

Our Trip to the Atlantic Ocean and Back Again

As recorded by Bessie Shields, in handwriting, typed later, edited by Doris and Burton

*It could be noted, for todays (2021 family), travelling, that this was, **then**, in our fairly new Ford Sedan (1959), with **2 bench seats, 7 people**, 3 on one seat and 4 on the other (rotating from time to time). Burton -17, Doris & Karen-15, Martin 11, Wayne 9. Morris drove mostly, with Burton occasionally. At speeds occasionally up to 70 mph, towing an unwieldy "home made" tent trailer, that occasionally wanted to move back and forth on the lane, corrected only by extreme "jerking" to the opposite of the swerves.*

The "home made tent" trailer only allowed room for 4 persons inside (usually the parents and the 2 girls).

Martin and Wayne slept on the bench seats, of the car and Burton slept on the ground, under a wing of the tent trailer, with an improvised piece of tent material, partially enclosing him from the elements, (like a "skirt"). Remember that in 1959, Alberta did not require a license plate on a trailer, thus causing Police in other jurisdictions, to pull us over.

Burton remembers him driving out of New York City, leaving there about 1:00 AM, to Vermont and waking up somewhere in Upstate New York or Vermont, driving on the wrong side of the road.

On July 2, 1959, the Morris Shields family, comprising seven people in all, left Cardston for their long hoped for trip to Eastern Canada and the United States. The mileage on the car read 5500 miles. The fold down trailer was filled with air mattresses, sleeping bags and suitcases. The trunk contained the kitchen.

Before we reached Welling (Alberta), we had a sinking feeling caused by a flat on the trailer. That didn't make us feel too optimistic, but we picked up an extra tire that Grant said we could have.

At Shaughnessy we visited with the Ned Shields family for a while, and then we were on our way. Our first day's travel through the irrigated land of Coaldale to Taber and Medicine Hat. Putting up hay, seemed to be the only pressing farm job at the moment. We stopped just beyond Medicine Hat and ate fried chicken, which Laura Vadnais had given us for the trip.

As soon as we had passed Medicine Hat, the prairie gave way to beautiful rolling hills richly dotted here and there with cattle. There were very few towns or even farms for many miles.

As we passed a little place called Piapot, we were reminded of how the Mounties in the early days had to remove old Chief Piapot from the right of way so that the railway could be built.

At 9:00 pm we pulled into a new trailer camp on the edge of Swift Current, Saskatchewan. The first day of travel had taken us 325 miles and given us the first glimpse of Saskatchewan.

July 3, Friday- At Chaplin Lake, Sask. there was a sodium sulfate plant(soda). The alkali sloughs and lakes contain some of the world's richest deposits of sodium sulfate.

From Swift Current passed Regina we saw really flat prairie land. For miles in every direction it was as flat as a table.

Regina is a delightful place. The capitol building has spacious grounds thickly covered with evergreens and other trees and shrubs. A lovely lake near by was surrounded by picnic grounds. We visited two outstanding museums. The museum of natural history was located in a new spacious building and dedicated to the early pioneers. The life like exhibits of wild life, with beautifully painted backgrounds were a thrill to us.

As Regina is the headquarters for the RCMP, it was natural for us to see their barracks and museum. It is a collection relics, guns, uniforms etc. that tell the story of the days of the force in Canada. I was especially interested in a gun used the son of Charles Dickens, when he was member of the force.

We traveled on to Moosomin, Sask. for the night. A town provided a shelter for our covered wagon. Distance for the second day was about 300 miles.

July 4, Saturday – We left Moosomin and soon entered Manitoba. The first important place was Virden, an oil town. The countryside changed from flat prairie to hilly, bush land. The weather was cool with occasional showers.

We reached Winnipeg about 3 pm. We drove through the center of town on Portage Avenue, but didn't see much because we couldn't park our trailer outfit. To find a place to park we drove north to Selkirk to a beautiful park on the banks of the Red River. It must be a lovely spot when the weather is good, but we didn't get the full benefit of it because the rain came pouring down and the mosquitoes nearly ate us up. But we survived and awakened to beautiful sunshine.

July 5, Sunday – We planned to go to church in Winnipeg, but we felt pretty messy so we didn't make the effort. Instead we drove north to Grand Beach on the north shores of Lake Winnipeg. When we returned we decided to head east for Kenora. Before we got out of Manitoba we hit the rocky terrain of the Canadian Shield.

