

June 8, 1952

If I don't get fat from the food, I'll get that way from drinking so much lemonade and iced tea. Sunday was a roaster and we went to the Children's Day program at the village church and fanned ourselves through the hour and half session--fans provided by the church.

The children looked so fresh and pretty in their summery frocks and frilly clothes. Haysel and I both wished the youngsters at home would dress up like this on Sunday. I enjoyed the program very much and it was well done--the climax of a two week's Bible School.

This was the hottest day I hope to endure all summer. I began to wilt in the afternoon; so took a two hour nap. The heat bothered the natives, too. My worst fault was not having cool attire; but felt it was poor investment to get such clothes when it would be only a few days and we would return to the sea breezes. (Wonderful thought)

Hot weather cooking is quite a sweating proposition. I appreciate all the efforts made to entertain us. We were treated, today, to a lovely dinner by our host's daughter. In spite of the heat I ate too much. The same old weakness still haunts me; eyes bigger than the tummy.

I couldn't enjoy living in the East because the extremes of the weather would make me homesick for the Oregon Coast. When the summer's heat is unbearable, those who are fortunate to have a basement, move to it pots, pans, and beds. In Yachats, we are not worried of such high temperatures and have natural air conditioning; though it may be turned on too high at times.

The Sunday television programs are wonderful. Mr. Cantor and his wife, Ida, were celebrating their wedding anniversary. Red Skelton had a good show and there was a square dance jubilee; and later some good wrestling matches--sinful things.

Sundays in an Eastern village are much like those spent anywhere. The traffic was thicker and I presumed many used this means of escaping the heat. The church attendance runs about the same and there are the same complaints that too few grace God's temples. I noted some early Sunday risers working in their gardens.

Chet's diary:

June 8 (Sunday)-Stayed in Millville-Had dinner with Alberta and Howard. Hot-92. Thunderstorms tonite.

Daughter Haysel's comments on yesterday's entry:

This was probably the outstanding part of the entire trip for me because of being an avid Brooklyn Dodgers fan. Don't know why I was either and when they moved to Los Angeles I lost interest in them. Anyway, we saw some very famous players including Jackie Robinson. There were Duke Snyder, Carl Furillo, Preacher Roe and Peewee Reese to name a few. I had a Brooklyn Dodger pennant for a long time, but it must have finally worn out. However, my

treasure from that day is still intact. I still have the original program. Doubt it is valuable as I kept score on it, but it is valuable to me. Its funny, but I don't remember thinking anything about the black people all around us. Perhaps I did at the time, but apparently Mom was impressed. I do know that the huge facility, Crosley Field, did impress me as seemed so big, but think in current standards it probably really wasn't all that large as some hold 50,000 or more now. Here are some of the concession prices from that old program: Hamburgers are 30 cents. A bottle of beer was 30 cents and we paid \$6.50 for a bottle last year in Seattle at a Mariners/Yankee game. Guess that is definitely inflation! Coffee and peanuts were each 10 cents and the program was only 10 cents and think they are about \$5.00 now. In looking at the program Roy Campenella and Gil Hodges also played for the Dodgers. The only Cincinnati Red that was familiar to me was Ted Kluszewski, but I wasn't a Red fan. On the front of the program Hotel Kemper Lane advertised 300 rooms and suites from \$3.50 and looked like a nice place. Hard to imagine isn't it? Well, that was my big day and evidently the heat didn't bother me, but am sure it would now.

June 9, 1952

The weather was so hot it didn't take long to dry the wash and bring it in; then we were free to take a ride to Jacksonburg beyond Hamilton. I was surprised to learn how fast clothes mildew in this climate; and one must be careful not to roll up anything damp and leave it too long.

The countryside beyond the city was rolling with many dairy and cattle farms and some vegetable planting and corn fields of stocks now a good 18 inches high. The houses and barns all have lightening rods and all the settlements have the beautiful Catalpa trees.

The larger farms here, too, have been divided into acreages and the newer modern homes are built on these plots. Everyone has his flock of little chicks ready for fryers. This is the chicken eating country and every cook is known for her prowess of frying chicken.

Near Jacksonburg is the estate of the former governor of Ohio, James Cox. He has a large cattle ranch with Black Angus Purebreeds. The buildings are white and there seems to be miles of white board fences. The house he was born in is of brick and is now used as a family museum. Mr. Cox is now 82 years old. In 1920 he was the Democratic nominee for president of the United States; running against Warren G. Harding.

