

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Traveling in the 1920's

Traveling in a Model T Ford

O. H. 369

MABEL DAVIS

Interviewed

by

Bernice Mercer

on

October 10, 1979

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

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INTERVIEWEE: MABEL DAVIS

INTERVIEWER: Bernice Mercer

SUBJECT: Camping, Yellowstone National Park,

DATE: October 19, 1979

M: This is an interview for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program on Traveling in the 1920's, with Mable Davis on October 19, 1979, at her home, 11372 Youngstown Road, New Middletown.

Today we are discussing Mrs. Davis' experience in the early 1920's of traveling from Ohio to the West Coast in a Model T Ford before the days of motels, filling stations, or even roads. You can take over, Mabel.

D: I think you have to know why we went--we didn't go at a drop of the hat. There had to be a reason for it. I would say it was due to itchy Davis' feet. Each one of the Davis children at one time or another had itchy feet and traveled beyond the boundary of Ohio.

My father-in-law had itchy feet in 1888 and went to the West Coast. He left his wife and little baby son in Mineral Ridge where they had settled. He went to the West Coast to visit his brother John, who had settled in the northwestern part of Washington state. My father-in-law, Gabriel, also went to this corner of Washington and found a section he liked which was rather close to that of his brother John. By that time his brother had already built a cabin and was living there with his wife and their small children. Gabriel wanted a section rather close to his brother so that he would not be lonely. Uncle John welcomed him because he was going to go to work in Seattle to make some money for their living because he could leave his wife and children there since my father-in-law was close by.

When they traveled from this part of Washington state out into the area where they could buy the necessary food, such as flour, salt, sugar, dried beans, and so forth, they had to walk a hundred miles to Seattle and carry the produce back on their back. My father-in-law would do it one time, and the next time his brother John would come north to visit his wife from Seattle and he would bring groceries for the two families.

Evidently, the people back home began to wonder about Gabriel's absence from his family. It must have been hard for Rhoda, his wife. He told her in one of his letters that "I know folks must be talking, but you and I know we love each other. And you and I understand that I must stay here to make claim to this quarter section before I leave. A certain amount of work has to be done on it and when that is done I will come back to you and my son, Roy." Well, he came back in 1891 and they had two more children, my husband and his sister.

The father drowned in 1911. He and my husband were swimming across the river in Mineral Ridge to see about some feeder cattle on the other side. It was a hot Sunday afternoon, and they had eaten their dinner before they left. Whether my father-in-law died of a heart attack or whether it was from going in swimming to soon, no one knew; an autopsy was not made.

He never told his wife or his children about all the land he owned here and there. After his death, they had to settle the estate and they didn't know even where some of the property was. My husband went West in 1924, a good many years later, because his father's estate had not yet been completely settled. Ed had tried to communicate by mail with land developers in that part of Washington State, but they would write back and say they could not sell the 160 acres. That seemed very strange to us because the taxes were going up higher; certainly it was worth something. So my husband said we would go West and see why. We would either sell it or see why the taxes were high, or determine if the property was worth holding or what to do.

To make a trip like that required some thinking even for my husband, who is a clear thinker. We both owned Model T's and since mine was the newer of the two he decided we would travel in my car and he would sell his here.

Next we had to decide how to travel. We needed a camping stove, a tent, and those kinds of things. We went to Shillings Tent Company just south of Salem. They sold us ideal equipment, for it was an outfit which contained a bed that also folded up on the running board. I know

that people today don't even know what running boards are, but they were needed at that time because roads were not improved. You couldn't step into an automobile then because the automobile had to be high enough that it did not drag through the mud. The running board was lower than the door but higher than the ground; it was a go-between. It was possible to have a folding bed riveted to the running board which was about eight or nine inches wide. When one unfolded that, one unfolded a tent that could be put up with standards as high as the board. The roof of the tent belonged over the top of the board; it was fastened on the running board on the other side. We had several thick comforters and that kind of thing. For sleeping my husband wore a black wool two-piece swimsuit. I don't remember what I wore, but it was something heavy and warm, I know that.