Kenora is a pulp-mill town located by a beautiful lake. The lakes and the islands were dotted with summer homes. Water travel is so much the order of the day that the Safeway store had not only the parking spaces, but boat loading stalls as well. Log booms filled the river and one side of the lake. Going east from Kenora the road had suffered from heavy rain and we forded over the road lakes. We spent the night at Aaron Park east of Dryden. We were interested on the fireflies the shone here and there on the grass. Distance about 300 miles.

July 6, Monday – We stopped at a picnic place for breakfast. It is a veritable fairyland with ferns, moss and flowers, beside a waterfall.

Later – the highlight of the day was the visit to Port Arthur and Fort William. We drove to a rocky look out point and looked down upon the busy life of a grain port. Huge tankers were taking on loads of grain from the elevators and then making their way to Lake Superior. Train and car traffic came to a halt as the bridges turned crosswise or broke in half in the middle, to accommodate ships.

When we crossed the border into the United States, we had to eat our oranges, as we weren't allowed to take them across. We spent the night at a park south of Grand Marias, Minnesota.

July 7, Tuesday – We traveled a good part of the day along the shores of Lake Superior through beautiful forested country. At the city of Duluth we saw a very busy harbor. We had supper at a nice park where the kids were able to swim. We spent the night in a space by a roadside table.

July 8, Wednesday – We started early and drove steadily so that we could reach Sault St Marie for the visit of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. But sadly, the access road to the ferries, had stopped running by the time we got there. So we watched from the American side as the Royal Yacht, Britannia pulled into the dock. We had a good view, but didn't see the Queen get off. At about 2 o'clock we joined the long line of cars waiting to get on the ferry. It was a hot, tedious wait, but we finally made it. After we crossed to the Canadian side, we were told by a policeman, that we could see the Queen going to the docks. We took our positions on the sidewalk and were rewarded by a wonderful view of her Majesty. She looked so lovely that it would have been a shame to miss seeing her. She was as close as 20 feet from us while her entourage passed by.

We spent the night at Thessalon, east of Sault. Doris, Karen and Burton walked to town to have a look around and got slightly lost. I was pretty worried before they got back.

July 8, Thursday – We took it easy this morning, not leaving camp until 11:30. We travelled through rocky, brushy country to Sudbury, which is the nickel capital of the world. This typical mining city and its adjoining towns are scattered all over the rocky countryside. After an hour of wandering we located Jane Putta, whom Dad known in Nova Scotia. She entertained us at supper. Afterwards we visited her parents at Levack. They were really glad to see Dad and seemed to be fine people. All the young folks except Wayne stayed at Putta's to watch T.V. The main feature was the Queen watching the Calgary Stampede. We slept in Putta's yard.

Friday, July 10 – Said goodbye to the Putta's. We squandered some time and money in a Sudbury shopping center until for a tour of the nickel smelter. The tour was quite a sight and smell. Those under 16 were not allowed to go through the smelter, so they will have to see it another time.

We traveled on east through rocky, brushy country to within 75 miles of Ottawa. This country has some dairy farming and some pulpwood business. We passed Chalk

River, home of the Atomic Research in Canada. We camped at Coben, at the edge of a lovely lake.

July 11, Saturday – This morning drove down the Ottawa valley to our nation's capital. We saw dairy cattle and hay crops. Most of the farm home were large and some were joined to the barns. We settled ourselves in a motel so we could have general cleaning up. We took our clothes to a washateria then I ironed and made supper. The first tragedy of the trip was when we found that we had left the camp stove at Cobden and had to buy another. I'll just mention here that Morris phoned the caretaker at the park and asked to ship the stove at Shaughnessy, if he found it. When we arrived home, the camp stove was in Shaighnessy.

Another near tragedy occurred at North Bay, Ontario. We had just piled into the car, after supper and headed across the railroad tracks. Because of the noise in the car and the sun was in our eyes, we heard neither the bell nor saw the red light until we were on the tracks. We yelled and the yard man yelled at us and we shook all over to think what a close shave we had. We watched crossings very carefully after that.

