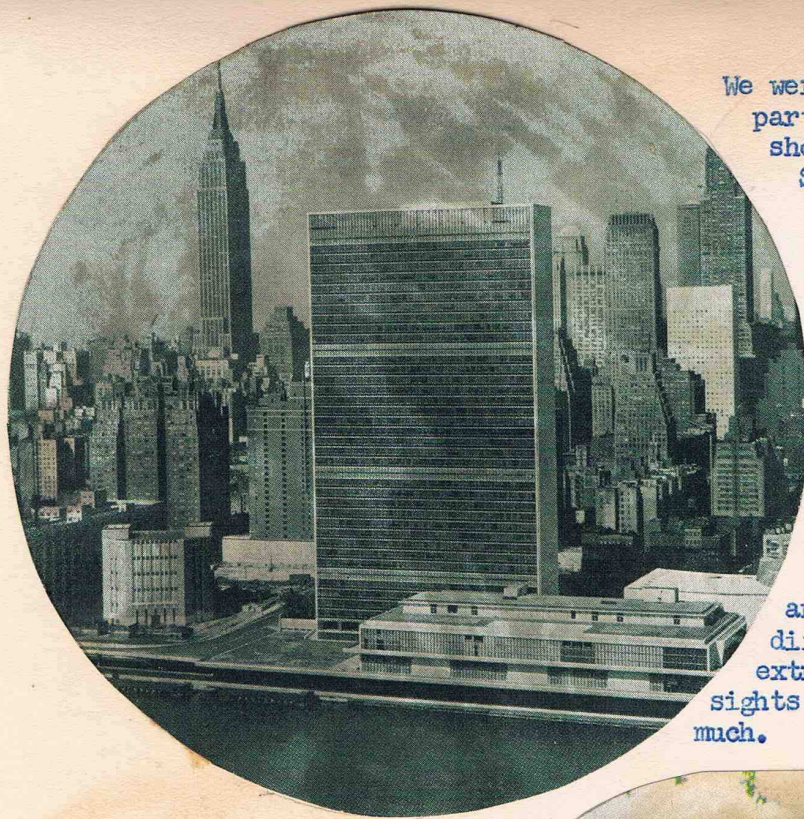
Times Square - Flatiron Building



The old Saying "You can take a boy out of the country but you can't take the country out of a boy" applies as well to the female sex; I simply had to satisfy my urge to gaze for a while at the sky- scrapers. We spent the afternoon mostly riding a- round and seeing many points of interest. Of course we had to see the Brooklyn **Bridge** and found it as huge and awe-inspiring as we had expected and heard it to be. We also drove down and had a look at Chinatown, had a glimpse at Rockefeller Center, Empire State Building and the Little Church around the Corner.



Brooklyn Bridge



We were anxious that the children, particularly Mary Ruth and Bobby, should see the United Nations Building. So we made it a point to drive down along the east river, getting in the wrong lane of traffic a couple of times, and winding up quite a distance from the building. Soon however, we were where we could get a good view of it, but all seemed very quiet around for it was Sunday. It is an ultra-modern building in design and adds a "new look" to New York City's mid-Manhattan Skyline. On this tour about the city, I held the guide-book and map and directed Stanley and we got along quite well. It was difficult to see much because of the extreme heat; then too, many of the sights did not impress the children too much. They were things which had a real meaning to Stanley and me for we had heard and read of them all of our life.

Like Central Park, for instance. In the very center of busy New York city here is greenery, trees, small lake birds and flowers to delight the eye and bring a bit of the country to the city. Here Mothers from the huge apartment houses brought their babies for their "Airings" and in the intense heat the park was crowded.

As the afternoon wore on we found ourselves at the very tip of Manhattan Island in Battery Park. Here we got out to walk around and rest our limbs a bit and enjoy the cooling breezes which blew in from the Harbor.

As we were walking, Mary Ruth suddenly seized my arm and at the same time began dancing round and round me crying, "There it is! There it is! I can see it!" Pointing across the water, far in the distance she could hazily see the Statue of Liberty. Ever since we had left home, in fact ever since we had offered the suggestion that we might possibly go to New York City she had talked of desiring to see but one thing in the Big City, the Statue of Liberty. Some where she had read or heard the story of how we came to receive it as a gift from France many years ago, and it had made a profound impression on her. Of course she wanted immediately to go and see her but it was quite impossible for we had to allow about two hours to get back through the traffic, up the Hudson River Drive and to our tent. So with a promise to come back the next day and go out to see it by boat, we coaxed her away from the sight of it and back to the car. We crossed the River via the Holland Tunnel, up the river and arrived at the tent, very tired and hungry. We have travelled 998 miles up to this point since leaving home.



We had already decided not to take the car into the city on Monday Morning. However we did drive as far as the George Washington Bridge, park and travel the remainder of the way by public transportation. We got off to a bad start this day when Paul Owen got his fingers caught in the car door and for a few minutes we thought they were injured badly, but finally concluded they were only bruised. But it caused a flurry of excitement. We took a public bus across the bridge, quite a trip in itself. Directly on the New York side we boarded a sub-way train and rode all the way to the tip of Manhattan. The children were fascinated with all this. It is on the subways that one sees New York's teeming millions, sees many nationalities represented and hears many different languages spoken.

We left on a 1:30 boat for the Statue of Liberty. The closer we came to the statue, the more excited Mary Ruth became. We finally arrived but the crowd was so numerous that we decided to take a little walk around the island hoping that the crowd would thin down a little. This didn't appear to be happening so we went inside. There was a long line waiting for the elevators so rather than wait we decided to climb the steps. Ten stories we climbed to sort of an observation platform, which is really the top of the masonry base on which the actual statue rests. Here began the climb up a narrow spiral staircase, wide enough for just one person. It was stifling hot in here, probably the metal of which the statue is made absorbs the sun's rays and heats up the inside. 12 stories we climbed up this little spiral track until we were inside the lady's crown and peeped out little windows to sights below. It made me very dizzy to look out but I did so I could say I had. Stanley attempted to take a picture in here, it seemed foolish at the time but it did not turn out a failure so I put it in here; I think either I or the children are in this picture but can't tell for sure. I am told that it was formerly permissible to go on up into the hand of the statue, but at the present time, part of the framework seems weakened and it is no longer allowed. Back down we trekked, hot and sweaty and really welcomed the cooling breezes as we went back across the harbor to the city.



Everyone was absolutely starved by the time the boat docked so we were glad to find another automat close by where we ate about 3:30. We took the subway and on this trip we were in the very first car of the train so the children got to stand at the front window but I couldn't see why that was such a choice position inasmuch as it was pitch dark outside in the tunnels. We were soon back to Washington Heights and waiting for a bus to take us across the bridge to the car. So we said farewell to the big city, and were glad to be back at the camp again. Tonight we had spaghetti for supper. One unusual feature about this camp was that we did not see one fly while here. The crowd had thinned out since the week-end and we, too plan to leave in the morning, but we are not sure where.

So I finally saw New York City, or at least a small part of it. I could not help tonight but feel for all those masses of people so crowded in apartments or flats, even though many of them appeared to be luxurious. For none of them could daily enjoy the wonders of God's creation which so many of us take for granted. I thought tonight of our home, humble though it may be, and of the vast area my children have to play in; I thought of the creek bottom behind our house and of the singing of the birds which I hear daily and sometimes appreciate so little. Tonight a Million Cicada are screaming above my head but it is music to my ears compared to the rumble and clatter of the city traffic. All the rest went to bed and I enjoyed a "quiet time" under the stars, just me and my thoughts.

Tomorrow we move on. This had been beautiful, historic territory and I am reluctant to leave. Perhaps sometime again, we can once more return to these hills, when the children are older.



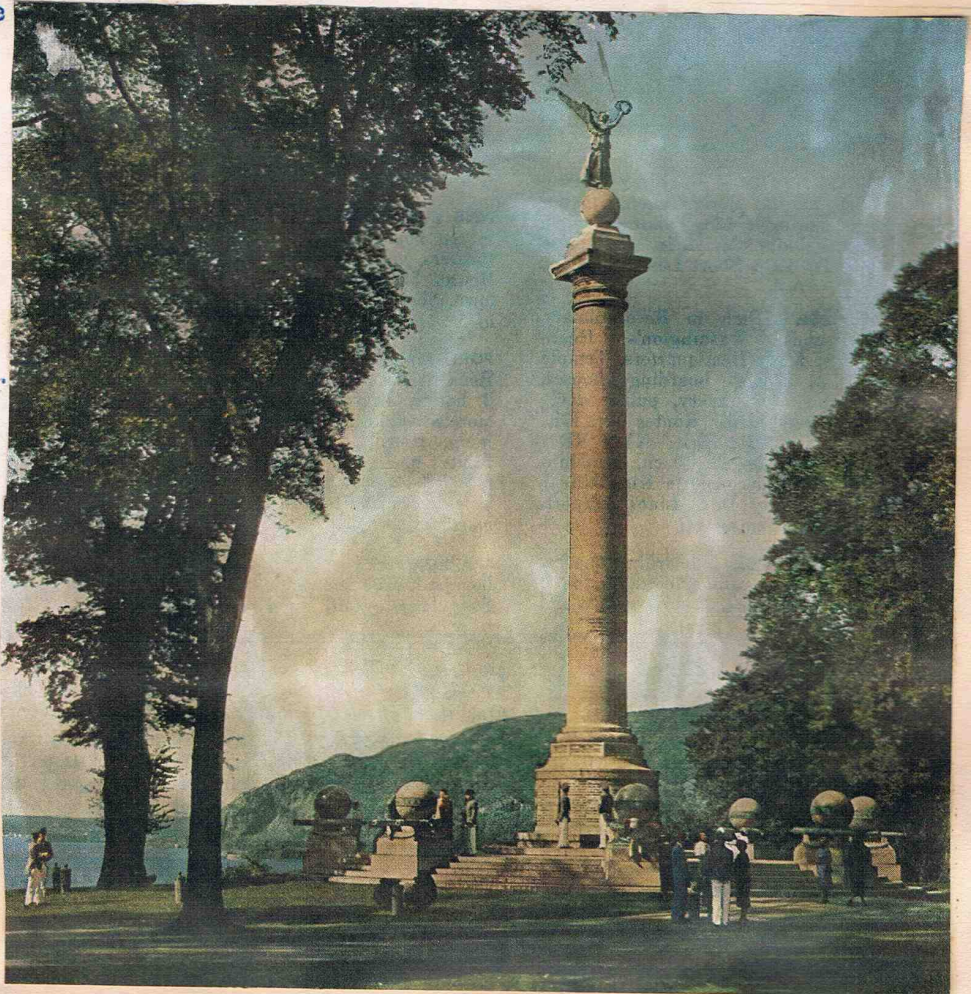
Bear Mountain, one of New York's most popular playgrounds looks down on the Hudson

We packed our belongings and pulled away from Harriman State Park about 10:45 in the morning, This was much later than usual, but two strenuous days in the city had left us quite tired so we had slept later than ordinary. We left the park, going out through the village of Stony Point, and along the way noticed signs indicating that this must have been the tramping ground of old Mad Anthony Wayne. We are in territory here, every inch of which seems to have some historical significance. Signs everywhere, and all of them only served to expose my ignorance and made me wish I had studied the stuff in school instead of hating and avoiding it.

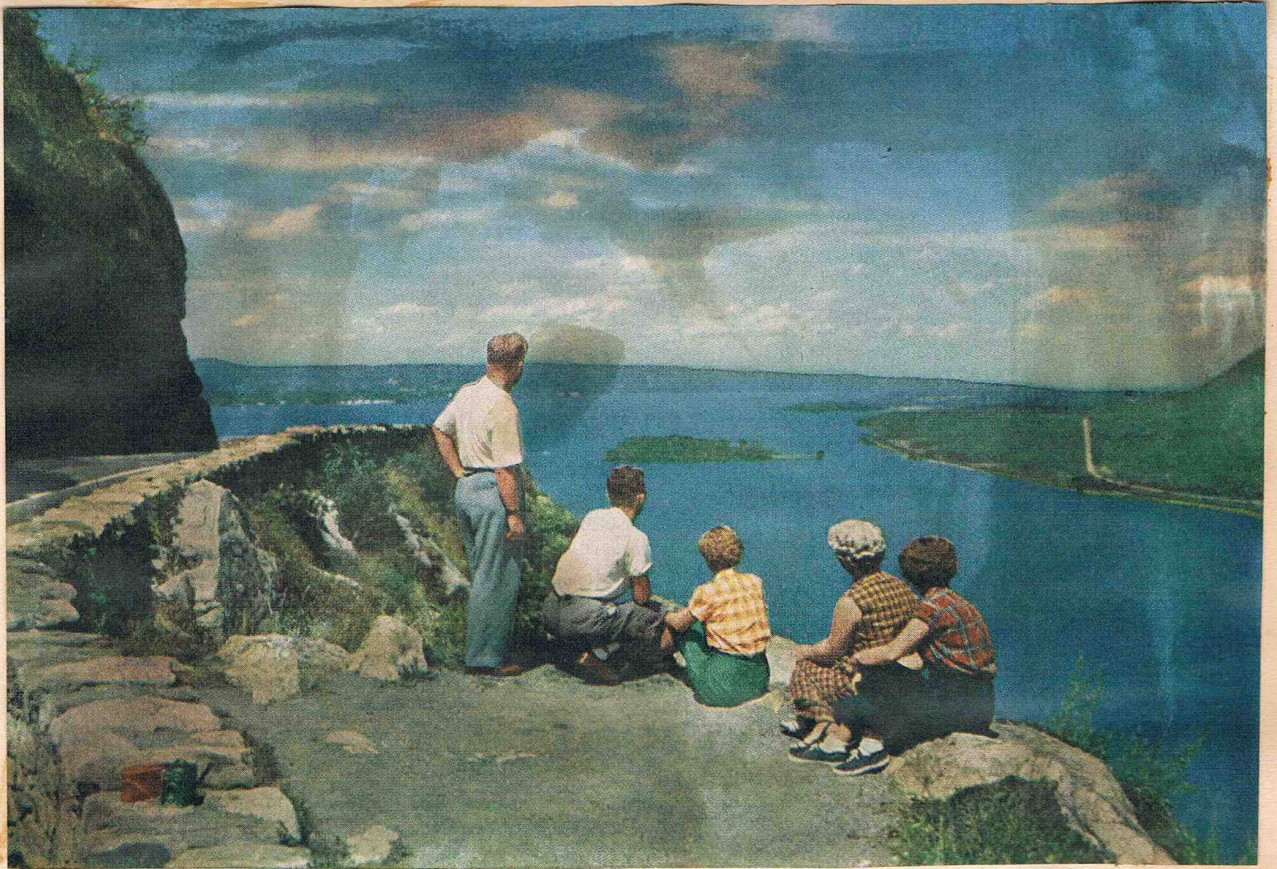
The drive up the Hudson River will stand out always in my memory as being one of the most scenic of our entire trip. The Hudson is broad and blue, and heavily wooded hills rise sharply out of the water on either side of the way. Every few miles there are look-out spots and of course the cursed dime-stealing binoculars. At every stop it was a battle with the children, until we finally told them they might spend their own money. We thought that would cure them, but not a chance. They only stayed on for a minute and by the time they were focused and one figured out what he is supposed to be looking at, it clicks off. At one spot the look-out was on the right of the high-way and the parking lot on the left. They had a nice little device which Bob loved; we ourselves could push a button which would switch the traffic light overhead to red, the traffic would halt and we could march importantly across. They had so much fun with it that I really expected a cop to get us before I could get them away from it. They make good use around here of the large boulders which are dug out of hillsides when they build the highways. They are used for guardrails along the dangerous places, being set in quantities of course.

We saw the Hudson River Naval Reserve Fleet anchored in the River, hundreds and hundreds of Naval Vessels lying there until such a time as they would be needed again or disposed of.

Since we would be passing through the little town of West Point where the famous Military Academy is, we decided to drive through the grounds, but did not see any activity at this time of year. It is certainly a beautiful spot, though, such large and imposing looking structures and lovely grounds. There was one of the prettiest chapels I have ever seen there, situated high upon a hill, which when viewed from a distance was a real thing of beauty.



Battle Monument - West Point Military Academy



We had heard and read a great deal about the spectacular Storm King Highway along the Hudson River and were delighted to find ourselves traveling over it a little later. It is a stretch of highway cut out of solid rock along the west bank of the river; to one's right is the water, broad and shining, hundreds of feet below. The rocky mountainside continues almost straight up on the left of the road, and it is but a two-lane highway. This, of course, made parking prohibitive. The road was very winding and it would have been a very dangerous step to have tried to stop even long enough to snap a picture, for the no-parking signs were placed closely together and the road was well patrolled. So we didn't get the picture, and I have to be content with one cut from a travel book; anyway it is probably as good or better than one I might have taken.