Riding about the Ohio countryside we saw many fine old old homes and now wonder about their history. Brick and stone is used mostly in their construction. The floors are of solid hardwood--the best quality of oak.

There are many old fashioned country schools; and fine new brick buildings for the townships. Like in the West, soon there will be no more "Little Red Schoolhouses." The same problems face them; increase in population.

Towards evening the weather promised a break and it did rain some in the night with a show of lightning and a few noisy claps of thunder. Everyone was hoping it would rain

enough to dampen the gardens; but it was hardly worth the effort of all that thunder and lightning. It did cool the atmosphere for better sleeping.

Chet's diary:

June 9-Drove to Hamilton and Jacksonburg-Visited Alma's sister. Hot.

Daughter Haysel's comments on yesterday's entry:

I don't remember anything about that Sunday or going to church. Guess that shows what my priorities were - remember the ballgame vividly, but not going to church on Sunday. Anyway, back to the ballgame: I forgot to mention in yesterday's comments that it would be nice to only pay \$1.25 for a seat now. Costs about \$50 per ticket to attend a Mariners game in Seattle and that isn't even for the best seats, but just mediocre ones. I marvel at how anyone can afford to take their children, but lots of them do, of course. The other thing that puzzled me was the word "niger". I always thought it is either Negro or , but perhaps Mom was trying to be nice and didn't want to actually use the word. I also find it odd that in her diary she thinks that the wrestling was "sinful". I can't remember her ever expressing that to Dad or me in conversations. She does come across a little more religious in her writing than I ever perceived her to be on a day to day basis. Not that she wasn't a good person always, but didn't vocalize the comments that she is writing in her diary.

I'm sure the people in Ohio are enjoying the modern convenience of air conditioning now, if for no reason than it helps with the humidity problems. The humidity is my only complaint about Hawaii and we do really enjoy the dryness of Central Oregon.

Marj's narrative was all about the actual trip to Jacksonburg and what she saw as they drove along, including, as in many entries, her observation of houses and the landscape, but never did mention going to visit Alma's sister as Chet did. In fact, she rarely mentions other people by name in any of her entries. But in the Forward to this year long journal, she makes it clear that her goal is to "express" her "very own personal views and opinions of an assortment of ideas," and she has continued to use that theme throughout this trip as well. Even Haysel is surprised to see that her Mom has written opinions here, about which she never heard her speak. This is a good lesson for all of us: to realize, that we may not know, even those closest to us, as well as we thought. -Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's neice

June 10, 1952

Easterners who have been to Oregon say it is hard to entertain Oregonians coming to the East because we have so much natural beauty along our Western shores. I wouldn't be very loyal if I didn't agree.

The shower in the night cooled the atmosphere and it was bearable the next morning. I was refreshed after a night's sleep and probably didn't look so much like a dish rag. After lunch, we took the youngsters and drove through Hamilton toward Middletown to LaSourdesveille Lake.

This is a man made lake; but very well landscaped and built into a lovely clean resort. Across the lake are cabins and the remaining shoreline is taken up with as nice an

amusement park as I have ever seen. About half of the water is reserved for swimming and is kept clean and safe for all ages.

Every device for pleasure is employed: a fast roller coaster, Ferris Wheel, fun house, miniature motor boats, large new merry-go-round, electric cars, several thrill rides, and an assortment of concessions; all run in a very orderly manner. Chet and I refused to ride on the "Cyclone" roller coaster and I am glad I didn't go. That was the fastest thing on wheels. But the men did shanghai us women into the fun house; much to their amusement. Trying to keep your hat on and the dress skirt down provides a few acrobatics when a lady is unexpectedly blown from below. The boys thought this quite a joke.

The children enjoyed running the motor boats and a swim. Water is very welcome in this hot weather and there is little of it fit for swimming.

The resort's dining room is finished in knotty pine and kept cool. The fried chicken is still a memory of good eating. Served family [style], and with generous helpings of everything, we still say it is one of the nicest meals we had on the entire trip.

When I was a kid, I loved cotton candy; but can't see much to it now. The kids today evidently think it is very tasty, too. We left this resort with each young one armed with a gob of cotton candy.

Chet's diary:

June 10-Went to Le Soudsville with Willseys. Haysel went swimming and on the Cyclone. Nice day.