July 12, Sunday – We left our motel at 9:30 to look for a Sunday School and it took over an hour to locate the church. It was nice to join with the Saints in Sunday School and testimony meeting. We later drove around some the important buildings and made a tour of the House of Commons. Ottawa is such a lovely city and there are so many interesting things here that I guess we'll have to come back some time and see the rest.

July 13, Monday – We arrived in Montreal just before noon. What a city! Lots of buildings and so much traffic that most streets are posted with No Parking signs. We just drove and drove. We crossed the St. Lawrence in several places on tremendous bridges. We stopped on the outskirts of the city to get some hamburgers and had our first encounter with the French language. Fortunately they knew a quite a bit of English. We found in most of Quebec that people in business spoke English well enough to take care of our needs. We did learn that Arret means stop and Ecole means school.

We travelled to the edge of Quebec city and camped there for the night. As we travelled we saw typical long narrow farms fronting on the river. The farms are tidy, but they don't seem to go in for flowers. We thought rocking chairs had gone out of style, but certainly not in this part of the world. It seems that ninety percent of the

people sit on their porches in the evening in rocking chairs. Every French town has a nice church, but not many theaters.

After supper, we drove to the old part of Quebec to look around. The narrow winding streets aren't much help in finding your way around, but we managed. We were surprised to see so many people on the streets. They were all dressed up and me think of an Easter parade. While we were parked at look out point, a bell hop from the Chateau Frontenac came along and asked if give us assistance in finding our way. He showed us the route to follow in getting back to the motel and suggested that we follow him part of the way. With my suspicious nature I thought it might be some kind of trap, but I needn't have worried. He was just one of the many people we found who was willing and anxious to help someone.

We spent the morning sight seeing in Quebec. It was inspiring to walk where our earliest explorers had walked. On the topmost point of the city, stands the statue of Champlain. We walked on the Plains of Abraham and visited the Archives where early letters, books and documents were displayed. In the nature museum, I was interested in the albino moose. Next we went to a wax museum located in a house, part of which was built in 1653. In it are portrayed twenty scenes of early American and Canadian history, starting with Columbus. The wax figures were so life like, you almost expected them to talk. Another section portrayed modern historical figures from Henry Ford to Einstein.

Well, we couldn't stay in Quebec forever, though Karen would have been in favor, so we crossed the St. Lawrence River for the last time and were into the Gaspé country. We travelled up the coast for some distance and then headed inland towards New Brunswick. At some point, we saw fields of peat, with the square chunks piled neatly, probably ready for sale.

July 15, Wednesday – Today we were in New Brunswick. We travelled from Grand Falls to Fundy National Park. At Fredericton, the capital, we saw the oldest University building still in use. We followed the St. John for many miles. The gnats were terrible at our camping place.

July 16, Thursday – We were nearly eaten alive at the Fundy Park by the gnats so we were glad to break camp early. We had hoped to see the tidal bore at Moncton, but our times were mixed up and we missed it. We drove to Magnetic Hill, the place where you can coast uphill, so it seems. We planned to visit Cape Breton Island and

we did as time was short, we went only as far as Fort Hawkesbury on the other side of the new causeway which links Cape Breton with the rest of Nova Scotia. The country is hilly and very bushy. At some towns we saw rows and rows of lobster cages. We camped near Pictou.

July 17, Friday – You might say we have arrived! In other words, we reached the last province of our tour. We are dipping our toes in the Atlantic ocean, on the north edge of Prince Edward Island. At 9 am we boarded the ferry at Pictou, Nova Scotia and spent 1 ½ crossing the Northumberland Strait to Prince Edward Island. The waters were fairly calm and I think we all enjoyed the trip. Our stay here will be brief so we decided to spend it on the beach. The most notable thing about the Island is the red soil.

July 18, Saturday – I'd better finish telling about yesterday. It was one for the books! We wound up our brief visit on P.E.I. and headed for the ferry, which due about 6 pm. We got there by 5:30, but there were so many people ahead of us that we couldn't get on. It was the last ferry of the day so we were practically stranded. Our trailer had been left on the Nova Scotia side and we didn't want to rent a motel. Our only other choice was to drive 80 miles up the island to another ferry and then 100 miles back to our trailer. That's what we did. The crossing was pleasant just at dusk. Our ferry, the Abegweit was quite luxurious. We arrived at 1 am at a point near Pictou where we thought the trailer had been left. And that's when the fun began. We drove over the road twice, but the Texaco service station where it was supposed to be, wasn't there either. Thoroughly bewildered we asked help from a restaurant owner who was closing. He gave us directions, but they just took us to a White Rose station. Finally with the help of a taxi driver and the R.C.M.P. our trailer was located at 4 am, about 10 miles farther out than we had expected.