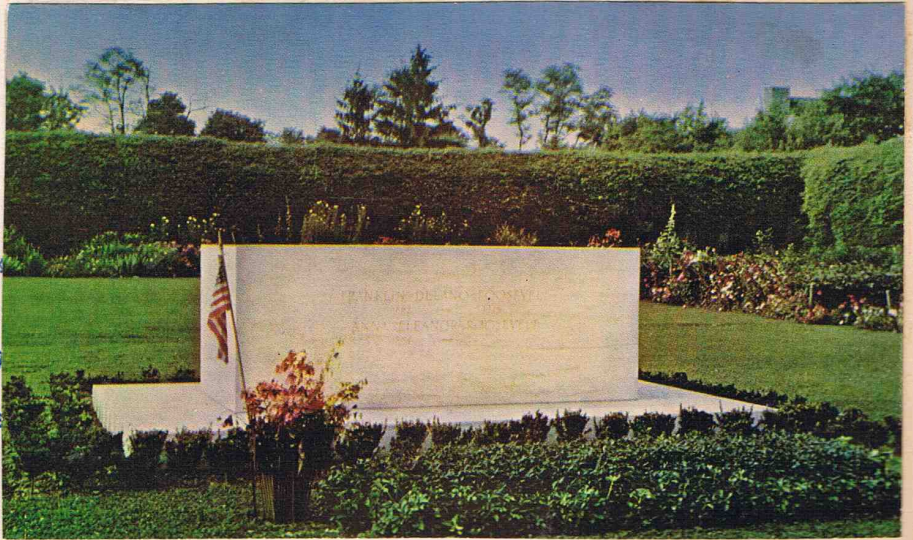
On the entire trip I carried the camera with the kodachrome film and Stanley took the black and white pictures. It was along about now that the shutter in Stanley's camera stuck (unknown to us) and when we were back home again we discovered that out of at least 108 exposures we had about 35 recognizable pictures. However all of the kodachromes turned out pretty good, and are sharp and clear. But these are slides and cannot be put in this book. I am so glad that we bought as many picture post cards as we did.



After crossing the river over the Mid-Hudson bridge at Poughkeepsie, we continued north on the East side and soon found ourselves at Hyde Park, N. Y. Although it was already nearly noon, we thought it foolish to pass up the opportunity to see the home of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, so drove in. We did look a little like a load of "Migrant Workers" I guess, but soon as we were through the gates we saw others dressed much more carelessly than we.

The path first led us to the beautiful rose garden, where is found the grave of the former president and where his wife Eleanor is to be buried. It is really very lovely, all the flowers are old-fashioned ones. Regardless of what anyone may think of the man's contribution to our country, he certainly isn't buried in a very costly or showy manner. We were then guided through the house which, while it was very lovely, certainly was anything but palatial. Directly behind the house, a wooded hillside sloped downward to the Hudson River and all of the bedroom windows open toward the river. All of the guest rooms had very old-fashioned furniture in them, in fact it looked genuinely antique. Placards mentioned noted people who had stayed in these rooms such as the late King George and Queen Elizabeth, Gen. and Madame Chiang Ki Chek, etc. The only room we saw which was furnished with modern furniture at all was the living or drawing room. It was very large with three fire-places, half a dozen sofas and other things in proportion. The whole property has been turned over to the government and I imagine if we had to pay taxes on the place we would be glad to give it away too. I don't think she or any of the children ever care to return to it.

We did not visit the library; I felt it would bore the children, but now I think we should have looked in on it. Bobby might have enjoyed seeing his huge stamp collection. But it was well past the noon hour, the heat was terrific and everyone was starved so we moved on.



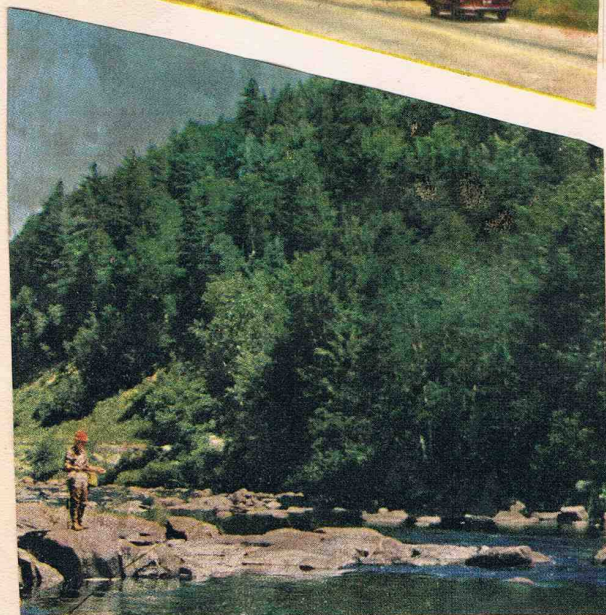
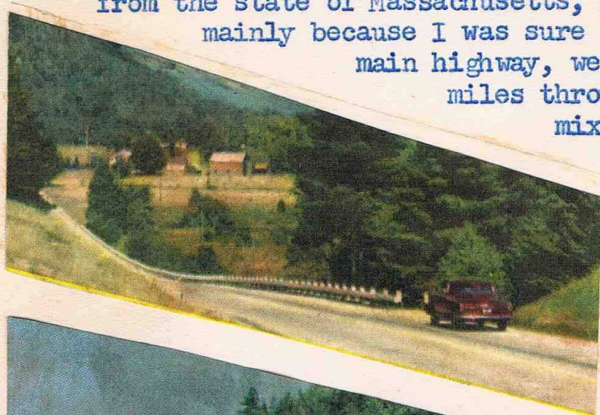
R-7 Front View of the Roosevelt Home - Home of Franklin D. Roosevelt National Historic Site - Hyde Park, New York



There were a few times when it was necessary for us to eat in the car at the noon hour. These were days when we were covering a good many miles in order to reach a specific camp before nightfall. But if it was at all possible we would stop at a park where the children could run off a little energy and where we didn't need to worry about spillage of our drinks. We had our little ice box which we kept on the floor of the rear seat. We would often stop and buy ginger ale or cokes and always had ice to cool them. We would also buy cold meats, fresh fruits, pastries or other baked goods and any other delicacies which pleased our fancies. In the state of New York there was a charge of 50¢ for picnicing in nearly every park we found, but on this day we drove in and nobody ever did show up to collect so I guess this was a free one. Only free thing we ever found in the state during the entire trip! I don't believe this park was used much, in fact even the flies didn't seem to know we were there.

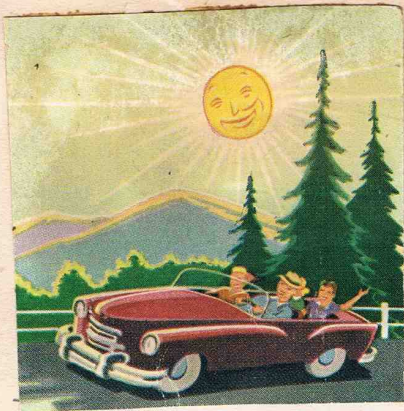


Soon we were in the state of Massachusetts. The lower west corner of the state seemed heavily wooded but the highways were good and quite smooth so we traveled swiftly along. The plaques and signs were closer than ever together now, all of them about Revolutionary War History. After studying what charts and maps we had received from the state of Massachusetts, I selected a park called Granville State Park, mainly because I was sure camping was permitted there. After leaving the main highway, we were soon on a dirt road and wound around several miles through the woods, thinking perhaps we were somehow



mixed up in our directions, when suddenly we were at the camp grounds. There were not more than six or eight sites here at this place and we had our pick as they were all empty. We were right on the edge of a pretty little brook, just full of stepping stones so the children spent the evening playing there. Of course I had to fish P. O. out once dripping wet, but none the worse for it except for the fright. We hustled around and pitched the tent on the soft pine needles and then built a camp fire to chase away the mosquitoes. These pes seemed glad for some human flesh to chew on. When we first arrived we saw a sign saying "SPRING" so we took our pails and went to find it and found it ~~---dry~~ dry. A mile or so up the road revealed another one where we dipped icy cold, clear water and what wonderful water it was. This we kept for cooking and drinking and dipped the wash water from the brook. But we didn't mind for we had planned to stay here but one night. The locusts were loud here same as in the last place but it was much cooler, probably due to the elevation. We had to set the milk in the brook to keep it cool for we had no ice left and we were too far from a village to go on the hunt for some.

We had a delightful evening here and I'm not sure why unless it was because we were so far from people. However the ranger did spy the smoke of our campfire and came around to collect the fee. 50¢ per night.



The state of Massachusetts provides plenty of firewood for campers and it is already cut. Stanley did not notice any hay fever here at all. It really was a lovely spot. Some kind of brilliant red flowers bloomed along the brook and many small fish kept the children busy all evening with rod and reel.

In the morning it was quite cool and the gang ordered pancakes again so we did not get on our way as early as we should have. The skies were overcast so picture taking was out. Finally we were all packed up, washed in the icy spring water, and began the trek across the state of Massachusetts. We planned to settle somewhere in the vicinity of Boston but were not sure exactly where.

In this state the areas which we would refer to as a county are called "towns." The places which we would call a town are either "villages" or "cities." Signs mark the town lines much the same as the signs in this section denote county lines. The roads are very crooked and hilly and one dare not attempt to drive with much speed. Most villages show great pride in their age and on most village signs will be found the date of the founding of the village. The same thing is true of hotels and inns. It seemed at least every third house had an old spinning wheel on the porch and an "ANTIQUE" sign hanging out. The villages are very close together, one scarcely leaves one until he enters another. There are no lakes in New England, any body of water smaller than the ocean, regardless of size is referred to as a "pond." The weather cleared as we drove on and by afternoon it was a beautiful.

We selected MYLES STANDISH STATE PARK as a good place to spend a few days. This area is a few miles southwest of historic Plymouth, Mass, and is quite a large park. There are really three camping areas in this park, and the first one to which we were assigned did not suit us at all so we went back and got a transfer. Here we selected a site along some water known as Fearings Pond. Much of the park is undeveloped but when it is completed ought to be quite nice. Right at the present I was not very much impressed with the place but didn't see that much could be done about it so settled down. Later we learned we pitched our tent where another minister and his family had pulled out only a day or two before. There were few transient campers here. Most of the people are here for the entire season. Mother and children stay all summer, father comes on week-ends or, if it isn't too far, he drives down each evening from work. Accommodations here are very primitive, no electricity at all, only hand pumps, and the smelliest old privies I've ever been around. All of our things seem to be in a terrible mess when we land here and it looked like everything we owned was dirty. We have been on the go so continually since leaving home that there hasn't been any opportunity to do any laundry.

The children liked this place because there was so much sand, the first since leaving good old Michigan. We ate our supper after dark this first evening here, and turned in about 9:45. We had no sooner hit the bed than we felt a few drops of rain on the tent so we had to scurry out and bring in a few things we had left hanging in a tree. But it was only a few drops, and although we had lots of fog while we were here there was no more rain. There was an abundance of mosquitoes here but we found a very effective "bug bomb" which really chased the pests elsewhere.

I liked all the running around and all the sights we saw while we stayed here but never did care for the camp ground.





Our first morning at Myles Standish Park, Wednesday, August 27th. We ate our breakfast in a nasty fog. It really wasn't very cold but the dampness was of a penetrating nature so we needed plenty of sweaters. After breakfast was over and everything straightened, I collected everything I could find which was dirty and we headed for Plymouth. We soon found a nice laundromat where they said they would dry it for me. I have never forgotten what excellent service we received there. Those articles were simply heavy with dirt, but when we returned for them they were not only delightfully clean, but everything was neatly folded and packaged for us. I cannot remember the exact cost but it was surprisingly low.

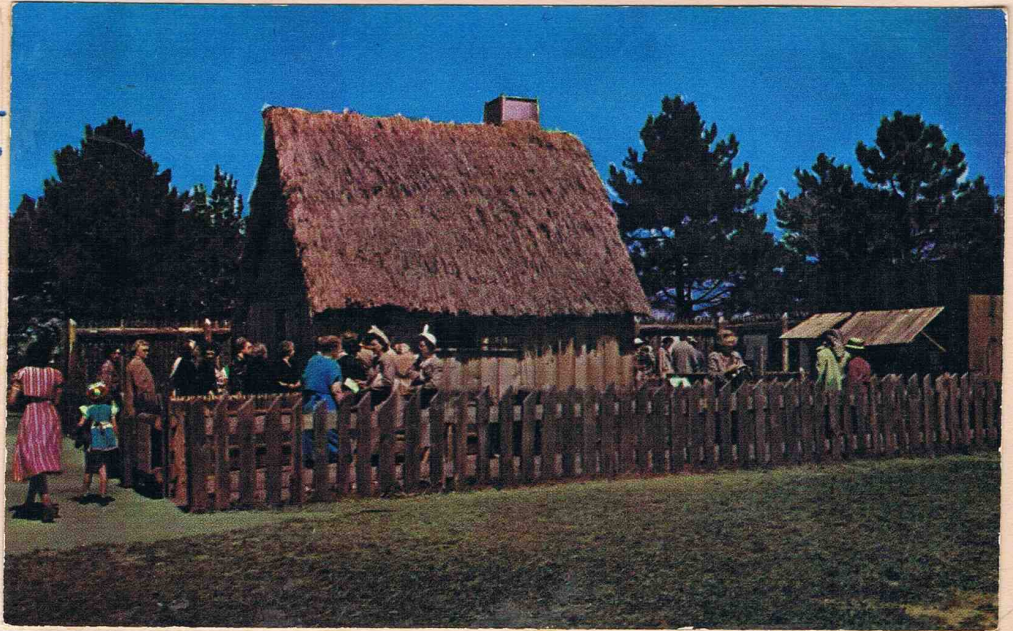
First we saw in Plymouth the famous "Towne Brook." A beautiful little park is here with a pretty spring. In case the town brook holds no significance for you, it was here the pilgrims caught the fish with which they fertilized the hills of corn. Here in this park stands the Statue honoring the courage of Pilgrim Women; on its base is this inscription: "To those intrepid English Women whose courage, fortitude and devotion brought a new

nation into being." Of course everyone in our group was anxious to see "Plymouth Rock" for that is the one thing everyone had heard about. At the time of our trip some repair work was in progress on the masonry portico over the rock so it was not a very good time for picture taking, anyway. A lot of scaffolding about the exterior as well as the interior was in full view. Tradition says, whether or not it is factual or legendary, no one is sure, that the pilgrims first stepped on this stone as they disembarked from the Mayflower to call this "home." Of course the famous rock, which is visited each



year by over 400,000 people, is at high-tide level. So the viewers must look down several feet to behold the rock with the date "1620" carved upon the top of it. This national shrine has become for the people of America the symbol of a great faith and a great hope a true symbol of freedom and democracy. It really made history a living subject as we all beheld it.

Because of the fog and mist we could not take any pictures at all the first day we went sight-seeing here in Plymouth, But a half hour here the next morning, when the sun was bright and warm proved to be a good time for this so as a result we have a few excellent kodachrome slides of this scenery. Our whole family was interested in seeing an exact replica of an early Pilgrim dwelling, the type they built in Plymouth during the period 1623. This



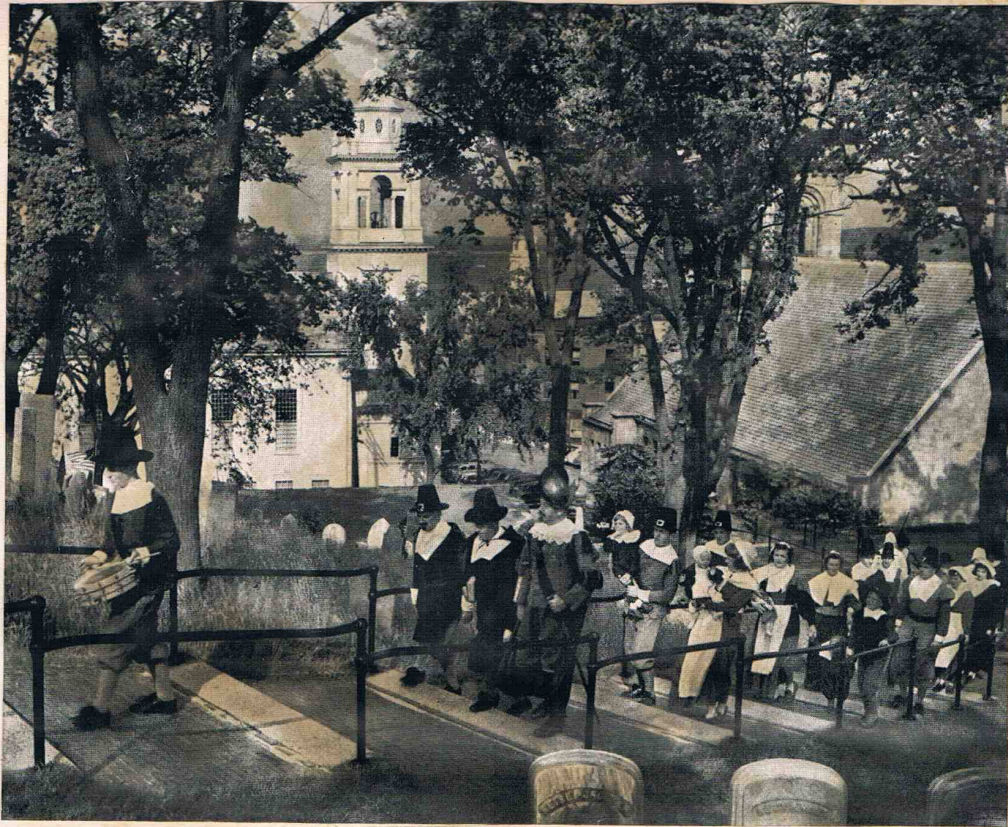
house has, of course, one room and that room is, or seems, quite small. One entire end was occupied with a big stone fireplace which was the cooking and heating area combined. The floor was dirt, there were no windows and but one door. (Another door had been cut at the rear so the visitors could easily pass on through, this door was not in the original houses). A few boards had been placed across the room about eight feet up, the space above this was called the "loft" and here the children slept on straw mattresses. A bed with a rope "spring" was in the main room, also a tiny bed for the baby, the walls were covered with various dried herbs, bags of dried, beans, apples, corn, etc. I guess I did not have my mind on very lofty matters, but I could not keep from thinking how filthy they must all have been, with the children sleeping up above that smoky fireplace. Take the very cold New England winters into consideration and that drafty little house and I doubt that a bath was a very frequent occurrence.

