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LETTERS OF THE RAMBLER



THE RAMBLER AND PARTY AT MT. RAINIER, WASH.


LETTERS OF THE RAMBLER

A Trip Across the Continent

By
FRANCIS B. SANFORD

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
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*To Mr. Samuel Shipley Blood the President,
and the other members of the Board of
Directors of The American News Company,
Inc., this Booklet is respectfully dedicated
in recognition of the opportunity afforded
me to visit most of the places herein men-
tioned in connection with the legal business
of the Company.*

THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION

IN RESPONSE to requests of friends and to furnish a more permanent record of a delightful summer's outing shared by all the members of my family, I have decided to reprint a series of letters written during my travels and which originally appeared from week to week in the *Warwick Valley Dispatch* under the nom de plume, Rambler.

The letters in this volume are just as I wrote them on trains, at hotels, or wherever I could find the time. No claim of literary merit is made for them but my hope was that they might inform the reader and give pleasure.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the gracious hospitality and courteous attentions which we received during the progress of our journey, and which added so much to our enjoyment:

To Misses Harriet, Alice, and Florence Marsh and Mr. H. H. Beebe, of Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Albert Wisner and Messrs. Tracy C. Drake, L. A. Neis, E. R. Walsh, and S. M. Evans, of Chicago, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Wald and Miss Lolabel Shackelford of Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Blackburne, Messrs. J. Keating and A. N. Wise, of Denver, Col.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Arthur Johnson, of Fort Collins, Col.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cahill, of Estes Park, Col.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Petersen, of Richfield, Utah.

INTRODUCTION

Mr. C. J. Steiner, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Messrs. T. W. Ward and H. A. Bauer, of San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. A. E. Feltskog, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Vanderbilt and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Keese of Pasadena, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey A. Wisner and Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Van Duzer, of Oroville, Cal.

Messrs. H. S. and James Montgomery, of Portland, Oregon.

Mr. R. V. Miller, of Seattle, Wash.

Mr. F. W. J. Lowe, of Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. Robert Ross, of Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. J. R. Tanguay, of Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Wm. E. Foley, of Albany, N. Y.

Permit me also to express my appreciation of the interest and assistance of Mr. Charles H. Ayres, head of the Book Department of The American News Company, Inc., who kindly attended to the details of this publication.

Go, little book, I only hope you will give the reader a small portion of the pleasure I have had in your preparation!

FRANCIS B. SANFORD.

New York, October 30, 1921.

LETTERS OF THE RAMBLER



FRANCIS B. SANFORD

Letters of the Rambler

DEAR DISPATCH:

As a substitute for personal letters to friends, which it is difficult to find time to write while traveling, I shall send you a few impressions of places visited in the hope that, if published, they may revive pleasant recollections of your readers who are acquainted with the points described, and prove of interest to others, and arouse their desire to see more of the beauty spots of our great country which are so accessible and will well repay the effort and sacrifice of making a personal pilgrimage.

After the last good-byes to our well wishers who came to the Grand Central to start us, the four members of our party, with more than a yard of tickets each besides Pullman and Hotel reservations, bags, and suit cases, boarded the Empire State Express on a summer morning to begin our long trip. This splendid train rapidly carried us from the metropolis of the new world and in quick succession revealed to us in the observation car familiar, historic, and beautiful scenery, the Hudson and Mohawk River Valleys, the Palisades, the Catskills, the foothills of the Adirondacks, great cities pulsing with industrial pursuits and fertile farms. Buffalo was reached exactly on time, our engineer sometimes hitting the high spots at about a 75 mile an hour gait.

We proceeded to Niagara Falls and crossed the bridge, passed the customs ordeal, which was not at all severe when we claimed the great distinction of United States citizenship

and explained we were tourists. Our rooms at the Clifton Hotel on the Canadian side gave us magnificent views of both the American and Horse Shoe Falls. First impressions of the marvel of this world famous scenery are deepened by future study and it is impossible to say whether these Falls are more wonderful in the twilight, when illuminated by artificial lights, by moonlight, by the rising sun, or in the full daylight.

The twenty mile trolley ride through the Great Gorge worn out by the Niagara River in aeons of time reveals at close range the Falls, the Rapids, the River and the handiwork of the Creator, and also Brock's Monument, a memorial to human courage, the aero car, the great bridges, the power plants and other evidences of man's skill and prowess.

Our stay was so impressive and inspiring that we regretted to leave but it was train time and after a half day's journey through southern Ontario with its highly cultivated farms and fields of surprisingly sweet white clover we crossed under the River by the tunnel, built before those in and around New York, and found a charming and cordial welcome awaiting us on the part of our Detroit friends. Two days are far too little to get a complete idea of Detroit as the great motor center of the world, its wonderful auto plants, splendid buildings, hotels, etc. Our rides through the city, to Grosse Point on Lake Saint Claire, passed magnificent residences and closing with a picnic supper on lovely Belle Isle Park will not soon be forgotten. As at Bear Mountain every facility for the comfort of the public is furnished and in addition one can broil his own steak or cook other food on ovens provided for that purpose by the Park Commissioners without cost. A few stunts at the Amusement Park near the entrance to Belle Isle Bridge brought to the close a memorable visit to Detroit.

An afternoon's journey across the States of Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, with splendid fruit and other farms, and through cities noted for motor, paper and steel manufactures brought us to Lake Michigan and Chicago, its principal city. Everything seems done on a large scale in Chicago. Great public buildings, the magnificent Field Museum built at a cost of \$3,000,000,000, the recently constructed Wrigley Building, and the Municipal Pier extending far out into the Lake were conspicuous new points of interest shown us by our Chicago friends. Fifty miles of drives over perfect roads, with elegant homes and parks, along the Lake shore, through stately Boulevards unrivaled, where the people are allowed to enjoy the green grass, are among the attractions. Literally thousands were bathing from almost before daylight until after the searchlights were turned off for the night at 10 o'clock. It was our good fortune to make our home at the Drake Hotel which



THE RAMBLER AND FAMILY ON THEIR WAY

proved to be the last word in comfort and elegance. By the courtesy of Mr. Tracy C. Drake, the genial proprietor whose employees testify that for broadness of mind and fair treatment he has no equal, we are able to furnish the readers of the *Dispatch* a picture of this great center of the social life of Chicago with 800 guest rooms and accommodations for 5,000 people in its spacious dining rooms overlooking Lake Michigan. A photograph of the Drake Hotel was published in connection with this letter.

RAMBLER.

Chicago, June 27, 1921.

DEAR DISPATCH:

On our last evening at the Drake in Chicago, Mrs. Albert Wisner, Miss Annie Buckbee Wisner, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Clark called upon us and we had quite a company of Warwick people and those interested in our town and village. Mrs. Wisner gave us a delightful motor ride along the north shore of the Lake, which was cool and refreshing after several days of continuous heat.