No use going bed then, so we slept a little while in the car and headed for Truro. It's been a pretty sleepy day with little traveling. We had dinner with the Murray Scott family at Truro. We camped for the night close to Dartmouth where Morris knows a family by the name of Bezanson.

July 19, Sunday – We spent the day at Dartmouth, where we attended Sunday School and Sacrament service in the new chapel. Morris met quite a few friends. The Bezanson's took us to their place for dinner. In the evening we visited Bro. Fredericks, who is the night watch-man on a large boat, which some of us toured later. We then visited Thelma and Aubey Fielden. Bro. Fielden, who is the branch

president, is a tall red-headed fellow with a most interesting personality and a fervent love of the gospel.

July 20, Monday – Today we visited Halifax and Peggy’s Cove. In Halifax, the Citadel, where four different forts were built, is very interesting. On one of the poorer streets we saw small children playing around on the sidewalk as if it were their only home. We were surprised to see a little boy of about seven saying to passers-by “Gimme a light.”

Peggy’s Cove was a fishing village and tourist rendezvous. We spent some time watching the waves dashing up on the rocky shores. It was a different kind of pace and really fascinating.

July 21, Tuesday – Pouring rain this morning. At noon we finally said good bye to the Bezansons and a headed for the Annapolis Valley. As it was cloudy, things didn’t look as bright as they might have been otherwise. Apple orchards were numerous and there was some other fruit. We visited Bro and Sis Nelson Smith at Kentville. We helped pick their cherry tree and had a feed at the same time. We had a visit and supper there. Sis. Smith has artistic talent as shown by the many pictures in their home. Camped at Truro.

July 22, Wednesday -We travelled through Springhill, scene of the recent mine disaster. We reached Moncton just in time to the tidal bore of the Peticdiac River. It wasn’t particularly high at this time of year. We were all the way across New Brunswick by dark, stopping briefly in St. John. There we saw and tasted a dulse, a type sea weed. Our camp tonight is south to Calias, Maine.

Several things that we noticed in the Maritimes are the many old cemeteries, sometimes by abandoned churches and another thing is the huge homes that were built in years past and still is use. In Windsor, Nova Scotia particularly, we saw many which appeared to have 10 to 20 rooms.

July 23, Thursday – A thick fog obscured everything when we wakened this morning. We packed up and drove down the road until we came to a nice picnic spot. There was a rocky stream, a spring, and a patch of wild strawberries and raspberries. The sun came out and made it a very pleasant place. We drove on down the coast of Maine, with frequent glimpses of the Atlantic Ocean. Most of the country is forested and often rocky. We did see some farming, however. And at one point, about the largest patch of potatoes I’ve ever seen that was in full bloom. Another

section of the territory had been set aside for the experiment and culture of blueberries.

The best spot that we have visited today is Bar Harbor. This is a seaside where many wealthy or famous people spend their vacations. A ferry travels from this point to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

We drove to the top of Cadillac Mt. from which one can look out over Frenchman's Bay and numerous islands. The bay received its name from Champlain who sailed around the region. The top of the mountain is well-worn pick granite, with very little tree growth. Now in mid-afternoon we are stopped for a swimming recess, a good thing since it is so hot.

July 24, Friday – We drove through part of Maine, part of New Hampshire and into Massachusetts. We spent about two hours in a shopping center in Concord, New Hampshire. It was pretty hot. We drove on one of the turnpikes to Worcester. Then we stopped there at a shopping center for supper, we ended up in a huge bargain clothing store.

We visited the Dunbar family in Worcester (pronounced "Wasta") and went to Upton where we camped in Jacobson's yard. At Dunbars we saw the shell from a turtle that had weighed 35 lbs. They were going to eat the meat.

July 25, Saturday – We have become quite well acquainted with the Jacobsen family, who have certainly made us welcome. We have pressed clothes and washed up for Sunday. We visited a nice couple by the name of Gokie. Burton spent the day with the Jacobsen boys, while the girls and Martin watched T.V. In the evening Jimmy Jacobsen showed us his slides. He has a very photogenic little red-headed daughter.