A non-profit organization has been set up for the purpose of reconstructing and restoring many old Pilgrim sites. An old fort had just been rebuilt and was open to the public for the first this year.

Bobby was particularly interested in the huge Statue of the Indian Massasoit, which stood atop Cole's Hill facing the bay and Plymouth Rock. So over again we recounted the story of Massasoit, Sachem of the Wampanoags. This Indian chief was ruler of Indians from Cape Cod to Narragansett Bay, and he proved a staunch friend to the struggling Plymouth colony. In 1621 he signed a treaty of alliance with Pilgrim leaders, died with word unbroken 40 years later. History tells us that his son, Philip, took the warpath in 1675, led a short but devastating war.

He told the Pilgrims many very helpful things about this new land. Was it not Massasoit who told them how to plant the fish in each hill of corn, for a fertilizer. Placards around the replica of the first Pilgrim house say that details of men were assigned to do nothing else but fish for herring in the town brook to be used for fertilizer. For a while I think Stanley thought that must have really been the life!





Pilgrims assembled at beat of drum and, protected by Muskets, marched to Worship

We climbed to the top of "Burial Hill" where many of these early pioneers are buried. Their first church was a blockhouse atop this wooded height, which they then called Fort Hill. They had to be alert for Indian Attacks but they enjoyed there the religious freedom for which they dared so much. We learned that usually on August Fridays, natives of Plymouth, in Pilgrim Garb re-enact the procession of some 325 years ago. Naturally many of them bear the names of the Mayflower passengers. We could not be there to witness the pageant although there were many young men and women all about the city who were dressed in Pilgrim costumes.

Atop Cole's Hill there was a large sarcophagus which is supposed to contain the bones of those who died the first winter, insofar as it was possible to collect them.

Of course the place is over run with vendors of every sort and souvenir shops are at every turn. Of course all the merchandise is so high in price that one despairs of buying anything at all. In fact, the only article we bought while there was a little pennant one of the children wanted. Another factor entered into the buying of souvenirs too; we could not collect too many such items for lack of space to carry them.

There were numerous statues and plaques on every side honoring the memory of some special person. Before leaving Plymouth for the day we went down to the seaside to a fish-market where the fish were really fresh. After looking them all over, about a hundred varieties, it seemed, we finally bought some flounder fillets for supper.

All over this area we kept seeing signs reading "PACKAGE STORE" and were ignorant as to the meaning. Imagine our surprise to learn it was a liquor store! It was the first time we had seen them with such a name; however just lately here in Michigan somewhere I noticed one which advertised as a "Package Liquor Store."

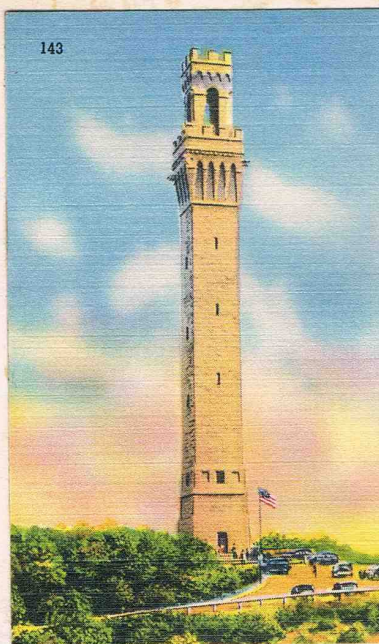
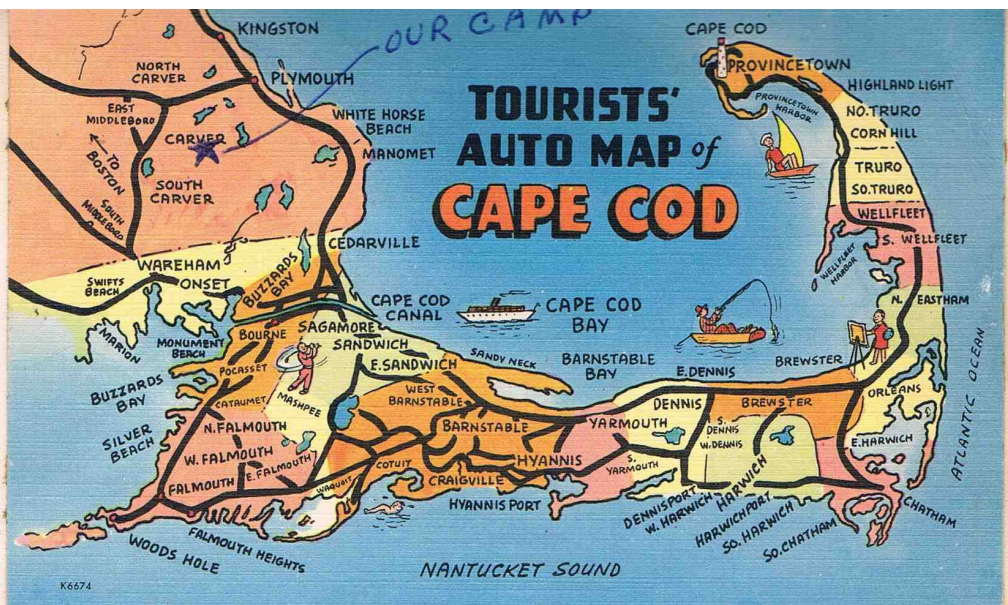
Back to the camp. The weather has cleared and we took a dip in the lake..pardon me, I mean Pond. It was about 5:30 and even though the water was quite warm the air was cold so it didn't take long for us to get enough of that. The flounder fillets were delicious for dinner. I am commencing to like the surroundings a little better. We became acquainted with a nice family from Bedford Mass., whose name was Perkins. Very friendly.



We viewed the rock upon the sand
Where weary Pilgrims first touched land;
Here is the soil where first there stood
Those tiny homes of stone and wood
Which sheltered them from wind and rain,
But not from hunger, death and pain...
We saw the shrine upon a hill,
Memorial to their rugged will.
We walked the paths their feet had trod,
And felt we, too, had walked with God.
Dear Lord, forbid that we, today,
Should take for granted that which they
Ruled should be ours and never cease,
A land of freedom, love and peace.

.....Naomi Forkner

we decided to use our second and last day here to take a trip out to the very tip of Cape Cod. The highway was excellent but was so full of tourists that we moved slowly for the first fifty miles. It is about a hundred miles from the spot where we camped to Provincetown. This is a very old city; the streets are very narrow and the old, old houses are built right on the sidewalk. It is very crowded during the summer for it is quite an artist's colony. Everywhere one saw painters at the easel, on the beach, the wharf, and roadside. They wore artist's garb, too, smock and beret. The tourist and resort trade is big business for the roads are solidly lined with motels, cottages, inns, cabins, guest houses and hotels. We ate our lunch, picnic style, at the end of the drive and then the children waded in the Atlantic. First time to dip our feet in the sea. Provincetown is said to be where the Pilgrims first cast anchor, their wives the next day did out their laundry here, thus inaugurating the American custom of Monday Washday! On this trip we saw the famous Cape Cod Cranberry Bogs. This was a real revelation. Somehow I had always supposed the fruit grew on a shrub like a currant or gooseberry. I was surprised to see the plant was only about ankle high! Tiny ditches run through the fields in an orderly fashion, irrigating in dry weather. In case of an unseasonable frost, they can also flood the bogs and save the crop. Both the Eatmor and Ocean Spray Cranberry Company's plants are on Cape Cod.



PILGRIM MEMORIAL, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

INSCRIPTION UPON THE BRONZE TABLET ON THE FACE OF THE MONUMENT. WRITTEN BY DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, PRESIDENT EMERITUS OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

On November 21st, 1620, the Mayflower, carrying 102 passengers, men, women and children, cast anchor in this harbor 67 days from Plymouth, England.

The same day the 41 adult males in the company solemnly covenanted and combined themselves together "into a civil body politic."

This Body Politic established and maintained on the bleak and barren edge of a vast wilderness a state without a king or a noble, a church without a bishop or a priest, a democratic commonwealth, the members of which were "Straightly tied to all care of each other's good and of the whole by every one."

For the first time in history they illustrated with long-suffering devotion and sober resolution the principles of civil and religious liberty in the practices of a genuine democracy.

Therefore the remembrance of them shall be perpetual in the great Republic that has inherited their ideals.

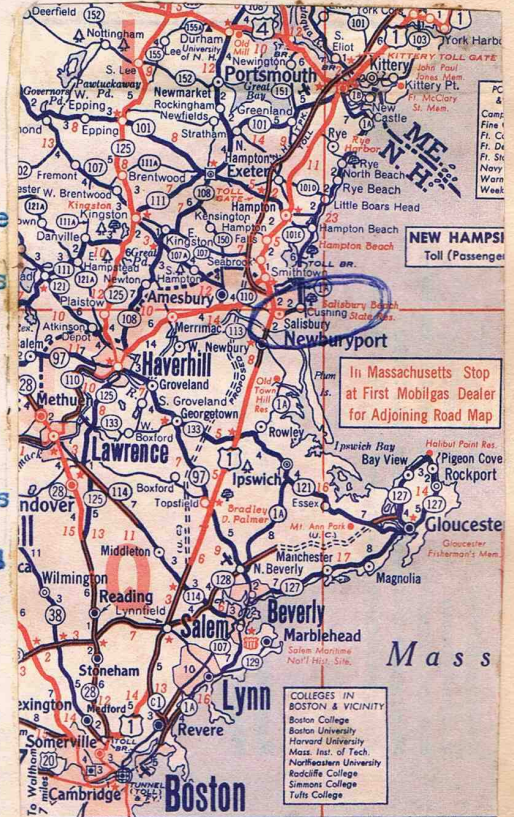


Saturday, August 29th.....Moving day again. It is hard to believe that we have been on "the bum" for twelve days but the calendar doesn't lie. It seemed very warm for early in the morning and I suspected that the day would really turn out to be a scorcher. I was not wrong. The children became unusually restless in the car. It was necessary to keep every window and ventilator in the car open and this made the hot wind literally burn our faces. We headed north and caught the by-pass around the city of Boston.

This is an unusual bit of super highway and one can really travel on it. We stopped in the city of Waltham, (the watch city) bought food for lunch and looked around while Stanley sent a telegram. It was a congratulatory message to some folks of the church who will be celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary tomorrow. We were sorry we couldn't be with them for the event. They live right next door to us and he is the church custodian.

We continued north on the super highway and could not find a picnic table anywhere. Since the children were so hot and thirsty, we pulled off the side of the road and spread our lunch under the shade of a tree. Even this was a warm spot. We later learned the temperature in the Boston area was about 100 that day. This day was about the "hottest" ride I ever recall. And to make matters worse we got lost later by taking a short-cut which did not turn out to be such a short cut as we had thought.

We arrived in the village of Salisbury, Massachusetts about 4:30 in the afternoon. This place is right on the Atlantic Ocean almost to the state line. What a surprise! When we checked in at the camp office, we couldn't understand why they suggested we go and look the camp-ground over before registering. We soon found out. They said some folk had signed up, then found the camp not to be what they had expected and then pulled out. There before us was a group of tents and a few house trailers, right out in the sand, under the blistering sun with not a tree in sight for miles around. They were about 500 feet from the ocean on one side and about 300 feet from a river on the other side. After looking it over and considering the time of night and the day of the week (Saturday) we decided we had better settle down and stay a couple of days. Figured we could stand it if other people could. Besides, the children were ecstatic with joy at the thought of being this close to such a lovely beach. We learned this was the finest beach in this section of shore line. It was getting later and we were anxious to get settled so everyone went to work. Soon we were organized, in our bathing suits and over along the ocean. How welcome was the cool breeze after such a hot day's travel. We stayed until dark, then went back, had a weiner roast for supper, then to bed.



The Crest of a Wave from the Briny Deep

Salisbury Beach, Mass.



One of the major inconveniences here was the lack of a picnic table. Now we ate on the ground frequently on the entire trip but the breezes here made the sand blow continually and if you've never eaten scrambled eggs or canned soup mixed with ocean sand, then you can't sympathize with us. That first evening we were there it seemed so useless to wash the children that we just put them to bed in their sleeping bags dirt and all. Scarcely a blade of grass was to be found around the camp. The sand was so soft that we did not even use our metal bed but Stanley and I also slept on the tent floor. It was difficult to make a tent pole stay in the ground; I recall on day while here that we took a trip down the coast to Gloucester. A stiff wind came up while we were gone and upon our return we found the tent in a heap. The wind had gotten inside, blowing it up like a balloon and causing the poles to come loose. The heat would have been unbearable but for the constant breezes which blew in from both the ocean and the river.

Many people from Boston came regularly up to use the fine stretch of beach found here at Salisbury. I think it was while here that I first realized the meaning of the expression "a day at the beach." We observed whole families on the beach with every conceivable kind of paraphernalia; blankets, beach umbrellas, chairs, stoves, radios, mattresses, playpens, refrigerators, baskets of food and cases of drinks. We saw tiny babies being cared for much the same as they would have been at home. It was permissible to build fires so many cooked over charcoal. Everything was very orderly and everyone was friendly. At first I



wondered if I would care for that sort of an outing but after considering the misery of living in a stuffy apartment in the suffocating heat, it was easy to see how welcome a change it would be to spend the day out on the cool beach. And all of this for only 25¢.

The nurse at the first aid station near the camp office said swimming was excellent that day as the water was up to 70. This sounded warm but we found it to be quite cold. This was my first dip in the salt water as it was also for

the children and the first thing we all had to do was taste it! We had a restful time on the beach here; most of the time Stanley and I stretched out on the beach towel and the kiddies dug holes in the sand.

I laugh yet when I recall what a task it was to wash my hair that Saturday night. The only source of water was a faucet sticking straight up out of the ground about 200 feet from us. This water was heated on the gasoline stove, I tried to make a little go a long way but at the best it took several kettles full for it was soft water. Stanley tried to help by carrying the water but there was no place to put the basin except on the ground and then there was the everlasting sand to contend with. At this moment I think I hated everything about the place and had it not been for the enthusiasm of the children I would have voted to move out the next day!

After a good night's rest my outlook was considerably improved. However it turned out to be quite a chore to get the gang fed, cleaned up and into their Sunday Best so we could go to church. After cleaning each one up, I put that one into the car to read until we were all ready to roll. We had selected a small church of our own denomination in Medford, a suburb of Boston. The nearer we came to the city the more intense the heat became so we were sweaty and uncomfortable before we even arrived at the church.

The church where we attended was quite small; the attendance was smaller yet, probably not over 60 or 70 and no one greeted us when we entered even though they did look us over thoroughly. Neither were we greeted after the service was over. From certain remarks made during the sermon, we were led to believe the preacher was from another denomination. He was very sarcastic in many of his statements, which, in my estimation, ruins the best of sermons. The music was of an exceptional quality so that helped make up for the lack in other areas of the service.

After church we found our way into uptown Boston. Stanley had spent some time near Boston while in training some years ago for the Chaplaincy. He had forgotten anything he might have learned about the city so we depended upon a map to get us around. Because of the sweltering heat we hunted up an air-conditioned restaurant and ordered fried clams for our dinner. They were quite tasty. This restaurant was directly across the street from the famous Boston Common, a grassy park in the center of the city. History says that here the early settlers had a "common" pasture for their cows.

I had brought along some more comfortable clothing and was changing in a public rest room in the Common when the matron chased me out, that is she tried to. By the time she got around to it, I was undressed so while I had to dress to leave I just put on the ones I intended to change into anyway!