Daughter Haysel's comments on yesterday's entry:

I remember nothing at all about this day so am wondering if perhaps I didn't go along for the visit and this ride into the country. The only thing that makes me wonder if I did go is that I remember going with them to visit someone who lived in a very old home that had really high ceilings and that impressed me. Maybe Alma Willsey's sister was the person living in that home. We'll never know for sure now, will we?

...Marj's experience in the Fun House, reminds me that women were still wearing dresses or skirts, unless they were in the garden or doing other such work, in the 1950s. And also hats. I remember stores that sold nothing but women's hats, and in every possible design one could imagine and I owned several too and wore them even to go shopping, let alone church. A woman then, did not feel properly dressed without a hat. Again, she mentions that Southern Fried Chicken. It must of really impressed her. -Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's neice

June 11, 1952

Time flies so fast when you don't wish it to. This was our last day in Ohio and it was filled with good byes and thank you's for our lovely visit. And we rounded up all our belongings and packed them ready for the early morning departure.

Chet and I did some last minute shopping in Hamilton. Haysel and young friends went to Meadowbrook swimming; she said the water was cold--more like at home.

Everyone was feeling a little sad that our wonderful visit had about ended; but we assured them that we had broken the ice and found it wasn't too much effort to go East and they would probably see us again in a few years.

The villages and the way of life is much the same as home. The people gossip and the neighbors stay up all hours of the night drinking and carousing. They have their tragedies and joys; much the same as we do.

Actually I don't believe there are as many wealthy people in proportion as there are here; at least, I didn't see as many expensive cars and many more older models than in the West. The traffic is heavier and the highways are hardly as good as in the West. There were many accidents. Road courtesies are practically nil. Trucks never pull over or motion you by; and these vehicles are road hogs and not nearly as large as used in the West. We saw very few diesel or trailer trucks. The railroads carry the biggest burden.

Many of the working people live outside the city limits in small villages and if they were congregated as in the Western cities, the Eastern cities would have much greater population; they are large enough as it is. The Ohio cities all have steel industries. Hamilton has Bendix Corporation, Estate Stove works, Moesler Safe Works, and heavy machinery factories; and the Champion Coated Paper Mills.

Coal is burned for heat and gas for cooking; so there is a smudge in the air that we are not accustomed to in our great big open West. This smog is one reason so many Eastern people prefer to live in the villages.

Chet's diary:

June 11-Drove to Hamilton and back. Home at Willseys rest of day. Cloudy-cooler.

Note: From my remembrance of the early 1950s, Bendix Corporation, that Marj mentions here, made the first automatic washing machines. Our neighbor, when we lived in Portland in a duplex, during those years, had one. We shared the basement clothes washing area and I remember her having to sit on top of her Bendix when it went into spin mode to keep it from jumping all over the floor. -Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's neice

June 12, 1952

The morning of our departure from Ohio, the weather tried to make us feel at home by a generous shower; but we are good wet weather drivers from Oregon; so left at 7:25 AM

EST. Good byes are hard to say and we all felt a little sad and made little conversation until we had come to Middletown.

This is a busy manufacturing city where all the steel for car bodies is rolled. The streets are mostly paved with brick and houses are huge and old set along tree lined streets. We bypassed the main business district.

There were a series of villages like Poastown and then into Germantown and Dayton, which we entered and looked down into. We sped along with the traffic on a very busy thoroughfare. Somehow, we missed the highway and on trying to find it became confused in going around a "square" and finding it more of a triangle. It all ended by our going a different route with the same ending. At home we never go by highway numbers; but by landmarks and towns. A stranger in other states would soon be lost; so we constantly scanned the maps for the numbers.

At least we had a good look at Dayton, the home of the Frigidaire (our stove and refrigerator). The outskirts wore one village after the other; Englewood, Arlington, (where we could of seen a two headed bull). There were few creeks or rivers and the country is flat. The barns are all painted red and white and I saw ever so many signs "Chew Redman Tobacco". The rain ended and a bright sun took its place. Onward the faithful Ford sped through Castine, Greenville, Celina--by a pretty lake. The 40 miles I drove was under construction; but interfered very little with traffic.

Towns like Van Wert, Paulding, Sherwood, Bryan, Pulaski, and West Unity all have tree lined streets and older homes; yet well kept. The cemeteries are like parks and all have lovely big monuments.

