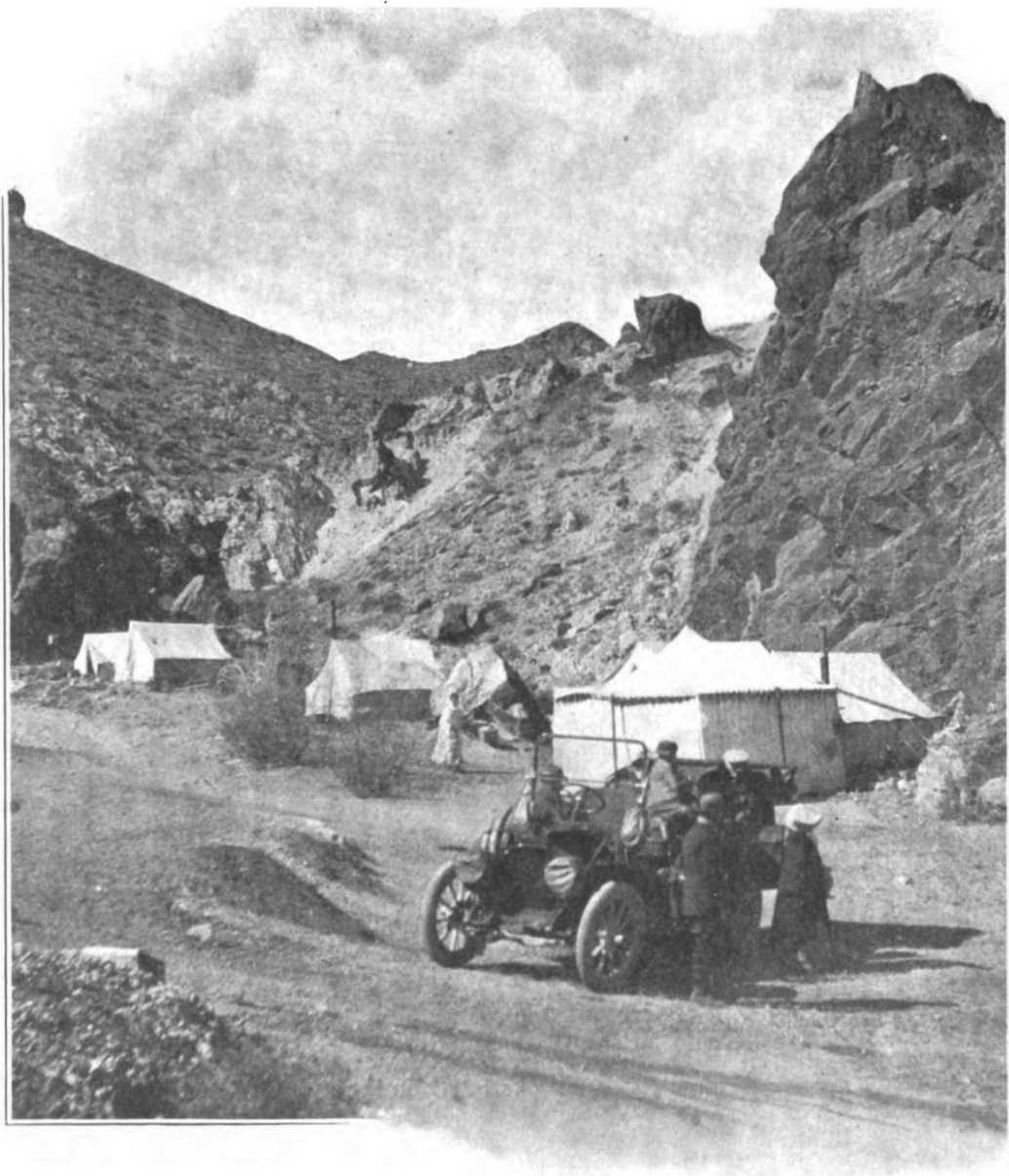


A FAMILY TOUR

— FROM —

OCEAN to OCEAN



Cave Wells, the Last Watering Station Before Entering Death Valley

A FAMILY TOUR from OCEAN to OCEAN

Being an account of the first amateur motor car journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, whereby J. M. Murdock and family, in their 1908 Packard "Thirty" touring car, incidentally broke the transcontinental record

By J. M. MURDOCK



Packard Motor Car Co.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Preface

THE first question asked by our friends, when they heard of our transcontinental trip, was:

"How did you come to do it?"

I never have had a satisfactory answer. The notion, like Topsy, "just grew." Our many railway trips between home in Johnstown, Pa., and our winter bungalow in Pasadena, Cal., often suggested the same trip by automobile. Our previous family touring had been over good roads. My bad road experience had been mainly alone.

During our last trip west, in March of this year, we discussed the feasibility of returning overland in our Packard car and the entire family was unanimous in believing that the hardships would be overbalanced by the pleasure.

I talked with ranchmen and mine owners who knew the western country. They discouraged me. After arriving in Pasadena, I read the story of the recent difficult automobile tour from Pekin to Paris. I learned that almost anything can be done in some way or another. My mind got back on the transcontinental idea until it became an obsession. I looked up my old acquaintance, L. L. Whitman, of transcontinental fame. I asked: "Is it possible to drive from coast to coast in a big touring car carrying, as passengers, my entire family?"

"Sure," he replied, "if you take time enough." Neither he nor I ever questioned each other or ourselves as to the exact meaning of "time enough."

I talked over the project with Mrs. Murdock and the rest of the family. They were optimistic. I wrote to the general manager of the Packard Motor Car Company. He was optimistic—in proposing that I could have more fun in other and easier kinds of touring. The prevailing opinion was that myself and the car were able to stand the racket if my family was. My family was of the opinion that they could stand the racket if the car could. Sporting blood won out. We started, having wired for a few extra parts and engaged a thoroughly competent mechanic to accompany us. Whitman said he would go along as far as Ogden and help us over the really worst part of the road, where his experience would count most.

That was the beginning.

We left Los Angeles April 24 and arrived in New York May 26. We laid over for rest five Sundays and two other days. Our elapsed time was 32 days, 5 hours, 25 minutes, breaking the transcontinental record for a single car driven clear through by the same driver and with the same party.

That was the end.

