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DIARIES AND NOTES: BOOK ONE.

DIARY OF JOHN G. CARTER FOR THE YEARS 1909 AND 1910. 1909. WEST.

June 29, 1909. My mother, Hugh and myself left Washington at 5:45 P.M. on the Pennsylvania train bound for Chicago. It was very hot. My father, Father Mallon, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Walsh, and Miss Dorsey came to the Union Station to see us off.

June 30, Arrived in Chicago at 4:00 P.M. Gertrude and Mary Schofield met us at the station. Later met Mary Murray and Helen Schofield. Went out to Schofields to dinner. Ate too much. Left Chicago at 10:15 P.M. on the Oriental Limited, Great Northern Railroad.

July 1. Arrived at St. Paul at 10:45 A.M. Left St. Paul at 11:15 A.M.

July 2. Arrived at Harlem, Montana, at 1:40 P.M. Major Logan, Superintendent of the Fort Belknap Reservation, and his daughter, Frances, met us at the station. The Major now has an automobile, in which we drove to the Agency. Last time we were here, in 1907, the Major drove a team. There are two automobiles in these parts. The Major's, and Ben Phillips at Zortman has a Stanley Steamer. The rest go horseback, or drive horses.

July 3. "Fourth of July" celebration in Harlem. Went to it. There was a baseball game, horse races, and a band, composed of local talent, emitted sweet discords.

July 4. All of us went to White Bear Coulee, sixteen miles east of the Agency, on the Milk River. The Indians are there working on the irrigation ditch, and there is a camp, composed mostly of Assiniboines, but with a few Gros Ventres. I rode a horse named Split Ear, which was given to Major Logan by Otter Robe, a Gros Ventre. Otter Robe says he received Split Ear as a present while on a visit to Canada. Split is is gaited, and singlefoots. Perhaps this is only a squaw trot, but I think not. Perhaps Otter Robe should stay away from Canada for the next few years. There may be some men in Red Coats who are anxious to meet him up there. I never heard of a gaited Indian horse before. Hugh, Janet and Frances Logan, and Mrs. Hanna, wife of the Chief Clerk, also on horse back. I am not too good a rider yet. Met up with some cowboys, and they got me into a race. We jumped an irrigating ditch during the race, but I ended up still in the saddle, although at times I had doubts as to how long I would keep in the saddle. Split Ear has a gallop like a kangaroo, or a jack rabbit. Lucy Frog, a Gros Ventre girl, and Major Logan's cook, also rode with us. Major Logan drove a team, with Mrs. Logan and my mother in the buck board. Reached White Bear, and camped right in the middle of the Assiniboin camp, and there had lunch. There is a brush enclosure at the camp for dancing. Rattle Snake Bear is master of ceremonies. He is an Assiniboin. There is no Sun Dance this year, nor was there any last year, according to Major Logan. Last year I saw Little Bear, at Helena, give the Sun Dance at Rocky Boys camp, down near the depot. The year before, 1907, I saw the Assiniboin Sun Dance at Fort Belknap, conducted by a Cree Indian, and in 1906 the Assiniboin Sun Dance conducted at Fort Belknap by Nosey, or the Male, an Assiniboin Indian. Nosy died in the spring of 1907. Our old friends Eyes-in-the-Water, Horn Weasel, Jesse Horn, Gros Ventre Johnny and Horse Boy were there. Horse Boys outfit is even more elaborate than it was when he was master of ceremonies in the Sun Dance Lodge in 1906 and 1907. Beaded shirt, leggins and moccasins, trimmed with weasel tails, and a large eagle wing fan, the feathers tipped with horse hair. Much dancing in the brush enclosure, and a dancing contest in which a Carlisle boy, painted like a rainbow, and named, I believe Tiger, easily came out first. He came out dancing on his elbows and knees, and gradually assumed an erect posture. He was the wildest of the /yt

lot. We had supper at camp, with camp coffee and then drove back to the Agency. Someone else took Split Ear, and I drove back with Major Logan, my mother and Mrs Logan in the buckboard. Arms much sun burned, and as I kept my sleeves rolled up the mosquitoes did a fine job on me in the cool of the evening. Arrived at Agency about 11:15 P.M. Everybody all in.

July 5. Everybody tired out. Hugh and I slept late. In the evening an Indian came to the door of Major Logan's house and asked him for a pass to Harlem. There was a moving picture or cinemametograph show being given there, and he wanted to see it. The Major asked him if he had some money, and the Indian said yes. The Major explained to me that the Indian was named Bernard Striker, a Gros Ventres from Hays, down near St. Paul's mission. He is doing sixty days in the hoosegow for stabbing another Indian. The Major told him to see Powder Face, the Arapaho policeman, and get the key to the jail from him, and to come back by midnight and lock himself up, when he got back. He did not want Bernard to have to wake Powder Face up on his return from Harlem. The Major says that Bernard just sleeps in the jail, does odd jobs around the Agency in the day time, and feeds himself up at the Chinaman's eating place, which is next to the trading store. The stabbing occurred in the heat of excitement. Bernard passed another Indian's cabin one night, and looked in the window, and saw the Indian's wife undressing. He liked what he saw, and so stayed around to see some more. The Indian woman's husband saw him at the window and rushed out and grabbed him. Bernard pulled a knife and cut his way loose. He did not stab the other Indian very badly, but he got sixty days for what he did.

July 6. Nothing much doing today. Mother went to Harlem with Frances Logan and did some shopping. Frances, Janet, Hugh and I went to a party at the school house in the evening.

July 7. Hugh and I, and Frances and Janet are in bad with the Major. In fact, I think he would very cheerfully line the four of us up, and take the greatest of pleasure in shooting us. Charge: Grave robbing. These Indians bury their dead on the hilltops, on the surface of the ground. Most of them are placed in large boxes, but some are placed in willow wickiups, or just wrapped up in blankets and laid there. We had some skulls, and other mementoes, which the Major made us take back to the place we stole them from. Hugh managed to hold out a skull on the Major, and we all, Frances, Janet, Hugh and I signed our names on the top of this skull. I now find out that Lucy Frog the cook, is an Assiniboin, and that some of here people are buried in the place that we visited. This makes it bad. We rode to the place of burial, east and south of the Agency, on a bluff overlooking the Agency-White Bear road. We wanted to see what dead people were like, and we found out. Opened some boxes and looked in. Some of the boxes were already broken, and we could look in. Some of the burials were pretty recent. The odor is a sickly sweetish sourish odor, and seems to have substance as well as smell, because it seems to cling to the skin like greasy dish water. A dead cow or horse is perfume compared to a dead man. One body, swathed in robes, and facing east, looked warped, or semi recumbent. It looked like a huge sausage lying there. There were remains of a willow branch wickiup built over it. Most were in boxes. A fresh body was swollen, and black, and there were maggots. We packed and got ready for our journey to St. Paul's Mission, 45 miles south of the Agency, tomorrow morning. The Major only uses his automobile on short trips between the Agency and Harlem, which is about four miles. The road from Agency to St. Paul's is good only for horses. The Major is having