We thought we would do some sight-seeing for an hour or so but the odds were against us. We did have a map of the city as I mentioned before but any way we tried to figure it out the streets didn't seem to correspond with the map and we would go round and round and always wind up at the same spot. Of the many historical sights to be seen, we thought we'd like to see the old North church. Of course the children by now didn't give a hoot if the old North church ever stood or fell. All they knew was that they were terribly hot (temperature well over a hundred) and wanted to go swimming. So we pulled out of Boston, headed north toward cool Salisbury beach. It certainly was a relief to get out of clothes and stretch out on the sandy beach for the rest of the day. Sunday was naturally a busy day there and one had to hunt for a while to find a spot to spread the towell.

Paul Owen seems to prefer the sand to the water, and spends most of his time digging with a little "shobel" some one else lost and he found. Bob scarcely left the water and handled himself quite well in it. Stanley and I were loafing on the towell one day when suddenly Stanley leapt toward the water. I looked around to see what claimed his attention, just in time to see him reach under a wave and pull Mary Ruth out. She had been standing ankle-deep in the water with her back toward the ocean when a huge wave rolled in and knocked her down. When it washed out it took her with it. She hadn't swallowed any water and was quite all right but I think the scare did her good. She paid closer attention to the waves after that experience. The children talk much and often of the good times we had at Salisbury beach.



WHARF SCENE,
GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

3358

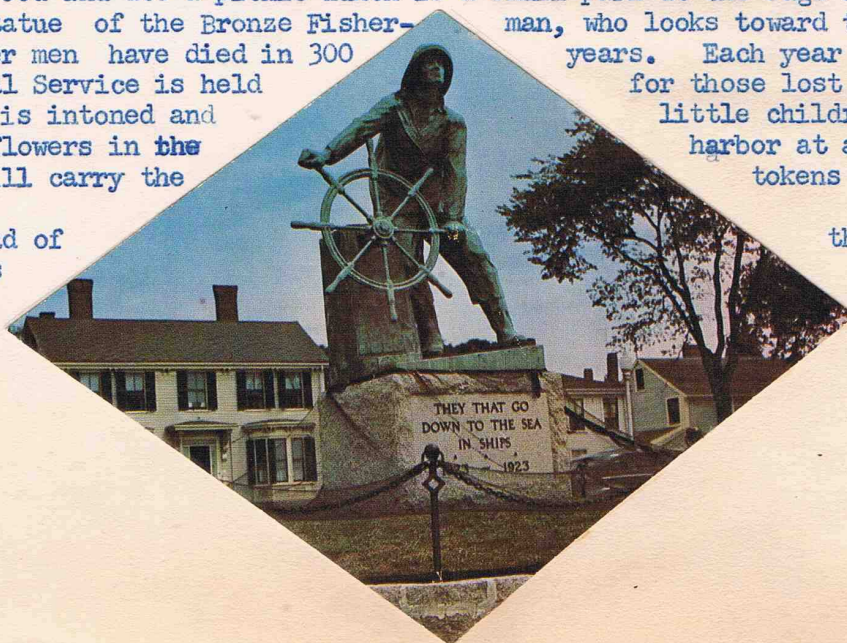


A very interesting side-trip proved to be a short tour of Gloucester, Massachusetts. Gloucester proudly holds the title of Premier Fishing port of the North Atlantic. Here fisherman were operating three years after Plymouth was settled. One of the most important kinds of fish taken here is the redfish or as it is more commonly called, the redfish. Over 91,000,000 lbs. were landed and sold in one year in Gloucester.

When we first arrived in the town, we observed many folk gathered in small groups on all of the sidewalks. Discussions proved to be heated, accompanied by much rough language and gesticulations. It was apparent that these were not tourists for they were roughly dressed, hardened looking fellows. Later we learned that the fishermen were on a strike, and this was of special interest in this town where every family was connected with the industry in some way or other. Because of this we did not seemuch action around the wharves, and all the fishing vessels lay quietly in the harbor. Some time after this we read in a paper where the strike was settled so I guess everything is peaceful around Gloucester again.

We bought food and ate a picnic lunch is a small park at the edge of the city. Here is the famous statue of the Bronze Fisherman, who looks toward the sea where 10,000 Gloucester men have died in 300 years. Each year in the month of August a Memorial Service is held for those lost during the past year. The roll is intoned and little children of their families cast flowers in the harbor at an hour when the receding tide will carry the tokens out to sea.

After having read of seeing paintings of it all of my really fine all for



this place and and photographs life, it was to see it real!

We regretted so very much that we did not have good pictures of the camp at Salisbury. It is so utterly different from any other place we ever stayed that it is difficult to describe it. One can scarcely believe that such a barren spot could be popular for anything more than a sand pile! But in spite of my objections to the place, one of the fellows in charge told us that over a hundred requests for permanent camp sites for the season were turned down. There was but one rest room here and the way I understand it, the state law allows only a certain number of campers per rest room.

A young couple from Alaska camped just north of us in a pup tent one night. Also two young men whom we learned were from Ohio University at Athens, Ohio. We always met a lot of interesting characters everywhere we stayed and I was tempted to keep a list of these folk with their addresses but decided it was a bit foolish.

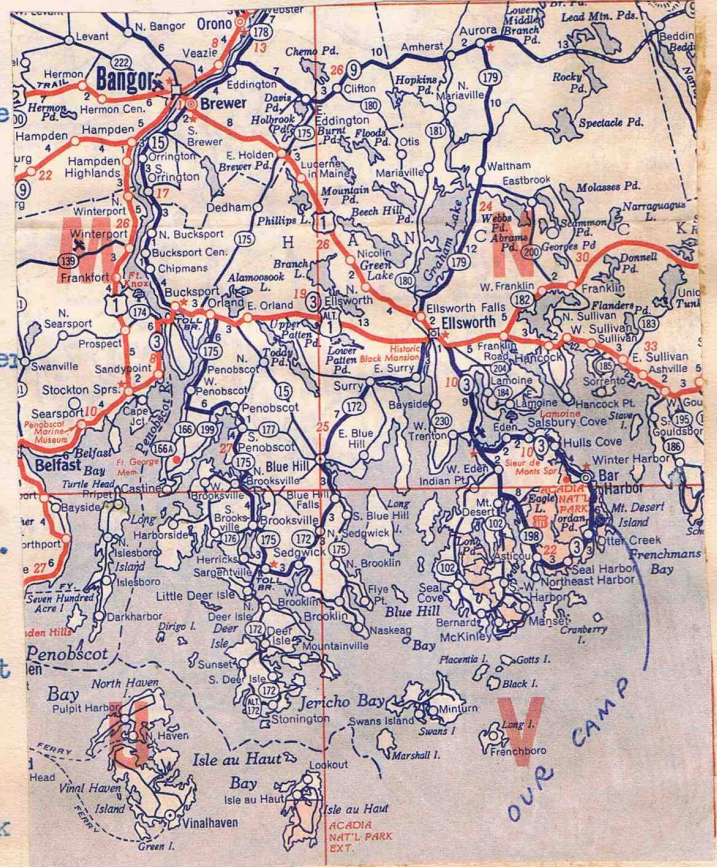
The town of Salisbury reminded me somewhat of Buckeye Lake, Ohio, for there was a large Amusement Park there. This drew crowds from every city and village within a radius of 50 miles or more. The camp ground was about a mile from town, but there were no trees or hills in the way so at night we could see the glittering lights and hear the music which only that type of place can offer. On our last night there we took the children up to the amusement park for an hour or two.

Up to this point we have wound up two full weeks of the vacation and it seem time is slipping by all too rapidly.

Tuesday Morning, Sept 1 dawned bright and clearmoving day again. Because this day's run would be a long one it was necessary to get busy and be on our way. We were all ready and pulled out about 9:15, about an hour earlier than usual. We were not sorry to leave Massachusetts, for we did not find this state too good for driving. No roadside picnic tables were evident, only an occasional trash can. Even their road maps were not very clear, and seemed difficult to follow.

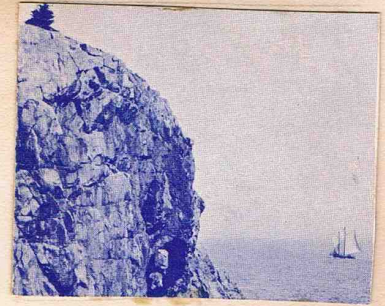
In but a few minutes we were in the State of New Hampshire and on the N. H. Turnpike. This is a toll road, but well worth it for we could really roll when we were once on it. After crossing a Toll bridge at Portsmouth, (Piscatauga River) we were in the state of Maine and on the Main Turnpike. Speed limit was 60 mph and it was difficult to keep the speed down to it even while pulling the trailer. This was by far the finest stretch of highway on the entire trip. So very beautiful, no sign boards, no gas stations, nothing to detract from the natural beauty of the countryside. Scores of tourists on the road, about every other car bore an out-of-state liscence.

It was after 5:00 when we pulled into Acadia National Park and we had driven 255 this day. It is such a lovely park, every bit as beautiful as everyone told us it would be. The camping area we chose is not so large, but the sites are not crowded together and the facilities are modern. The spot is right near the ocean and we were all anxious to look the scenery over but by the time we were settled it was bedtime for the kiddies.



Mount Desert has giant sea cliffs and is almost cut in two by Somes Sound. Being the largest rock-built island on our Atlantic Coast, its bold mountain ranges loom up from the mainland US Highway No. 1 like some strange, crouching monster. The poet Whittier described it thus:

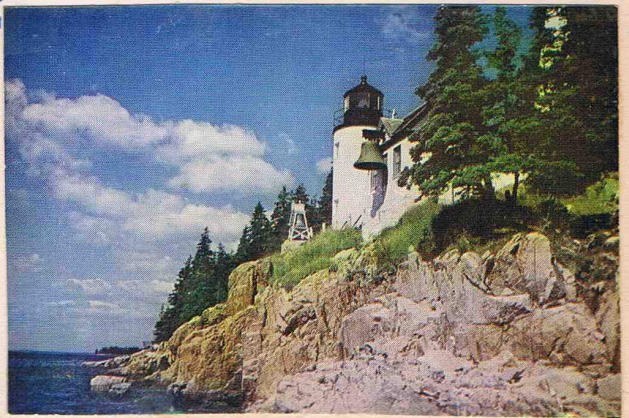
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air,
Seen from afar like some stronghold
Built by the ocean kings of old.



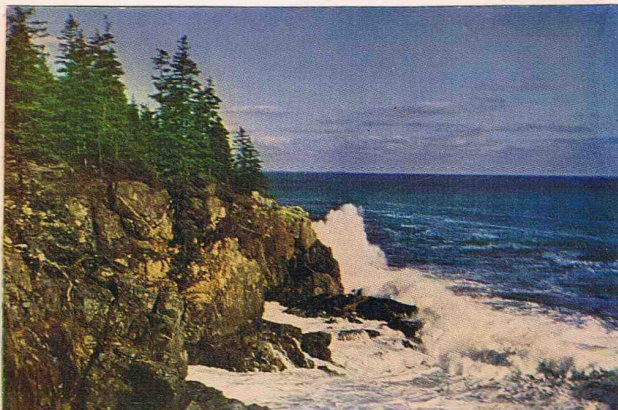
It was discovered and named by Samuel de Champlain, September 5, 1604, but was first settled in 1613 by Jesuits. The first "Summer visitors" were recorded as vacationing on Mt Desert Island in 1855.

There is many interesting and true stories told of the history of this place, but one particular incident will always stand out in our memory. About seven years ago a terrific forest fire swept across the island, raging for days and consuming everything in its path. It was a dry season and the fire became completely uncontrollable as it sped rapidly toward the city itself. The time came when the only possible means of escape had to be by water and this was impossible for lack of proper craft. Evening came and as twilight fell nearly every resident was praying for divine intervention, when, like a miracle, the wind changed very suddenly, and the city was saved. Because of all this a lovely and expensive set of chimes were purchased as a memorial to the goodness of God, and at a certain time each day the people are reminded musically of their deliverance.

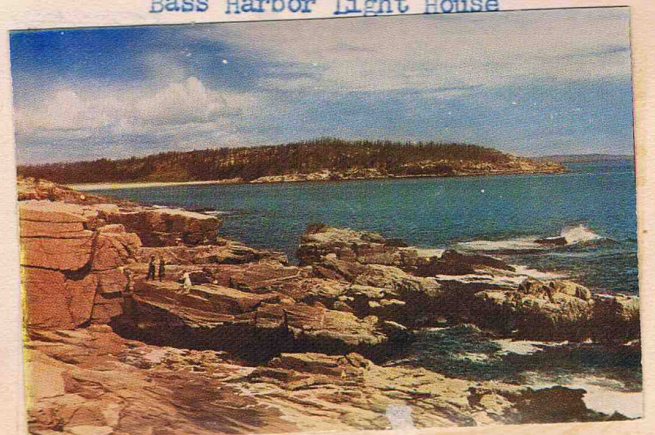
According to reports, the famous stern and rockbound coast of Maine is supposed to be here of all places the most stern and rockbound. The camp ground was in the area of the park known as Otter Creek and the coast is marked by huge rocky cliffs; on the map these cliffs are called "Otter Cliffs." About the camp ground were signs reading "Ocean Trail" with an arrow pointing the direction. This was a foot-path winding around through the forest and leading directly down to these sea-side cliffs. This was to be the spot where Stanley would meet the Wyandotte men for fishing. On the walk with Paul Owen Stanley inspected the spot and announced to me that it was such a "nice" place that he thought I and all three children should go along on this jaunt. Some nice rocks, he said, where I could sit and rest, or read, or crochet, as I chose. Now all of this sounded good to me, but what a surprise I was in for! What a place to relax!



Bass Harbor Light House



The Otter Cliffs



Sand Beach and Great Head

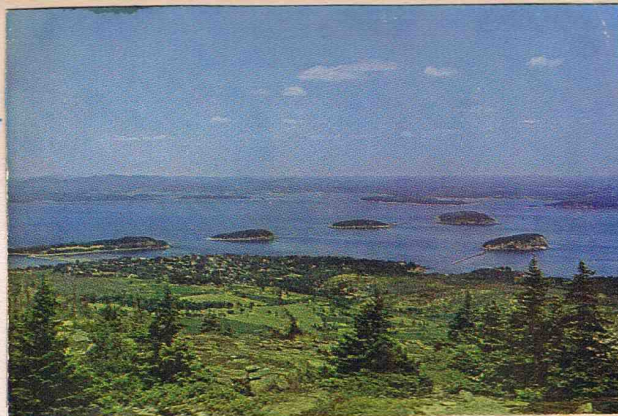
During the night it turned very warm and we had a feeling that the next day would turn out to be rainy, but we were wrong. It was bright and sunny but became very hot by noon. By now we had become acquainted with our neighbors, one said he had attended college in Holland, Mich. We later learned he is a Dutch Reformed minister from Schenectady and he and Stanley had a good visit one evening. This fellow said he had met some men in the camp who are from Michigan so after breakfast Stanley took Paul Owen for a walk and hunted these fellows. They were from Wyandotte, a smaller city right on the south edge of the city of Detroit. They told Stanley about ocean fishing and made a date for later in the day.

After lunch that first day everyone was anxious to go sight-seeing about Mt. Desert Island. As we drove over and about the place we were thrilled by its beauty, and remembered from our high school days the poem "Evangeline" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, whose lines immortalized these forests:

"This is a tale of Acadia,
The murmuring pines and the hemlocks...

Mt. Desert Island itself is separated from the mainland only by a very small river, so that one forgets the sense of feeling on an island. It is very mountainous territory, the mountainsides being heavily forested in spots and quite rocky in places. Cadillac Mountain is said to be the highest on the Atlantic seaboard and from its summit we could look in all directions upon one of the most majestic panoramas I have ever experienced. To the east was the shining Atlantic Ocean, at this point dotted with many yachts, which belonged to the wealthy vacationers at Bar Harbor. In the opposite direction, far, far below, nestled the city itself, clean and neat and picturesque; directly beyond it is Frenchman's Bay with numerous lovely green islands appearing to literally "float" on its blue, blue surface.

Bar Harbor proper caters to a class of more wealthy vacationers and so the hotels, inns and resorts are beautifully designed and well kept. Souvenirs were extremely high in price here and we bought none. All roads about the huge island were well built and in good repair so it was easy to travel about, even to the very top of Cadillac Mountain. There are numerous small villages throughout the area, some of them scarcely more than a cross-roads grocery store. One of the more important ones is Seal Harbor, a summer resort is here.