It was gratifying because, while we had started out not caring particularly when we would get to New York, I am human enough to be glad that we were not only the first family party to cross the continent in an automobile, but also that we put a good-sized crimp in the erstwhile record.

Johnstown, Pa.

J. M. M.

APPRECIATION

Of my family, for their encouragement in times of discouragement; their unfailing interest and loyalty, and their uncomplaining endurance of many hardships.

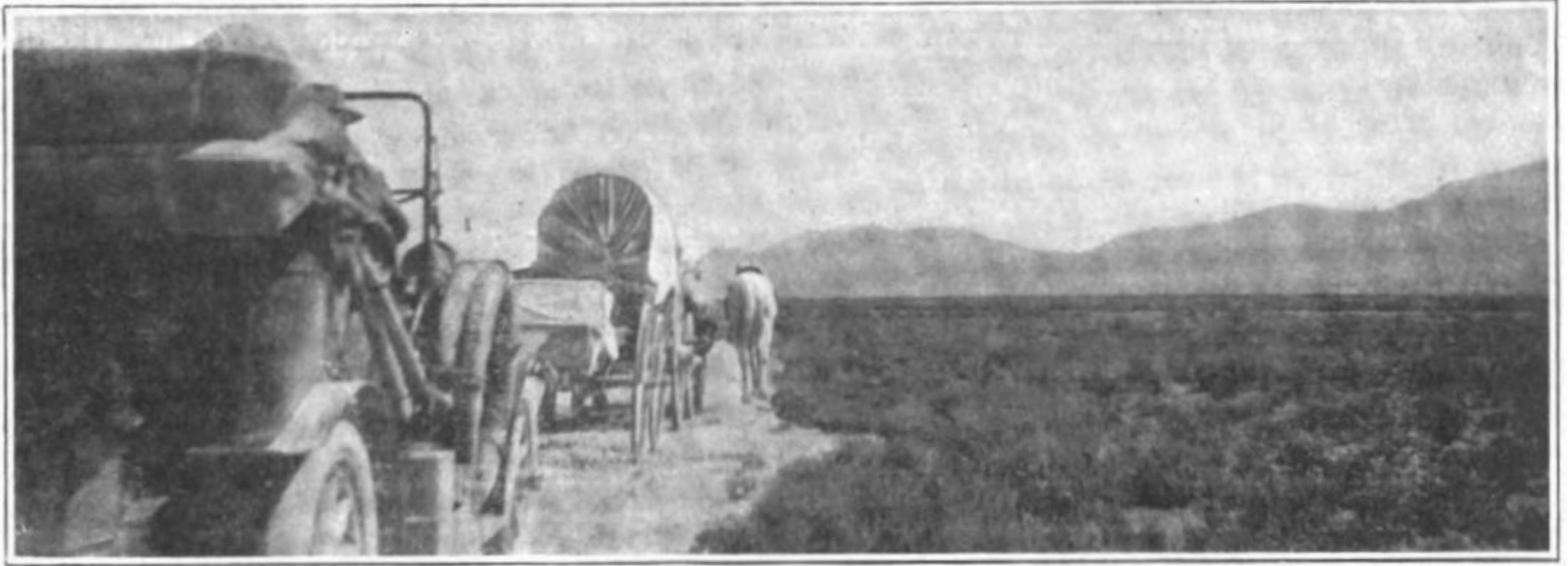
Of L. L. Whitman, for his ready and capable assistance and genuine comradery.

Of P. W. Spaulding, a friend in need, for the way he "got on the job," staid on the job, and helped to make us all glad on the job.

Of Phillip De May, for his skilful and faithful work throughout the trip.

Of my Packard car, for its wonderful stability, capability and reliability.

J. M. MURDOCK



Preparation

OUR car was my 1908 Packard "Thirty" standard touring car, which previously had been driven 5,400 miles. It was equipped with cape cart top, folding glass wind shield and speedometer. We stocked it with a few extra parts, camping outfit and implements for overcoming the obstacles of mountain and desert trails. The car was running in good condition at the time of the start, so we deemed overhauling unnecessary. The only change which we made in the car was to put on front wheels equipped with 36 by 4½-inch tires, so that all tires on the car would be interchangeable.

The stock of small parts were stored under the rear seats, with the side curtains. A small winch, for possible use in the extreme emergency of getting out of bad holes, was strapped on the left running board. Two hickory poles, eight feet long, suitable for levers for the winch or pries for lifting the car out of deep mud and sand, were strapped to the right side of the car, closing the tonneau door on that side, which was never used during the trip. Alongside these poles were strapped two shovels. The improvised winch consisted of a steel drum, three inches in diameter and a foot long, able to revolve on a five-foot steel shaft which

might be driven into the ground. Three-foot iron bars served as stakes for guy lines to support the top of the main shaft.

Our armament consisted of a "thirty-thirty" Winchester, for my son Milton to use in unavailing warfare on coyotes. Milton was a good shot, but either the sights on the carbine were out of line or else the coyotes were good dodgers.

We carried on the floor of the tonneau a sledge for driving the winch shaft and stakes into the ground; a pole axe with leather scabbard, and a pick-axe. On the oil lamp brackets were hung a one-gallon and two two-gallon water canteens. A large water pail with close-fitting top was carried on the foot board. The extra tire irons were shortened so that we could carry a third tire on the outside without it projecting beyond the mud guard. Underneath the extra tires on the running board we carried two emergency one-gallon cans of cylinder oil.

On the rear luggage carrier we strapped a box containing two hundred feet of ¼-inch rope, which was never used; one hundred feet of ⅞-inch, 50 feet of ⅝-inch and 50 feet of 1¼-inch Manilla rope for general emergency use. On top of the box we strapped a sheet iron camp stove and cooking utensils. Inside the stove we carried several bundles of wire intended

for any necessary quick repairs and which was mainly used for fastening minor extras.

Instead of ropes for attaching the large pieces of extra equipment to the car, we used an assortment of two dozen straps an inch wide and from two to four feet long, provided with non-rusting nickel-plated buckles.

On the right footboard, in front of the tonneau door, there was strapped a box containing two five-gallon emergency cans of gasoline, which were kept filled all the way until after we passed Chicago. We also carried two other five-gallon cans of gasoline several days in Nevada, when we were out of convenient reach of supplies.