Bernard Striker drive me to the Mission, and will instruct Bernard to answer any questions I may ask about Indians. I told the Major I wanted to get some information. The Major said that these Indians had long since forgotten the reasons why they did things in their ceremonies, but just did them because their father's had done them, so not to expect too much. But that Bernard knew something about these things, and would tell me, - what he knew. Bernard's sentence is not up yet, but the Major says he has to get his hay crop in, and do some chores about his allotment, so that he has told him to go on down to St. Paul's and finish up his work, and enjoy himself, and then come back to the Agency and finish up his time in the hoosegow. The Major thinks it would kill an Indian to lock him up and guard him closely as white men are locked up, so he just has them sleep in the jail, and lets it go at that.

July 8. Left for St. Paul's Mission at 9 A.M. I drove in the wagon with Bernard Striker and the baggage. Major Logan, Mrs. Logan and mother drove in Major Logan's surrey. Hugh, and Frances and Janet Logan went on horse back, Hugh on Split Ear. Split Ear is so called because he has been earmarked, that is one of his ears has been split, so as to mark him in a way that his owner will be known. A horse or cow unbranded or not earmarked is called a slick ear. On the road to St. Pauls we fall in with a long caravan of Indians returning to the mountains from the camp at White Bear Coulee. They are on horseback and in wagons. Plenty of horses and dogs. Some are carrying all their family and earthly goods with them. We travel in this stream of Indians all day. There are horses dragging tipi poles, and tipi poles loaded in wagons. Grandmothers, small children, camp stoves, canvas tipi coverings, tents and lamps loaded on the wagons. Dogs running beside the wagons. They are little yellow dogs, and look half wolf and half coyote. Young men, mounted on ponies ride in groups, and have horse races. Other boys are driving large herds of ponies before them. In a spring wagon the two widows of Nosey, or the Male, the Assiniboin medicine man, are driving. Bernard talks about the gros ventres, and their old sun dance, which they have not held for twenty or thirty years. Says it was called the "Place of Long Suffering". Gives out quite a bit of information. Asks me what I think of some of the Indian stories, and I top it with some bible stories that white men believe in. That seems to help a lot. Made our noon camp at the spring which is at the stage house on the crossing of People's Creek. Camp fire made, and Major Logan prepared camp coffee, bacon, beans cooked in the bacon grease, winer wursts, hot bread and butter. After an hour's rest for ourselves and the horses, we resumed our journey. Arrived at St. Paul's Mission at 4:30 P.M. The cabin, across the creek, in front of and to the west of the church, which is of logs, and which Father Mackin a former superior of the Mission had built for us, was all cleaned and ready. It is a four room cabin. Father Piet, head of the Mission, and Mr. Anglim, who taught Hugh and I in Fourth Preparatory at Georgetown, were there, and were glad to see us. Unpacked, and settled down. We eat in the basement of the sister's school, which is east of the Mission Creek, and next to the church.

Friday, July 9. After breakfast Major Logan invited us all to go with him up to the Zortman mines. Mr. Anglim, Hugh, Janet and myself went on horseback. Mrs Logan, Frances and mother intended to ride double with us coming back, as it was proposed that we go with the Major only through the Mission Canyon, and then turn back, on reaching the mine. Major, mother, Mrs. Logan and Frances rode in the spring wagon. On reaching the

saw mill, at the head of the canyon, it was decided we should all go on. The road up the mountain side was steep and muddy. The wagon stuck, and a horse named John, one of the team drawing the wagon, balked. Those in the wagon had difficulty getting out. Mr. Anglim gave mother his horse to ride up the rest of the mountain. At the mine we had lunch with Mr. Whitcomb in the miner's mess house. Went into the tunnel five hundred feet, and saw the vein of gold ore which they say assays at \$1,350. a ton. The mine is named the August Mine. We all returned to the Mission together. The balky horse behaved himself, and the wagon was eventually pried loose from the mud. Met a frieghter on the hill, with a mule team. The mule skinner was getting those mules up that hill, and was using a bull whip, and was telling God all about mules; their bad ancestry, filthy personal habits, and where mules should go after death. Mr. Anglim was shocked. He said he had never heard men swear so. This is his first time west. He will hear a lot more of the same, and some of it a whole lot better, if he just sticks around here awhile.

Saturday, July 10. Major Logan, Mrs. Logan, Frances and Janet returned to the Agency today. They left us Split Ear, and another horse, so Hugh and I are taken care of as to transportation. There are guns at the Mission, which we can borrow, and plenty of ammunition on sale at the Trader's store at Hays. So we are all fixed. I have managed to get hold of a twenty two. Hugh is arranging to take some coaching with Mr. Anglim. He has a condition or so in Latin to settle with Georgetown when he gets home.

Sunday, July 11. Mass at 10 o'clock in the Mission church. Mostly Gros ventres. The men on one side of the church, the women on the other. Father Piet days mass, and gives the sermon. John Buckman stands on the altar beside him, and interprets the gospel and sermon into Gros Ventres for the Indians. Showers during Sunday.

Monday, July 12. The stage arrived at 3:45 P.M., bringing the mail. We all received letters. A great event here, as the stage comes, I believe only twice, and not more than three times a week. The stage starts at Harlem, and goes from here to Zortman and Landusky. A very fine sun set, over by the Bear Paw Mountains.

Tuesday, July 13. Nothing much doing today. Took a horseback ride with Mr. Anglim. Rode Split Ear. Went up on bluffs west of Mission and saw the sunset. On one of these bluffs is a burial ground, which I can see from my cabin window. There is a pine tree at the burial ground that looks like a mounted warrior against the sky line, when viewed from the cabin. A horse or dog in the burial ground gives the place an appearance of life and movement, and people moving around, when viewed from a distance.

Wednesday, July 14. Slept until noon. In the afternoon we rode out to the Mission ranch. Father Piet and mother drove together, and Mr. Anglim, Hugh and I went on horseback.

Thursday, July 15. Very clear weather. Riding about on Split Ear. Hugh working on Latin with Mr. Anglim.

Friday, July 16. A big mail came in by the stage from Harlem this afternoon. There was a thunder shower this evening at 9:15.

