

Blodgett Ave. Oct. 5<sup>th</sup>, 1936.

My dear Madalene,

Many thanks for the lovely handkerchiefs. I still have no time for such things. By the time I have the mending done and the girls dresses etc made I am ready to start all over. I still have the dresser scarf you made so long ago. I brought it with me.

You ask ~~how~~ we came here. We drove cars. I drove one and had our trunk and other things packed in the back seat so it was level and we put blankets there and two of the girls slept on them at night and the other one on the seat. Then my husband drove the other car with a small trailer behind. We put our bed springs and mattress in the front end of the trailer and our other camping equipment which we needed we put in the back end. My husband and I slept in the trailer and the boys in the car he drove.

The first <sup>yesterday</sup> night, we camped beside the road in Illinois <sup>near Joliet</sup>. We did not go through Chicago. The second



Wednesday  
night, we stopped in a tourist camp in Iowa but  
slept in our own cars and trailer. We had to stop  
in a camp because we drove after supper and  
didn't find a good place before dark so stopped in  
a camp and much to our joy we had a shower  
bath there. It was real wasson driving. The  
third day, Thursday, we crossed Iowa and over the  
line and Missouri river into Nebraska. We camped  
in a small tourist camp on a long detour  
and I thought we never would get there. The  
detour road was rough and it looked like  
rain and oh the dust was terrible and we  
got off the road and had to turn around and  
go back about a mile. We found a camp about  
eleven P.M. and then cooked supper. There were  
no dishes washed that night. Both the bridges  
we crossed the Mississippi and Missouri on were  
Toll bridges. I was disappointed in the size of  
both rivers but of course they were both low  
due to the drought.

Friday was the worst day we had.



By noon the temperature was  $120^{\circ}$  and a hot wind blowing. We stopped real often to put water in the cars and wet clothes to cool the steering wheel and put <sup>and wipe our faces</sup> over our laps. By 2 o'clock we had to stop and luckily we were in a town where they had a park with a small pool so the children would get wet in their clothes and in less than five minutes they would be dry. We stayed in the park and had a cold supper and about seven we started driving and drove until two A.M. Then parked beside the road still in Nebraska but in the level western part. Saturday we got into Wyoming. Really I enjoyed Saturday's trip most of any day except the last one. The Red Buttes were new to us and the desert country was picturesque for the first day. We went through Cheyenne and the streets were filled with cowboys and western people getting ready for a rodeo. Then we went through Larimer which was as pretty a town as we saw anywhere. That night we camped beside the



road on the desert. We were beside the Union Pacific R.R. On one side we could see the Snowy Ranges, beautiful snow capped mountains a good many miles away. On the other side we could look away to the foothills and see ranch buildings. There were no houses near the roads at all, only a trail leading off and away back you would see the building. Sometime you couldn't even see the ranch only the trail.

We drove for miles and miles and only saw filling stations about every 7 miles on Sunday. When we first started Sunday morning an antelope crossed the road a short distance in front of us and we saw it join a herd of antelope in the distance. I also, saw a deer as I drove along. Cattle and horses roamed at will. Sometimes we had to stop for them to get out of the way before we could drive on. Sunday night we stopped at a tourist camp at the foot of a mountain. There was an eagle on top of the mountain and my husband and the



children climbed to the top and saw the eagle's nest. The mountains all through Wyoming were bare rocks. No vegetation at all on them. The first ones were red but as we got nearer Idaho they got darker in color. We saw Massacre Rocks and many other interesting things of early pioneer days. Monday night we camped in the irrigated district in Idaho. It was certainly a wonderful change to see everything so green and water everywhere. I was ready to stay there forever. It seemed so good to see green grass and things growing after so much desert and drought area through Illinois and Iowa and Nebraska. Tuesday night we stayed in the heart of the mountains in Eastern Oregon. The mountains were higher than any we had yet seen and were covered with grass, brush and trees. The children went ~~wading~~ wading in a cold mountain stream and really got most of the dirt soaked off for the first time since the shower bath the second night out. Cattle were real plentiful



received  
his from a  
friend of mine  
who traveled  
across country  
to the state of  
Oregon this  
summer &  
is located at a  
lumber camp  
there. I thought  
you'd be interested  
in reading of  
their experiences.  
Ask your teacher  
if she would like  
an armadillo from  
S. America - some  
cotton branches?  
For display  
in class?

grazing on the mountain sides. Wednesday night  
we camped beside the road and had a bad time  
finding a place to camp and tourists camp were  
closed or few and far between. That was the only  
night we went to bed without a hot supper and  
we were all so tired we grabbed a cracker and  
a piece of meat and went to bed. The last day  
we saw the most beautiful scenery of all but there  
isn't room to tell about the beauties of the Columbia  
River Highway so will save it for some other  
time. I hope on your next trip you will  
include it. If I am situated so I can I hope  
you will plan on spending some time with me.  
We will probably be in Portland before next  
summer. We are here because work is very  
scarce and houses are scarcer due to the  
people from the drought area who have come  
here. Any out state person is very lucky who found  
a job of any description now but I believe a good  
many will go back to the middle west by  
next spring as lots don't like it here.

As ever, Mary Kidner.