In place of the ordinary tonneau floor mat, we spread folded strips of canvas, eight by twenty feet, with eyelets so that they might be laced together to form a shelter tent or be used as a cover for the car. For tent poles we used the hickory pries. We carried seven pairs of blankets, a large quilt, a woolen lap robe and two water proof lap robes.

Our commissary department was established in a hinged box crosswise in the tonneau in the place of the ordinary folding seats, the box itself serving as a middle seat. This contained aluminum camp dishes and an assortment of plain and fancy food that would suit all tastes, pack closely and wear well. We replenished the commissary along the route as our needs demanded and the stores in the vicinity permitted. After passing Cheyenne we were not forced to rely upon our own stores except for occasional lunches.

Our tire equipment comprised four 36 by 4½-inch Continental flat tread tires on the wheels; three extra similar tire casings on the side, and nine extra inner tubes under the rear seat. Four extra tires and six inner tubes were sent to Ogden

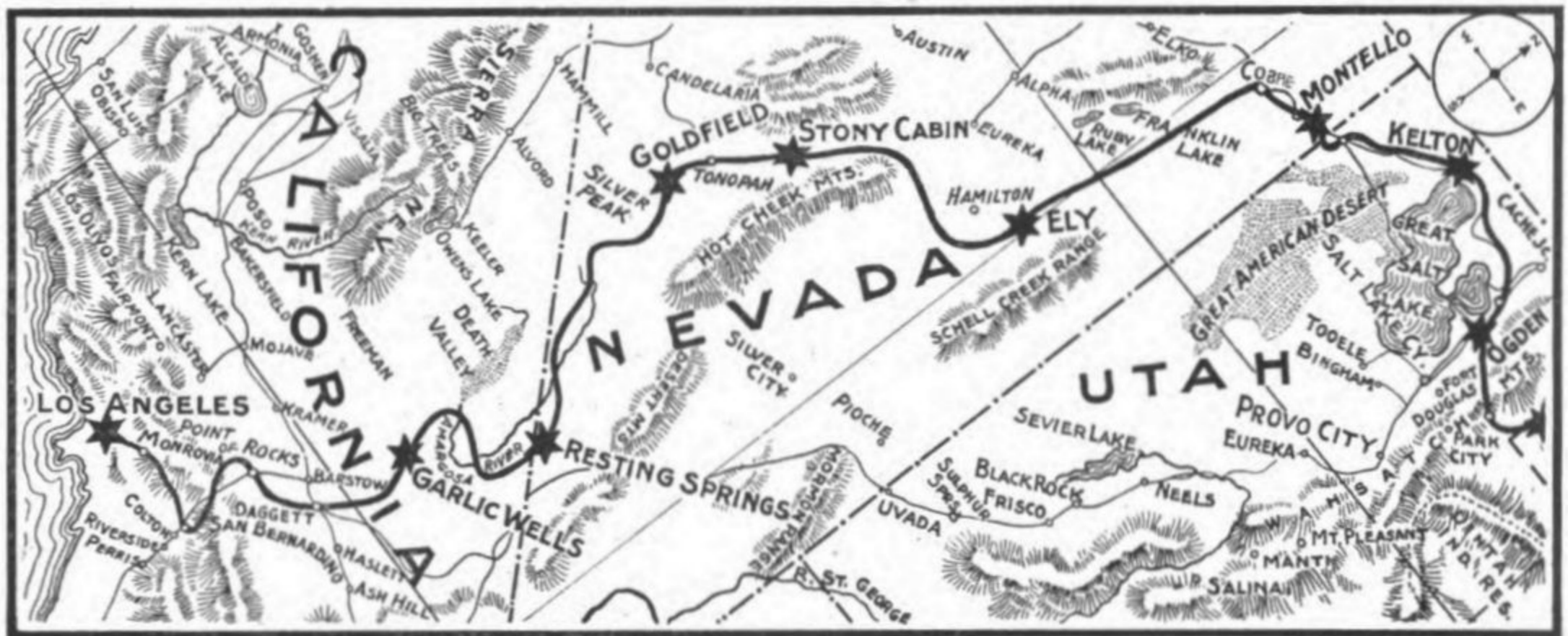
by rail and forwarded to other points along the way as required.

We carried a compressed air tank for pumping up the tires and a Prest-o-lite tank for the headlights. The only maps which we had at the start were small vest pocket state maps, such as are purchased at book stores, showing the latest government surveys.

Before starting I wrote ahead to a number of places on the proposed route to arrange for gasoline supply, addressing my letters in all cases to "Any automobile garage or gasoline dealer." I received prompt assurances of there being ample gasoline supplies at the desired points. In Nevada the gasoline was furnished in sealed five-gallon cans, carried two in a wooden box. We paid from \$2.20 to \$2.50 per can all through this state. Even as far off the beaten path as the little mining camp of Lee, Nevada, we paid but \$2.50 a can. Through Wyoming gasoline became cheaper and the price steadily reduced all the way, to a minimum of 18 cents a gallon. We used 524 gallons of gasoline for the entire 3,694 miles across the continent. We kept no record of the consumption of lubricating oil.

We did not make any definite driving schedule. I had mentally calculated that if we traveled about 100 miles a day, six days a week, we would be doing well. We did not contemplate traveling Sundays or nights and did not do so, except in one or two instances when we pushed ahead to reach a desirable stopping place.

Our first objective point was Ogden, which we made a base of supplies. We decided to let what lay east of there take care of itself until we reached Ogden. It is probably needless to say that after we had overcome the innumerable difficulties between Los Angeles and Ogden, we were almost blasé in contemplation of the touted hardships of Wyoming.



Los Angeles to Resting Springs

WE got up Friday morning, April 24, with the trepidation of a small boy tentatively sizing up the weather through window curtains on the dawn of Independence Day. It was a great and auspicious morning and we made a brave bluff at eating breakfast with a relish. At eight o'clock we were ready. Under an escort of friends we sailed away for the outskirts of the city, where we bid a bunch of adieus and picked up Whitman. Our party was thus complete, consisting of Mrs. Murdock, our daughters, Lillian and Alice, Jacob Milton, Jr., L. L. Whitman, who was to accompany us to Ogden; our mechanic, Phillip DeMay, and myself. Our own 1,020 pounds of weight, plus 1,200 pounds of supplies and equipment, plus the car, made a total of 5,500 pounds. I realized that we had a heavy undertaking on our hands. In fact, we hardly had been a mile off the boulevards before we decided to lighten our load, and consequently dropped some of our bedding, a sleeping bag and a wall tent. At San Dimas, about 25 miles from Pasadena, we met friends who exchanged good-will for about 125 pounds of unnecessary comforts. Thereafter we did not reduce weight.