Before we entered Michigan, we saw a Washington licensed car and it looked lost as we were. The first city in Michigan is Hudson and then beyond Addison we were into a more rolling country. In this part of Michigan the rivers are dammed to form lakes by the towns and provide parks and swimming facilities. From here on we saw cars by the hundreds being transported six to the truck. Most of the trucks bore licenses from Washington, Montana, and British Columbia.

Here we saw the first coned trees since leaving the Rockies. Jackson, the prison city, is a city of 50 thousand and overhead we noted a blimp advertising beer. Michigan highways are good with wide shoulders and a few roadside parks for picnicking.

Near Leslie we saw an apple orchard. Mason City is another manufacturing town like most of Michigan cities. The capitol city Lansing is 78 thousand and rushing with factories. We saw the huge sign denoting the Reo factory. The capitol building is huge, very old and looks much like pictures of the national capitol. We went very close to the Oldsmobile plant, too. Somehow we turned in the wrong direction and went several miles to find we were going South instead of North; another backtrack.

The 4-lane highway ran for some distance then shrank into the usual two laner. I jotted some names of towns: St. Johns, Ithaca, Alma (home of Alma trailers), and thence across the river Pine and into the dairy country of Mt. Pleasant. The population began to thin; and the towns were mere villages--Rosebush, and Farwell and then we came to the

junction of highway 10 and Clare. Westward to Oregon from here on and our noses were pointed to Lake Michigan.

This is lake country and not so prosperous. Wild blueberries grew beside the road and we saw a long legged yellow deer. Crossing the Muskegan River we were into Evart and thence to Reed City; there I read this sign "Welcome to Reed City, Future Capitol of the U.S." I was interested in the Birch lumber mill. We ate dinner in a clean cafe and listened to some Swedish accent. A few miles from town we noted some oil wells.

It was a refreshing drive through the trees; we saw another deer. At Walhalla Lake, typical resort, rows of cabins stood waiting for the influx of vacationists. Custer is a farm country with black beaver dam soil. At Scottville the sun began to set and we could feel the lake breezes. Houses by the road drew our attention because they were occupied by negro families.

The atmosphere had changed and Ludington is much like Port Angeles in Washington--a seaport town. Ludington is new and clean and a thriving port on Lake Michigan. By a miracle of luck, we were able to get reservations for the ferry in the morning; and only because of a cancellation. No motels; so we stayed at the Stearns Hotel and had very comfortable lodging.

Chet's diary:

June 12-Left Willseys. Drove up thru Dayton and north thru Lansing Mich. On to Ludington Mich. Stayed all nite in hotel there. Thundershowers in Ohio-nice in Michigan.

Note: Following their journey on the map, is such fun, as it's like trying to solve a mystery to figure out what route they are on. My gratitude to Marj for naming the little towns along the way, as, without that, it would be hard to track where they are headed, especially since so much has changed in the intervening years. Also, they seem to be traveling on other than on what may have been the main routes even in 1952. They have passed through only two big cities so far, Salt Lake and Denver, other than their excursion to Cincinnati to the ballgame. Now that they are headed north, like their due east journey, their chosen route is almost due north till reaching central Michigan, where they sharply turn due west and Marj notes: "Westward to Oregon from here on and our noses were pointed to Lake Michigan". That's when I realized they must be taking a ferry and sure enough. -Virginia Vandehey, Marjorie's neice

June 13, 1952

This was Friday, the 13th; but no one had any qualms about its being unlucky. We arose at five am to be sure to catch that ferry and were at the dock over an hour early. Some change in the atmosphere and an overcoat was an essential. The fog made it impossible to see more than a mile or two.

The preparation of loading and unloading of a Great Lakes ferry takes much time as the cargo space is mostly filled with railroad cars which takes endless shuttling back and

forth. In all this commotion a woman walked onto the ferry apron and when accosted by the deck hand she became very hostile and demanded that they find her cat. It seems the "cat" had disappeared from the car as it was stored in the hold and she was blaming the help. As the hour wore on this disappearance of the cat became quite a joke among the deck hands and the last we saw of the people in question they were walking up and down the railway tracks calling, "Kitty, Kitty!"

The ferry, "Saginaw," is as large as those of Puget Sound; but not as appropriately equipped for tourists. Travelers, in my opinion, are allowed to ride more as a convenience and the charge is very high, too. It is a four hour ride on the water and more time taken in loading and unloading. The inner harbors of Lake Michigan are formed by man made cement jetties with a lighthouse on the ends. These extending jetties supply a wonderful place for fishermen and at this early hour there were plenty of them enduring the cold. Fishermen are the same the world over—they will endure any hardship. I know it must have been bitter cold in that fog out in the lake.