We bought a two-burner Coleman cooking stove so that we could cook when we went along the way. For dishes, I bought two tin pie plates, several small tin kettles, and a frying pan. In addition, a dear old lady, Grandma Ralpur, gave me a portable coffeepot for our breakfast drink. We carried our equipment in a strong box located in our trunk. We also carried a certain amount of staple such as salt, sugar, pepper, and coffee. As a rule, we kept the perishable items in the front, and we would eat it as fast as we could once we were started. Everything was quite compactly placed in that trunk; it wasn't that large.

By the middle of June, we were ready to take off. I don't remember the date. We were so slow getting started our last day in Ohio. Everybody had come to say good-bye. Before we left, my husband and I had agreed that we would only go as far as Stanton, stopping off at a cousin's house for the evening. We soon found that the road was more level in that part of Ohio than in Mahoning, Trumbull, and Columbiana County. As we neared the western boundary of Ohio, he thought it best to settle down for the night. There were two reasons: We were tired and we could get gasoline for only thirteen cents a gallon. We filled up with gasoline and found a place where tourists could stay for the night. We paid the city of Bryon, Ohio, a quarter for camping under the water tower.

The next morning, we crossed the boundary because we began to smell hogs. Every farm had scads of smelly hogs; you could tell. You also knew that they were fed corn because there were many, many large fields of corn. As far as odor and crops were concerned, Illinois had the hogs and corn.

I'll never forget seeing the Mississippi River. I was

so excited that I said, "Oh, there's the Mississippi Ocean," and my husband never let me live that down. He didn't know he married someone who didn't know a river from an ocean

M: He didn't allow for errors in speech?

D: Everything had to be perfect; he was that kind of fellow. He had to do everything right.

When we got across the river, we found that the ground was level once again. We traveled for miles without seeing anything that even looked like a hill. We saw corn fields that were huge, and we saw a man cultivating one at the other end. My husband said, "How many acres do you think there are in that field?" I said, "My dad's fields are twelve acres and that looks a little larger; there might be fifteen or twenty acres in it." He said, "Let's just sit here in the car until the man gets to this end and ask him about that black, black ground and that green, green corn." So we had a nice little conversation with the farmer. He said, "To be exact, there are 51 acres in this corn field. The soil is so deep that I don't know how deep it is; the plow doesn't reach to the bottom of the good topsoil."

M: Was he plowing with a team of horses?

D: He was cultivating his corn with a team of horses using a cultivator that was typical of the ones we had in Ohio.

M: Did it have a seat on it?

D: Yes. Furthermore, he had a big umbrella over his head because the sun was certainly hot. The umbrellas usually carried an advertisement on them by the companies that put them out. I don't know whether they paid much for them.

We traveled for miles and miles across several states. I do know that the man who sends us rain sent us oodles of it two nights in succession. It was in Omaha, Nebraska, and the rain just poured down at night, and I believe the other was Council Bluffs, Iowa. Those two nights it rained very, very hard.

M: Were there surfaced roads in Nebraska?

D: There were no surfaced roads.

Once we were on the road, we met people. We would get within feet of them without being able to turn out of

that deep, thick mud, but we made it. Everyone was good-natured about it; the people coming head-on were laughing as hard as we were, trying to get out of their way.

M: You didn't make much mileage on those days?

D: No, we couldn't make mileage. We just crept along. We didn't have any place in mind; we just went. But we wanted to see a cousin of mine who lived in Denver. We sidetracked and went to Denver with the idea of talking them into going with us up to the top of Pike's Peak. They talked us out of it. They thought it would be interesting to see Buffalo Bill's grave and William Cotey's grave. It was our first experience of seeing snow in July. We saw the most gorgeous spring flowers of all kinds. I forget the name of the mountain.

M: It wouldn't have been Mt. Evans?

D: Yes, it was Mt. Evans. It was there that I learned what it meant to get to the tree line. As we were going up Mt. Evans, these evergreen trees were shorter and shorter with the limbs only on one side. The wind blew constantly.