We traveled over the main road, passing through Azusa, Glendora, Upland and Rialto, to San Bernardino, where we stopped to take on gasoline. Thence we followed the line of the Santa Fe railway to Cajon Canon, through the canon to the summit and to Victorville, where we crossed and left the railway, pursuing an easterly course across the Mojava desert. Again striking and crossing the railway at Daggett, we stopped at three-thirty in the afternoon, having covered the first 141 miles of our long journey. Here we took on a full supply of gasoline, together with three extra five-gallon cans. The roads thus far had been good, well-defined and easily followed, but immediately upon leaving Daggett they became very poor. At Otis, four miles farther on, we obtained directions from a liveryman as follows:

"Follow the main road clear to the foot of the ridge. About 18 miles out you will come to Coyote Lake, a dry lake, which you must cross and on the other side of which you will run into deep drift sand. Yes, it's pretty blamed bad. Most automobiles go that far and then turn back. However, if you keep on going ahead you can get through. There are only four

miles of it, and these four become better the farther you go."

After we had crossed the bad roads east of Otis and reached and crossed Coyote Lake we plunged straight into our first experience in drift sand. This stuff is like quicksilver. The more you shovel the deeper it gets. It blows into your eyes and ears and, despite persistent effort by the entire crew, headway is very, very slow. First we tried shoveling; then we laid down strips of canvas on which to run the wheels and succeeded in getting well settled in the deepest part.

The sky had deepened to a dark blue, like our own spirits, but the coming night did not change the view much because there was nothing in the view to change—a vast lack of everything except sand. The whole situation was a large deficiency. As a last resort we wrapped the wheels with heavy rope, which greatly improved our traction, which, in turn, greatly improved our nerve. We forced our way ahead from three to six hundred feet per effort. Just as night fell silently and without damage on the soft sand, we managed to pull through.

We lighted our headlights and started going over fair road through a rolling desert country. We watched carefully along the way for Garlic Wells, supposed to be about sixteen miles distant and where we wished to camp for the night. We found this metropolis of the desert at nine o'clock. It proved to consist of a well, a platform and a windlass. We soon had our stove up, a fire burning and a supper cooking. We feasted and made camp. The women occupied the car and the rest of us rolled in blankets on the ground.

We were 173 miles to the good.

We arose at daybreak and were on our way at six o'clock, following a well-defined road past Crackerjack, a mining

camp of tents, on the top of a hill near the road. Then we went through a deep pass to Cave Springs, just before reaching which we met a burro train in charge of two men—the only persons we had seen since leaving Otis.

Cave Springs is literally described by its name, there being a big spring within a little cave and a six-by-ten mining camp to keep it company. Here is the best water in that part of the country, so we filled all our canteens and pails. Also, we filled up on road directions. Leaving, we traversed for fifteen miles the tortuous bottom of a deep canon, which suddenly spilled itself onto the edge of Death Valley desert.

We soon found that our drift sand experience at Coyote Lake had been merely a kindergarten for us in the art of tractionless travel.

Along the Amargosa Wash all trace of the road disappeared. The rocky bottom of the creek is covered with drift sand, with occasional traces of water. Here the Death Valley is five to ten miles wide, the higher ground being a formation of immense sand drifts. During heavy wind storms these sand drifts are shifted and blown in every direction. While we were there the heat was intense and the wind blew the fine sand so fiercely about us that we were compelled to put up the top and side curtains. We traveled part of the time in the bed of the wash and part of the time on the bank.

Sometimes, after managing to get started, we would succeed in making a quarter of a mile; generally we would accomplish only a couple of hundred feet before being again stalled. Each time we shoveled away the sand, tightened the ropes on the wheels and made another start. After we had been out of the canon for a couple of hours and had left all evidence of road and direction five or six miles behind us

we were, in a measure, lost. With the aid of map and compass we chose a southerly course as the most likely one.

We floundered around for eight hours, eighteen miles and thirty gallons of gasoline. We left the car and made a foot-shaking detour to locate the nearest way to hard ground. Following in the car this roughly-surveyed route, we eventually crossed the tracks of the Tonopah & Tidewater railroad, arriving at China Ranch, where we received many road directions and few encouragements.

Crossing a steep hill we ran nicely down the other side into still more sand, where we again shoveled, groveled, plowed and floundered. Our dauntless spirit pretty nearly reached ebb-tide. Through field glasses we sighted, at the foot of a steep ridge, a clump of green trees with the green grass growing all around. We got back on the job, reached the trees, which proved to be Resting Springs, and camped over Sunday. From six o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon we had succeeded in making 67 miles.

Resting Springs was indeed an oasis in a barren desert, beautiful in its green contrast to the everlasting sand. It was one of the old landmarks on the edge of Death Valley desert in the days of the forty-niners. The warm water flowing out of the large spring pours over the ground and irrigates a few acres, on which small

patch of fertility rests a group of ranch buildings, comprising the home of an old settler of the Golden Era, who has lived happily ever after as a squaw man and the patriarch of a populous family of half-breeds. During our Sabbath rest he recounted many stories of the early days, stories of the unfortunate gold seekers of forty-nine, who went into Death Valley to stay and give it name.