Saturday, July 17. Mission creek dried up suddenly today in several places, or to be exact went underground. There was a big electric storm to the west, in the Bear Paw Mountains, from 7:30 to 10:00 at night. Went out doors and enjoyed the storm with mother. Hugh and Mr. Anglim tackled Latin inside the cabin. Mr. Edgerton called in the afternoon.

Sunday, July 18. Ten o'clock Mass at the Mission church. Father Siam.

John Buckman interpreted the sermon. John is also the carpenter, and makes very good and servicable coffins for the Indians when they cash in. The are extra large, so that all that an Indian wants to take with him can be placed inside with the body. These Gros Ventres prepare the body for burial as soon as it becomes likely that the person is going to die. It is easier to dress a living person, and to paint them, than it is to dress up a dead person, who cannot cooperate. Also, the dying person has the satisfaction of knowing what they are going to wear after death, and how they will look, and may select the clothing they wish to wear, and designate the things they want placed in the coffin with them. Hugh studying Latin with Mr. Anglim. Mother looking over Railroad folders, and make arrangements for the rest of the summer. I take Split Ear, and ride out with John Buckman to the west of the Mission, and we meet up with about three hundred mounted Gros Ventres, and a number of Crow Indians. I am the only white man in the bunch. We ride about six miles to a valley west and south of the Mission, and about west or northwest of the western end of the Little Rocky Mountains, to where there is an Indian race course. The Indian ponies are not shod, and all the Indians are sign talkers, or else do not talk. So the progress of this crowd is accomplished with hardly a sound. A horse snorts now and then, or a match scratches as some younger Indian lights a cigarette. The older Indians do not smoke when on the march. Jim Matt, a hunch backed, dark skinned Indian, who was a scout for General Miles from 1877-to 1880, or thereabouts, rides up alongside of John Buckman and myself. Jim indicates three Indian horsemen who are riding down a slope toward us, to join up with us. He said to me: "I hear you like to learn about things, so what do you notice about those three horsemen." I didn't notice anything particular about them and said so. "That is because you don't know what to look for. It is there just the same, but you don't see it on that account," says Jim. He then pointed out a streak in the grass after each horseman, which was somewhat darker than the ~~streak~~ surrounding grass. "As the horses pass through the grass their feet bend it in the direction they are going in," says Jim. "The shadow made by the grass bent toward us, makes the trail sign look darker than the surrounding grass, and we know from that that the horses are coming toward us. If the horses had passed this point, and were out of sight, we would still know from that sign that they were coming in this direction, or had come this way. But if the horsemen were going away from us, the streak they left would be lighter than the surrounding grass, because the grass would be bent away from us, and the light would fall on the side of the grass, making it look lighter. In that way you can tell from a distance the trail sign of a horseman, and whether he ~~is~~ was coming your way, or going away from you. If the grass is wet, it springs up again soon, and the sign will not last as long. If the grass is dry, it will break as the horses pass through it, and the sign will stay there a longer time." This according to Jim Matt. We reach the racing ground. It is a level mile course down a valley. The Crows have brought a favorite race horse of theirs from the Crow country to race the best race horse of the Gros Ventres. The betting is heavy. Ten horses and five head of cattle are put up by the Gros ventres, and money, clothing, blankets and food. Everything that has any value is bet. The course runs roughly north and south. At the finish line the gros ventre stakes are placed on one side, the Crow stakes on the other.

An immigrant train, with covered wagon comes over the hillside, and stops at a distance from us to watch what is going on. All of us, on horse back, pick good places from the hillside and near the finish line from which to see the race. The two horses are led a mile down the road to the starting point, and two Indian boys, a Crow and a Gros ventre, strip for the race. The horses have only a rope, slipped around the lower jaw, and a cinch, with a light blanket pad. The two boys only wear moccasins, and each has a quirt. A Crow and a Gros Ventre take care of the start. There is no false start, but a clean break. The race is close, and the Gros Ventre horse is winner by a couple of lengths. The Gros Ventres are very happy, and we all ride back to the Mission together. Not many women in the party. But there are a few. Back at the Mission, and had supper. Mr. Anglim spent the evening with us, and remained until about ten o'clock.

Monday, July 19. Rode west of the Mission on Split Ear. Afternoon. A storm coming up. On the bench lands west of the Mission with lightning was very bright, but of peculiar color. Purple and red. It was darkening. Split Ear was nervous. Passed a charnel house, containing a number of Indian bodies. The door of the house was banging in the wind, and the light and shadows made it appear as if people were looking out at me from the house. Split Ear was nervous, and so was I. We both got the idea at once that we would like to go home. He turned and started for the Mission, and I did nothing to hinder his getting there. We were seven or eight miles out from the Mission, and made pretty good time getting there. Mail came today by stage at 3:45 P.M. A fierce storm broke broke, with high wind, rain and vivid lightning at about eight thirty in the evening, but was over a little after nine. There was a break in the sky, before the storm started and a very fine sunset.

Tuesday, July 20. Rode down the Mission valley on Split Ear to look up Bernard Striker and get him to go with me to Bill Jones Son of a B--- an old Indian, for some information I wanted. Bernard is not through haying, and says to come back in the afternoon. Rode down to his place after lunch, but Bernard is still busy haying. Back to the cabin. It rained all night.

Wednesday, July 21. Morning clear. I saddled up Split Ear, and took a long horseback ride into the country west of the Mission, and toward the Bear Paw Mountains. Hugh over in Mr. Anglims room boning up on the beautiful language of Cicero and Vergil. On returning found that Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb, and their daughters Marguerite and Genevieve had arrived from Zortman on a visit. This is just in time, as Hugh was threatening to take a horse a light out for Zortman, as he was getting tired of the Mission, and the lack of girls around the place. Marguerite was riding a horse named Peacock, and the others were driving. A little after two, the Whitcomb girls and Hugh and I started out horseback to explore the canyon, and the natural bridge. At three Mr. Whitcomb left on Peacock, to go back to the mines. When the mail stage passed through, mother met Mr. Mettler, who was on it, and on his way to the mines. We came back from the canyon with the girls in time for dinner. In the evening I drove mother down to Hays where she bought cakes and candy from the Trading Store there. Clear night and moonlight. Arrived back at the cabin about 10:15.

Thursday, July 22. Day clear with high winds. After breakfast Mr. Anglim, the Whitcomb girls, Hugh and I, and Mrs. Whitcomb were to go up canyon on horseback. Got started after lunch, and returned about five. Mother had tea for us all.

After dinner drove down to Hayes with mother and bought supplies at Traders Back at the cabin at 9:45 P.M. Clear night. Moonlight. Windy.