July 26, Sunday – This was an unusual Sunday. About 80 miles to the north is **Cathedral of the Pines**, an out door place of worship. On the hilltop overlooking lovely valleys is a war memorial in the form of an altar, organ and all the other facilities for a church service. There are benches enough among the pines to seat several thousand people. The LDS service was at 11 was the, first service of the day. **Ezra Taft Benson** gave the sermon. A picnic followed on the farm of a church member. Then Bro. Benson spoke to the group that were gathered around. It was really inspirational. Much of it was directed to the missionaries, but he laid a great

stress on the responsibility of each one to be a member missionary. The remainder of the day we visited in Worcester.

July 27, Monday – We started for Boston about noon. We stopped at Cambridge, to see the lovely chapel and mission office. Boston's traffic and streets caused us so much confusion that we hardly stopped anywhere. We eventually found Bishop Low's sister, Helen Usevitch in a suburb called Malden and visited with her a couple of hours. We went on to visit the Don Flanagans in Lexington. Both of these families had large lovely homes.

July 28, Tuesday – We all slept late and did very little when we got up. I did some washing. The kids had a little swim and a lot of T.V. In the evening I tasted fried clams for the first time. They were pretty good.

July 29, Wednesday – Said good-by to the Jacobsens. We travelled south to Woonsocket so we could say we had been to Rhode Island, then back to Worcester. In one part of the city we saw a dragline wrecking a three story house. It's big claws grabbed the sections of wall and shook them to pieces.

While we were having picnic dinner we heard a loud bang, which we found out later was a jet breaking the sound barrier. Next we to Holden to visit the Lawrence family. We had a delicious fried chicken dinner supper. Their place is out in the country where they have a nice garden and grow spruce trees for sale.

July 30, Thursday -We left the Lawrence's about 9:30. Mrs. Lawrence insisted giving us presents and we embraced like old friends. They certainly treated us royally.

We travelled west on the Mass. turnpike for some time. We travelled through the Berkshire Hills and even saw a few clear patches in this forested land. We visited the Storey family. They in live a trailer house combination. Plans were being made to move west soon.

We decided to head for New York and camp within 20 miles or so of the city in order to travel in on Friday and view the sights. But we discovered that camping just isn't permitted in that part of the world. So we kept driving and by seven o'clock there we were in New York City. Trailer and all, we travelled down through Harlem, Park Ave and Fifth Avenue. The buildings got higher and higher. Morris decided to head for Long Island where there might at least be a place to park. We asked for directions

of a taxi driver and while he was directing us, a lady in another car said, "Sir, we are going to Long Island. Would you like to follow us?" And so we got there quite easily. It really made us feel happy to know that in a city of 10 million some were real neighbors. There seemed to be no place to spend the night and as we weren't much interested in facing the daytime traffic, we decided to get out of the city. We only got lost a half a dozen times and we travelled through a 2 mile under the river tunnel and got caught in the traffic jam at the exit of a race track. We saw hundreds of high rise apartment houses, travelled down one street where the office buildings were so high that we seemed to be in a canyon. We almost went through Grand Central Station, where the street the street runs right through the building, passed Central Park, saw hundreds of negroes, etc, etc. We did get a pennant or a post card to prove it, but we have been to New York. When we finally escaped we kept right on driving and we were in Vermont by morning. During the night we travelled most of the time on the freeway at a cost of \$3:50. We were also stopped by the police at 3:30 am and forced to fix the tail lights on the trailer.

July 31, Friday – A sleepy bunch today. Early in the morning we visited the birthplace of Brigham Young. Then we stopped for hot cakes and maple syrup. By early afternoon we arrived at Sharon, Vermont which was the birthplace of Joseph Smith. The memorial grounds were in a state upheaval because a new residence and Bureau of Information are being built. We are camped in a lovely grove of trees.

August 1, Saturday – We broke camp about noon and drove to Waterbury via Barre. We are camped with elderly people names Norton. Sister Norton reminds me of Grandma Shields.

August 2, Sunday – We went to Church services in Barre (Vermont), where there were about 50 in attendance. After dinner at Norton's we drove to Burlington. In Richmond we stopped to have a look at the Round Church. Burlington is on the shores of Lake Champlain. We spent the evening with the Blair family. We were somewhat acquainted with the Granddaughter Janet from her letters to Morris, whom she calls Dad. We were agreeably surprised that she seems much more sensible than her letters would indicate. We like her very much.