My cousin said, "Don't think there is nothing else to see. Go north to Cheyenne and you'll get there just in time to take in the rodeo." We felt it such an interesting affair, that we spent the whole week at the rodeo watching the fat Indians race on the old grey mares that they rode. It was most interesting. Their horses were not beautiful but they could get up and go. The Indians were fat and sat astride. It was most exciting and we enjoyed every bit of it.

M: Did they have the events like calf roping and bulldogging?

D: Yes, everything, and we saw it all. If an animal was injured in any way, if it's neck was broken or something, it was quickly put out of misery. The Indians got onto the grounds very quickly stripping the skins, skinning it, and jerking the flesh. The flesh hung on the fences around there with the flies, but they didn't seem to care.

The Indians had just come into money in Oklahoma, and they had come up in big automobiles. We did visit some of the stores, and the Indian women were in there buying. You knew they were from Oklahoma and the oil country.

We went through Thermopolis, Wyoming, and that was the

first place we found a tourist camp.

M: You went clear into the Colorado Rockies before you found a tourist camp?

D: We paid a dollar to stop there because we had access to the big brick building in which there were two stoves and ovens. Some women baked bread, others roasted chicken, or what have you. One could take a shower, and there were even tubs where one could had rub ones dirty clothes.

M: I wanted to ask about the mountain roads.

D: There were no roads; you just went west. I swear, when I think back over it, I would say to my husband, "Are we on the right road?" And he would say, "We are going west; the sun is behind us." Or if it was evening, we would say we were driving towards the sun. Sooner or later we found more tracks. Sometimes there were no tracks. It was just flat, dry, level ground.

The next stop was Yellowstone National Park. We decided we might see all of it. I think there were three big hotels at that time. I do remember the name of the last one, up near Montana. Its name was Mammoth.

We stopped to see Old Faithful. It was spirting water regularly about once every hour and four minutes.

We went into the gift shop, noised around, and I saw a little book written by Beulah Brown. The name of it was My Winter in Yellowstone Park. I turned to my husband and said, "Do you suppose this could be our Beulah?" We had had a high school teacher whose name was Beulah Brown. She had had a cough she couldn't get rid of and the doctor advised her to go west in the mountains to get rid of it because he was afraid it might become worse. We thought there could only be one Beulah Brown so we asked. Yes, she lived there year-round and at that time she was staying up at the Mammoth Hotel. We hurried right along to get there.

On our way, we saw the Yellowstone Falls, which was quite impressive. It's not anything like Niagara Falls. It just roared down this deep canyon. While we were looking at the falls, we were told that a few days earlier a young married couple, driving a Model T, had gone over the edge. He thought he had his foot on the brakes, but he was accelerating instead, then went back down over the hill and rolled and rolled and rolled. Both of them lost their lives. You could see their material strewn along the side into the bottom. We drove most carefully

after that, you can bet. What we didn't know until we got home was that two friends of ours were also touring the West, including Yellowstone, and they knew that Ed and I had to be in that area. They were afraid to even mention the accident when they got back home for fear that it was us. It wasn't, but we drove carefully after that.

When we got to Mammoth and asked for Beulah Brown, they told us at the desk that she was delivering linens down to the cabins. When she returned she approached and said, "Mable Sipe, what are you doing here? Ed Davis, why are you here?" He said, "Meet my wife." It was the same Beulah Brown. As soon as we were through visiting with her, we took off.

We had hoped to get out of Yellowstone Park that same evening and be on our way. We left at West Yellowstone, followed the river at that place, and soon after we were out we passed a man walking away from a blacksmith's shop. He was carrying a big bag of something heavy. My husband said we would give him a ride. So we told him that he could sit on the trunk with whatever he had. Of course, the window was opened and he and Ed carried on a conversation. He said that he was going to Hebgen where he was about to repair his automobile. He had to go this distance to get a part for it. We said we were touring, and he asked if we were planning to do any fishing. My husband said that he had brought the equipment along but he didn't know. The man said, "Well, you better buy a license if you don't have one because the game warden is on the job up there at Hebgen, Montana. There are soon good trout in the river but you better buy yourself a license or you will get picked up."