July 23, Friday. A clear hot day. In the afternoon the Whitcomb girls, Hugh and I, walked up the canyon. Climbed the natural bridge, and explored the caves. Dug out some fossils from the shale in the canyon. Returned in time for supper. All went for a drive. I rode Split Ear. A mail came today by stage. Letter from my father. At 3:15, three fifteen in the afternoon, Maude Walker arrived. Major Logan sent her here, with Powder Face, the Arapaho driving.

Saturday, July 24. Clear but hot, and we are going on a picnic up the canyon. We started at noon. Mrs. Whitcomb, Genevieve Whitcomb, Mr. Anglim and mother were on horseback. Maude Walker, Marguerite Whitcomb, Hugh and myself, rode in the rig. We took a twenty two rifle with us, and some ammunition. We camped a mile above the saw mill, at an old smashed up bridge, which served as a table. Had camp coffee, bacon, winer wursts, bread, young onions, cheese and crackers, fresh plumbs and cakes. Found sarvice berries, and the girls got some wild flowers. All of us had some target practice with the twenty two, firing at a rock. Back at the cabin by 6:30. After supper we all drove down to an Indian dance near Hays. Mr. Anglim remained at the Mission. Hugh painted up, and wore Indian costume, and took part in the dance. prove home by moonlight. On arriving at cabin had tea, cakes and fruit. At 11 o'clock there were brilliant northern lights.

Sunday, July 25. Maude and mother the only ones to turn out for breakfast. Mother brought us over some sandwiches and coffee. 10 o'clock Mass, and sermon by Father Piet and John Buckman. Mr. Whitcomb came down from Zortman and had dinner with us. At a quarter of three in the afternoon the Whitcombs left for Zortman. Marguerite (Freddie) riding Peacock, and Genevieve (Mike), riding an Indian pony that Mrs. Whitcomb had just bought for her from Father Piet. Mr. and Mrs Whitcomb rode in the rig. Maude and mother rested. Hugh went to work on his Latin with Mr. Anglim. I ~~drove~~ rode Split Ear down to Hays. I talked to John Buckman.

Monday, July 26. Cloudy and light showers all day. A little after nine in the morning, John Buckman came by, and I saddled up, and took notebook and pencil, and rode with him to Running Fisher's camp near Hays. Talked with Running Fisher all morning, and found him anxious to talk. Took a few notes on the spot, but had to memorize most of it as he went along. Got enough notes to be helpful in writing the notes up. We gave Running Fisher a breather, by going back to the cabin at about 1 o'clock, and had some lunch. Returned to Running Fisher's camp for the afternoon and left about supper time. Got a great deal of information, and fortunately found the old man very willing to talk, and well up on everything. Must have had a build up from some one, at some time or other. Spent evening and until late at night putting down my notes while things were fresh. This afternoon Maude Walker, Mr. Anglim and Hugh took the 22 rifle and went up the canyon. They climbed the Natural Bridge, and did some shooting. Mother spent half an hour after supper talking to Fathers Piet and Pucino. Mr. Anglim came over and spent the evening. I spent the evening until late at night on writing up notes.

Tuesday, July 27. Cloudy. Light and then heavy showers all day. At eight o'clock in the evening a heavy downpour. John Buckman came by and I checked over notes and clan lists, and obtained other information from him. Find him the best informant around here, and pick up a little from him every day, and other Indians drop around occasionally, and I get other information.

Wednesday, July 28. Cloudy and fine showers today. Major Logan sent

down a box of fruit yesterday. Today he sent down a rocky chair and some papers by the stage, which also brought some mail. Mr. Anglim and Hugh at work on Latin this evening. There were also at it yesterday. ^{ing}
Thursday, July 29. Clear morning. Mr. Edgerton came down from Landusky and had dinner with us. Mr. Anglim, Hugh and I went for a horseback ride in the afternoon. After dinner Father Piet took us all driving down the road running east of the Mission to Lodge Pole. This road skirts the northern face of the Little Rocky Mountains. It is full of mud holes, and the riding was rough. Father Piet likes that kind of a ride. He had me in a runaway with his team the other day, the Father lost the lines, which dragged, and the horses bolted. Crossing an irrigation ditch he was thrown out over the wheel, so I jumped out over the other side. Brother Gallegos, a Spaniard from Barcelona, who was pitching hay in a nearby field, caught the horses. Father Piet is a rough driver. Major Logan, likewise. The Major drives a span of horses that everyone in these parts is afraid of. They would take the arms out of the sockets of anyone but the Major, just trying to hold them in. Father Piet likes to drive straight up and down steep hillsides. The wagon usually has two or three rifles or shot guns in it, and is followed by a number of the Father's dogs, who raise the devil of a racket. Had toasted marshmallows in the evening. Mr. Edgerton spent the night with us.

Friday, July 30. At ten in the morning we were all of us on horseback, and left for Landusky, over a new mountain road, straight across the mountains, and not by way of the canyon. That is, we start by the canyon, and then cut off across mountains above the saw mill. At the saw mill Mr. Anglim developed a headache, and was forced to turn back to the Mission. Mother, Maude Walker, Mr. Edgerton, Hugh and I, proceeded on to Landusky, arriving there about one thirty in the afternoon. Had lunch at a bakery called Siefert's. Mother bought supplies at a store in Landusky, and we went through the August Mill. Saw three new 200 ton vats for leaching ore. They use the cyanide process here. Each vat cost \$8,000. Came back by the regular road, over the hill by the August Mine. Mr. Edgerton and Hugh left us at Lebert's cabin. They were to go on after mail time to Zortman. Mother, Maud Walker and I rode on home through the Mission canyon, arriving at St. Paul's at 5:30 P.M.

Saturday, July 31. Quiet all day. After supper Mr. Anglim and I took mother and Maude Walker for a drive. He had two Indian ponies hitched to the rig. On returning home found that Hugh was in from Zortman, and very hungry. Mother fixed him up some weiners, hot tea and crackers. To bed about 11 o'clock.

Sunday, August 1. Clear day and very hot. Fathers Piet and Pucino and Mr. Anglim spent the evening with us. Storm gathering but it did not break. Very little happened today.

Monday, August 2. Maude Walker, Mr. Anglim, Hugh and I went horse back to the ranch. Mail came in today. In the evening Father Piet drove us down to Hays, in order to break in a new broncho he had for driving. Brother Gallegos, the Spaniard, leaves tomorrow for the Blackfoot Family Mission, Family, and mother got him some cigars at the Traders. We then went to the Mission to say goodbye to him, as he is leaving early in the morning. Father Piet drives him up to Havre.