August 3, Monday – All the family except Mom visited the chair lift at Stowe. In the afternoon we visited the world's largest granite quarry at Barre. We learned that it takes 10 weeks to cut out a stone 30x30x15 feet. We went to the factory where the stones are cut, polished and decorated or engraved.

We had supper with the Preedom family at Middlesex. The kids seem to have enjoyed themselves with Ricky and Doane, judging by the noise they made and the dirt they acquired. Sister Preedom took Morris and I through the winding backwoods that she follows to reach the school where she teaches. That school had the smallest playground I have ever seen, but she says the children roam through the hills and trees for entertainment.

August 4, Tuesday – Morris went to Barre to visit the Ellenwood family. Bro. Norton took the rest of us to visit a plywood factory and a bobbin mill. At the plywood factory the logs were steamed to make them very pliable. Then they were sawed in a circular fashion as you would peel an apple. Very thin, pliable sheets come rolling off the saw. These are cut into suitable lengths and put through a dryer. Odd sized pieces are taped together to make regular sheets. It was fascinating to watch the gluing process, but little hard to describe. Glue poured down upon a roller through which some of the sheets were passed. Another worker tossed the dry sheets to alternate with the glued ones in the pile. Then they were put into a press.

At the roller mill we saw a poor grade of logs being chopped into pieces and then turned onto a lathe to make a roller or bobbin. We didn't see the clothes-pin process, but it was at this mill that the first spring clothes-pin were made.

After a lovely roast beef dinner we said good-bye to Nortons. They were really wonderful people. We took home-made cookies from Neva Dutton.

I don't know if Doris will remember him for his catalogs or not, so I will mention it. She asked if she might take a their big Sears-Roebuck catalog to bed and look at it. He replied, "Sure you can, but there's other books you could learn a lot more from."

We travelled a short distance to Hinesburg where we camped at the home of Dick and Nancy Stowe. Their home overlooks a lovely valley. Back of the house they have a nice yard stretching up on the hill where they have playground equipment for their four children. I thought Linda, Danny, Lolly and David were well-behaved, happy youngsters. I thought the family as a whole was an exceptional one. They,

like all the other wonderful people we have met, put themselves out to entertain us and make us comfortable.

August 5, Wednesday – We travelled to Shoreham where visited a Co-op dairy ranch being started by a group of LDS families. The neighbor and instigator of the project is Maurice H’Leureux, an LDS Frenchman. His house was quite a place, showing the effects of a wife who preferred milking cows to housekeeping. It was located on the shores of Lake Champlain, we picked up quite a few fresh water clams.

We travelled to a camp site north of Rome, New York State. Rainy weather has dampened the prospects for the Palmyra Pageant, but we will travel on to see what happens.

August 6, Thursday – We reached Palmyra about 1 pm and spent the afternoon visiting spots where Mormonism was born; the Sacred Grove, Joseph Smith’s first home, Hill Cumorah with the statue of Angel Moroni on top. We found a camping place in a farmer’s field and by evening had lots of company .

The Pageant was the highlight of the day so we went about 6:30 to get a good seat. It was really necessary because there was seating accommodations for many thousands of people. The pageant, which consisted of selected scenes from the Book Of Mormon and other scriptures, was performed on the side the Hill Cumorah. It was a beautiful performance, with excellent lighting, music and sound effects. Above all, it carried the message of the divinity of Christ and the Restoration of the Gospel.

August 7, Friday - We slept until the sun drove us out of the tent. We visited the new chapel in Palmyra before heading for Buffalo and Niagara Falls. We really enjoyed seeing the falls. They are a wonderful sight. Hundreds of tourists were swarming around. We crossed the border into Canada and travelled through the fruit belt. The highway was fairly close to Lake Ontario, so we had a view of it. Just below Niagara Falls, we saw a huge power plant under construction. Near-by was a floral clock that really tells time, owned by Ontario Hydro. As we travelled in the Niagara Peninsula of Ontario, we saw the peach and pear orchards and fields of grape vines.

August 8, Saturday – As we left our camping place at Simcoe, we saw the tobacco fields. Some plants were 3 to 5 ft. high. We saw some of it being picked and saw the curing barns.