The younger rambler were on the *qui vive* as we boarded the Santa Fe sleeper for their first experience of trying to sleep but really mostly resting while we crossed Illinois, the corner of Iowa and Missouri, leaving the train at Kansas City. This progressive community has over 3,000 acres in parks, and 90 miles of continuous boulevards and is a thriving gateway of trade to the South and West. Our friends entertained us with lovely drives, dinner and beautiful piano music at the Hill Crest Country Club. Our pleasure was increased by having a good visit with J. Alden Sanford, now

connected with the sales department of the Ingersoll Rand Company headquarters at St. Louis.

On the day of our departure the morning editor of the well known Kansas City *Star* announced the selection of the winning design for a two million dollar City Liberty Memorial consisting of a 200 foot tower and base 80 feet in height, a large bowl is to be set upon the wings of four angels at the crest of the tower. In the bowl a New York architect has conceived to keep a fire burning, a flame of inspiration guarded by the spirits of Courage, Honor, Patriotism, and Sacrifice, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. Structures accessory to the Memorial will be used as a club house for those who came back from the war and as a museum. It is the purpose to have this memorial placed in the heart of the city and it is to be in its character an exaltation of peace and not of war.

Our next day was spent traveling along the Santa Fe, which marks the trail of the first missionaries to the Indians of the West, the name of the railroad itself meaning the "Holy Faith" which prompted the journey. All day long we were passing through the state of Kansas, whose per capita wealth is said to be the greatest in the Union, whose broad acres are now yielding a rich harvest of wheat, some being cut and threshed in the fields, also of waving corn, sugar cane and some oil wells. Naturally the citizens of Kansas are boosters. I saw the distinguished writer, William Allen White, and met a former judge of the Kansas Court of Appeals who attributes the progress and wealth of Kansas to the industry and thrift of its citizens, its advancement in education, and gave his testimony as former prosecuting attorney and judge to the advantage to his fellow citizens and community of twenty years of prohibition. Think of the wholesome effect of

this condition upon the boys and girls, many of whom have never seen a saloon or a drunken person! I also heard many kind words spoken about Governor Allen who was elected to office while across the sea in war service, who is the sponsor for the legislation creating an Industrial Court which solves the differences between labor and capital the effectiveness of which is being watched with great interest all over our land, and who, like Vice-President Coolidge, gained a national reputation by the courage with which he handled a coal strike during the war. Here is a man qualified by ability and far-sightedness for the task for which the country may need and call him.

Early the next morning our train passed Pueblo, Col., the scene of devastation by recent floods early in June, attended with serious loss of life and property. Ruin, mud, broken bridges, cars overturned and houses carried away from their foundations were to be seen. With true American spirit and with the sympathetic assistance of fellow countrymen, the citizens of Pueblo have started to rebuild their city. Martial law has been ended and the civil authorities have resumed control. Proceeding North the grandeur of the Rocky Mountain range breaks upon us and we are in plain sight of these silent sentinels, many peaks crowned with snow, until we reached Denver, the mile high city.

RAMBLER.

Denver, Col., June 30, 1921.

DEAR DISPATCH:

A week in the Colorado Rockies constitutes an experience of scenic grandeur and sylvan charm to enrich a life time. While exploring Denver, its clean wide streets, its modern

business and fine state and city public buildings, one is ever impressed by the silent mountains twelve miles away but always visible and apparently close at hand. Our first near view, however, was in a delightful twilight drive with friends through Sheridan and Morrison and the fascinating Bear Creek Canyon, as the openings in the mountains are called from which the streams gush forth. Denver has built fine motor driveways along these streams and created a unique series of mountain parks. In the lengthening shadows with every varying hue of beauty of sunset skies, we reached Look-out Mountain from which the city of Denver brilliantly illuminated and Golden at our feet looked like fairyland.

After climbing up to see the grave of Buffalo Bill in the rocks on the mountain top and stopping at an interesting park cottage of the chalet type where refreshments are dispensed and dancing may be enjoyed besides giving the public an opportunity to see first hand various mementoes and relics of Buffalo Bill from Indian scalps to gifts made him by royalty all of which are explained by Mr. Baker, his foster son, we made our descent via the "Lariat Trail" which winds in sinuous loops along precipitous cliffs, but protected by parapet walls.

We journeyed from Denver to Fort Collins where the Rambler met his old college friend, Mr. S. Arthur Johnson, Dean of the State Agricultural College. This gave us a splendid opportunity to see this practical institution where the young farmers, boys and girls, about one thousand in regular courses, are learning intensive methods of efficient farm culture and domestic science. We here saw the sugar beet, alfalfa and crops of grain, also the sun flowers to be used in the silos. The irrigation system insures abundant yields if the necessary work is done to conquer the weeds.

From Fort Collins we proceeded in a large White Motor bus painted red, through the Big Thompson Canyon in a forty mile drive of rugged and entrancing beauty to Estes Park on the eastern edge of the Rocky Mountain National Park at an altitude of about 8,000 feet. Here we found comfortable quarters in a cottage of two rooms and two sleeping porches with excellent hotel dining facilities. On three sides of the valley rise the great peaks and ridges of the Rockies twelve and thirteen thousand feet in altitude. The snow-patched crest of the Divide culminates in the majestic pinnacle of Long's Peak, the monarch of the Park over fourteen thousand feet high. Each walk and motor drive increased our admiration for the beautiful valley and the glorious hills. We spent a restful week end and our pleasure was enhanced by meeting an old New York friend who confided that he has done some of his best writing in the cottage they have built at Estes Park where he and his wife spend at least three months each summer. While we were using extra bed coverings and heavy clothing with a temperature of 49 degrees in the early mornings and enjoying the warmth of the huge fireplace blaze the papers reported the country east and west was passing through a period of severe heat prostration.

In the little Village Church we attended a most interesting service which was conducted by Mr. Nicholson one of the founders of Gideons, an organization among traveling men to which all are indebted for furnishing copies of the Bible in the hotels all over the country. With reluctance we packed our bags and started on our seventy-five mile ride into Denver, this time, through the St. Vrain Canyon, passing Lyons and Longmount. Copious rains had made the roads difficult and in many places our experience was exciting, if not

pleasant, while the motor truck skidded from side to side, not more reassuring as the great irrigation ditches full of water often ran along the highways.