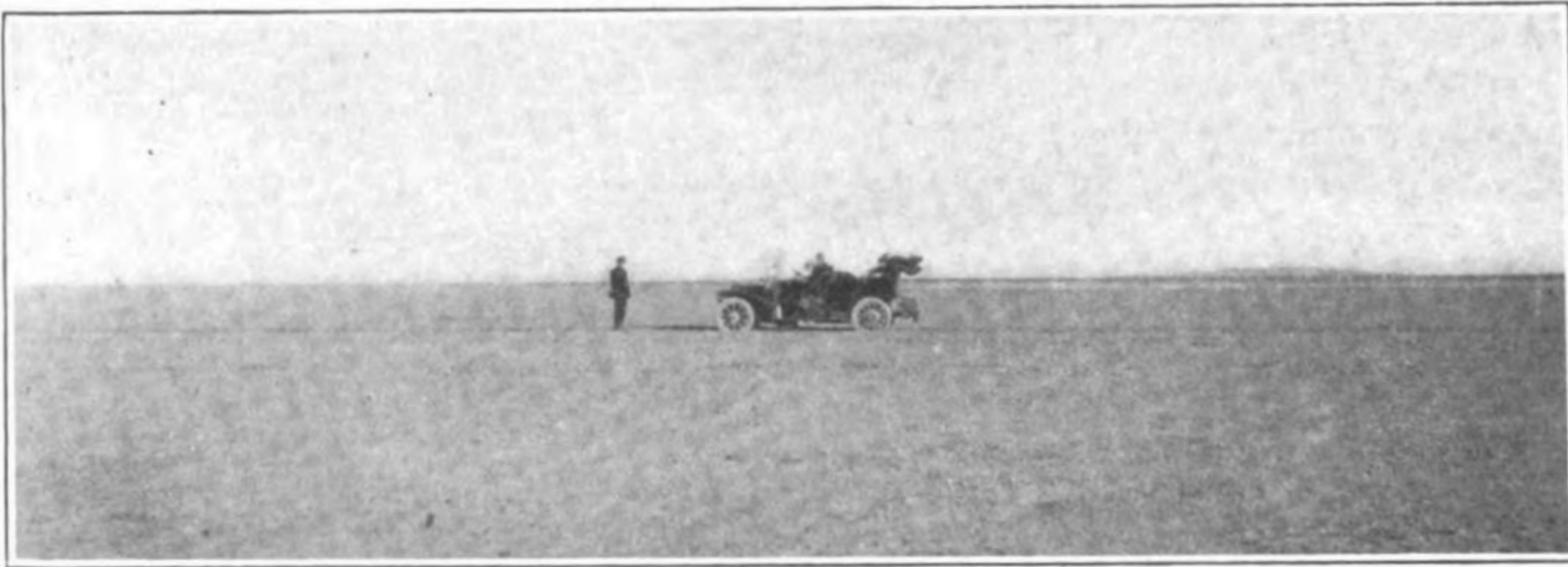
Only a few of the venturesome pioneers succeeded in reaching the promised land via this dread short cut. It is a hot, dry, changeless waste of country, devoid of vegetation, excepting an oc-

casional boutonniere of mesquite bush. The floor of the valley is practically flat. At the point we crossed it was 35 feet below sea level. Farther north it sinks to 300 feet below the sea. We were not curious enough to flirt with fate investigating the dangers of this deeper valley of death. The horizon line is everywhere a range of barren sand hills, beyond whose unbroken lines are seen the blue extent of mountains seven to eight thousand feet high. The most notable of these mountains is locally known as Funeral Range. This is a very somber country.

Perhaps some of the hardships of our Saturday's journey might have been avoided by taking another route. Traveling in this section is an uncertain quantity. Even the latest surveys show much territory that has never been plotted.



Leaving Pasadena



Resting Springs to Ogden

OUR Sunday halt at Resting Springs had renewed our courage and we started early Monday morning eastward to Zabriskie Station, on the Tonopah & Tidewater railway. There we replenished our commissary box and took on a new supply of gasoline. Our course turned to the northwest away from the railways, but we found an easily followed road at the bottom of the western slope of a north and south mountain ridge. We continued through this valley to within about eight miles of Greenwater and then took a northeasterly road toward Death Valley Junction. We crossed the railway again and followed along it, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, to avoid deep sand, until, in the middle of the afternoon, we reached the mining camp of Lee, well up on the side of the mountain ridge. More gasoline.

Once more we beat toward the north along the railroad through Gold Center and Beatty. More gasoline. Just an hour before dark we struck out in the effort to reach Goldfield that night. We were told there was a well-traveled automobile road between these two places, and that once on it there would be no difficulty in following it to Goldfield. Prophecy correct. We went to bed in the notorious boom town of miners, stock merchants, gamb-

lers and prize fighters shortly after ten o'clock. The hotel here was surprisingly good, having most of the eastern conveniences except size. The ordinary salubrity of the town, however, has been somewhat damaged by the influence of erratic eastern finances.

A young man who was thoroughly familiar with the country hereabouts made us a rough pencil map of the entire 240 miles between Goldfield and Ely. He noted many landmarks along the way and when we left Goldfield at ten o'clock the next morning we followed these directions. There are quite a few automobiles around Tonopah and Goldfield. Some of them are built especially for that section of the country in order to obtain more than ordinary clearance. Both owners and chauffeurs in that district are a gay and cheerful lot. They drive with open throttles and without mufflers. To stand the abuse which the roads and drivers give them the cars ought to be good ones.

Between Goldfield and Tonopah there are two roads, one built for wagons and the other for automobiles. We found the automobile road to be well traveled all the way and good going with the exception of one sandy spot. Tonopah is strictly a camp in the midst of countless mines and near-mines. Leaving it, we went five

miles down the wrong road and had to retrace. The right road we found to be a fairly good one for almost sixty miles to Stony Cabin, excepting that we had some difficulty in the matter of clearance on account of high center ridges between wheel ruts, washed out and worn deep. Sometimes we were forced to leave the road on this account and bump over sage brush and other desert obstructions.

Stony Cabin accommodated an hospitable family who provided us with comfortable beds in an outlying shack. We cooked our own evening meal. It was here that a coyote or some other alien of the night came in through an open window and carried off Milton's trousers, Milton having carelessly taken them off before retiring. For the next three days, on account of the scarcity of clothing stores en route, he was forced to travel in a combination of pajamas and overalls.

The names of the towns and settlements in this section sound like a list of popular summer resorts, being either wells or springs of some kind. Thus, we passed Hot Creek, Soda Springs and Twin Springs on our way into Railroad Valley. We traversed the eastern side of this valley for nearly seventy-five miles. Between Twin Springs and Currant we did not encounter a single person. Inhabitants are as scarce out there as paper money.

Generally speaking, and without reference to sand districts, the Nevada roads are fairly good as long as they follow along the bottom of valleys or over unbroken land. As soon as they straggle into the foot hills they are very badly washed out and in some places almost impassable. Long detours to avoid extremely bad places are often necessary.