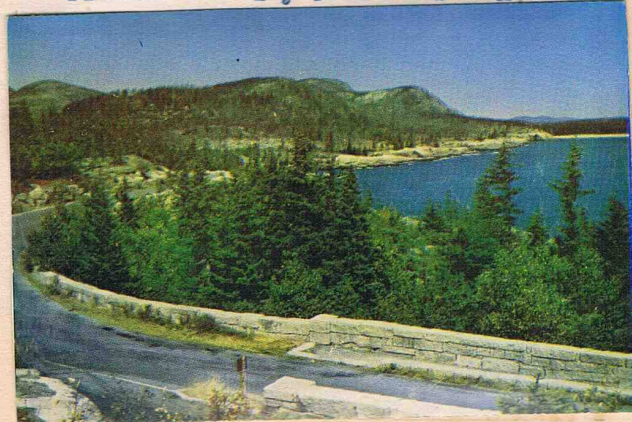
Frenchman's Bay & village of Bar Harbor



Auto Road on Cadillac Mountain



Frenchman's Bay Pier at Bar Harbor



Ocean Drive

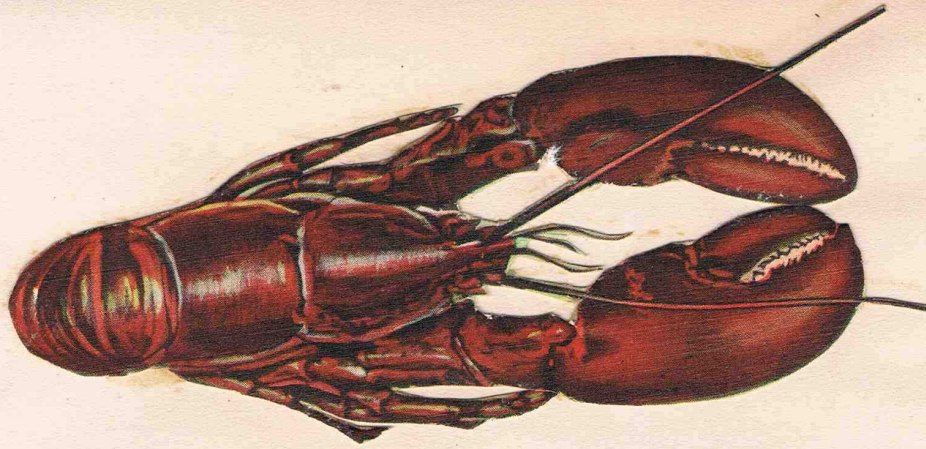
While we climbed over these dangerous rocks to the spot where the other men were fishing, I could think of nothing but pictures I had seen of mountain climbers clinging tenaciously to rocky ledges, and risking their lives over huge crevices and chasms. There were cracks in those cliffs where we might all have fallen and never been rescued. After we arrived at the proper place, true enough, there was a small area about the size of my dining room table which was smooth. But on any side there were sloping rocks where any of us could have zoomed down to trouble of any sort. I was afraid to move around much, but Paul Owen was my greatest worry. Bob fished right along with the men, Mary Ruth was fairly content to watch, but P. O. just wanted to hop around like a rabbit. I finally fished around in my bag and came up with a piece of clothes line rope which I fastened about his waist, and settled down, a little content with the conviction that at least if he disappeared into the briny deep, so would I. The tide was coming in and the waves were really churning against the rocks but the fish were biting and the men were really pulling them in. Almost as soon as they would throw out the hook, they would pull in a fish. The two other men were not interested in keeping them, so anything longer than twelve or fourteen inches they gave to us, throwing the smaller ones to the gulls, who promptly downed them whole and alive, head first. Mostly the fish were pollock, but some kind of a red fish was abundant which we never did quite identify. One quite large fish, a real beauty, was said to be a Cod, and it was the choice of the catch. When darkness began to fall it seemed wise to take the two smaller children back to the camp while we could see to climb over the rocky cliffs. They were very tired so I fed them and tucked them in.

A short time later Stanley and Bob returned with all the fish they could carry. By the light of the Coleman lantern we set to work. Stanley scaled, passed them on to me, I sliced a fillet off each side and tossed the rest out. Then we fried them, and ~~mmmmmmmmmmmm~~, what a supper that was! After we had eaten our fill we still had plenty to store in the refrigerator and ate them at another camp a couple of days later.

Because this fishing trip proved so interesting, Stanley crawled out at dawn the next morning for more of the same thing. Later we went on a little tour of the place to take some pictures. The scenery along Ocean drive is so very impressive and awe-inspiring that it is difficult to describe it. Let it be sufficient to say that it meets all our expectations and that all the pictures I had ever seen of Maine's rocky coast do not do it justice. The ocean is so very blue, the rocks so high and majestic, and the ^{SURF} so white and foamy, that one is spellbound with the beauty of it all.

Close by us here is a very interesting rock formation known as "Thunder Hole." A huge crevice in the rocks has been formed in some unknown way during the geological ages long past and an under-water cave extends back beneath the rocks. When the incoming tide flows back in this crevice with all the force it gathers on its way inland, it sets up a roar which can be heard quite a distance away. It is fun to stand and watch its action, but does make the stomach a little "Squirmy" to stand so near the edge of the rock, but it can be seen to its best advantage only from that particular spot. I think the children would have stayed here all day, if we had allowed them.





Lobster, Lobster, fare thee well!
For you we ring the dinner bell;
Water's ready, boiling hot,
Toss you, wriggling, in the pot!
Family's ready, blessing's said;
Lobster, now you're orangey-red...
Underneath, your meat is mellow...
Fare thee well, thou hard-shelled fellow!

.....Naomi Forkner

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Because in Maine Lobsters provide the chief shore industry, signs were everywhere advertising them for sale. They could be purchased in a variety of ways. Of course the traditional Lobster Dinner was available at any eating spot. There was also the "Lobster Rolls," where the meat was removed after cooking, mixed with other ingredients to make a type of salad and then served in toasted rolls. Out on the Island we saw numerous roadside shops where small "furnaces stood side by side" at the front of the place. These held huge sunken kettles where water was kept at the boiling point constantly. One could not only select the lobster of your choice but they would toss him into one of these kettles and by waiting 15 or 20 minutes he would be cook and ready to take home and eat immediately.

Neither I nor the children had ever eaten Lobster. Probably I had not because I likely shy about tackling it in a public eating place. So we decided that here was a good place to begin! However we desired to do the whole job ourselves, so we stopped at one of these little stores along the roadside where we picket out a couple of nice frisky fellows for our dinner.

Never cook a dead Lobster, an old fellow there told me. Never cook a dead Lobster! The reasons were reasonable. All shellfish deteriorate rapidly when they die so it is unsafe to run the risk. I later learned that the ones which are of the size we ordinarily buy are between six and seven years of age.

As soon as they are caught a good-sized wooden peg is driven behind the big claw, which prevents them from latching onto anything within reach. They are big-ugly, dark green guys, and naturally nobody wanted to hold them on the way home, for they rattled around very lively-like in the big paper bag the man had put them in. We put them on the floor of the car and turned them loose.

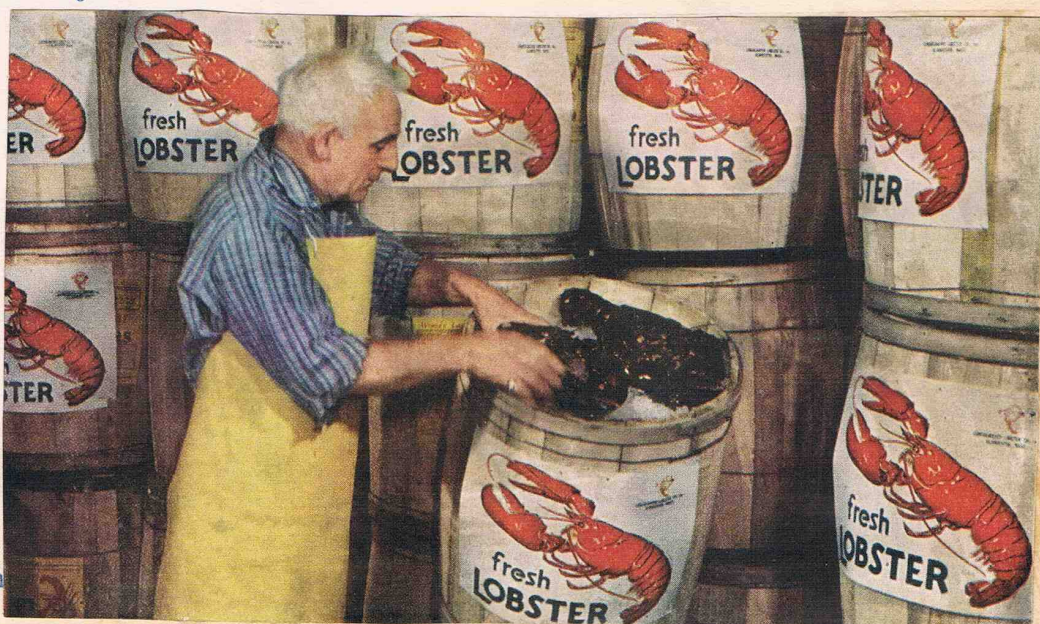
Back at the camp again we put a big kettle of water on to boil. The children had already announced their intention of eating none of "the stuff" so while the water came to a boil I prepared hamburger for them. Soon it was time to dump them into the pot, and I must admit, it did give me somewhat of a queer feeling to throw something alive into the boiling water, but the man said that's the way it must be done. In about twenty minutes they were a brilliant, orange-red, and were supposed to be done and ready to eat. It proved to be quite an operation just to get them out of the kettle but they were soon on our plates ready to be eaten. We found them very delicious, but felt they needed some sort of a sauce to really top them off.

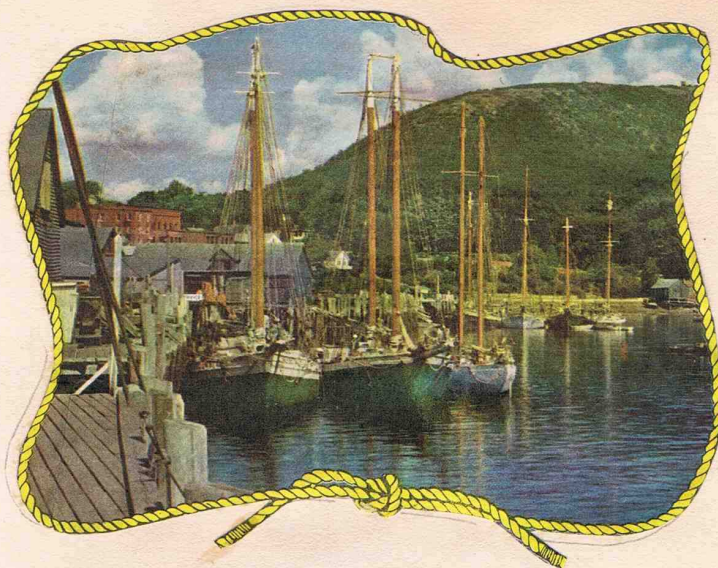
Lobstering does not lend itself to mass production methods. Each individual lobster is caught like a mouse in a trap, or pot. It is inshore work and conducted from small boats. But with the coming of power boats an individual lobsterman may care for as many as 100 traps.

We heard of these "pot" for some time and I think I was expecting something in the clay or ceramic line so was quite surprised to find that they resembled a round apple crate. One end had a net with a "hole" in the center, the fellow glides in and is trapped in the pot. Of course there is bait in there and each pot has a marker which floats to tell it's location. Production is very low in winter months so they are stored to meet the demand. When they are stored, they are kept alive in running salt water for they die in fresh water. They are fed every few hours on expensive food; then are packed in ice and shipped to all parts of the country. When we saw all of the details involved in the industry we better understood the reason for the high price of this product on the home market.



Lobster Pots - Mt. Desert in background





The final evening of our stay at Bar Harbor Stanley wanted very much to go ocean fishing again, but it seemed wise for me to stay and get things in order for traveling the next day. So he and Bob went down to Otter Cliffs while I and the two younger ones remained at the camp, much to the disappointment of the children. However Paul Owen persuaded her to take a walk with him so they visited all about the camp until dark. By then they had the personal histories of most of the people about the place well in mind. It helped her considerably to have me play Chinese Checkers with her after Paul Owen went to bed. Soon the men returned, saying that fishing had been excellent but they didn't bring any back with them for we didn't want to bother with the cleaning of them that night.

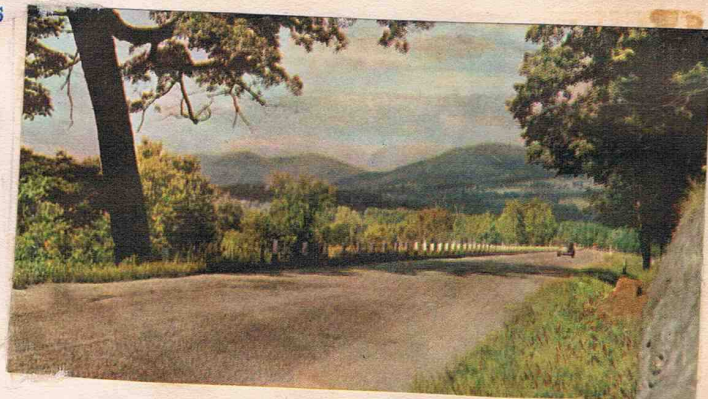
This has been such a fine spot here that I am somehow reluctant to move. But it seems so far from Detroit and the time is slipping by so rapidly that we knew we must start back westward tomorrow. We have traveled 2300 miles up to this point, and are at least 1000 miles from home. This seems in a way to mark a climax to our trip as though, up to this time we have been going away from home, but from here on we will be going back toward home. But I think the trip has been a success for already I am feeling willing to get back to our home and the duties it calls for. And I guess that is what a vacation is supposed to do for one. I sat outside under the stars for quite some time tonight, just thinking. I thought often of the vast multitudes of people who have missed such an experience as we were having, of feeling closer to God by living in the out-of-doors.

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The next morning we left the camp-ground about 9:30 but had to stop in Bar Harbor to go to the Post Office. We had left this as an address where either the church secretary or Stanley's folks could write us if they needed to, but there was no mail. So we went on our way content in the idea that "no news is good news."

This is another of the spots which we hope we may visit again some time. In fact, because fishing is always likely to be good here, it might be a good place to spend a couple of weeks or more.

The Trip westward across Maine and into New Hampshire was not particularly eventful, but at least the weather was cooler and this made for more comfortable driving. For the first half of this trip the countryside was not so rolling. Parts of it actually looked rather barren. In Maine we observed that in most cases the farm buildings were attached to the houses. First would be a small shed, probably for either coal or wood, which would be attached to the house proper. Next might come the granary, then the toolshed and garage, and finally the big barn. Often there would be half a dozen buildings in a long "chain" and one could go from one to the other without going outside. It was a peculiar looking set-up and didn't make much sense to us until we learned the reason for it. Winters are very severe through this part of New England, and, in case the farmers become "Snow-bound" (in the manner of which John Greenleaf Whittier wrote) it is no problem to get to and care for the livestock. We saw these not only in Maine, but also in New Hampshire.



The scenery is much more beautiful in the western section of the state. We watched intently for a potato patch but discovered after we came home that they were in the more Northern Section of the state.

We came into New Hampshire in the late afternoon and the mountains were lovely to behold. The summits were covered with a bluish-purple haze, the sunlight was soft and golden and the sky was dotted with feathery white clouds. I shall never forget the beauty of it all. The camp where we headed for lies between two mountain ranges and is known as "Franconia Notch State Park." As we approached the park we saw for the first time the "Old Man of the Mountains," a natural rock formation atop a mountain; It resembles a human face and the Indians first gave it its name. The camp ground is nestled right at the foot of the mountains, right on the edge of a clearing. Here, too, the sites are arranged around a circular driveway, with a grassy plot and tall oaks inside the circle.



rooms, moderately priced. Fireproof. All seasonal activities.

BOSTON—Rich in historical background and interesting events. A few of the outstanding points of interest for visitors are: Bunker Hill Monument, Boston Public Library, Paul Revere House, Old State House, Harvard University, and others. Nearby Suffolk Downs.

BELLEVUE HOTEL—On Beacon Hill, opposite the State House, overlooking historic Boston Common. A fine hotel with an air of dignity and quiet charm in a restful atmosphere.

KENMORE HOTEL—Commonwealth Avenue, Kenmore Square. On Rts. 1, 9, 30, 20, 128, 138. Only hotel in Boston with all dining rooms air-conditioned. Always ample parking space. AAA-ALA. You will enjoy this fine hotel known for its excellent accommodations and foods. Dinner music, cocktail ensemble.

MANGER HOTEL—Located at North Station, 500 rooms, equipped with private bath, shower, circulating ice water, radio, tickless electric clock, French telephone, full length mirror, servidor, air-conditioned dining rooms, banquet room. Ideally located for those attending Boston Garden events.

PARKER HOUSE—The internationally famous Parker House, located in the heart of Boston and adjacent to practically all business and historical points. All rooms have private restrooms.

NEW BEDFORD—a great whaling in Melville's "Moby-Dick." **NEW BEDFORD** rooms. Dining and unique cocktail lounge.

NORTHAMPTON—of former President Connecticut Valley

NORTHAMPTON **ERN**—Modern, Fire Popular prices. Air Century old tavern. Ample parking. G

PITTSFIELD—This tivity of the Berks **SHERATON HOTEL** modern convenient drive to Symphony apply manager.