We drove a bit farther, and we saw a man washing two fish by the side of the road from a faucet standpipe there. The man told us he had a Dolly Varden trout and a Martha Washington trout. And if we liked them, we could have them. He just went fishing because it was his day off and he had nothing else to do. If we were asked about how we came into possession of this, he told us to give the sheriff his name.

We asked where a store was. It was Saturday evening and we needed to buy some bread and butter and that kind of thing to carry us over to Sunday. He said there was no store there at all, but there was a log cabin which he pointed to and we could easily see it. The woman baked bread, cakes, cookies, and things like that. He thought we might be able to get what we wanted there.

She was glad to sell us something to fry our fish with. She had no fresh lard, but she had lard that she had used

to fry fish. It had corn meal in it but that wouldn't hurt the fish. She just had a little bit of butter which she gave us. And she could sell us two buns, but no bread. Well, I thought of a bun as a flat hamburger bun, but instead of that it was inches high and I would say the base was maybe three inches. Two of them were like little loaves of bread. We were thrilled. I fried all the fish, we ate it, and made the rest into sandwiches that night for the next day.

The campsite was just under evergreen trees where the needles were so thick that we didn't even need to put a comforter or anything down to soften the ground. The river was right there. Looking at the mountain on the other side, we saw a Rocky Mountain goat. We were so thrilled. We warned each other that we didn't dare get up and walk in our sleep because we would fall into the river.

I'll interrupt you long enough to tell you that many, many years later, maybe as few as twenty years, Hebgen Dam broke and washed out everything that was in that valley. So that log cabin where we had bought buns . . .

M: That was the place?

D: That was the place. And that's one of the reasons why I am so glad to have traveled as much as I have. Because when I read about things, I have been there and I can see it in my mind's eye.

At the end of that day, we came to the place we thought, according to the little bit of directions that we had, should be a sizable town. It said that there were a hundred people living there, and that was at least as half as big as Middletown was at that time. Instead of that, it was a big wooden store building. They had a dance there the night before and they had suppers there. There was nothing that one could buy there except canned goods. I don't remember that we bought anything.

M: Maybe the hundred people were the ones who came to the dance.

D: On Saturday night, they came in and gathered from all parts. I was tired and I laid on one of the tables and rested. It was a habit of mine when I got to places and there was nothing else and I wanted to stretch out, I just crawled up on the table. If someone wanted to look at me snoring, okay.

Next we stopped at Butte, Montana. We went down into a copper mine more than two thousand feet; we dropped a hundred feet at a time. We watched them mine the copper and they gave me a little copper nugget. The man who operated the open elevator thought surely I should be a skittish type of woman and said, "Don't be afraid, just hold onto me." I wasn't at all afraid in any way. I had a good looking husband. But the elevator operator took us down and brought us back and suggested that we might like to stay in Butte because there was a contest within the next day or two where prizes would be given to the miners who could unload a carload of something the fastest.

More than that, they have marvelous gardens there. One hillside was terraced much like an amphitheater, a row here and a row up there. You walked up steps on the ground but each row would be wide enough to have flowers planted. The town children were invited to come to pick the pansies every day. They picked the pansies and took them home with them and of course, there is a new crop by the next day. The dahlias, I never saw such dahlias. My husband really raved about the flowers, and it was something to get him to talk that way about house plants, wild life, wild flowers, and that kind of thing. One of the things that made us most compatible is that we had been classmates in high school. We studied botany and went on botanical trips together. We enjoyed that kind of thing together in high school. So we just kept on like gypsies.

Later we went farther west, just driving where we wanted. We saw many, many Indians all along the way. Some were on horseback; some were on foot, some riding buggies; some were such sad looking old people. I remember meeting a couple, a woman and her very old mother who must have been blind. There were just empty sockets where her eyes were supposed to be. I think that was an amazing thing to me. I had always thought of the Indians as being handsome big braves, but they are so far-fetched. I was so dissappointed in that respect. I began having a great deal of sympathy for the Indians then because they didn't have the things that you and I have.