From Denver we proceeded by train to Colorado Springs. We enjoyed the broad streets and handsome residences of the city and the delightful comfort of the Antler's Hotel with its charming gardens and superb views of Pike's Peak and the surrounding mountains. A morning's drive took us to the Garden of the Gods, containing curious rock formations, the gateway consisting of two great monoliths of red sandstone. These marvels of nature were worshipped by the Indians who came down from the mountains and this gave the place its name. We saw an ossified and met some living Ute Indians who lent color to the scene with their bright head dresses and trappings and were easily persuaded to play their musical instruments and dance for us. We also visited South Cheyenne Canyon and the Seven Falls and the magnificent new Broadmoor Hotel recently completed at large expense at the foot of the mountains. An afternoon thirty mile motor trip through the lovely village of Manitou (the Ute name for Deity) up the Ute pass and over the wonderful new auto road through the Pike National Forest, brought us to the very tip top point of Pike's Peak, 14,109 feet high. The road twenty to fifty feet wide with an average grade of 7 per cent. and a maximum of $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is a marvel of engineering construction and splendid care. The interest of our trip was heightened by the fact that the upper part of our ascent was through a blinding hail and snow storm. We saw snow banks along the sides of the road eight to ten feet deep through which the path we took had been shoveled. At the summit the log fire, hot soup and other refreshments were equally welcome. Fortunately the

sun shone brightly for a time, so we had never-to-be-forgotten views from the highest mountain summit in the world provided with such an auto road. Coming down the turning, twisting, winding road, we realized more keenly the danger of the journey unless with competent and experienced drivers such as the one who guided our substantial Packard car.



THE RAMBLER WITH UTE INDIANS IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Again we passed through severe cold, a hail and snow storm, also a hard thunderstorm, with its impressive electrical display, but as we neared the bottom of the mountain, the sun again came out and everything was clear and bright and two brilliant rainbows of promise shone before us and we all realized we had experienced without discomfort one of the world's most wonderful trips.

From Colorado Springs we took the Scenic Limited Express of the Denver and Rio Grande, running in two sections,

so heavy was the travel, and for the entire day we enjoyed a succession of wondrous mountain views. We passed the stricken Pueblo and then followed the course of the Arkansas River which had been principally responsible for the damage done. We saw where the great dam had broken and the pent-up water when released carried away houses and other buildings and tore out great railway bridges or anything which impeded its course. Ten miles through the Royal Gorge, the mightiest chasm in the world traversed by steel rails, is taken in special observation cars without tops to impede the views of the great mountains bordering the twists and turns of the River's course. In places there is scarcely room enough for the single railroad track between the mountain and the boiling river and often the rails are built out over the stream. Up higher and higher our train was taken by its two engines over the Continental Divide through other river canyons and passing majestic peaks in all their varying moods and color, many snow covered, where the Rockies are the highest. Such scenes remind one of the familiar words of the Psalmist "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." and "The Strength of the hills is His also."

RAMBLER.

Salt Lake City, Utah,
July 16, 1921.

DEAR DISPATCH:

A side trip through San Pete and Sevier, two of the most fertile valleys in Utah, brought us to Richfield where we had a happy family reunion with Mr. Theodore D. Martin and Mrs. Martin, née Marian W. Edsall, and her parents, Dr.

and Mrs. A. W. Edsall, of Warwick. Mr. Martin is the principal of the High School at Richfield, a village somewhat larger than Warwick, with three banks and a beet sugar factory in the vicinity. Both Mr. and Mrs. Martin are highly esteemed by the people of the community and are leaders in educational and other lines of social activity. In addition to having a good garden, like Professor Haight, Mr. Martin is also cultivating several acres of the High School property, having planted crops of alfalfa, oats and potatoes. We were indebted to Mrs. Martin for arranging a plunge and picnic at the warm springs at Monroe and a delightful motor drive and supper in the Clear Creek Canyon. On this trip some of the peculiar signs of the Indian cliff dwellers on the rocks were pointed out to us. We met a number of the local people including Mormons who were most cordial and kind to us. As I understand Doctor Edsall plans writing the *Dispatch* about Richfield and Utah I shall simply add my appreciation of the beauty and charm of Salt Lake City and of the farsightedness of the pioneers who here made a garden spot out of the desert and shall at once endeavor to share with you my enthusiasm resulting from five incomparable days in Yellowstone, the oldest and largest of our National Parks.

On our arrival at West Yellowstone, Montana, the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific System started us off with a splendid breakfast. Our registrations completed we were soon on our way in the same kind of large White busses we had at Estes and Rocky Mt. Parks, this time painted yellow. We soon entered the Park gate, passed into the State of Wyoming, enjoyed the pine trees and followed the course of the Madison River, then stopped to see the wonders of the Excelsior Geyser basin. Here we examined the Geysers

and proceeded to view even greater marvels in upper Geyser basin and the Giant, the Grand, Castle, Daisy Geysers and Morning Glory, Emerald and other pools and finally ended our first day's ride of thirty miles at Old Faithful Camp. We greatly enjoyed the informality of the Camps where we slept in canvas tents with wooden floors and wainscoting, some provided with screens and electric lights and small stoves in which a wood fire could be quickly kindled before one rose to furnish warm water and a little congenial heat on a cool morning. The helpers in the Camps are college and high school boys and girls who are spending their vacations in most healthful surroundings and at the same time earn a modest return and make acquaintances with the tourists. The table is plain but wholesome and each evening an entertainment is provided by the guests or students which is usually followed by an impressive camp fire in the open with well led community singing to close the day's programme, after which those who desire may dance in Recreation Hall. At Old Faithful great crowds are always waiting for the eruption which throws the water 100 to 150 feet about each hour. Sometimes the ascending water assumes a plume shape, sometimes like a pyramid, and sometimes it looks like steam, but always beautiful and inspiring whether seen in sunlight, in the moonlight, or with the searchlight playing upon it. The United States Government provides competent guides to accompany sightseers and explain the various points of interest. A favorite diversion is to visit the garbage dumps when the bears, black, cinnamon, and grizzly, are feeding. They grow quite tame and one particular bear named Pete is usually on hand every day to meet travelers between Old Faithful and Yellowstone Lake, putting his fore paws on the automobile door and taking candy or other food direct

out of the hands of the giver. His picture is no doubt taken more frequently than that of any other bear in the Park. Each day's drive differs in scenery from former ones, but all are interesting and with a great variety.

The Yellowstone Camp is located on the bank of Yellowstone Lake, the shore line of which is over one hundred miles surrounded on many sides by snow-peaked mountains. Mr. Ed. H. Herpel, a charming Texan from San Antonio, persuaded the Rambler to rise at five one morning to try his luck with the wily trout. Result—a couple of hours of royal sport on the Lake and the Yellowstone River which empties into it and enough salmon trout for both our families, nicely cooked for us at the Camp.

The Canyon Camp was peculiarly interesting to us with the impressive Falls, upper and lower or Great Falls, the beautiful canyon 1,200 feet deep with rugged walks and drives to points of interest and magnificent views. At the Mammoth Camp are the wonderful Terraces with marvelous colorings, the result of ages of action of the warm springs from the pure white of Angel's Terrace to the rich brown color of Cleopatra Terrace and the green of Jupiter's Pool. Here also we visited the corral where we saw nineteen buffaloes, the courteous ranger taking pictures for us of the herd from horseback inside the enclosure. As at Faithful, Mammoth also has an outdoor swimming pool of warm spring water which proved very attractive to all, but the temperature was too warm to be invigorating to one accustomed to bathing in cool waters.