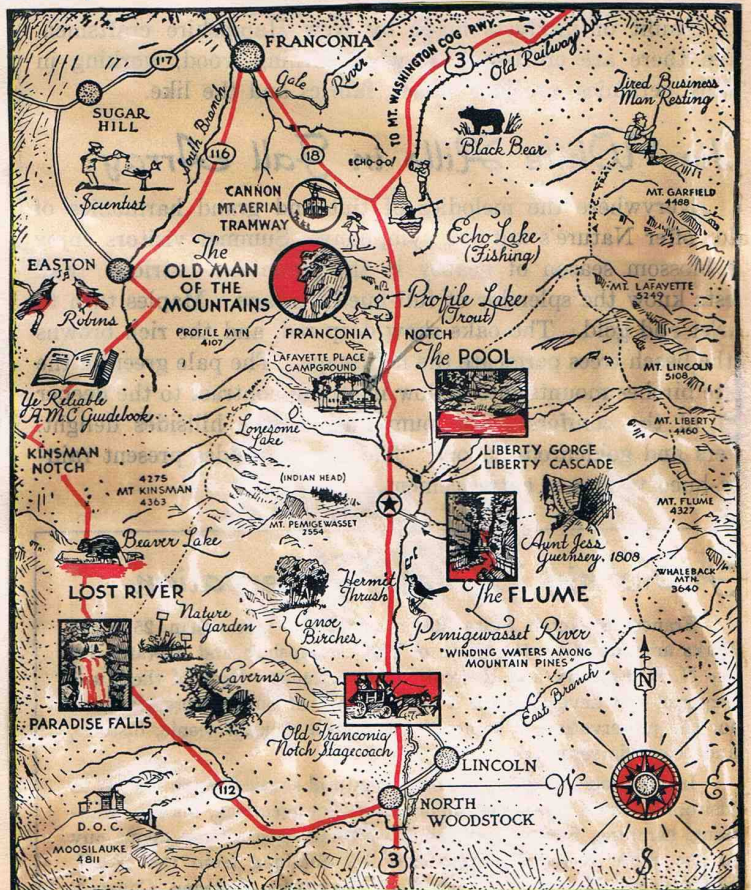
SOUTH EGREMONT Berkshire Regi sports facility

We were pleasantly surprised to find a playground here for children; this was the second such camp on the entire trip. Practically every camp-ground in our home state of Michigan is thus equipped so we were disappointed to find this not the case through most of the east. There are modern rest rooms here, a small store for minor supplies and I understand there is a place where one can take a hot bath for a quarter. There was also a laundry of sorts here but we never used it because we had rain so much that we couldn't dry the things.

It would not be fair to leave out the story of the "kitty." It was our first night at Franconia Notch and we had not been sleeping long when I was awakened by a noise just outside the tent. We had often heard animals prowling around outside and usually thought nothing of it for as a rule our supplies were well tied inside the trailer. But this seemed a little different so I got the flashlight, slipped into my shoes and went outside to investigate. I looked around and saw nothing immediately, but in a moment found the sound to be coming from within a large grocery-store paper bag in which I had tossed the rubbish and garbage after the evening meal. By now Stanley had appeared on the scene and we watched the bag move around for a while, then Stanley took hold of one corner of it and shook it violently several times. Slowly the bag flopped over on its side and very quietly out walked his honor, the skunk; he simply stood and looked the light right in the eye. I really froze to the spot and expected the worst right then and there. Stanley said later that he did not realize what kind of an animal it was, but I was relieved that he didn't try to get rough with him. Slowly he turned about and walked away a few steps, then turned and stared at us a little longer. This he repeated several times until he disappeared into the woods. It was with a great deal of relief that we crawled back into our beds. I still wonder what we would EVER have done if all our tent, bedding, clothing, etc., had become polluted, not to mention us, ourselves.

The next morning we looked over some literature which we had picked up when we came in and were convinced that this would be a really beautiful spot to spend the Labor Day Weekend. We planned the activities so that every hour of every day was full, but we were in for quite a change of plans for the sky clouded over and it became foggy before noon. The worst of the story is that it never cleared until the day we left. We could hardly complain for we had had three weeks of ideal camping weather, which seemed to us to be very unusual. However the next three days made up for it all!

There was a young man from the city
 Who met what he thought was a kitty.
 He gave it a pat
 And said, "Nice little cat."
 They buried his clothes, out of pity.



The rain was not the only hindrance to certain activities we might have engaged in while here. We were beginning to feel closer toward the end of the trip and must count the shekels a little more carefully. And not much that I've seen so far has been free.

When we arrived, the weather was clear, and so we stopped and watched the Cannon Mountain Aerial Tramway. We were quite a distance from it so returned the following morning to watch it more closely. The cars, which are suspended from steel cables hung on three massive steel towers, each accommodate 27 passengers. Several safety devices so the people will not be in danger. It is a continuous ride of over a mile, a vertical ascent of 2,022 feet in less than eight minutes. At the top, guides will take the people on trips along the Rim Trail to a Summit Observation Platform where one can get an expansive view of the mountains and valleys in all directions. The cost was \$1.25 per person and it seemed we could scarcely afford it this late in the trip. However after we returned to the tent, we talked it over and decided that Stanley would take the children and go on the trip later. I did not want to go for such heights do things to my stomach, so he agreed to go. However, that night it set in to raining and a very heavy fog covered all of the mountains so the trip never materialized.

The first day we spent here we did have some fog, and the skies were overcast, but the rain did not come until during the night. We rode down the highway, U. S. No. 3, which follows the "Notch" for many miles and found every inch of the way was scenic and almost like a picture book. Because this was a holiday week-end, and the last one of the season at that, the highway was jammed with cars and all of the motels and cabins were full to capacity.

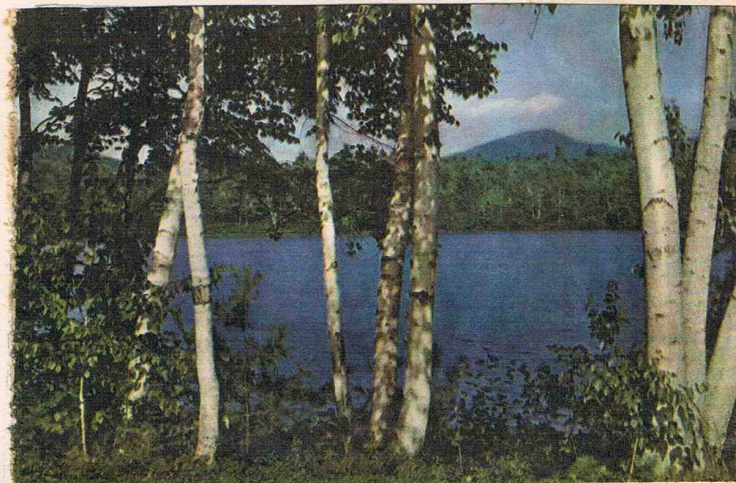
Here all of the wood is cut and provided for the campers so on Saturday evening we had a nice little weiner roast. The previous Friday night I had fried the last of the fish caught from the Atlantic Ocean.



If one has read any Indian lore at all, it is easy to see how they came to worship the "Great Profile" as a God. Sometimes it is called the "Old man of the Mountains" and also "The great Stone Face." When we drove in that first evening the sun was just right to view it at its best and we were thrilled at the beauty of it. It is said that this rock formation was not seen by white men until the summer of 1805 when Francis Whitcomb and Luke Brooks were surveying for a road through the notch. While washing their hands in the spring-fed lake which is now known as Profile Lake, they gazed upward upon this remarkable scene and exclaimed, "That is Jefferson," he then being President.



At the foot of Cannon Mountain lies a lovely little lake called "Echo Lake." It is clear and blue and at one end is a lovely little beach. On Saturday afternoon, even though it was cloudy we took the children and swam there. It was our first swim since leaving Bar Harbor and we found the water much warmer than the Ocean. I recall that while there a terrific wind came up so we had to hurry back to the tent to tie down our belongings.

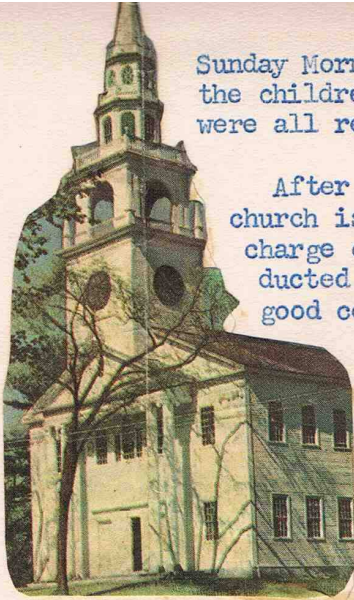


THE FLUME GORGE was one sight which we never got to see because of the rain. It was necessary to walk over a half mile on a narrow foot-path beyond the place where the bus could take us and we could not relish the idea of being drenched for several hours in order to see it. The same is true of many other noted spots.

"The Birches" at Franconia Notch

This Saturday Evening I was led to believe that Paul Owen was homesick for he asked me several times if we might go on home and not camp any more. However, I did not hear any such suggestion from either of the other two.

About 2:30 in the morning I awakened to hear rain coming down in torrents on the roof of the tent. Of course the sound is magnified if the tent is stretched tightly as ours was. I got the flashlight and got up to see if everyone was snug when I spied the leak. It was about mid-way up the side of the tent, right over the side where the children lay in their sleeping bags. Then I remembered. Once, in moving from one camp to another, a tin container of Lux dishwashing detergent had somehow had its cap loosened and some of the stuff had oozed out on the tent. Of course those detergents are powerful grease-cutters so naturally it had cut the wax coating on the tent over a spot about the size of my hand and the rain was seeping through. I looked the situation over and decided I couldn't do much about it that time of night, so threw an old plastic table cloth over the sleeping bags and went back to sleep. It is things like this which take some of the fun out of camping!



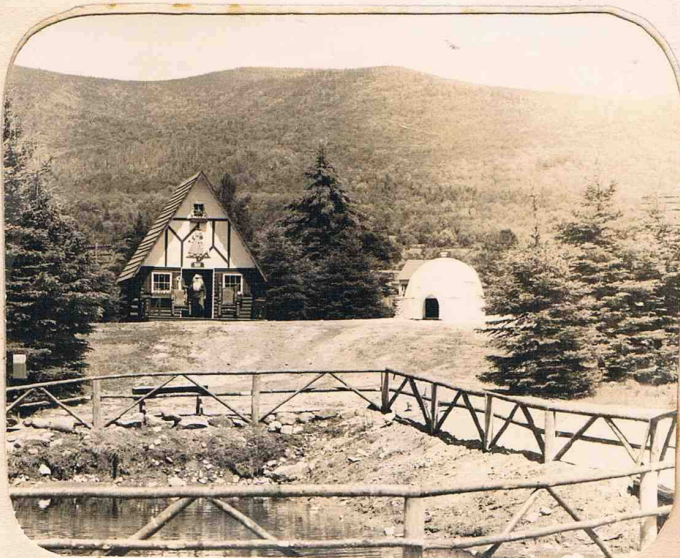
Sunday Morning, Sept 6th dawned cool, wet and foggy. After Breakfast the children were cleaned up and put in the car one at a time until we were all ready to leave to find a church to attend.

After a very short while we finally chose a little Free Methodist church in a small village close by. Here we found a woman preacher in charge of the service and were delighted with the splendid way she conducted it. The sermon was fine and we thought she had particularly good command of her vocabulary.

We drove about thirty miles south to Lincoln for our Sunday dinner and found the sun shining intermittently. We hoped the weather was clearing but as we again headed north the fog was still heavy and in places a fine drizzle was falling.

Some literature had come our way telling of a place of special interest to the Children called "Santa's Village." Since an afternoon lay ahead with nothing to do, we decided this would be a good way to entertain the children. So we started on this trip of about 50 miles (one way.) While riding along the kiddies kept asking us where we were going and we'd carelessly answer, "Oh, we're going to see Santa Claus!" Of course they laughed this off so naturally it was quite a surprise when we kept our word.

Here, nestling among the pines in the White Mountains of New Hampshire is Santa's Village, a group of buildings, very quaint and picturesque in design are arranged in a semicircle with the "North Pole" and an igloo in the center. The first building houses puppets and a mechanical orchestra, beautifully costumed and producing all sorts of Yuletide music. Next is the Post office, where one can send Santa-grams, Messages of Christmas cheer which are written then and there and mailed to one's friends at Holiday time. Here also we bought film, pictures & post-cards. I bought slides, since the weather prohibited my taking kodachromes. Next was old Santa's house and how clever it was! The old fellow himself was there passing out candy to all the children and visiting with every one of them. Then we came to the souvenir shop, followed by the toy shop, and finally the dairy bar. There was a wishing well where coins could be tossed toward aiding underprivileged children. Friendly little lambs and goats wandered about the grounds and ate out of the children's hands. A duck pond was there and the ducks and geese were very tame. Finally, off to itself among the trees was a very beautiful shrine, a nativity scene with all the figures life-size, even the sheep and cattle and far to the right, the camels and wise men. Up in the trees shone an electric star to complete the scene. The children, especially Paul Owen, still talk of the day we saw Santa in his own house.



It was very late when we arrived back at the camp ground, and although it wasn't exactly raining at the moment, everything was pretty soggy. This was the one time of the entire trip when it all got a little unpleasant. The table and seats were wet, the firewood was all soaked and even the interior of the tent was damp. However the faithful Coleman was in its usual fine shape, so we prepared our supper and were in bed before long, tired enough to go to sleep right away.

It did seem too bad that such horrible weather should come right over the Labor Day week-end for it is always the last fling at summer vacationing for most folks. During the latter part of this Sunday Evening we watched a large group of young people pitch their tent directly across the circle from us. They were having a gay and hilarious time; had evidently brought along some dry firewood and kept a roaring fire going while they made camp. Their tent was a large white one and looked like quite an ancient affair. It was large; there must have been a dozen or more of them to occupy it. They laughed and sang and played, in fact they were still singing when we went to sleep.

We were awakened some time later to hear the terrific sound of rain literally pouring down again. At the same time we could see very bright lights shining outside somewhere near, but the down-pour was too violent to see about it so we had to let it go. Next morning we learned that the big white tent had leaked like a sieve and the campers had pulled stakes and got going at 2:30 A. M. We got more water in the tent ourselves but the sleeping bags seemed quite dry inside. It was practically impossible to dry anything out during the day, though, because of the continual heavy fog and drizzle.

Monday morning, Labor Day dawned, and what a day! Not exactly raining, although the fog is so dense it might as well be rain. The ground is squashy underfoot. It took effort to keep from complaining, but we tried to remember all of the nice weather we had enjoyed up to this point.

To make matters so much worse, Stanley felt quite ill today. Said he was aching over most of his body as though he could be contracting the flu. His stomach seemed a bit upset so as soon as the fog lifted slightly we drove to a grocery store to try to find suitable food for him, and also get some Sal Hepatica. This, together with aspirin brought only slight relief. The three children played right out in the fog on the playground until lunch time and by then it had reduced itself to a slow and steady drizzle. After we ate Stanley lay for a while inside the tent and I amused the kiddies in the car for an hour or so. Then we laid the largest suitcase on its side in the middle of the tent floor and we all sat cross-legged around it for games. We played everything we had along, flinch, touring, old maid, checkers, chinese checkers, etc.

About 5:30 we had all had all we could take of this, so we ventured onto the highway and visited a little arts and crafts shop about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away. Here all sorts of craft-work is for sale, hand loomed objects, hooked rugs, and skillfully constructed furniture. All was made by natives of New Hampshire but the prices were prohibitive. It was fun looking through the place. When we got back to the highway we could scarcely see four feet ahead of the car in some places, but everyone was crawling along at a snail's pace so it wasn't too dangerous.

We couldn't possibly have gotten together a meal at camp so went to buy us some supper. This the children always loved, since they got a chance to select what they wanted themselves. In such cases Paul Owen invariably ordered a "hot dog sandwich." After we ate we knew it was foolish to expect the children to settle down for the night at seven o'clock even though Stanley and I could easily have done so. Up the street was a tiny theatre and when we learned the feature that evening was a Red Skelton picture we decided to take it in. It was a hilarious comedy, and in addition some cute cartoons for children. They had a high old time. When we got back to the tent, I was very tired, Stanley felt ill again, and the children felt frisky as young spring lambs!

The wind was blowing terrifically when we arrived at the camp but we didn't mind for we knew that would help dry things. We found two of the sleeping bags a little damp, so we made a bed for Mary Ruth on the front seat of the car, one for Bob on the rear seat, told them goodnight and locked them in. In the morning they declared it was great fun and begged to do it again. Except that I was a little disturbed over Stanley's health, we slept pretty good that night. After all, we were about 800 miles from home and he had all of the driving to do.

After we had been back home for some time, I overheard Mary Ruth and Bob discussing the whole trip. They were trying to decide which had been the best day of the whole vacation and agreed upon Labor Day! I am quite sure Stanley and I would have voted it quite the worst, and they thought it best!

Somehow as I review the trip, I look back upon this spot in the White Mountains as being one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Even though we did have two days of rain, I am thankful for the little bit of sunshine we saw for it was enough to make us realize the loveliness of it all. I have read many times that this territory is most beautiful in Autumn when the mountainsides are ablaze with color so we both have a desire to return a little later in the fall sometime.