We had planned to go over the Continental Divide and then spend the night. Ed asked someone which was the better route to take. He told us there was a new route over the Continental Divide that he thought we would enjoy; it was most scenic. They had just come over a day or two before. A young man who looked about sixteen who pumped our gas said, "Don't listen to him. Don't go that way, it's impassable." Ed said, "What does a youngster know about it. What do you say we go the way

we were told to go?" And we went. Nineteen miles from the filling station, according to the gauge, our gravity feed tank was lower than the motor, and we couldn't go because our gasoline didn't get there. But what did we do? The road was so narrow; the mountain ran straight up on one side and straight down on the other. My husband recently promised to take care of me so I wasn't going to worry, even if I was six months pregnant. I thought, "Well, here I am." He said, "I'm going to shut the gasoline off at the tank, take the feed line out and bring it up through the floor boards." We had a little funnel that we used to put gasoline in our Coleman stove. He said, "I'll fill the coffeepot with gasoline and you take the funnel and the coffeepot of gasoline and pour gasoline slowly into the feed line." And that is what we did.

M: Periodically, you would have to repeat this whole thing?

D: I would just hold it and let it drip. If I didn't let it drip fast enough, we . . .

M: The car would stop?

D: The car would almost stop and then we would lurch. We thought we saw a turn around up ahead of us and we thought if we could make it that far Ed said he would back the rest of the way and I could walk. Well, a car came along and we explained our problem to them. They pushed us aside, as far as they could, against the mountain. The first thing Ed did was buy a gallon of gasoline off of them, giving them a dollar. He might have given us some change but he just said, "Thank you." So it was the most expensive gasoline we bought; it was thirteen cents back in Bryon, Ohio. One of the men from the other car, there were four of them, walked on the side of the gulley and pushed against their car while the men slowly drove past us and went on their way. Ed and I went on up the hill then. By that time, he could hook up the feed line because he had enough gasoline to get at least to the switchback. Then he said, "You walk up." Ed lost the sight of his left eye when he was nine and could not look out of the window to see where he was; he had to look in the mirror ahead to back. He said, "I'm not going over the bank and kill the both of us." I thought, what will I do if you go over the bank and get killed? I'll be out here stranded. (Laughter) But he backed and it wasn't so much farther to the Divide and I walked. I'm panting now thinking about it.

When we got there, two prospectors were sitting on a big rock and we told them about our experience. They advised us to take our axe and chop down the sapling and fasten it under the front of our car because it would be worse

going down than coming up if we didn't have something to impede our progress.

M: Besides the brake?

D: Besides the brake. So that's what we did. It wasn't too long until we got into Beerne. Beerne was the name of the little village where we really got into civilization again. The houses had maybe two rooms up and down, with a very little front lawn and a wooden sidewalk to get out to the street. The front lawn may have been big enough to have a car in one half and the other half just had whatever you had.

We saw a railroad track right in the middle of the street; that was about the first thing that caught our eyes. What if a train should come? And sure enough one came. They stopped and the flagman got off and motioned where we were to go until they pulled through the town. A train came in regularly.

M: This road was right on the railroad track?

D: Yes. Then we realized as we looked ahead that there was a building going up over the railroad track that we had to go through. It was the place where the copper ore was brought out of the mountains and smelted. It was a smeltery plant. This railroad came in to take out the iron ore or whatever was to be taken out. So we waited until the train came up and then we went on about our business. We went down the valley until we came to Wallace, Idaho. We were out of Montana over the Continental Divide.

M: You were still in the mining country?

D: Yes.

M: And mining is the central thing in whether people can live around there?

D: Well, whether they could live around there or not, they lived as well. A miner has his own way of living; he doesn't require the same things you and I require. For instance, years later, very recently, I took my sister-in-law to many of these same places that her brother and I had been. One of the places was to Wallace, Idaho, where we had spent the night, and then to Auburn. We were there early in the morning, and a man was out watering his tomato plants. I got into a conversation with him. He said that his son-in-law, who lived in the east, was out of work and was having a hard time making a living. He said, "Come west. Go into the copper mines. You can make all kinds of

money." I forgot the hourly wage those miners made, but I know it took my breath away. Of course, you lived under different kinds of circumstances. His family was just unwilling to come and live here. But if he had gone there and mined a couple of years, he could have come back home and established himself well.