Tuesday, August 3. Father Piet and Brother Gallegos left for Havre at 6:20 this morning. Mr. Edgerton was on the stage coach from Zortman-Landusky, bound for Harlem, today. Maude Walker, Mr. Anglim, Hugh and I went for a horseback ride. Hugh off his feed this evening.

Wednesday, August 4. Very hot day. Hugh sick, and running temperature. Father Piet and Brother Hyppolito drove in about 5:00 P.M. Major Logan arrived with Tom Walker at 7:15 P.M., from the Agency. Cooler in the

evening, and Hugh some better. His temperature down to 102.

Thursday, August 5. Major Logan, Tom Walker, Mr. Anglim and I went to the August Mine today, and on to Landusky. Returned to Mission at 6:15 P.M. Day is much cooler. Hugh better, and had supper with us. Major Logan and Father Siam left for Harlem together at 7:45 P.M.

Friday, August 6. Day cool and clear. Went duck hunting. Father Piet, John Buckman, Brother Anatolius, Mr. Anglim and Tom Walker. Hugh got up late, at about 11, and went horseback riding to explore a new canyon. Mail coach arrived today, but not much mail.

Saturday, August 7. Maude and Tom Walker left by coach today for Harlem. Mr. Anglim suggests that Hugh get a tutor later, but that he is not well enough to plug Latin now. Good news for Hugh. Mr. Anglim, Hugh and I go for a long horseback ride.

Sunday, August 8. Went to ten o'clock Mass with mother and Hugh. Father Piet. John Buckman, interpreter. Hugh and mother went over to Thumbs cabin, as Thumb and family want to be photographed. Mary Murray and the Logans expected today sometime. Mr. Anglim, Hugh and I rode to Hays to meet them, but they did not show up. Went to supper. Just after supper Major Logan and Mary Murray drove up. Major Logan had a telegram from my father to locate us, and notify us. Telegram ~~advised~~ advised the Irrigation Committee train would reach Great Falls the 19th, going thence north and west, and reaching Seattle the 29th. There was room on train for mother and her party. Wire answer to Glendive. The Major will wire Nan O'Brien in Seattle to meet us in Helena. We leave here this coming Wednesday.

Monday, August 9. Mary Murray, Mr. Anglim, Hugh and I went up the canyon for a horseback ride. Coming back, at the entrance of the canyon, we met a party of Gros Ventres in a wagon entering the canyon. They were accompanied by a few dogs. One of the dogs nipped the hind leg of Mary's horse, who promptly kicked at the dog, and missed him. "Oh my God!" said Mary. The Gros Ventres laughed loudly and long. Father Piet took us all for a ride after supper. Mary says it has more kick that automobile riding. The Father ran his team along the side of a hill so steep I thought once or twice we would turn over. Hugh rode to Zortman to let the Whitcombs know that we could not come over to visit them on the 11th, as we had planned.

Tuesday, August 10. The trunks went off on today's stage, bound for Harlem, fifty miles north of here. I took Mary Murray up to see a branding at McNeill's corral. McNeill is from Ireland, and came over here to take care of some children left by his brother, who died. Their mother was a Gros Ventre woman. I think she is dead also. McNeill is very devout. He had a calf down and hog tied, and was already to brand him. Then the bell from the Mission rang the Angelus, and McNeill doffed his hat, and said his prayers, leaving the calf kicking until he finished praying. Having said Amen, McNeill picked up the iron and branded the calf. Mary was much impressed by all of that piety. Hugh came in from Zortman at 3:30 P.M. today. The Whitcombs gave a dance for him last night. Sixteen people. At four in the afternoon went up the canyon; Mary Murray, Mr. Anglim, Hugh and I, and explored the caves. Returned to supper at 6:30. After supper a broncho busting was put on at the corral above the Mission for Mary Murray. Said goodbye to Father Piet. To bed about 11:30 P.M.

Wednesday, August 11. Up at 4 A.M., and breakfast of very fresh fried beef, which I saw killed and butchered yesterday evening. Bread and coffee with the beef. Breakfast was at five, and we started for the Agency at 6:45. Fine day. We go by way of Wild Horse Butte Springs. That is some miles west of the spring at the stage crossing of Peoples Creek. About ten miles, I should judge. I rode Split Ear, and mother, Mary Murray, Mr. Anglim and Hugh drove in the covered surrey, with team.

I swung too far west, cutting across the prairie, and came to Three Buttes, and found traces of what appeared to have been an old spring on the south face of the southernmost of Three Buttes. Then went north and crossed the ~~south~~ north branch of People's creek, and headed for Wild Horse Butte. There is a good spring on the north side of that Butte. The Indians say wild horses come out of this butte, and hence the name. I discovered that a hearty breakfast of fresh beef, and a trotting horse was a mighty uncomfortable combination. Had bad cramps throughout most of the ride. Had to detour a prairie dog village, not wanting to take chances of being set afoot, or laming somebody else's horse. Also hunted for crossing of People's creek, where cattle had crossed, as there are some quicksands along that creek. Found a cattle trail over the creek, and crossed at that point. Arrived a little late at Wild Horse Butte, but not much after the others. They got there at 10:30 A.M. and I arrived about twenty minutes or so later. Rested the horses, and then watered them. Lit a fire and started lunch. Hugh was cook, Mary Murray cut and buttered bread, Mr. Anglim cut bacon, mother made coffee. We had also beans cooked in the bacon grease, and nuts and oranges. Left Wild Horse Butte about noon, and Hugh rode Split Ear, and I took his place in the wagon. Hot and dusty afternoon drive. Arrived at the Agency at 3:30 P.M. Had a bath and dinner. Major and Mrs. Logan and Mr. Anglim went for a ride in Major Logan's automobile. Frances, Mary Murray, Hugh and myself went to a dance up at the Agency Hall.

Thursday, August 12. Hugh and I rode over to Harlem on horseback, and from there went down to look over some land near Harlem that belongs to father. He wanted us to look over this land. Gone all day, and returned to Agency about 6:30 P.M. Hugh and I, and Mister Anglim were driven over to Harlem by Mr. and Mrs. Hanna at ten o'clock at night. Frances Logan and Mary Murray with mother came over later, driven by Major Logan.

Friday, August 13. Left Harlem, Great Northern train, at about 3 A.M. Mother took Frances Logan and Mary Murray into the drawing room with her, and they slept until 11 A.M. We arrived in Helena at 1:30 P.M. Saw Doctor Treacy. Stopping at Grandon Hotel.

Saturday, August 14. Fred Treacy called at the Grandon Hotel at 10 A.M. with Dr. Treacy's new National automobile. Went down the Prickley Pear valley, around our valley land, back by East Helena, and back to the Montana Club in Helena. There had lunch with Mr. and Mrs. T.B. Miller. Mary Murray sick in bed all day. The whole party went to ~~sitters~~ in the evening.