That afternoon we made a wrong turn and were soon lost in a district of sage

brush, where there was no road and where the brush finally became so thick that we could not proceed. Leaving the car we hunted on foot for the road and after awhile brought the car back to it. Then we had little difficulty in sticking to the correct route, as it became better and better all the time, and we knew that we had struck one of the main roads leading into Ely. It is an axiom of western travel to stick to the main road, because all of the other roads are merely sidings.

Just before entering Ely we climbed a stiff grade and, dropping down the other side, gave the fly wheel a bad bump on a hidden rock. We did not stop to make an examination and, in fact, drove the car all the rest of the way across the continent without finding out whether or not we had knocked the clutch out of alignment.

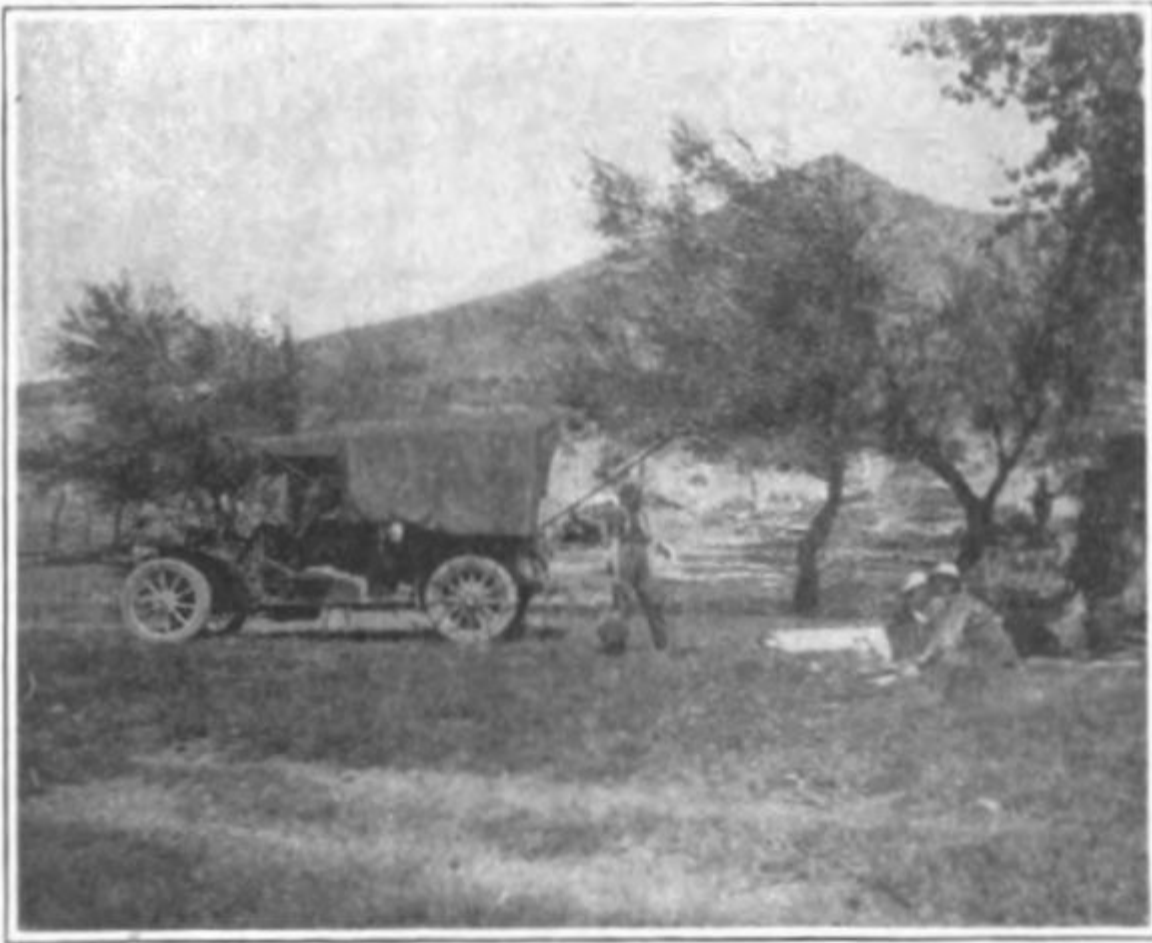
This was one of the memorable days of our journey. At one point in the forenoon we were 120 miles distant from the



Passing Burro Train in Nevada

nearest railway station. Bumping along the hard spots in the middle of the desert, without a single sign of habitation or civilization, it was easy to do a little incidental romancing, not to mention a little

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean



Resting Springs, California

worrying should any serious accident occur in such a remote district. Perhaps we sighed in relief as we passed scattered ranches toward evening and neared Ely and its comfortable hotel. A small town is a big sight in the middle of Nevada.

At Ely we learned of a fairly good road over the mountains that would lead us south of Great Salt Lake and direct to Salt Lake City by a journey at least a day shorter than the ordinary route northward to Cobre and then around the north side of Salt Lake. However, it meant traveling far away from the railroad and through uninhabited desert and mountain country for over 180 miles. Remembering the desolation of the previous day, we felt a weakness for civilization and chose the roundabout way. Thus we went northward along the branch railroad running from Ely to Cobre, where we struck the main line of the Southern Pacific.

The distance between these towns is about 150 miles, over an old natural road as smooth as a boulevard and without a grade. With the exception of a washout and a few short stretches of rough traveling the road would stand any desired speed. It is one of the best stretches of

natural road in the United States. The drive was uninteresting, however, as the country was flat and without change. From Cobre we traveled to Montello over a washed-out road, following the line of the Southern Pacific. Montello being the railway division point, we dined at the railway eating house, slept in a lodging house and garaged our car on the street.

Incidentally, this was our usual custom, the car having been in a garage only at Goldfield and then not again until we reached Ogden. Even east of Ogden it was not until we reached the Mississippi Valley that

we managed to obtain a regular night housing. Practically all of our small articles and utensils were left in the car overnight but never during the whole long trip were they disturbed.

We were now 822 miles away from home and beginning to feel accustomed to the peculiarities of the journey, so we were not greatly discouraged the next day when we jumped from Montello into one of the most nearly impassable stretches of country that it has ever been my lot to encounter. The road led up around the shore of the Great Salt Lake, following the old line of the Southern Pacific, which was used prior to the construction of the Lucin cut-off across the lake. The little towns which had sprung up all along the line had gone to ruin or been destroyed by fire. There are a few ranches. It is a poor and deserted country with little or no travel. The road is a succession of bad washouts, deep wheel ruts, sand beds, mud holes and rocks, the entire setting being embellished with the eternal sage brush.