I know of another place in the gold section of the west. The gold had been pretty well dug out. The mining company was through digging for it because they had the best. They turned it over to Harvard University and told them to study this gold or mine for additional samples. There was still a lot of gold left. During our trip, we went through such a city. It was dead. The door opened to what looked like six room houses, which were cheaply built I'll bet you. But the front door would swing and the window curtains would be blowing out. Nobody lived in them for years. There was one store, an old-fashioned country store, where we stopped and bought a few groceries. I told Ed that I would appreciate it if he bought me a soda; I was thirsty. I thought of a nice cold soda; instead they had no ice and I drank a hot soda with no fizz to it. The sad part was that there was a fresh grave of a little one. A few wild flowers, wilted, lying on the grave of a year or two year old child. I thought, wouldn't it be terrible to bury someone out there.

We were in Wallace, Idaho, and we were traveling right straight along for Washington state.

M: During your trip, did you follow just anything that went west?

D: Pretty much anything that went west. In some places, you found more traveling. For instance, the road that we took to come over the mountain divide had been dug out and had been made passable, but very few people traveled it. But there was another road that was less fit to use than the one we had taken. This was the dirt road around Lake Callasfale. There were wagon tracks and buggy tracks that the Indians had made. I think no one lived in that area except Indians. That is all I saw.

Then we came into Seattle, Washington. It was at Seattle that we picked up a northern course, which we took in an irregular fashion. We made it our business to take a roundabout way to get to Bellingham, Washington, which was our destination. We went around Puget Sound to Port Angeles and then took a ferry across eventually to Vancouver Island.

We came back and settled at Anacortes; it was a long boat ride. Then we traveled from Everett into Washington

and from there into Bellingham. We rented a room there for awhile, until we could find ourselves. Next we rented a house and halfway furnished it. We lived in the west for a year. In that year's time, we climbed Mt. Baker and tried to find where the cabin was built.

M: It was up in the area around Mt. Baker, wasn't it?

D: Yes. The foothills of Mt. Baker is where it was. There were 160 acres of virgin timber. Off on the hillside, the ferns grew most luxuriantly; they didn't die down. The blackberries and stalks didn't die down; they were ever-green. The fern stalks were so strong that by holding on to the fern stalks, I could help myself up the hillside.

We never did find the cabin, even though we found the man who had helped my father-in-law build it. For several years, he had followed it and came back and visited, and he knew that until just a few years before, the cabin was still standing. Uncle John's and Aunt Annie's had gone before; they had moved away. We never found it; we were not able to sell it because out west a lumber company didn't move into 160 acres. There were several local companies that bought cedar for shingles.

We came home by way of San Jose. We drove down there.

M: Why all that way?

D: That was where Uncle John lived. He was now settled and living in San Jose. We went down there and visited with them. We stopped off in Oregon to visit another uncle's family. See, I told you they all had itchy feet. Uncle Dave had settled in Idaho with his family. Then the family finally moved into Oregon.

M: What town in Oregon?

D: They moved to Sweet Home, which is between Salem and Lebanon. They actually lived in the mountains of Sweet Home. One daughter stayed in Idaho; we never got there. The family moved on after Uncle Dave didn't come home. He delivered mail and wore snowshoes in the time of the year when one couldn't get along without them. It is quite possible that he lost his life in an avalanche somewhere crossing the mountain, for he never returned. Their family then moved into Oregon.

M: Now Sweet Home is on the west side of the Cascade Range?

D: It's in the middle, between the Cascades and the Sierra Nevadas. It's not too far from Crater Lake, where we stopped. We sold our car in San Jose. We sold my car as it was. We sold the dishes, the tin pans, the stove,

and everything that we had in San Jose for more money than I had paid for it. The dial said that we had traveled 3,636 miles to get to Bellingham, Washington. My gasoline bill that I kept track of was \$36.33, one cent a gallon. I'm not sure how much we paid for oil; it's either five or seven dollars. And we had Ohio air in one tire when we got there.