Yellowstone contains 4,000 hot springs, more geysers than in all the rest of the world. It has a mud volcano, a cliff of glass, a roaring mountain, seething multi-colored paint pots, a natural bridge, waterfalls of great height and volume, dense

forests, mostly of pine, spruce fir, and cedar, and also areas of petrified forests with trunks standing. Wild flowers of great variety and brilliancy of color grow in profusion and 200 varieties of birds and many wild animals are found here.

A day's trip across the south end of the Great Salt Lake, over the salt desert areas of Utah, with apparently sufficient



YELLOWSTONE PARK MOTOR CAR AT OLD FAITHFUL CAMP

salt supplies for the world's needs, across barren stretches of the State of Nevada with occasional fertile ranches, stocked with large herds of cattle and sheep, passing through only a few towns of any size and over the mountains, in many of which are rich mines, we entered the State of California, through the Feather River Canyon, a description of which will be reserved for our next letter.

RAMBLER.

San Francisco, July 20, 1921.

DEAR DISPATCH:

Two weeks are as inadequate to see California as are my abilities to describe and do justice to points visited. My little narratives are not intended to furnish historical or complete information but, as stated in my first letter, simply to record some of my impressions.

We chose to enter California as did the forty niners who came to search for gold. Like them, we descended the western slope of the Sierra Nevada divided through its mighty rift; the Feather River Canyon. These hardy pioneers were the first white settlers of the State except Spanish priests who founded a line of Missions among the Indians in the 18th century extending from San Diego to San Francisco, many of which buildings still standing in their original simplicity are carefully preserved. Like the miners, we enjoyed the ever-changing scenery, the gorges and rugged chasms through which the Feather River runs about one hundred miles, the gentler phases, the spiral curves tunnelling the mountains thirty-two times as we sought the sea level from an elevation of about 6,000 feet. This canyon has become quite a summer resort with large hotels, cottages, camps and motor highways of the excellence for which California is renowned yet withal retaining the natural beauty of the scene and the excellent trout fishing for which the river is famous.

Emerging from the canyon we reached Oroville and spent most of the rest of the day passing through fertile valleys where large quantities of fruit, nuts, farm and garden produce were raised. Unlike the pioneers we found no gold waiting to be appropriated, however we saw placer mining operations for gold and we had no difficulty at all in distributing our savings for which we felt we received our money's worth.

We decided California is properly called the Golden State with its golden poppy-covered fields, its golden oranges, its golden gate, its golden sun and sunsets, to say nothing of its marvelous native wealth, its objects of natural beauty and its manufactures.

We first visited San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific and one of the finest cities of the United States. Motor trips and kind friends showed us many of the places of interest, views from the Twin Peaks, the beautiful Golden Gate Park developed from a sand heap under the efficient Scotch caretaker's continuous service of over twenty years through changing political administrations; the famous Cliff Drive on the beach, including the Seal Rocks, the Praesidio (U. S. Military reservation), the site of the Panama Pacific Exposition beautified by Mr. McLaren, the Scotsman referred to, but now allowed to run down through inattention, the residential section of the city and its charming suburbs, the impressive buildings and grounds of Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, the great hotels, business buildings and Chinatown. A day was spent in a delightful excursion to Mount Tamalpais by the crookedest railroad in the world from the summit of which splendid views of the harbor, the environs of the city, the Pacific Ocean and surrounding country were obtained. Here also we saw the Muir woods, a beautiful grove of the variety of Big Trees, which grow near the coast some of which we examined more carefully, near Santa Cruz on our way by the coast line branch of the Southern Pacific, which is called the Railroad of 1,000 wonders. Mr. Sproul, the President, once told me that next to the State of California, the Southern Pacific Railroad was the greatest thing in California. We visited and had luncheon at the Casino of the Casa del Rey, seaside

hotel at Santa Cruz, with a splendid bathing beach and other attractions.

We enjoyed Monterey Bay with its great rambling hotel at Del Monte, its beautiful grounds, flower gardens and splendid auto drive along the cliffs in an estate of 7,000 acres, where we again saw the seals at home on the rocks, besides great numbers of pelicans and cormorants.

The concert hall where Jenny Lind sang and the home of Robert Louis Stevenson and other interesting places were pointed out to us in historic Monterey and Pacific Grove. Grinnell Burt told me he had rented a cottage at Carmel in this vicinity, which he considers the greatest center of all kinds of sport in the country, with wonderful golf links, tennis courts, and polo grounds, besides furnishing the opportunity for all kinds of aquatic sports also splendid preserves for duck shooting and other hunting in the immediate neighborhood.

A day's journey over the Coast Range Mountains, through a succession of tunnels, for over 100 miles in sight of the ocean, passing high above Point Conception, and, witnessing the unusual sight of extracting oil from the sea itself, brought us to Santa Barbara famed for its genial climate, beautiful homes, its well preserved Mission, and fine hotels. We particularly enjoyed one drive to the Mission, passed the Parks, the cozy and artistic bungalow hotels and the lovely homes of Santa Barbara, then along the mountain road to Monte Cito and Miramar. We were privileged to go through the magnificent grounds of one of the greatest estates, that of an Oakland banker, besides seeing those of many well-known millionaires and including the home of Mr. William Bliss, of New York, who there entertained the King and Queen of Belgium on their recent visit.

With reluctance we bade "Good-bye" to Santa Barbara, hoping to return and after an afternoon's ride in a crowded train we reached Los Angeles. Although many of our trips on the Southern Pacific proved hot they were not dusty and dirty as on other roads which do not burn oil. We also found all railroad employees courteous and obliging. Los Angeles has now passed her rival San Francisco in population,



HOOKER OAK, CHICO, CAL.

and it is the great business and social center of the southern coast. We attended a remarkable service at the Auditorium Theatre on Sunday evening, given under the auspices of the progressive Temple Baptist Church. A vast audience of nearly 6,000 joined in singing familiar hymns under the leadership of a great choir on the stage and two quartets of soloists. A most interesting sermon was preached by Dr. J. Frank Norris, of Fort Worth, Texas, one of the most eloquent preachers of the South. The subject of his discourse

was the speaker's recent visit and interview with Pope Benedict at Rome. At Los Angeles we made the acquaintance of some of the great caf  terias where each patron arms himself with a tray, makes his own selection from the appetizing food exhibited, eats at comfortable tables, sometimes with orchestra music, all at reasonable cost and eliminating the tedious delays of hotels and restaurant service to say nothing of the autocratic exactions of obsequious waiters. In an afternoon's drive we saw many moving picture studios, beautiful homes, large palatial estates and cozy bungalows amid trees and floral settings of great charm and variety in Los Angeles, Hollywood, and Pasadena (including Orange Grove Avenue, one of the most beautiful streets in this country). In the latter place we called on Eastern friends who have made their permanent homes in this most attractive city. Among them were the Misses Mary and Susie Wisner, who had many kind expressions for Warwick and greetings for their relatives and many friends. We regretted not to see their sister, Miss Carrie Wisner, who also now lives in Pasadena.