Sunday, August 15. Dinner with Miss Sarah Power. Mother, Mary Murray, Frances Logan, Hugh and I. Others present: Tom Martin, Leo Martin and Miss Carroll, sister of Bishop Carroll. At 5:50 left there for another dinner at Tommy Cruses. In addition to our party there were present Mr. and Mrs. Rae and Mr. and Mrs. Will Cruse.

Monday, August 16. After breakfast mother, Frances, Mary, Hugh and I went to Mabel Power's. She turned over her automobile to us. Went and picked up Miss Sarah Power, and drove up Colorado Gulch. Stopped at Kessler's for ginger ale. Dinner at 6:30 with Etheline Galen and Jim Galen at the Elk's Club. Took ride in touring car with Etheline, and then back to Bennet's for supper. Back at the Grandon Hotel at about eleven o'clock.

Tuesday, August 17. Farrar Kennet threw a plunge party for Hugh, but did not ask any of the rest of us. I took Frances Logan, and Mary Murray out to the Boradwater plunge, and we went in, but did not join the other party. Six o'clock dinner at the Flowrees, and later called on Dr. and Mrs. Treacy.

Wednesday, August 18. Hugh's birthday. Mother gave him a lunch at the Montana Club. In addition to our party there were invited Hastings Hill, Nan Becker and Farrar Kennet. Mabel Power gave Hugh at dinner at 6:30. In addition to our party, Fred and Louise Treacy were invited.

Thursday, August 19. The Special Train, carrying the Senate Committee on Irrigation arrived in Helena at 6:45 A.M., and was placed on a siding at the Broadwater Hotel. Hugh and I went out to the train to have breakfast on board with our father. Mother, Mary Murray and Frances Logan came on board the train later. Train left for Great Falls at 3:30 P.M. Steve Murphey on board as a sort of unofficial Sergeant at Arms. Were driven around Great Falls in Mr. Strain's machine. Saw Smelter, Giant Spring and Rainbow Falls. Later, Hugh and I ran into young Walsh, son of Mr. and Mrs. John James Walsh of Washington. He is in the sandy business here. He showed us the sights and we got back to the train late, with a box of Walshes candy as a peace offering. Father greeted us with: "Where have you two young chippie chasers been until this hour of the morning?" We showed the box of candy as proof that we had been to a candy store, and he let it go at that.

Friday, August 20. On board the Senate Special all day. Up the turkey trail. First stop was at Vaughn, where the senators got off and took automobiles to investigate the Sun River Irrigation Project. Then moved on and stopped at Power, which is just a water tank. Very hot. Then to Collins, and then to Conrad, where the Senators joined us and came aboard the train. Senator Warren is Chariman of this Committee, and is from Wyoming. Senator Piles of Washington is another member, as also, I believe, Senator Flint of California. The Senators did 120 miles by auto today.

Saturday, August 21. Early morning arrived at Culbertson, and the senators were met by a large crowd, who took them up to the Town Hall where they all made speeches. A Mrs. Ella Goss took on Mr. Cooper of the Irrigation party, and showed him samples of her dry farming products. They were fine, especially the potatoes. She then got confidential and told the blushing Mr. Cooper all about her physical ailments. Moved on to Glasgow, and were there met by a crowd with a band. More speeches. On to Malta, where we were met by a large crowd, a band, and more speeches. The train passed ~~th~~ through Dodson, and then had to back up as the Committee were to view the Dodson Dam. Were greatly surprised when Father Piet and Mr. Anglim boarded the train at Dodson. They said they had waited for us in Dodson since 11 A.M., and our Special passed through at 5 P.M. They got the laugh from the crowd when the Special passed through. Father Piet and Mr. Anglim left St. Paul's Mission at 3:45 this morning. Father Piet got up and said his Mass at 2:00 A.M. Our next stop was at Harlem. Committee went to Belknap Agency by auto. We had dinner on board the train. The Committee returned and the train moved on to Havre. There was a band, large crowd and a big meeting at Havre. Mother, Hugh and I, with Frances Logan and Mary Murray remained at the station to see Major and Mrs Logan and Father Piet and Mr. Anglim on board the east bound train. They were going back to Harlem. I think Father Piet and Mr. Anglim were going back to Dodson. Janet Logan was with Major and Mrs. Logan, and returned with them. They had joined us at Harlem. East bound train came in at 9:30 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Devlin met us, and after the meeting there was a dance. Fine music. Senate Special left Havre at 12:30 A.M.

Sunday, August 22. Arrived at Browning, Montana, at 6:30 A.M., and the Committee on Irrigation left immediately by auto for the St. Mary's irrigation project, at about 9:00 A.M. A newspaper man and I stole a ride on a hand car, which we pumped, until the car derailed, and we went off in the ditch. We hit a curve too fast. Mr. Cooper's car on the Senate Special was detached and turned over to us for a trip to Lake

* Mark Sullivan

Mac Donald

Mr. Cooper is a Great Northern official. His car was attached to the west bound train at Browning at 12:30 P.M. Arrived in Belton, on the west side of the mountains at 3:30 P.M. Mr. Lewis met us with coach. The party: Mother, Mary Murray Frances Logan, Hugh, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Catsworth, Mr. Dalrymple, Mr. Halmgren, Eddie Crawford, and myself. Went to Lewis' hotel. Coach to Apgar, and by launch to hotel. After supper had a row upon Lake McDonald. Later had a fire on the beach and toasted marshmallows. After that a dance in the Club House.

Monday, August 23. Spent the day at Lake McDonald at Lewises Hotel. Mother went to call on Mrs. Conrad, and took Hugh over and introduced him to her daughter Alicia. They went off in Alicia's canoe on the Lake. I took Frances Logan out in a rowboat. Mary Murray and Mr. Colsworth took a walk up the mountain trail. After dinner Mr. Lewis took us around the Lake in a launch. Hugh took a swim in the lake in the afternoon. Dinner at the hotel at 6:15. The boat left at 6:45. Mr. and Mrs. T.J. Walsh of Helena, and Genevieve Walsh came over to see us. They have a ~~pl~~ cabin at the head of the lake. Left on the boat from Lewises Hotel to Apgar. On our way down the lake Mr. Greuber's launch overtook us, and the Senate Committee were on board the launch. Back to Belton. Car put on to the Special, and we pull out for Somers. The senators on board are Warren of Wyoming, Piles and Chamberlain of Washington, Senator Paynter, and Senator Carter. Mr. Louis Hill with us part of the time, and Mr. Cooper with us throughout the trip. Steve Murphy was with us, and Eddie Crawford, father's secretary.