M: Then you took the train home?

D: We took the train home from there because we thought it was too much of a journey to bring Baker the whole way home. Baker was born in Bellingham, Washington. He was named Baker Gabriel Davis. His grandfather was Gabriel and staked a claim there. If he did not like Baker, he could change it to Gabriel; if he didn't like Gabriel, he could keep Baker. So some people know him as Baker and some people know him as Gabe.

Before we left home, we were advised to carry a gun because we would be attacked by Indians and by bears and all that kind of thing. Ed carried a pistol because we had been told to do it. Before we entered Yellowstone Park, that pistol was sealed by the government. We didn't dare use it. Well, we wouldn't have had an occasion to because nowhere did we meet up with human beings who were desperadoes or anything of that kind. But there were bears, and when we were in Yellowstone National Park, the bears would come into camp where people were camping for the night. They just loved bacon and they would help themselves. We would hear screams and carrying on and we knew the bears were there. The nearest we came to being molested was when a bear used his nose to move aside the curtain and look at us. He turned around and went. But we were breathless until it turned away. I think it is the fault of the people themselves who are too trustworthy and try to feed them and try to pet them. I remember one time we were going down the hill and there was a bear ahead. Some people felt that they should stop and take pictures, but Ed and I didn't. We let those bears amble on to suit themselves.

Outside of the hotel or a camp, where the rubbish was dumped every evening, people parked and watched the bears rummage through the waste materials.

As far as wildlife is concerned, I wouldn't say that we saw too much. I remember that the first jackrabbit we ever saw was on the way to the Continental Divide, before we got nineteen miles up and ran out of gasoline. We saw jackrabbits for the first time, and they were huge things. They could surely jump. We also saw elk for the first time at Thermopolis. We saw some buffalo too roaming about.

Many years later Ed wanted to make the same trip again. He said that we should take another route so that we could see more states. That time, I think we saw more animals than we did originally.

M: That was a long time later?

D: Yes. The last trip we took was a year before Ed died. We went down the Blue Ridge Mountains and cut across the southern area of states. We took the boundary going clockwise--the same year that John Steinbeck took Charlie, his dog. If you read John Steinbeck's book, My Travels with Charlie, you would read about the same places where Ed and I were, only we went the other way.

We went into Glacier National Park. It was rare. I just loved it. I saw Indian pipe for the first time; I was ecstatic over that. Then I found that it does grow in our own woods here. There is a certain place you have to look for it and at a certain time of the year, I saw it there and also many wild flowers. The first trip that Ed and I took to Glacier National Park was so much more primitive than the last one.

M: Were there motels and things in the park?

D: Well, yes. What I was trying to tell you is how different it is now. Ed and I went counterclockwise and we found that Glacier National Park had really changed. The roads had been improved and you could get more places and that kind of thing. I didn't like it as well as I did before.

Two years later his sister and I went west. I tried to take her to places where Ed and I had been. We went to Crater Lake and all over Bellingham, Washington, again. I showed her where we lived and that kind of thing. I stopped at the house and told the people that I had been there. I had a little conversation with them.

M: I was interested in that train trip of 1926.

D: We had a compartment with an upper and lower bed and water facilities. It was a nice little room. You could not spread out to a great extent. The baby was young enough that he slept most of that time. We walked through the train when Baker was asleep and visited with the people. We looked at the country from the observation deck. The meals on the train were out of this world. We traveled from San Jose to Los Angeles, and then took a train straight through to St. Louis. Then we changed again and came home. It was just marvelous traveling, and I've often thought I'd like to make a long distance trip on the train again. It does take all the worries out of it. One can't see the countryside quite as well.

My husband said that he was through traveling by car.
He would fly because he has seen what is in between.
I think there is something to that.

M: It has been very nice and thank you very much.

END OF INTERVIEW