The whole day's trip was a continuous hard grind, broken only by stops to mend the alleged road. We made 84 miles,

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean

stopping at Kelton for the night. We started early the next morning on the last stage of the first section of our tour—Los Angeles to Ogden. Twenty-five miles of fairly passable road led to Lakeside and to five miles of swamp with deep muddy fords through many streams. So we hit the railway ties to Promontory. After five miles of this we were able to leave the tracks for smoother going, but were compelled to do considerable dodging between up-and-down places that were steeper than any hills I ever heard of before. The driving improved, however, as we neared Ogden. We were some hilarious as we rode into that city on the afternoon of the ninth day, for we were so far ahead of our expectations and the record that we could not help feeling glad, very glad.

We spent the rest of that Saturday afternoon and the following Sunday in the very enjoyable Ogden and bid Whitman good-bye. He told us that we had crossed the worst part and that there was nothing ahead of us as bad as what we had come over. While his assurances gave us renewed confidence, banked on our really remarkable run from the coast to Ogden, we were sorry to see him go as his company had been as delightful as his assistance had been valuable.

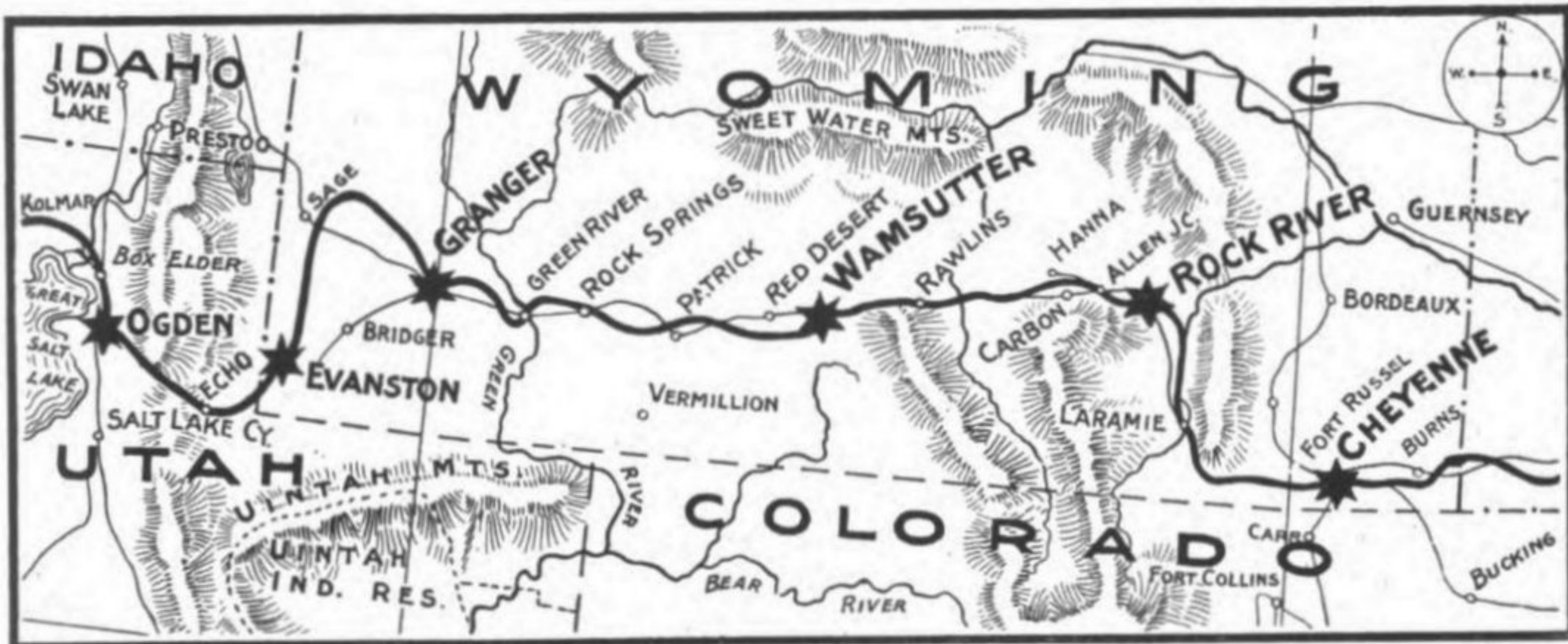


In Cajon Canon

Nevada, fifth largest state in the union, probably contains less roads than any of them. We had tacked across the state from the southwest toward the northeast. Only the barren mountain ranges interrupted the monotony of the treeless, sandy deserts. There was practically no water, even the lakes having quit business. We crossed many of them on their hard, dry bottoms. We crossed dry washes, which, during short rainy seasons, become turbulent rivers. Only the wells, 25 to 75 miles apart, can be relied upon for water. It generally costs 15 cents to water a team of horses or 50 cents a barrel for water to carry away. Contrary to the usual customs of the road, automobiles are on the free list. The westerner has a keen appreciation of progress and would like to see automobiles running thick and fast through the country.

The only mechanical trouble which we experienced between Pasadena and Ogden was interference between the fly wheel pan and the fly wheel, due to bumping the former against sand drifts and rocks. We were also spared tire trouble on this difficult journey through Nevada, being

compelled to replace only one tire casing, which had been a badly worn one at the start of the tour.



Ogden to Cheyenne

H. BECRAFT, the proprietor of an Ogden garage, agreed to go with us as far as Evanston and there introduce us to a local motorist able to furnish valuable road directions. We went through Devil's Gate, along a well-traveled roadway in Weber's Canon, and crossed the Wahsatch range. This is a devilish neighborhood, the next landmark being the Devil's Slide, a peculiar outcropping of rocks, which is featured in the Union Pacific's come-on literature. Here we had the first puncture of the trip.