Tuesday, August 24. Senate Committee left for Polson and Flathead this morning at 7:00 A.M. Mr. Louis Hill loaned us his boat, the Flyer, for a day on Flathead Lake. Bottles of coffee and sandwiches were put aboard. Coffee in thermos bottles. We left shortly after nine o'clock. Mother, Hugh, Frances Logan, Mary Murray, Mr. Cotsworth, Mr. Helengren, Steve Murphy and myself in the party. On leaving the dock got stuck on a sand bar the first thing. It took fifteen minutes to get off. Then steamed to Polson, and reached there just as Louis Hill and the autos were leaving with the Committee. Watched a six horse coach leave Polson. Back to the boat. The boat stuck on another sand bar, and we took ten minutes to get off. A heavy storm threatened at about five minutes of two. It grew cold, with heavy wind and high waves. Put in at Haynes Point, made a large fire, and roasted apples. Had foot races, and threw stones at bottles. Base ball game, Dalrymple, Cotsworth, Halengren and Steve Murphy. They used pine cones for balls, and a dead branch for a bat. Returned to Somers at 6:30 P.M. Dinner on board train, and train moved on to Kalispel, Montana. Frances Logan, Mary Murray, Hugh, Cotsworth Dalrymple, Halengren and Bose start out at 8:30 P.M. to visit the Sid Logans. Sid is Frances uncle, and is Mayor of Kalispel. Same party went to dance at Opera House, and returned at 11:30. Dixon gave them lunch on board Mr. Cooper's car. Mother, Steve Murphy and I remained on train and went to bed early.

Wednesday, August 25. Special left Kalispel at 10:00 A.M. for Somers where we awaited the arrival of the Committee. A boat brought the Committee back from Flathead. Saw the autos unloaded from the boat. Father and Louis Hill had dinner with us. Back to Kalispel for the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Sid Logan and their three daughters visited us on the train. Train left Kalispel at 10:00 P.M.

Thursday, August 26. Arrived at Spokane, Washington, at 7:00 A.M. Breakfast at 7:30. Autos were late in coming for us. Rode around Spokane. Stopped at Patsy Clark's and saw patsy. Saw Gordon Lamey and Ray Moran. Mrs. Larsen visited the train. Left Spokane west bound at 11:00 A.M. Arrived at Prosser, Washington, at 5:00 P.M. Dusty ride.

Drove about the country around Prosser until 6:45 P.M. There was a meeting in the Prosser High School. Father was Chairman of the meeting. Speeches by Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, who met us at this place, and Senators Payne and Chamberlain. Train stopped all night at Prosser.

Friday, August 27. Left Prosser at 7:30 A.M. Stopped at Sunnyside, Washington, for meeting. At Toppenish all afternoon. It is hot and dusty. Mr. Henry, Mr. Larsen and Mr. Fletcher, a delegation of gentlemen from Yakima came aboard at Toppenish. Senate Committee had gone to Zillah. Delegates from Yakima arranged to entertain us the following day. Mr. Donald came in later with Mr. Cooper, and offered us the use of his house for the next day. Train arrived at Yakima in the evening. Hugh and I went to town, and met George Mullins, a former roommate of Patsy Clark's at Georgetown. Saw the town with George, and then took he and some of his friends aboard the diner of the Special for drinks. We pay for nothing on this train. Just sign the slip, and the drinks are on the contingent fund of the senate. Also the eats. Committee went to Mr. Donald's house with senator Warren. Mother remained on Mr. Cooper's car entertaining Mr. Goddard of Billings, Montana, and secretary of the Interior Ballinger.

Saturday, August 28. North Yakima, which is the Yakima we stopped in yesterday. We are still here. We called on Father Pallidino, who is now living in North Yakima. Senate Committee left for Tieton project. Mr. Elliott joined us early in the morning. After breakfast three autos came for our party to show us the Nob Hill, or orchard district around North Yakima. Mother, Frances, Mary, Hugh, Steve Murphy, Mr. Cotsworth, and Mr. Willis, Mr. Elliott's secretary made up the party. Fine orchard country. Understand land here worth about 1,000 dollars per acre. And nets around twenty per cent on the yield. At 12:30 we were left at Mr. Henry's house, which is a country house, surrounded by orchard. 57 acres. We had lunch there. Chicken and fresh strawberries. Met Mr. Kipp, Mr. Sharkey, Mrs. Parker, and a writer, Miss Cook there. Later went to Mr. Donald's house. In the evening there was a smoker for the senate Committee, and a dance given for the rest of us by the citizens of North Yakima. Special left North Yakima after midnight.

Sunday, August 29. Arrived in Seattle, Washington, at about 8 A.M. Secretary of Interior Ballinger had a launch at Wharf A to meet us. We checked in right away at the Hotel Washington. Senator and Mrs. Chamberlin and daughter were at the hotel when we got there. Then went to wharf A and took the launch provided by Secretary Ballinger. The party consisted of Senator and Mrs. Chamberlin and Miss Chamberlin; Senator and Mrs. Piles; Secretary and Mrs. Ballinger; and Ned Ballinger; Senators Paynter and Warren; mother, Mary Murray, Frances Logan, Hugh and myself. Mr. Cotsworth also accompanied us. Launch took us to Bremerton Navy yard, across the sound. On landing a double line of marines stood at attention on the wharf, and the officers of the Navy yard were on hand to meet us. We were shown around the Navy Yard by the officers, and saw the dry dock. Then had lunch at Admiral Rodgers's quarters. He is the Commandant. There was a party of twenty five at the lunch, officers and their wives, and civilians. Returned to Seattle about 4 P.M. Mother, Mary Murray, Hugh and I, with Steve Murphy, went to the senate special, and packed up, and moved our things to the Washington Hotel, where we had rooms. ~~Automobiles called at the~~

Monday, August 30. Automobiles called for us at the Hotel at ten in the

morning to take us to the Seattle Exposition, where we are to be guests for the day of the Exposition officials and of Senator and Mrs. Piles. Judge Burke took mother, Senators Paynter and Warren, Mary Murray and myself in his Packard. Were first presented to President Chilberg of the Exposition, and then visited the Forestry Building, and were entertained at lunch at the New York Building by Mr. Nado. Frances Logan has looked up a friend, Dorothy Luke, and Frances, Hugh, Dorothy and I went out and took in the Pay Streak, where all the show stuff is at the Exposition. We got in to a hootchie-kootchie dance, and as the gal on the stage contorted her hips, and wiggled her belly, Dorothy held my hand. Perhaps Dorothy was a bit embarrassed. All hands met at Vienna restaurant for supper on the Exposition grounds. Mr. Laman our host. Back to the Pay streak and then took a boat over Lake Washington at 10:00 P.M. to a special dock at Madrona Park. The cars were waiting us there. Stopped off at Mr. Blaine's house for a drink on the way back to the hotel.