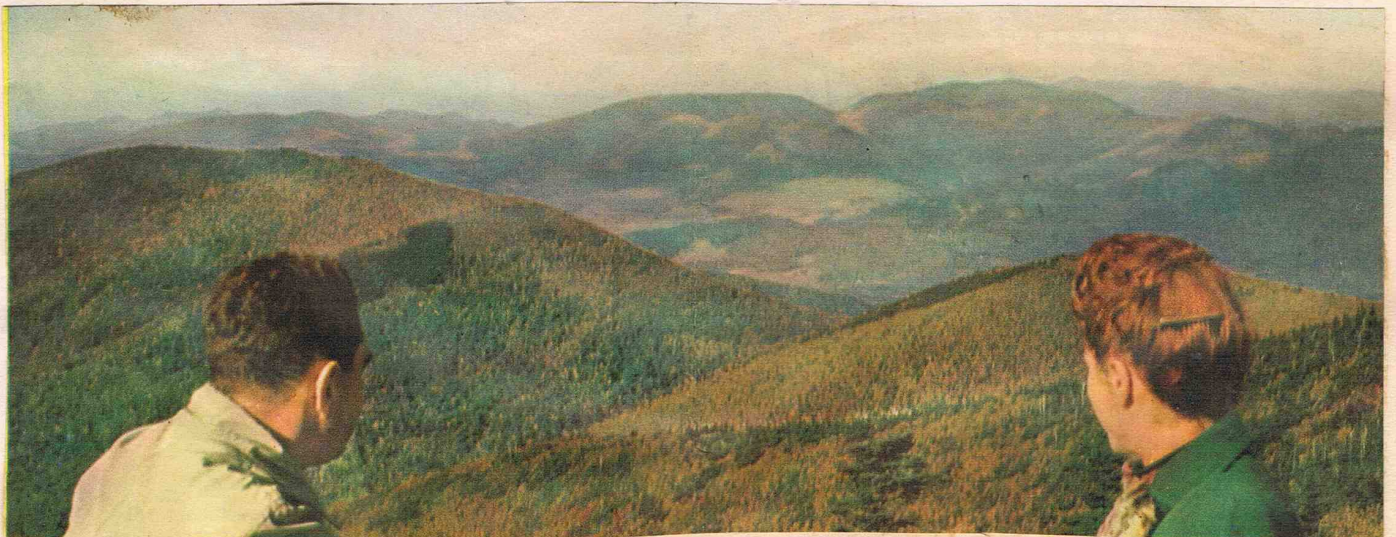


The "scene" we have never "seen"

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Tuesday Morning, Sept. 8th dawned a bit windy, but a cloud still hung over the top of the mountains. It was difficult to pack because of so many wet things, but we were ready to leave about 9:15. Even if it was wet and uncomfortable here I felt a little sadness at leaving. We started westward and before we had covered fifteen miles the sun was shining brightly and all the earth looked so fresh and clean that one would have almost thought it spring instead of nearly fall. Much of the scenery along this route was indeed lovely, really more so than the pictures we had seen of it all.

It is difficult to say where the White Mountains end and the Green Mountains begin.



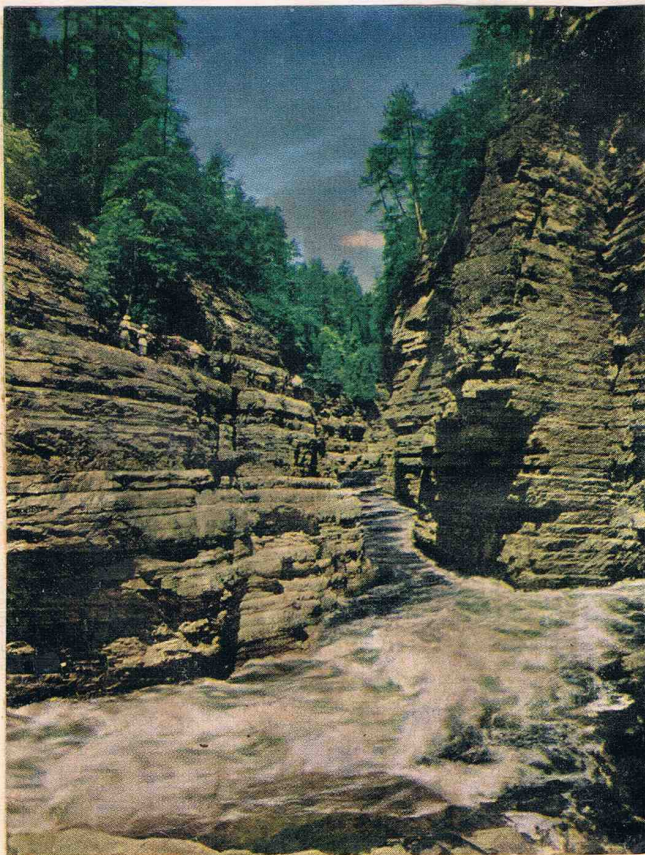
As a whole, the White Mountains seem more rocky, while the Green Mountains of Vermont would appear to be more thickly forested. This is my own observation and may have nothing to do with the naming of them. As we passed through Barre, Vt., we stopped and saw the huge granite quarries of the Rock of Ages Company. They are simply too large to describe. A special little observation platform had been built especially for visitors but it made me very dizzy to look down into such depths.

A little farther on we saw the famous "Cross-Road Store" but time did not permit us to stop.

The rural area of Vermont was very picturesque, peaceful green valleys dotted with neat farm buildings, and cattle grazing in small pastures.

Each particular locality of course has habits and customs found no where else. I think of one thing which I observed about this territory. Each house, no matter how humble or how "swanky" had a clothes line on the porch (often the front porch) with some laundry hanging on it. We passed lovely farm homes, with large lawns all about the houses, yet the wash would be hanging on some porch instead of out in the wind and sun. This custom I can't explain, but we saw few houses which were the exception.

At Burlington we boarded a tiny ferry (capacity, about 20 cars) which took us across Lake Champlain. It was an expensive trip, about \$5.20 I believe. But if you remember your geography, you recall that



this lake is ^{LONG} and our route landed us about mid-way the length of it so it was cheaper to ferry across than to drive around. Not to mention the time saved, which was beginning to be an important factor with us. We ate our lunch while on the boat, then spent the rest of the time on deck watching the scenery. The lake was bright blue, and fairly quiet.

When we arrived on the other side we were back in the state of New York again. A few minutes drive and we crossed the Au Sable River. This is a very scenic spot known as the Au Sable Chasm and one got a lovely view from the bridge. I have an excellent kodachrome of this scene. On the entire trip this was one of the few things we could see from the highway, usually one has to walk or take a sight-seeing bus to see what there is to see.



Soon we were in the midst of the Adirondack Mountains and rolling along excellent highway. We passed through many resort towns, the largest and best known is Lake Placid. It is here that Kate Smith lives during the summer.

Stanley had felt very weak all day and by four o'clock I could see that he was white and drawn, so I suggested that we try to find the nearest State Forest Camp and pull in. He agreed to this so I found one about thirty miles ahead. After stopping to buy groceries it was about 5:30 when we registered at Cranberry Lake State Forest Camp. These Campsites are usually a little smaller but otherwise about as comfortable as the regular State Parks. However occasionally one finds that the State Parks have a store, sanitary plumbing, etc., whereas the forest

camps usually have only primitive facilities. The putting up of the tent, even with all of us helping proved so very tiring that for a while I was afraid he was going to faint. But he rested while I prepared the meal and after eating the hot food he said he felt some better. It was very chilly here, in fact it was just 50 degrees at 8:30 PM.

Mary Ruth and Bob begged to sleep in the car again, and as we hadn't had a chance to dry out their sleeping bags it seemed well to let them do so. Of course they had to alternate seats.

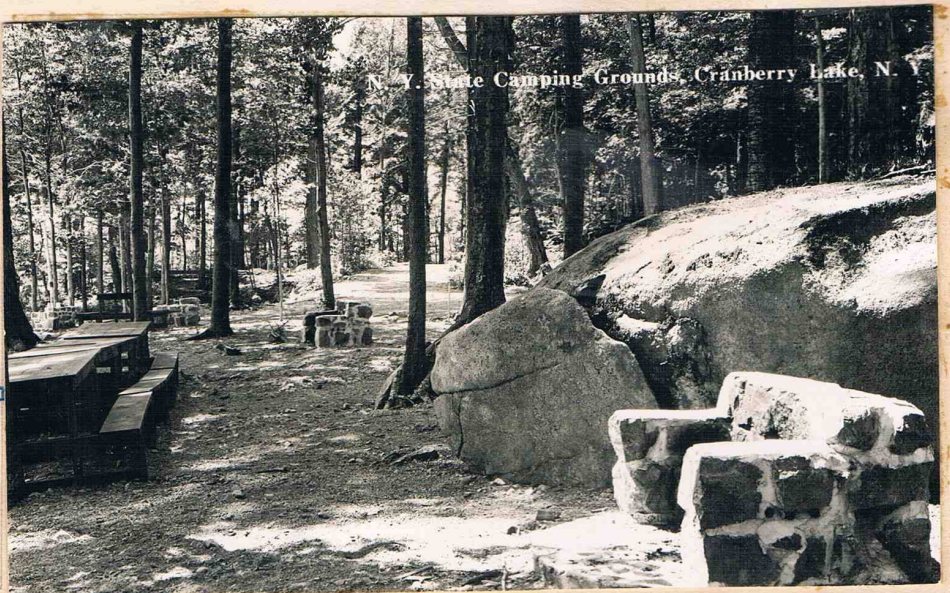
It was a very beautiful night, sky clear, stars twinkling, and we sure are hoping for good weather the remainder of the way home.

Since Labor Day is past most campers have gone on home and it seemed as if we were the only ones in the camp. But I think there were a couple of house trailers there.

We were all in bed at 8:30 and did not get up until 8:00 the next morning, so felt well rested. Some animal helped himself to our food during the night, besides getting into the garbage can and strewing the contents about the place.



A scene along Lake Placid, N. Y.

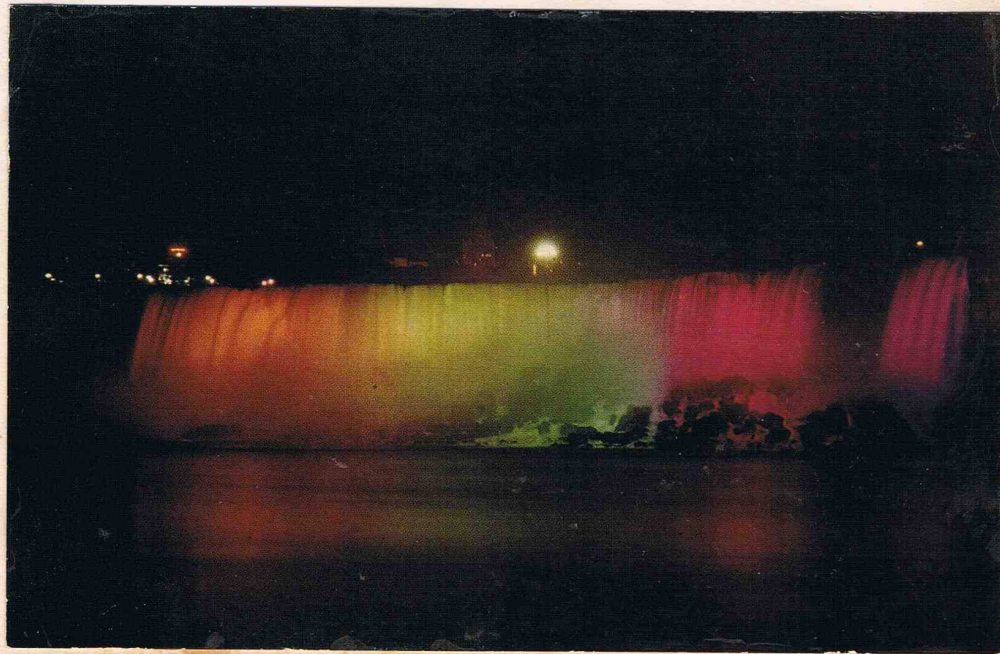


When we arose the next morning we discovered a most beautiful day, rich sunshine and a clear, blue sky overhead. It was still quite chilly so we lost no time hustling about and preparing something for us to eat. Stanley said he felt much better except for a continuing feeling of weakness. With everyone helping we were soon on our way. Like all other moving days, I felt sorry to leave the camp so soon, and still have a desire to return again some time.

As we traveled today, the children were cross and irritable. I think they have probably had enough of this gypsy life and it will be good for them to get back to routine living. For that matter I believe it will be good for all of us to be back to our regular jobs again. It annoyed Stanley to hear the children quarrel so most of the trip was occupied with my efforts to keep them happy. Often that is quite a task.

We selected a state park along the shore of Lake Ontario as a place to have our lunch. I heated some soup while Stanley sat and soaked up some sunshine. The kiddies played about the park and, as I supposed on the beach. In a few minutes I found him ^{PAUL OWEN} far out on the end of a long pier, a very dangerous place. My heart stood still; I was afraid to call him lest it frighten him, and afraid to slip up on him for fear the sudden scare might cause him to lose his balance. Finally he turned around and walked back, and for some queer reason, I felt myself going all weak in the knees.

We arrived in Niagara Falls, Ontario about 7:00 PM after driving 313 miles. There are no camping grounds near to Niagara, and because of Stanley's fatigue and weakness we decided to rent a cabin for this night and then drive on to Detroit the next day. Our original plan was to get home on Sept. 11th, but now felt that



Stanley needed more rest at home to prepare for the week-end. Since Labor Day was over cabins were more than plentiful. Our cabin had a nice kitchen. As soon as we had a good hot supper we all went to see the Falls. Stanley and I had been there before but had not seen them by night with the beautiful colored lights playing upon them. Of course we remained on the Canadian side. The children were very much impressed with all of this and dashed hither and yon and were difficult to keep track of.

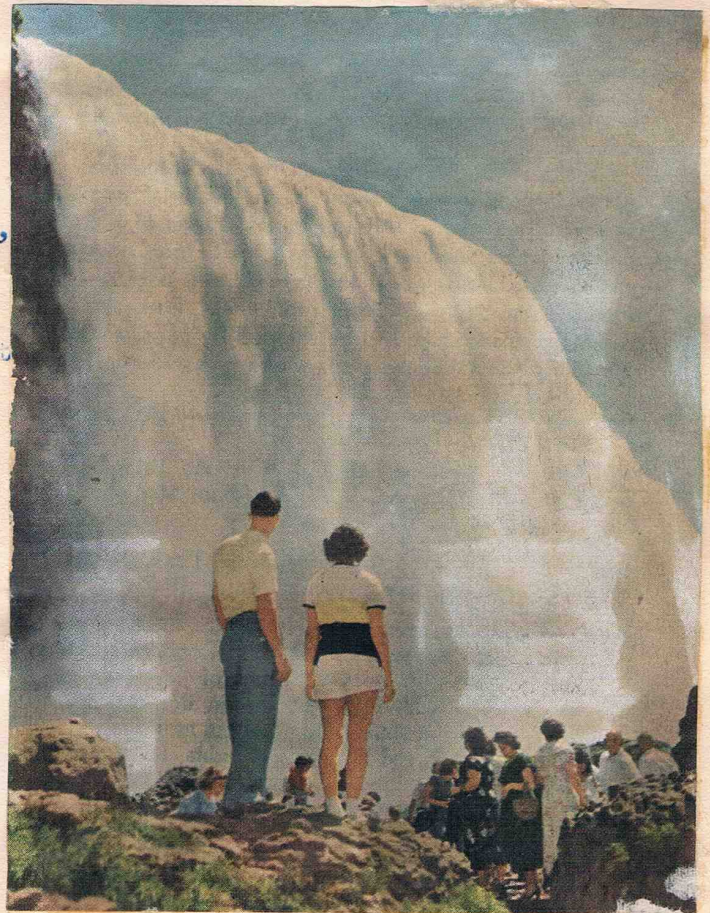
After we returned to our cabin we had hot baths and slept in an honest-to-goodness bed. And it was surprising how good it felt.

Thursday Morning everyone felt well rested and ready for part of a day of sight-seeing. The children could scarcely wait for us to get breakfast over and the place tidied, so anxious were they to see the Falls again.

When we arrived at Rainbow Bridge, we found that there was the usual red tape to go through to go back across into USA only to return in a few hours. We soon decided how to beat that game. We parked the car on the Canadian side and walked over the Bridge. We all liked the walk over for we could pause and look at the over-all view as long as we liked. From this point one can see both the Canadian and American Falls equally as well. One could capture a bit of the feeling old Father Hennepin must have had when, after standing spell-bound at the sight of its thundering cataracts, he was moved to exclaim, "The Universe does not afford its parallel!" These words were uttered in 1678 and for these many years Niagara has been the best known and most visited waterfall in the world. It is a unique vacationland. Our children had somewhere heard that many honeymooners come here and had a great time trying to pick them out of the crowd. One such couple approached me and had me snap their picture amid the beautiful gardens on the Canadian side.