THE RAMBLER.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 27, 1921.

DEAR DISPATCH:

From Los Angeles one of the delightful outings is a trip to Catalina Island. This includes an hour's comfortable ride on the rapid Pacific Electric to Wilmington, one of the seaports where there is much ship building and from which great quantities of lumber, oil and other exports are shipped. A two hour ride on the Pacific Ocean on the large and steady new steamship *Avalon* brought us to the little town of the

same name on the island. Fortunately the sea was calm so every one thoroughly enjoyed this part of our journey. The pleasure of our going trip was enhanced by meeting Mr. and Mrs. White and daughter, Betty, who were starting for a week's camping trip at Catalina. It was a novel experience to ride on the glass bottomed boat through which we examined the citizens of the deep and their wonderful surroundings in the marine gardens. Our guide pointed out many varieties of fish, some of beautiful colors, also sea weeds, shells, and other ocean growths. A diver entertained us by picking up articles from the bottom of the sea, throwing kisses to the ladies and doing other stunts all in our plain sight and remaining under water more than three minutes without wearing any diver's helmet or apparatus of any kind; he simply wore an ordinary bathing suit. The deep blue color of the water, its clearness, the location and general contour of the Island, its hills and roads and also the diving reminded me strongly of our visit to the Island of Capri and its Blue Grotto in the Mediterranean off the coast of Italy. We were sorry not to see Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sparks and Miss Myrtis, but Mr. and Mrs. White (née Sparks) assured us although business may keep them in Los Angeles, they all hope and expect to return to their home in Warwick.

On another side trip we went to Riverside by the Electric Express. We journeyed through miles of orange, lemon and grape fruit groves, orchards of olives and nuts heavily laden, a rare and beautiful sight particularly so in burned and dusty California. We considered ourselves fortunate to remain over night at the restful and unique Mission Inn. The atmosphere of the place is well expressed in the quotation above the desk: "You cannot be both grand and comfortable." The Inn occupies an entire city block and in archi-

ecture, furnishings, etc., it resembles one of the old missions. Our rooms were plain in their appointments, but quiet and opening on a balcony overlooking the Court of Birds. Oh, that I might share with you the charm of this scene! Gaily plumed large and small parrots, mocking and other birds, a profusion of tropical shrubs and foliage and beautiful fragrant flowers of many colors and descriptions. Our luncheon and dinner were served in the Spanish patio, an interior court in the center of which was a fountain. An Indian girl in costume favored us with sweet music on the harp from a balcony while we were eating, and many canaries added their joyful notes to the glad occasions. Organ recitals in the Chapel with vocal solos entertained the guests two or three times a day. An art gallery, underground passages containing statuary and interesting objects connected with the missions seemed appropriate as did the collection of bells, some very old, in one of the galleries. At all times baskets of oranges were kept in the bedrooms with a card showing they were there due to the thoughtfulness of the manager for the free use of the guests.

A motor trip to Smiley Heights, a lovely and sightly park, the winter home of the well-known Smiley family of Lake Mohonk, through Redlands known for its wealth, gave us more intimate views of the beauty and fertility of this great section of the country reclaimed from the desert by irrigation. We were told we passed 50,000 acres of citrus fruit on this drive in the center of the orange district, many trees laden with full-grown golden fruit.

In the grounds of a private residence at Redlands we saw climbing roses growing to a height of 75 feet, maidenhair ferns growing up the trunks of palm trees at least 20 feet, and in Riverside we saw a hedge of asparagus ferns separating a

Sunkist orange grove from the highway, flowering century plants and palms of great variety, size, and beauty. We hoped to see Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Wilder and Donald at Redlands, but learned they had moved to Carson City, Neb. After visiting Sherman School for Indian children our drive was concluded by the ascent of Mt. Rubidoux. This is not a high mountain, some 2,000 feet, but its location is exceptional. To the north the San Bernardino Range with Mounts Wilson and Lowe occupying places of prominence. To the south, what is called the Fault, the wild, chaotic confusion of lower hills caused by earthquakes, all of the mountains bare-looking with no green trees, only sage, cactus, and desert growths. East and west were fertile valleys and miles of groves and orchards, cities and towns. As we raised our eyes, a gold ray of the setting sun rested upon the substantial wooden cross at the very summit of the mountain, the symbol of the love and sacrifice which led to the discovery and development of this land. We learned with interest of the inspiring non-denominational service held on this very spot at sunrise each Easter morning. Mr. White told us they had left Los Angeles at midnight to motor out to attend the service. Frequently 25,000 people are present. Places are reserved for the clergy, prominent guests, soloists, and the chorus. The service is largely musical. Usually just as the sun rises the cornet soloist plays "The Holy City."

Again we packed our bags with regret and left Riverside hoping to come again. After taking leave of our Texas friends whom we met in Yellowstone and with whom we traveled to San Francisco, again meeting them at Los Angeles, we started north on the Southern Pacific this time by the inland route over the Tehachapi Pass to Sacramento, the State capital. After a short drive around the city we

took the limited electric train on the Sacramento and Northern R. R., this one equipped with most comfortable movable chairs and having observation features and covered the 75 miles to Oroville before the railroad train started from Sacramento. We were met at the station by Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey A. Wisner, who took us five miles to their attractive home in an olive and peach ranch near Wyandotte. Jeff's next neighbor is his old friend Valentine VanDuzer, who brought his wife and baby to see us, took us to his pleasant home and ranch, and showed us many thoughtful attentions.

We called on Mrs. Louise P. Burt at her cozy bungalow, near Palermo, where we also met Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell Burt and had a pleasant evening exchanging Warwick news and renewing interrupted friendships. We were sorry to miss seeing Mr. and Mrs. Pierson Burt and Mr. and Mrs. Dunning Fowler who live near by, but they were in San Francisco. Their many friends will be pleased to hear from the members of the Warwick colony at Oroville who represent some of our best old families and I am sure all will wish these young men great success in their chosen field of activity to add new lustre to the names they bear which are so intimately and honorably connected with Warwick's history and development.

The time passed all too quickly, so royally were we entertained and in addition to driving us around Oroville Jeff and Tine and their wives took us past olive, nut and fruit orchards and rice fields, to Chico where we started on our journey through the northern gateway to California via Southern Pacific.