Tuesday, August 31. Family council at Washington Hotel about future plans. This after breakfast. Jack Carter is at the Washington Hotel. Hear F.S. Lang has sold a patent of his for \$60,000. He and my aunt Pat are divorced, and F.S. and the \$60,000 have met up with a blonde. Pretty nice for the blonde. The senate special left Seattle at 10:40 A.M. We saw them off to the train. We leave tomorrow for Victoria and Vancouver, British Columbia, and return east via Canadian Pacific. Took Dorothy Luke to dinner at the Washington Hotel.

Wednesday, September 1. Breakfast at 7:30 A.M. Boarded the Princess Victoria at 8:45 A.M. Nan O'Brien with us. Frances Logan came to wharf to see us off. She returns to Harlem, Montana, via Great Northern, after a visit with Dorothy Luke. Our party now consists of mother, Mary Murray, Nan O'Brien, Hugh and myself. Eleven hundred and fifty passengers aboard the Princess Victoria. Its capacity is twelve hundred. It is said to be the Canadian Pacific's best boat on Puget Sound. Landed in Victoria, B.C. at about ten o'clock, and took a ride about the city, for half an hour. The boat docked at Vancouver at seven o'clock at night. The water was rough during the afternoon. Mr. O'Brien met us at the wharf. We went to the O'Brien house, where we were guests.

Thursday, September 2. Reservations wired for at Lake Louise Chalet and Banf Springs Hotel, for rooms and bath. Lunch at the O'Brien's at 12:30. In the afternoon the O'Briens took us on a boat trip up the North Inlet. Party consisted of mother, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Willis, Nan and Mary O'Brien, Mary Murray, Hugh and myself. Dinner on board the boat. Returned to Vancouver, the boat bucking a strong tide. Supper on reaching the O'Brien house.

Friday, September 3. Mr. O'Brien took us all to Stanley Park, and about Vancouver. Started out at 10:00 A.M. It is nine miles around Stanley Park. Very large trees. Had lunch and started to train at 1:30 P.M. Boarded the train. On observation car met Dr. Kirkpatrick of Washington, D.C. Up the Frazier River. High mountains.

Saturday, September 4. All day going through high mountains. There are glaciers in sight some of the time. The Selkirks. Busses met us at our station to take us to Lake Louise Chalet. Arrived at Chalet, and saw an avalanche on way. Supper served by Chinese boys. Beautiful night.

Sunday, September 5. All day at Lake Louise. I took a horseback ride up the trail alongside the lake. Met a girl from Detroit, also riding. She explained all about glaciers to me. Left Lake Louise at seven P.M. and arrived at Banf at nine P.M., or after.

Monday, September 6. Spent the day at Banff. Took a drive about in a TallyHo. Saw the mountains, the Buffalo Park and the cave and springs. It is Labor Day in Canada, and most of the male population appear drunk or almost drunk. Took east bound Canadian Pacific train around mid night.

Tuesday, September 7. On board the CPR, eastbound. Meals fine. Good observation car. Passing through fine wheat country. But the country is flat, and the journey, from the point of view of seeing anything out of the car window, is very monotonous.

Wednesday, September 8. Party now consists of mother, Hugh, Mary Murray and myself. Still en route. Country monotonous. Trip dusty and hot. Passed through some small lakes.

Thursday, September 9. CPR, east bound En route. Train less crowded now, and fewer people in the observation car. So the going is more comfortable.

Friday, September 10. Arrived in Montreal. To our great surprise Mr. Anglim met us at the station. We went to the Windsor Hotel and checked in. We took a three seated rig and went sight seeing. Notre Dame, Mount Royal Park and around town. Mr. Anglim went with us. It rained all afternoon. Boarded the seven P.M. train for Plattsburg, New York. Mr. Anglim went with us.

Saturday, September 11. Spent last night on the Lake Champlain boat ~~Victor~~ Vermont, which sailed at seven A.M. for the foot of the Lake. Breakfast and dinner on board the boat. Arrived at Baldwin at 12:50 P.M. Took train over to Lake George. I mean to say we disembarked at ~~Td~~Conderoga on Lake Champlain at 12:50 P.M., and took the train over to Baldwin on Lake George. There boarded the S.S. Sagamore, which took us to the end of Lake George. There boarded a train for Saratoga, New York. At Saratoga we changed trains taking the train for Troy, New York. Arrived in Troy at 9 P.M. Mr. Murray met us at the station. Hugh and Mr. Murray went up to the Murray house in Mr. Murray's car. Mother, Mary Murray, Mr. Anglim and I rode there in the carriage. We became guests of the Murrays. Had late dinner there. After dinner Mr. Murray took Mr. Anglim over to Father Curtin's, where Mr. Anglim spent the night.

Sunday, September 12. Mr. Anglim had dinner with us at Murray's. In the afternoon mother, Mr. and Mrs. Murray and Mr. Anglim took the car and toured the Berkshires, returning about 10 P.M. Hugh and I remained at Murrays with the Murray sisters. Played tennis and visited around. Hugh has a cough.

Monday, September 13. Mother and Mrs. Murray visited the Glynns in Albany. Mr. Murray went to New York city on business. Mary and Helen Murray, Hugh and I took the auto and took a hundred and twenty six mile run through the Berkshires.

Tuesday, September 14. We were supposed to be in New York City today, but rested up at Murrays instead. Mrs. Murray threw a party for mother. Hugh and I took it easy. Took the Albany-New York night boat at seven o'clock, as guests of Mr. Murray who is vice President of the line. We had two suites of rooms, with baths. Hugh and in one, and mother the other. The Captain had us up in the Pilot House in the evening, and had the search light turned on Martin Glynns place at Cedar Hill, at mother's request. The boat is the Trojan, and its Captain is Captain Brown.

Wednesday, September 15. Arrived in New York City at 7 A.M. I got up at 5 A.M. to see the river and the palisades. Breakfast on board. Took a taxi, and stopped at St. Francis Xavier's to ask about Mr. Anglim. Found he had gone on to Washington. Checked bags at the Waldorf. Then took taxi around New York. Went to American Museum Natural History, to Metropolitan Museum, through Central Park, and down Fifth Avenue by Senator Clark's house. To the Waldorf for lunch. Took the Congressional Limited out of New York at 3:25 P.M. Arrived in Washington at 8:45. William met us ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~train~~ at the train. Took taxi home.