After we were on the American side, we took the elevator and went down to nearly the lower water level. Here is an excellent spot to see the falls very closely. I was able to get an excellent kodachrome from this point. On this particular day the wind was in the proper direction to blow quite a spray on us; of course I didn't care to get soaked to the skin but before I knew it all three children were right in the thick of it having a great time..

I was only sorry that we were so near the end of the trip that we had to hurry along. Of course we were all sorry that we were almost at the end of the vacation's budget, too!



It goes without saying that the Waterfall is not all that Niagara has to offer. For thirty-five miles from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario there are scores of other fascinating places. But because of the shortage of time we visited only a few in the immediate area.

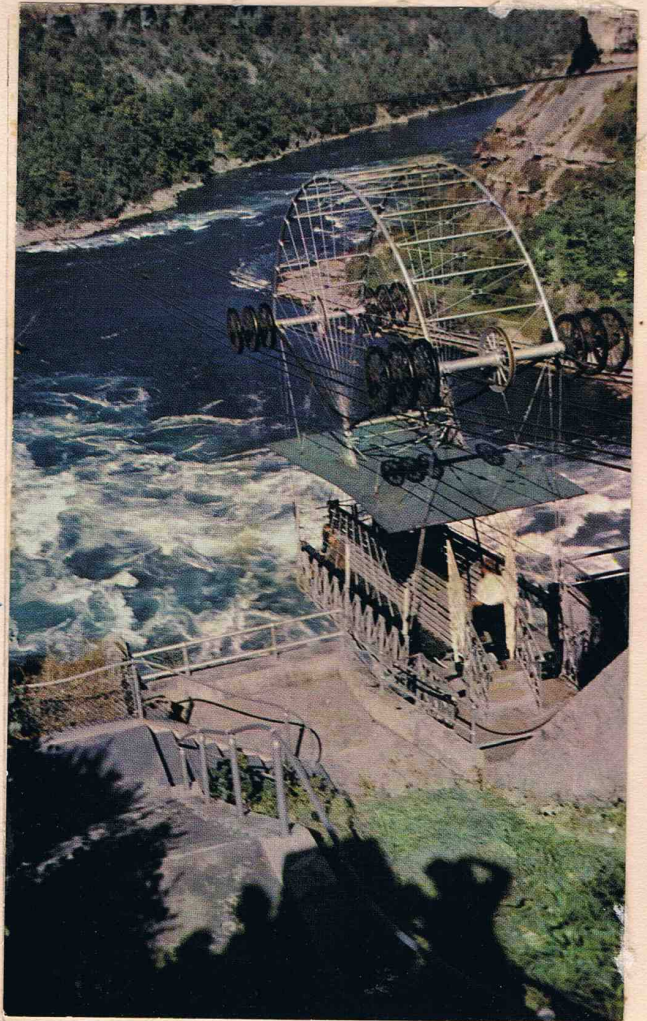
There is the Spanish Aerocar over the famous Whirlpool. Suspended only by Steel Cables, this steel car transports visitors to and fro over the Whirlpool. Stanley and I have always been quite contented to merely watch this operation, but now that we have children old as they are, they are all for a ride on it. I don't know; it still looks ridiculous to me, but maybe some time in the future I could be talked into it, but I doubt it very much.

An engineering marvel is the Hydro-Floral Clock, largest in the world. In summer it requires 24,000 plants to carpet its 38 ft. circular dial. The passing quarter-hours are marked by notes from its miniature chimes, which originate in an acoustical chamber and are amplified to sound like the chimes of a carrillon.

Nearby is the new Sir Adam Beck -Niagara Generating plant No. 2 fed by water through 2 45-foot cylindrical tunnels driven through solid rock hundreds of feet below the city of Niagara Falls. Because the Niagara River can be made to drop 295 ft at Queenston, 50% more power can be generated there than could be generated from the same amount of water in the vicinity of the Falls, where a maximum drop of only 200 ft. can be obtained, hence the expenditure of \$300,000,000 on Hydro-Tunnels under the city. Construction work on this plant's expansion was most interesting to observe.

We ate our lunch on the American side, and soon found that time was passing by all too rapidly. So we took the walk back over the bridge, inspected a few of the souvenir shops, patronizing none of them, and were soon at the car again.

It is easy to see how one could come again and again to Niagara Falls and never tire of the sights. Already the children talk of wanting to go back sometime.



We returned to the cabin, attached the trailer and pulled out, heading for Detroit about 3:00. This was a comparatively peaceful trip. The children napped frequently and while awake talked a great deal about school, which had opened the day before. In spite of all of their previous talk of dreading the starting of school, one could tell that they were anxious to be there.

We had the evening meal in the car in order to save time. The only stop we made was for gasoline and allowed the kiddies to run about for a few minutes. It was about 10:30 when we rolled up in front of 29700 Greenland Ave., Livonia. And of course Home never looked better. Especially the Television.

After looking over nearly four weeks of accumulated mail, and tucking the children back into their own beds again, I took a few moments to myself and quietly thanked God for the blessings of it all. Before we began the trip I had determined that I would endeavor to use this time for His glory and prayed that all we saw and discovered of His Creation would tend to draw us closer to Him. And I believe it did.

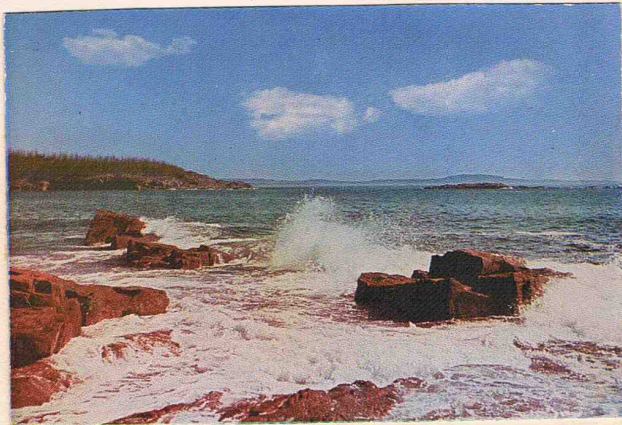
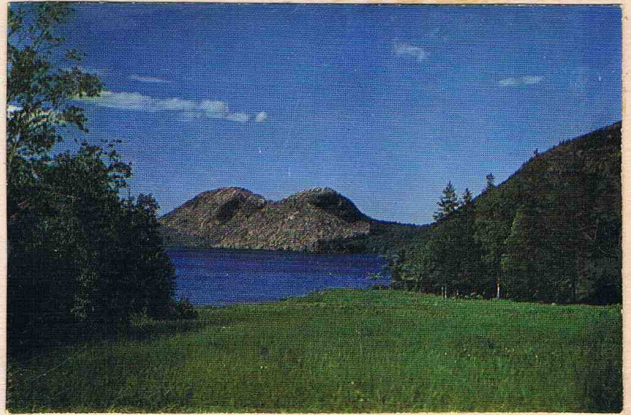


We climbed the rocky mountain crag

Which stands unmoved by wind and storm;

Looked on the valleys far below,

And thought of Him who gave them form..



We stood beside the ocean blue,

We watched the rolling of the tide,

And knew the greatness of His love

Which shall forevermore abide...

We watched the roaring waterfall

Majestic in its might and power,

And felt the strength and wisdom of

Our God, who watches every hour.....



.....Naomi Forkner

So many folk have asked me about various phases of camping that I decided to this additional page or two to answer some of the questions. Right here let me say that we are far from veteran campers; we have really only spent our summer vacations in this manner for two seasons. But we have learned a great deal about it in these two trips.

I do not believe that campers are made, rather they are born. Some folks particularly women, would not like it and would have a perfectly miserable time at it. If you cannot stand a few flies occasionally, or if you cannot stand a little dirt once in a while in your food, I would advise against camping. Most camps are in a sandy spot but sometimes we found a spot where the sand was dirty, and it was difficult to keep the children clean. Often smoke or ashes from the camp fire will get in the skillet, or an insect will fall from a tree into your plate. Sometimes we have to accustom ourselves to sand in the sleeping bags, or clothes wrinkled from packing. We often have to make a little water go a long way. But if one really likes roughing it, or if one really wants a vacation from house-keeping, then camping is the answer. I remember a couple we met in Pennsylvania. They were, incidentally, from Detroit, folk about our age with one son about eight years of age. Father and son were in their glory, but poor Mother was absolutely miserable. While the men were exploring the park, having a good time, she was polishing the coffee pot to a mirror's finish, or brushing off the tent with a whisk broom because she had found some dust on it. She carried a fly swatter with her continually and was constantly trying to straighten the little boys clothes or comb his hair or clean his shoes. I really felt sorry for her.

Some asked me if I was afraid of vermin or pests getting inside the tent. The first summer we had the children camping I did entertain a few ideas about this. We carried army cots for them to sleep on, having borrowed a folding 45 in. bed which Stanley and I used. You can imagine how crowded a 9 x 12 tent when all this was up for the night. We met so many other folk who were sleeping on the floor of the tent that I decided it was foolish to carry these cots. So this past summer we put them on the floor, placing the sleeping bags on inflated air mattresses. This worked much better. Most tents have the Bobbinet curtain which can be securely fastened, either zippered or tied, plus the drill curtain over the door, likewise to be well fastened down. So we were really quite snug and never have we so far been bothered in the least. Each evening we would spray thoroughly all about the tent and were never bothered with mosquitoes in the least.

Another person asked if there would be any possible way to locate us in the event of a sudden death or emergency in the ranks of the immediate families of either of us. We understand that the State Police can locate us as long as we camp in the state parks. And while the children are small we will probably camp in state parks where there are better facilities than out in the wilds.

Some have wondered if it were possible to remain comfortable on a Camping trip if it rains. Of course when the environment is wet it is always more snug inside than out. But certain activities lend themselves to rainy days. These are the days one can take automobile trips, or as we mentioned in the previous pages, play games with the children. Usually the rain doesn't last long, then everything can be aired out and thoroughly dried and in a few hours you will forget that it rained.

Many people, when they think of camp food, think of hot dogs and canned beans and potato chips. We believe that we enjoyed excellent food while on these jaunts and, with the help of our three-burner Coleman gasoline stove, could prepare about anything we could prepare at home. We have not yet purchased the little oven, but rather purchased all of our baked goods from the super markets or bakeries. It is necessary to shop for food every day. Our small refrigerator will keep the milk cold, also the meat keeps safe overnight, otherwise not much can be stored.

A few paragraphs here about the type of equipment and the cost of it will answer many requests for this information. It is true that the initial cost of the things needed for camping may seem high. But once they are obtained they can be used for many years, with, of course a certain amount of deterioration. Also, when one considers the cost of taking a vacation in the usual manner of traveling, an amount may be spent on one trip equal to the amount necessary to buy the complete list of camping gear. We met a fellow in New Hampshire who, with his wife and three boys had been spending on an average of \$15.00 per night just for motel space for them to sleep. If they traveled for 24 days as we did that would amount to \$360.00 just for sleeping space for them. On our 24 days of camping we spent \$18.25 for campsite rent and \$5.00 the last night for a cabin. (The three children slept on the floor in their sleeping bags, in the kitchen, Stanley and I in a bed, otherwise it would have been \$12.00)

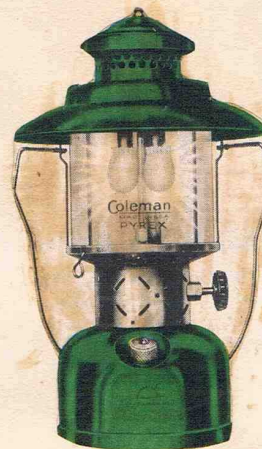
Our tent is 9 x 12 and is called the "Sportmen's Tent," it is the main item which we purchased the first summer. We borrowed from kind friends a gasoline stove, also a couple of sleeping bags, but bought our little refrigerator. We also bought a top carrier for the car and that season managed to travel by using the car trunk, top carrier and back seat for the gear. However this past year we found it more comfortable with the trailer for the supplies and the back seat for just us.



The second year we bought the rest of the things we needed. However some careful watching all of the year round will net some real bargains as it did us. During the winter Stanley happened to run across a real bargain on sleeping bags. These had been rolled, lying in a show window and the sun had faded out streaks on the covers. Otherwise they were in perfect condition. To us this was a minor defect and Stanley purchased all three for \$25.00. These have proved highly satisfactory and when you consider that some sleeping bags sell for as high as a hundred dollars and more, this is a real steal. Later he ran across another sale and bought two more for \$28.00.

In Equipment we have the following invested:

Tent	\$ 70.00
Sleeping Bags	53.00
Air mattresses	44.00
Folding bed	25.00
Coleman Stove and rack	24.00
Refrigerator	10.00
Coleman Lantern	12.00
Kamp Kook Kit	8.00
	<hr/>
	246.00



Of course there is no limit to all the accessories one can buy for camping trips. It is like any other hobby, when one gets in a store, such as an army surplus store, many items strike the fancy. However when it comes time to pack and travel, it is surprising what all we can do without. One has to continually keep in mind the fact that the accessories must be kept down to practically the bare essentials. By buying at the proper places and watching for off-season bargains the cost of the equipment can really be kept to a minimum.

On the trip through New England I kept a very detailed record of every cent which we spent. After tabulating all of the costs and adding up certain figures here are some of the ways in which we spent our money:

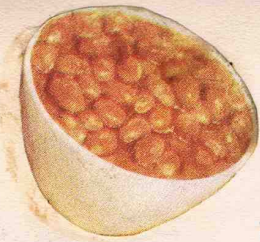
Groceries	\$87.49	
Restaurant meals	22.38	Total 109.97
Campsite and cabin rent	23.25	
Gasoline and oil	82.30	
Ice	3.10	
Tolls (highways and bridges)	12.65	
Souvenirs (inc. cards & photos)	6.01	
Miscellaneous	78.29	
		Total 315.57

For a bit of a break-down on these figures; it must be born in mind that the food bill cannot be counted entirely as a vacation cost since we would have had a food bill if we had been living at home, although it stands to reason that it would have been a bit less. With day by day buying, no long-range-planning on meals and no way to save and store left-overs it naturally is a little more expensive than home eating.

We would also have had a gasoline bill at home though perhaps only about \$25 or maybe \$30.

The miscellaneous ways of spending depend solely upon the individual. We had the laundry washed and dried once, that is in the miscellaneous item. Also the dry-cleaning of a pair of trousers, two rolls of kodachrome film, newspapers and magazines, an item of repairs for Stanley's watch, the trailer rent (\$20.00) the boat trip to Statue of liberty, postage, candy once in a while, bus and parking fees while in cities, haircuts for the men, a few drugs and medicinal items, etc. If only two or three dollars a day fall through the fingers it adds up to a considerable amount over a period of time.

Several have asked about clothing for the entire trip. There are plenty of laundry facilities but no way way to iron anything.. So we have wardrobes for the entire family which need no ironing. Mary Ruth and I wear jeans and polo shirts about the camp, or else she wears seer-sucker shorts and toppers according to the temperature. We each have a pucker nylon dress for dress-up occasions. The men have pucker nylon shirts, and I have plisse blouses and a couple of seersucker full-gathered skirts. I have a ribbon hat which can be packed flat for travel, this does for church on Sundays. We pack a suit and pair of trousers in a plastic bag for Stanley for Sundays. Clothing has been very little of a problem for us. When going from one camp to another we all get the nylon shirts on. When we arrive, the men untie the trailer, stretching the rope which they removed from it, between two trees and we feel right at home. I immediately wash the shirts and hang them up while Stanley puts up the gasoline stove. Then the meal is started while the children explore the vicinity. With everyone working together we think we have the finest vacations we could ask for.



"MESS"

We have eaten on the mountain;
 We have eaten on the plain;
 We have eaten in the sunshine;
 We have eaten in the rain.
 We have lunched at picnic tables
 Or we've spread it on the ground;
 And we've even used the Plymouth
 When no other place was found.



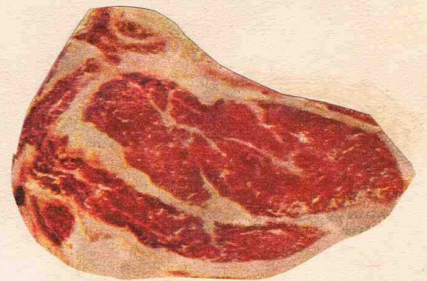
We have sandwiched and we've souped it,
 We have ice creamed and we've popped;
 On occasions, for a real treat,
 At a restaurant we have stopped.



But we've used our faithful Coleman
 Most of all to cook our food;
 Though we've grilled on open campfires
 When it fit the time and mood.



We believe we've done it all ways
 As we've camped out here and there,
 But admit we've never eaten
 Under ground or in the air!



But of this you can be certain--
 There is not much need to say,
 (It's no doubt an understatement)
 THAT WE ATE THREE TIMES A DAY!