We saw the outline of Mt. Lassen, the only active volcano in Continental United States, and proceeding up the Sacra-

mento River Canyon spent a day enjoying views of snow-clad Mount Shasta, one of the most majestic peaks of the continent, 14,438 feet high, which looked cool and refreshing to travellers from Southern California after passing up the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. Like the Feather River, the Sacramento and other canyons to the north seemed the more beautiful because of the green trees and shrubbery and the clear mountain streams in contrast to the dry and desert places where water is the most precious possession and must be used sparingly to preserve life and crops

Many entrancing views attend one as we ascend the Cascade Range to an elevation of over 4,000 feet, or emerge from the seventeen tunnels or pass along Cantara Loop or Horse Shoe curve, or view the Mossbrae Falls foaming through curtains of moss and delicate ferns.

Our train stopped long enough at Shasta Springs to allow



THE RAMBLER AT NATURAL BRIDGE, NEAR CRATER LAKE, ORE.

passengers to partake of the mineral waters renowned for health-giving properties. While passing the mountain itself we witnessed a fierce forest fire which was being fought by the rangers who were cutting down great trees to prevent its spread. Heat waves surged into the car and we realized how important is the work of fire protection in the mountains and the needs of greatest caution to prevent the start or spread of fire.

We changed cars at the junction lumber town of Weed, directly under the shadow of the great Mount Shasta. Here the huge, cloud covered dome, with large fields of snow extending over all its sides, rose 10,000 feet above us. Soon after leaving Weed this journey to California ended as we crossed the Oregon line, but the memories will last for life. Of our journey through the States of the Northwest you will hear in the next letter of

THE RAMBLER.

Portland, Oregon, August 4, 1921.

DEAR DISPATCH:

Our first stop over in Oregon was at Klamath Falls, a village of about 6,000 people, where we spent the night at the White Pelican Inn, an excellent hotel. Next morning we started early for a thirty-five-mile ride on Klamath Lake by motor launch. We particularly enjoyed this trip as, for about the first time since leaving home, our overcoats were needed traveling by day. The shores of the Lake are very wild, covered with high hills with some snow peaks; a few logging camps and a small lumber town or two constitute the extent of the inhabitants except the birds which offered continuous interest. Great white pelicans were very numerous. Many

cranes, wild ducks, gulls, black herons and bald eagles were plentiful. As we approached Harriman Lodge (built and until recently owned by the Orange County family of that name) and Rocky Point, a sportsmen's resort, we passed wonderful fishing grounds and in Crystal Creek we could see the large trout in the clear water. The largest fish for this season weighed 23 pounds and measured 33 inches. The record is posted on a tree giving the name of the Oakland, Cal., doctor who caught the trout. I met a gentleman from Michigan who saw the fish the day it was taken and vouched for the correctness of the figures given. A three-hour motor ride through Wood River Valley and Fort Klamath with fertile irrigated farm lands and great herds of cattle and sheep on large ranches through miles of forests of fir and magnificent pines, very tall and straight, brought us to the Crater Lake National Park on the summit of the Cascade Range. For eight miles more we rapidly climbed the slopes of the ancient volcanic cone along the Anna Creek Canyon until we reached the Lodge from which we had our first view of Crater Lake, the sea of silence. It is a gigantic cauldron six miles across, and 4,000 feet deep, the rim extending for over 20 miles in a nearly perfect oval at least 1,000 feet above the water which is of the deepest and most marvelous blue. We went down the trail to Eagle Cove at the edge of the Lake and took some of the hikes around the rim to vantage points for views of the mystic Lake, of Wizard Island in its midst with its own crater-topped cinder cone and of Phantom Ship, another island so called because of pinnacled rock formation. The glorious colors of the sunset, the clouds and reflections in the water were only rivalled by the beauty of the sunrise. We reluctantly turned our backs upon this marvel of nature, motored to Medford, again passing great forest

preserves, stopping to see the Garden of the Gods and the Natural Bridge of Crater Lake Park, also passing fine fruit orchards as we reached the lower valleys. We saw a number of deer and a six-week-old pet fawn at Prospect where we stopped for luncheon.

A night's journey brought us to Portland, Oregon's chief city. New York friends were awaiting us at the Hotel Benson and we had two delightful days together before parting to return by different routes. A fine million and a quarter dollar driveway along the Columbia River, passing many beautiful falls and with extended views, is a chief attraction. However the homes, the parks, and the flowers of the "Rose" city and the three magnificent snow crowned sentinels, Mounts Hood, St. Helens, and Adams, all make a lasting impression.

After another night's train ride to Tacoma, Wash., we again had a long motor trip through city, suburbs, and great forests to the Mr. Rainier National Park. The Government has wisely expended a large amount to build the wonderful auto highway to the Snow Mountain worshipped by the Indians, the great Monarch of the Coast and one of the highest peaks in the United States 14,408 feet in altitude. We reached Paradise Inn at Paradise Valley more than a mile high to find ourselves in the midst of a most inspiring sight. Mt. Rainier towered above us more than two miles higher with twenty-eight great glacial streams sweeping from the summit, forty-five square miles of moving ice, and all around us the serrated peaks of the Tatoosh Range. We clambered over snow banks and up more or less easy trails to Alta Vista from which we had a nearer view of mountains and glaciers besides making the acquaintance of a great variety of beautiful flowers which carpet the fields almost in the

snow itself. It was so cold at night we secured additional blankets which were almost a burden, but our little tent in Paradise Alley was a good shelter and after refreshing sleep we were ready for new experience. We dressed in the garments secured the night before, an exact equality prevailing between the sexes as to hiking costume. A flannel shirt, khaki trousers, large woolen socks, strong boots with calks, a cap and dark glasses constituted the outfit except for an alpen stock with pointed end and a coating of cold cream and face paint for those who feared burning. Thus accoutred we faced the camera and started with our Swiss guide to explore the Nisqually glacier. The trail led up hill and down, over snow fields, through mud and running streams until we reached the moraine at one side of the glacier. Here the going was pretty rough over great rocks and along a narrow ridge. At this point we left one tired hiker to await our return. We crossed the moraine and climbed up on the surface of the glacier itself. The guide produced a rope and each member of the party took hold of it. The guide leading admonished everyone to walk directly behind the person just in front in single file and in the track of the guide and often in the very steps he had cut in the ice with the pick he carried. As we mounted higher with deep crevasses on either side of our narrow path more of the party left us so not over a dozen reached the top. On the return in some places the guide took us one at a time across crevasses so wide we had to jump over them. Beautiful colors in the ice were often seen in these deep cracks very different in appearance from the lower part of the glacier which the dirt and dust made resemble rocks or the ground itself. The guide pointed out favorable spots for coasting which old and young alike enjoyed. We used no sleighs, but the seats of our

trousers had been treated with a paraffine coating so we rode down hill sitting on our so-called "tin" pants, and great fun it was. Mt. Rainier is one of the most impressive and enjoyable resorts I have ever visited. It reminds me more of the Monte Rosa glaciers at Zermatt than any part of Switzerland I have seen and our American scenery does not suffer by the comparison. From Rainier we motored directly to Seattle over 100 miles, the first part a lovely wooded drive, but dusty, the last forty-two miles over a nearly perfect highway through pretty towns, past fruit orchards and fields of beautiful hop vines. As we looked back near the close of day we could see the great mountain, its snow glistening with rose sunset shades and as the shadows lengthened it seemed to be floating like a white cloud in the distance.