We had a late breakfast on the shores of Lake Erie, near New Glasgow. We passed through Dresden which is the main location of the Negroes in Ontario. At the edge of town we visited Uncle Tom's cabin and grave. This man, Josiah Henson provided inspiration for the character, Uncle Tom in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

We visited the Videan family in Sarnia and crossed the St. Clair River into Michigan. We drove south and made our way through Detroit. It was hard to find a camping place, but we finally got settled late at night near Waterloo.

August 9, Sunday – In the morning we found that we were close to a young people's church camp. (Church of the Brethren). As it was Sunday, with no chance to attend our own church, we accepted their invitation to attend Sunday School. Next we got acquainted with our other neighbors, an English couple. They were very interesting and it was just like having a travel tour, to talk with them for an hour. We found our campsite was a homestead and the kids located apple, pear and walnut trees.

About 1pm we headed west, and eventually travelled out of Michigan, through a corner of Indiana and into Chicago, Illinois. We saw the first of the corn fields and the farms had big silos. Crossing Chicago took us about 2 ½ hours, but it wasn't too difficult. The Calumet Skyway gave us a view over parts of the city and Lake Michigan. Outstanding among the tall buildings was the Prudential Building. The waterfront drive took us along the lake where saw more private boats than we had imagined could be owned by the people of one city. A very interesting sight was a multiple fountain. We camped in a service station yard, 50 miles west of Chicago, where trucks went in and out and around us all night.

July 10, Monday – We started out in Illinois, but spent most of the day in Iowa. This was the heart of the corn country so all day we looked at corn fields, corn cribs and silos. Saw and smelled lots of pigs and cattle. We ran out of gas, for the first time on the trip (We used camp stove "white" gas, to get us to the next gas station. We camped at Sioux Falls City, Illinois.

July 11, Tuesday – 3 pm. Temperature almost 100 and we stopped among the dry hills of Nebraska to let the car cool. The radiator had boiled dry. The heat has been miserable since noon. One town had reported that the temp. was 105 degrees.

July 12, Wednesday – We left the trailer camp at Douglas by 6 am. Our first look at Wyoming showed us desert and sagebrush with few green valleys where water made it possible for grass and trees to grow. The next town, Glenrock, seemed to be the center of the oil industry. Pumps, busily see-sawing the oil out of the ground were visible on all sides.

After having heard about it for years, we finally arrived at Hell's Half Acre. It is a colored sandstone canyon similar to Bryce Canyon, but not quite so brightly colored. We finally reached the beautiful mountainous country of the state. These are not the Teton Mts. We have had car some trouble, but at least we are in nice country and it isn't hot. The car had to have a little fixing done in Dubois and a trailer wheel had to be repaired in the Teton Park.

By 5:30 we reached Yellowstone. We visited the paint pots and we saw Old Faithfull Geyser. Everyone agreed that Old Faithfull fulfilled all their expectations.

August 13, Thursday – We have on the road just 6 weeks. Burton and Martin had an early morning hike around the geysers before we broke camp. We drove north through all the steaming pots. The highlight of the morning was seeing The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone river and the very beautiful falls. Bears have plentiful and including a mother with two cubs. We hope our picture of them turned out good. When we stopped for lunch a brown bear and cubs wandered close to our table and rummaged through the garbage can. It was an excellent opportunity for a pictures, but we had used all our film. We spent half the afternoon at Livingston getting the trailer wheel repaired again.

Interesting to note, was the Earthquake that occurred 3 days later (17th), devastating some of our area travelled.

August 14, Friday – END OF THE JORNEY – We spent a very chilly night in Montana's mountains. It made us look forward to the comfortable beds ahead.

At Great Falls we stopped to have a last shopping fling in the U.S. We found the whole town celebrating Jubilee Days, with old time costumes and beards. **Burton's beard**, which he had been cultivating for six weeks, didn't look out of place at all. After we left the city we passed close to the air base where they jets came zooming over our heads.

Now the last lap of our journey, we were counting the miles and hours to Cardston. Through Browning, Carway and home to Cardston shortly after 6 pm. Mileage read 16630. Our trip had taken us 11130 miles. Everyone agreed that it had been a wonderful experience.

Note that the total gas purchased for the trip was about \$230.00.