We would poke our noses onto deck every fifteen or twenty minutes trying to peer through the fog; but could see only the water below and listen to the fog horns. Breakfast was served on board and it was very good; but not as exciting as the one we ate on the Chinook crossing the Juan De Fuca. By eleven we were in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, a city of over nineteen thousand with wide streets and lovely residential district.

Wisconsin has a speed limit of 65 miles an hour in the daytime and 55 at night. The counties maintain the highways; and as we entered each county, a sign gave its name and the commissioners in charge.

The weather and the dairy country reminded us of Tillamook. The farms all have Holstein cows and large dairybarns. The wind and rain acted like an old Southwester--probably for our benefit so we would feel at home. There were dozens of little farm villages and at one we stopped for gas and, like all the rest rooms in Wisconsin, this one was spotlessly clean. Another party was getting their car serviced and we learned they were originally from Astoria.

Appleton is a newer town of over 30 thousand and along the Fox River were many industries. Crossing the Wolf River by Fremont and by a pretty lake, we drove along a beautiful countryside and at Weyauwega there was another lake. At Waupaca we ate our lunch. This reminded Haysel of Wisconsin cheese and from here on, she wanted us to stop and get some. I enjoyed, in spite of the rain, my turn at the wheel. At Amhurst the Tomorrow River was dammed to make a lovely lake.

Stevens Point we remember as a city of 16 thousand and one of parks, big cemeteries, and much industry. Here also is the Central State College. We crossed the Wisconsin River and came to Auburndale on the railroad. The country became more rolling and in the distance we could see higher hills. Farms were fewer and this seemed to be hunting country along the Black River.

Through Ossea, Strum, Eleva, and Mindova--this is the home of the small country schools with two doors and two little houses in the back yard. Durand is on the Chepawa River and along this part of Wisconsin it is rugged and hilly. Plum City is in a canyon by

Rush River. The desire for cheese from the back seat became more urgent and finally we stopped in the rain at Ellsworth and got that hunk of Wisconsin cheese, which was very good. The crackers for a chaser we ate all the way home. Over the humps, we came into level country more like Illinois.

Clear sailing brought us into Prescott and across the St. Croix River (Lake) into Minnesota. St. Paul and Minneapolis in the distance were very enticing and with benefit of a super four lane highway, it didn't take us long to come to St. Paul. Minneapolis was to remain in the distance. The city is well marked for the tourist and we suffered no loss of time in going through. The streetcars are old and we saw diesel trucks again for the first time since leaving Kansas. I took a snap of the capitol building and wondered if it would be clear as it was almost 7:30 in the evening. There weren't as many brick buildings as in some of the other cities. We drove through much of the newer residential district toward Anoka.

Evening was well upon us and we saw an absence of motels and began to worry that we might have to find a hotel when we discovered a new motel, "Birchview Motel" and were lucky on Friday the 13th, to find a cozy place to sleep. Everyone near the motel ran to see the large land turtle crossing the highway--he was as much of an attraction to them as to us; so I am wondering if it is unusual for one to be seen very often.

Chet's diary:

June 13 Friday-We ferried across Lake Michigan to Manitowak, Wis. Drove across Wis. to St. Paul Minn. Stayed all nite in motel near St. Paul. Had rain and windy all day.

June 14, 1952

So this is Minnesota, the great Northwest; a title that we far Westerner's thought was ours. Haysel lessened the blow by saying, "We are from the Golden West."

The rain of the previous day had drifted eastward and it had the beginnings of a beautiful day; freshened by the showers and the thunder storm. I felt a little sorry; because now we really were heading for home; and I knew soon it would be the old harness again.

To us a redwood log isn't much of a novelty; but in Anoka here was one on display and it probably causes quite an interest for Easterners. The country is very level and the highway a very wonderful parkway. Elk River is named from the beautiful stream and then we were into the lake country. The landscape is spread out for miles or as far as one would want to see. A freight rolled by and I counted 128 cars. There wouldn't be that many in our hilly country.