Our stay in Seattle enabled us to see some of the natural beauty of location of this splendid enterprising city situated at the northwest corner of our country. My favorite view is from the grounds of the Washington State University, where the Yukon-Pacific Exposition was located, now an extended campus on a high elevation surrounded by handsome and modern college buildings with views of Puget Sound, the Olympic Mountains and our favorite Mt. Rainier. Spreading out at our feet is the city itself with three large lakes connected with a most up-to-date system of locks to lift ocean liners from salt to fresh water by pressing an electric button, second only in size to those of the Panama Canal. We enjoyed the handsome boulevards, parks, and homes of this city of over 300,000 population. We saw many wooden ships, built at great expense during the war now destined for the junk heap. Like Portland and Vancouver, the other western port cities we visited, business conditions in Seattle at present are very quiet. There is almost no demand for lumber, one

of the principal industries; shipping is at a standstill, and the last year's canned salmon supply is still largely unsold and on hand due to demoralized foreign trade conditions. How-



SLIDING MT. RANIER DRESSED IN "TIN" PANTS.

ever, these people do not seem discouraged, but are pushing their other business interests ahead with the spirit which knows no defeat.

It was my privilege to attend service at the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle. The ground floor of the large and handsome auditorium was comfortably filled and there were hundreds in the galleries notwithstanding it was the first Sunday in August and the pastor was away on his vacation. An enlightening sermon was delivered by Dr. Ernest F. Hall,

Pacific Coast Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, on "The Far-Flung Mission Battle Line." In a businesslike yet forceful way the modern program of missionary effort was presented. Through the medical branch to alleviate the human suffering and clean up the plague spots of the world; through the educational department to dispel the ignorance and superstitions of the people and teach them how to make the most out of life, and through the preaching of the Word to furnish a new motive for an abundant life of self-sacrifice exemplified in the life of Christ and reflected in the precept and example of his faithful missionaries. That the Seattle church is alive to the importance of missionary service is evidenced by the fact that it supports seven missionaries in the foreign mission fields, two in home mission work and no less than nineteen of its members have accepted definite assignments in assisting city missions.

THE RAMBLER.

Banff Springs Hotel,
August 14, 1921.

DEAR DISPATCH:

"Of what country are you a citizen" and "what relations are your traveling companions" were the questions asked as we boarded the *Princess Victoria* steamship for a day on Puget Sound. The ship was large and steady, the weather ideal and the sea smooth, except when we crossed the channel which enters from the ocean, but even then it was not too rough for the members of our party. For most of the day we were passing along the State of Washington. I never realized before how far it extends north of Seattle, west, as well as east of Puget Sound. The Olympic Mountains to

the west rose high, majestic, with much snow and most remarkable clouds particularly as we approached the Juan de Fuca Strait through which came the fogs of the Pacific, clinging to the mountains in fantastic and fascinating shapes. The hour at our disposal at Victoria, located on Vancouver Island, was a busy one, visiting the attractive Empress Hotel conducted by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and driving through the business and residential sections and parks of this little city, quite quaint and foreign in many ways, passing the Government House with spacious grounds, the official home of the Lieutenant-Governor, and the impressive Parliament buildings besides getting a great deal of wind and splendid views along the Marine Drive. At first we feared collisions because all traffic in British Columbia passes to the left, however, our driver informed us on December first this was to be changed so as to conform to the custom of the rest of Canada and the United States in passing to the right.

It seems rather strange that Victoria should be the capital of British Columbia, as it is situated on an island so far from the geographical center, but it is the oldest city and English traditions do not yield easily and Victoria is typically English in sentiment. The flowers and vegetation of Victoria were particularly beautiful and luxuriant due to the abundance of moisture. An afternoon's ride on the crowded boat, through the islands, with views of Mt. Baker in Washington, the last of the former volcanic peaks, now isolated, great snow mountains along the Cascade range in the United States, brought us into the splendid, nearly land-locked, harbor of Vancouver, Canada's largest commercial center of the West.

This city is the terminal of the Canadian Pacific Railway and also of its trans-Pacific, Alaska and local steamship

routes. Here is also another of the fine railway hotels which are found at the larger places across the continent. Vancouver has extensive lumber and other interests with fine shops and facilities for conducting business. It might be of interest for you to know that American money was so highly regarded that the shops allowed \$11.00 credit for our \$10.00 bills and I received \$223.00 in Canadian currency for my New York check of \$200, a premium of $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

We left Vancouver on the Trans-Canada Limited composed entirely of sleeping and dining coaches. All of the rolling stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway, by the way, is of its own manufacture so that we found no Pullman cars on its lines. To this great railway is largely due the development of Canada. Begun about fifty years ago it was not until 1885 that it was finished so as to link the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Its service we found excellent for comfort and reliability, courteous officials on the trains and boats and also hotel staffs, waiters, waitresses, and subordinates, all of whom knew their business and attended to it.

We were about to realize our long-anticipated visit to the Canadian Rockies and our train soon entered the Fraser, Thompson, and Albert River Canyons through which we crossed the Cascade Mountains. The scenery is most impressive, the railroad passing along the rivers, frequently tunneling the mountains which tower high above the angry and roaring streams presenting awe-inspiring surroundings perhaps even wilder in aspect than the neighboring American mountains. We left the train at 6:30 A. M. and for the first time were transported to and from the hotel in horse-drawn vehicles, the motor being out of order. We had time to visit the "Meeting of the Waters" and devour and drink in some of the beautiful scenery of the Selkirk Mountains before

breakfast was announced at the C. P. R. hotel at Glacier. The frosty air and walk had given us a keen appetite and we did justice to our meal. We spent the morning in a visit to the Illecillewaet or Great Glacier which is only about one and a half miles from the hotel reached by a delightful walk through the woods and along the milky opaque glacial stream gradually rising until we were in range of this huge ice stream of ten square miles. The views of the mountains were superb, some of the highest peaks we saw in Canada were in this locality and many had large snow and ice fields upon them.

A four-hour train ride in open observation cars carried us past a succession of magnificent views and brought us to Field from which we motored through virgin forests to Emerald Lake, seven miles away. The Chalet is under C. P. R. management and is located on a peninsula nearly surrounded by this beautiful lake whose water is of a remarkable green color. We had comfort but no luxury in our day's sojourn at the Chalet. We walked around the lake through the woods, about four miles, rowed and enjoyed every moment gazing upon the mountains, the glaciers and the lake.

From Field we passed through the spiral tunnels, the five-mile double-tracked tunnel which penetrates Mount Macdonald and the Great Divide where the waters of one river separate, part flowing west to the Pacific, the rest easterly on the way to the Atlantic, reaching Lake Louise in the Rockies after a three and a half mile ride on a narrow-gauge road whose cars are run by gasoline motor engines. We all considered this one of the most charming places we visited. The Château, while large and elegant, is cozy and home-like, the rolling perfectly kept lawns and the profusion of flowers of many kinds, wild and cultivated, the beautiful lake

of lovely blue directly in front of the hotel, and the great mountains on either side and the pure white Victoria glacier covering a large portion of the upper reaches of the mountain opposite make a picture not to be forgotten. Our views on our hikes along the Lake, to the lakes in the clouds as Mirror and St. Agnes Lakes are called, located some 1,000 and 1,200 feet above, all increased our admiration for this gem of the Canadian Rockies. One of our party discovered a large porcupine on the way to the tea house at St. Agnes Lake. The tea and cakes were palatable and delicious and we also thoroughly enjoyed the cordial reception and hospitality of the interesting lady who spends her summers in this lonely but fascinating place to give entertainment to such of the public as walk or ride by horseback to this sightly spot.

We also had a most interesting motor ride to Moraine Lake and the Valley of Ten Peaks, each of which has snow upon it. On this drive we passed Temple, the largest mountain in the Rockies, and saw some marmots sunning themselves upon the rocks. At Moraine Lake we saw the hanging glacier. For the first time since we left Colorado Springs, July 5th, we witnessed a heavy thunder shower while at Lake Louise. This seems the more remarkable as many letters from home report an abundance of rain and severe electrical storms. Two nights and days were too little to devote to Lake Louise but we started out for Banff where we stayed at the very large and pretentious Banff Springs Hotel of the C. P. R.

Added to the complete appointments of a modern hotel and wonderful mountain and river scenery they have a perfectly splendid warm as well as a cool water swimming pool. Hikes to the little village with its zoo and museum, to the beautiful Bow River Falls, to the top of Tunnel Mountain

by what is called the "corkscrew" gave us good exercise as well as fine scenery and with a bath thrown in the time passed quickly and we were bidding adieu to Banff, the Three Sisters and other mountains farther along and on our long journey through Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, great distances of level country some with wonderful wheat crops and herds of cattle until we reached Winnipeg, the central city of Canada, with more than 200,000 people, where we broke our journey and spent a night and day.

A drive impressed us with the beauty of the homes and parks, visits to Birks, the Tiffany's of Canada, the two hundred and fifty year old Hudson's Bay Company and T. Eaton's great department and other stores proved the attractiveness of the shops and relieved us of surplus Canadian money and leaving the Royal Alexandra C. P. R. hotel we started for our last night's ride on the train reaching Fort William in the morning where we boarded the C. P. R. steamer *Assiniboia*, named after an early explorer, which proved a steady, comfortable, and a pleasant home for two nights and a day, crossing Lakes Superior and Huron through the Sault Ste. Marie Locks, the Soo River and Georgian Bay landing us at Port McNicol from which the train brought us to Toronto. Friends pointed out to us on a drive the impressive Parliament and other public buildings, the handsome campus and foundations connected with the great University of Toronto besides palatial and beautiful residences. We soon again embarked upon shipboard the *Toronto* which carried us swiftly, safely, and without injury to our reputations as good sailors across Lake Ontario and landed us at Alexandria Bay, once more in the good old U. S. A., New York State, where we soon declared our citizenship to the satisfaction of the customs officers who made a cursory examination

of our baggage and released us. A ride in one of the elegant motor launches through the Thousand Islands on a beautiful summer day is a most enjoyable one, passing a succession of lovely homes, large and small on separate islands with grounds perfectly kept and glorious with flowers and trees through waterways, rifts, channels, and other interesting spots. We felt that this Venice of America deserves the greatest popularity as a resort.

It was pleasant to observe that Americans frequently built elegant homes on islands located on the Canadian side as evidenced by the two flags flying together, the British above the Stars and Stripes. The late George C. Boldt did much to develop this place and at the time of his death owned five islands with magnificent residences. The old Thousand Island and Crossman Houses though splendidly located have not been kept up and, since the burning of the Hotel Frontenac, the great need of the Thousand Islands is for modern up-to-date hotel facilities for which I understand plans are under way which may also include the taking over of some of the Boldt properties in this connection. Private motor boats of most luxurious and speedy type, some attaining fifty miles an hour, stately private yachts, a fleet of excursion and fishing craft, at least two hydroplanes and international polo matches all added to the gaiety and social life of the place.

From Alexandria Bay we motored to Watertown, an enterprising and attractive city whose most conspicuous citizens have been former Governor Roswell P. Flower and former Secretary of State, Robert Lansing. A railroad trip of five hours on the New York Central brought us to Albany where we visited the Capitol, Governor's Mansion, State Educational Building, schools, parks, residences, etc., and boarded

the night boat finding commodious staterooms with brass beds and bath. Our water trips proved restful and much more comfortable than sleeping car riding. We were fortunate also to have been traveling moonlight nights on this part of our trip so that the sunsets, the moonlight and the searchlights added to the beauty of our journey by water.

By eight o'clock next morning the great steamer had docked. We were having our breakfast on board, and soon afterward were being rushed home through the city streets in a taxi. During our long journey of over 12,000 miles by land and water and covering a period of nine weeks we were fortunate in having no delay or interruption in our plans by accident or illness and all returned much better Americans with delightful memories of people we had met and of the places we had visited.

The Rambler desires to express his appreciation

First: Of the consideration of his travelling companions, their readiness for all new experiences and manifest enjoyment of the same and particularly their willingness without complaint to submit to the unavoidable inconveniences and discomfort attendant upon even the best planned travel trips.

Second: For the kindness of friends in every part of the country who seemed to vie with one another to make pleasant our sojourn and especially to make us acquainted with the particular attractions of their respective communities.

Third: To Mr. George W. Levison of the Continental Travel Company, 138 West 32nd Street, New York City, formerly with Thomas Cook & Son, who prepared our itinerary, purchased our tickets, made all arrangements for hotel and railroad reservations so that upon arrival at every place we were expected and accommodations provided and paid for.

In this way we found it unnecessary to carry any substantial amount of cash. In fact it is my experience that a reliable tourist agent can save you money besides getting a maximum of comfort at a minimum cost, and

Lastly: To the *Warwick Valley Dispatch* for furnishing the medium to present my letters to my friends and the public who have proved very patient if they have continued to the end. I can only hope every one of them will embrace the first opportunity to visit the places I have tried to describe and even at home that they will find "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stone, and good in everything."

RAMBLER.

New York City, August 25, 1921.

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