The highway bypasses St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids with a combined population of 30 thousand. Along the Mississippi River near Sartell we were amazed at the acres of cordwood piled by a paper mill. The Little Rock Lake resort is a pretty spot by a lake and looked like a restful place to vacation. Through Rice and Royalton and out of the

prosperous country. At Little Falls we took a picture on the bridge over the Mississippi (which is a small stream here) and noted the park was named after Charles Lindberg-- Little Falls, is his birthplace.

The towns for many miles are villages for a farming country, and the sprinkling of lakes and streams should make it a popular vacation spot. I took the wheel and enjoyed the good highways. This is pig country, too; as we smelled a good many stys. I jotted down Ottenail River as being an odd name. Here in Minnesota as every place, we saw fisherman out so early in the morn; so the disease is as catching in the Middlewest as in the West.

The land around the Detroit Lakes region is black and looks very fertile--much like that in Yachats. The towns all have huge dairy plants; although we saw few cows, this indicated off the highway there was much dairy country. The town of Detroit Lake is by a large lake and the map showed an assortment of lakes in the region.

We noted the radio stations West of the Mississippi began with "K" and those East with "W". In listening to a program of a 4-H Club, I compared it with our own club work KOAC broadcasts.

On passing through the small towns of Hawley and Lester we were tooted at by an Oregon 51 Ford and the passengers all waved. We see more out of state cars at home than we ever did on this trip. Most of the way, we were a novelty.

Into the Red River valley from out of the mountainous and high country, we came onto a beautiful vista of farms and beet fields. Moorhead on the Red River is a city of 28 thousand or more and boasts one of the newest hotels we have seen. This is a newer city and is very well platted and has a beautiful college and campus.

Across the Red River and into Fargo, North Dakota; another bustling city; so the two consist of quite a populated area, closely knit. Like all farming communities, Saturday is a busy day. The old car needed a rest and an oil change, so we stayed in Fargo two hours. Had our lunch and did some shopping in the many fine shops. The buildings are of newer construction than those further East and the streets are quite wide.

The land flattens out like a pancake West of Fargo and we drove for miles with hardly a tree in sight and every few miles saw a scummy little pond, which I later learned were salt holes. Now this must be quite a disappointment in such an arid country. I came to the conclusion that most of North Dakota had but one reason for being settled and that was some of the people got tired before they got to Oregon.

Valley City lay in a gulch and what I mean a dry one; but a stream meandered through the town. By all appearances this part of the state is as cold as it was hot. The Spirit Wood village was almost like a ghost town--so old. Jamestown of 10 thousand is a bustling farming town of newer vintage and has the James River for a refresher.

I drove the 100 miles to Bismark, the capitol city and this stretch is the wide open spaces with only a stinky puddle now and then to break the landscape. We noted a few country schools; but the sparsity of population wouldn't require too many. And the

educational facilities from here on were not like those of the previous day viewed in Wisconsin, where each town had a lighted athletic field and turf grounds and some with brick grandstands.

The capitol building at Bismarck is on the hill above the city and behind it stretches miles of wheat fields; which is quite a contrast to a portion of this building of 19 stories. The West side is of two stories; then the skyscraper portion is on the East and is the highest in the state. The structure was erected in 1933 to replace one burned. Although it is quite impressive, it does not equal Oregon's; for it is not well balanced or does it have as nice a material. We would have liked a visit to the interior; but it was locked and not kept open for inspection like ours.

I was surprised to see the Missouri such a large river; but the dirty color showed it as almost flood stage; and indications where it had inundated some of the land. Mandan is but a few miles from Bismarck and of 7 thousand people; its new depot was very noteworthy.

Across the Heart River and we were into the grazing country where any Northwesterner would be lonely for a tree. In the village of New Salem, we saw an old steam thrashing machine. Soon we came into the high country and through Glen Ulin and from here we wondered why the telephone poles were all very short and reasoned this must be because of high prairie winds and blizzards.

All through Western Minnesota and across North Dakota the Lutheran churches are very impressive and even the smallest towns have lovely chapels dedicated to God and the one at Richardson had two steeples and was built entirely of brick.

It is a good thing we had been well fed before we came to Dickinson. I have never seen such dirty cafes nor such rotten food. I presume no inspection is made of eating places there. The Queen City motel was comfortable and made up somewhat for food. A lightning storm supplied a little fireworks during the night.

Chet's entry:

June 14-Drove thru Little Falls Minnesota on to Fargo N.D. on to Bismarck-stayed all nite in Dickinson N. Dakota. Hot.