Leaving Echo the wagon road gets into a more pious precinct, passing under the shadow of Pulpit Rock, from which Brigham Young preached an immortal sermon to the faithful while the Mormons were laboriously emigrating to Utah. The road was slippery on account of recent rain. Wahsatch Hill was a particularly slippery climb on account of its steepness and washed-out, deep ruts. In fact, we tried all the traction makers such as ropes, canvas, etc., that we had. Eventually we got up by short jerks, consisting of speeding up the engine, throwing in the clutch, jumping a few feet, stopping, blocking the rear wheels and doing it over again. The rest of the road to Evanston was flat,

muddy, but not extremely difficult. We got in late in the afternoon, pretty well tired out from our first experience with real adobe. Also, our attempts at humor very thinly veiled our real discouragement.

Then Spaulding appeared on the scene—P. W., attorney-at-law, resident of Evanston and a genuine optimist. He piloted us to the hotel and incidentally told us that he was about to leave for Johnstown, Pa. The mere mention of that town made us all homesick, but we did not talk about it much. Tuesday we remained in Evanston waiting for the roads to dry. During the process, Spaulding volunteered to accompany us and we enlisted him on the spot. It was one of the best deals in friendship I ever have made. Spaulding was real, inside and out, and knew the western country better than its mother. So he arranged his business, to allow for his readjusted schedule on the proposed eastern trip, and left Evanston with us the following morning.

About the first thing we did was to get into trouble. It was down in Guild Hollow on the way to Cumberland. We dropped down a bank and slid the car nearly on end immediately in front of another impossible cliff. The descent was

so steep that when the front wheels hit the bottom, the car nearly turned turtle. We yanked the car out backward with the windlass and were glad we had brought it along. Then we dug off the corners of the embankment on both sides, filled in the bottom of the washout a little and rushed it.

That was a very bad road, with a lot of climbing of all kinds. During the day we increased our elevation 8,000 feet. Even when we had reached the top of the Bear River Divide and were coming down on the other side, we were often forced to use all available power to make descents through the deep mud. Just east of Opal, which looks like it when the sun sets, we tried to cross a deep irrigating ditch diagonally and caught the fly wheel on the corner of the bank, stopping the car. The car was so strained and twisted that the engine could not be started and it took us nearly a half-hour to dig out below the high wheel, thus relieving the strain.

In this kind of traveling the amount of straining which is given both the machinery and the car is almost unbelievable. In many places, where the roads originally had been good, they were unavailable on account of the erection of fences around new ranches. This necessitated detours and the making of new trails through the sage brush and over the washouts.

Our way out of Granger Thursday morning took us through the Marston Wash, which is a thoroughbred of its kind. There is another road to the south, but it necessitates fording Black's Fork and this is impracticable during the season of high water. Marston Wash is a ditch about 30 feet deep and 60 feet across the top. The road leads right over the edge and down a sort of shelf to the bottom, which is just wide enough for the car to

stand level without touching the sides. The bottom being full of sand, it is a considerable task getting a start on the precarious way up the opposite side.

At Bryan we got back to the railway and the rest of our day's drive through Highland, Green River and Rock Springs was on comparatively good road, between the railway and Biddo Creek, to Wamsutter, where we met all of the twenty-five inhabitants and remained over night, having come 135 miles that day and increased our total to 1,460 miles.

Sheep shearing gangs and herders had charge of the town that night and its dozen houses were overflowing with humanity and others, so we were forced to retire to the suburbs and put up with the section boss who lived about a half-mile down the railway. Some of the herders started to shoot up the town about day-break, but, being sheep men instead of the real article from the cattle country, it was a comparatively mild and harmless celebration. There is not much doing in the revolver line out there now-a-days, and at no time on the road were we ac-



Typical Desert Well

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean



Fording a Canon Stream

corded anything less than the most courteous and kindly consideration.

The first impressive sight after leaving Wamsutter was Daly's Ranch, this being interesting because Daly is one of Wyoming's greatest multi-muttonaires. We traveled over good roads to Rawlins and to Fort Steele. Here we crossed the river on a rickety pole bridge at the bottom of a roughly chopped-out decline on the side of the bank. Another stretch of fairly good road brought us to the top of a high ridge from which a magnificent view of the surrounding country, including the Elk Mountains of Colorado and the vast unbroken, unsmoothed areas of Wyoming, was obtained.

If there ever is a national highway from ocean to ocean, the tourist will find many wide perspectives and long, beautifully-colored vistas which are well worth his while. Some of the scenes which we enjoyed were so beautiful that we thought them worth the trouble and hardship to which we had been subjected in getting there over districts without any roads at all.

At Hannah, where there are three or four coal mines, the good roads stopped and we hit a very rough trail into Medicine Bow, through which we passed about

dusk, bound for Rock River, a little town twenty miles further on. Arrived there, we learned of another road between Fort Steele and Hannah which might have been easier and shorter.

Saturday's run was an eventful one of 120 miles from Rock River to Cheyenne. The Sherman gravel formation extending eastward from Rock River makes excellent natural roads clear across the Laramie plains to Laramie. During the morning we got off the regular route and went about three miles out of our way,

coming to a river without a bridge and too deep to ford. We were forced to wade through it to a ranch on the other side in order to obtain directions. The ranchmen escorted us to a bridge three miles down the river.

It was shortly after we had re-crossed and were back on the trail that we were caught in a blizzard—a genuine western one, so full of snow that we could not even see the fences along the roadside. The wind-driven snow filled the car and covered the wind shield glass with ice a couple of inches thick. We were almost frozen when we reached Laramie at 11 o'clock in the morning, having come in over another main road than the one from which we had wandered. The blizzard continued and it was so cold we remained at Laramie for the rest of the day.

The next morning we started through the snow for Tie Siding and Cheyenne. Just east of Laramie, on Sherman Hill, we traveled through snow a foot deep. We lost the main road, but found it again after some wandering. The small towns through which we passed were typical frontier towns, famous in the old palmy days when Wyoming was strictly a cattle state. These are the towns perpetuated in the *Virginian* and other guaranteed novels

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean

selling for one-fifty. Down the east side of the mountain the snow had melted, the road was in excellent condition, and we easily reached Cheyenne at two o'clock in the afternoon.

The roads between Ogden and Cheyenne are peculiar in more ways than one. The soil is light, having a tertiary formation. Wyoming is practically all a high table land, very much cracked and broken. None of the roads are sufficiently traveled to wear the surface down for more than two tracks where the wheels and the horses run. Sage brush grows in the middle, and there are no single horse rigs to tramp it down.

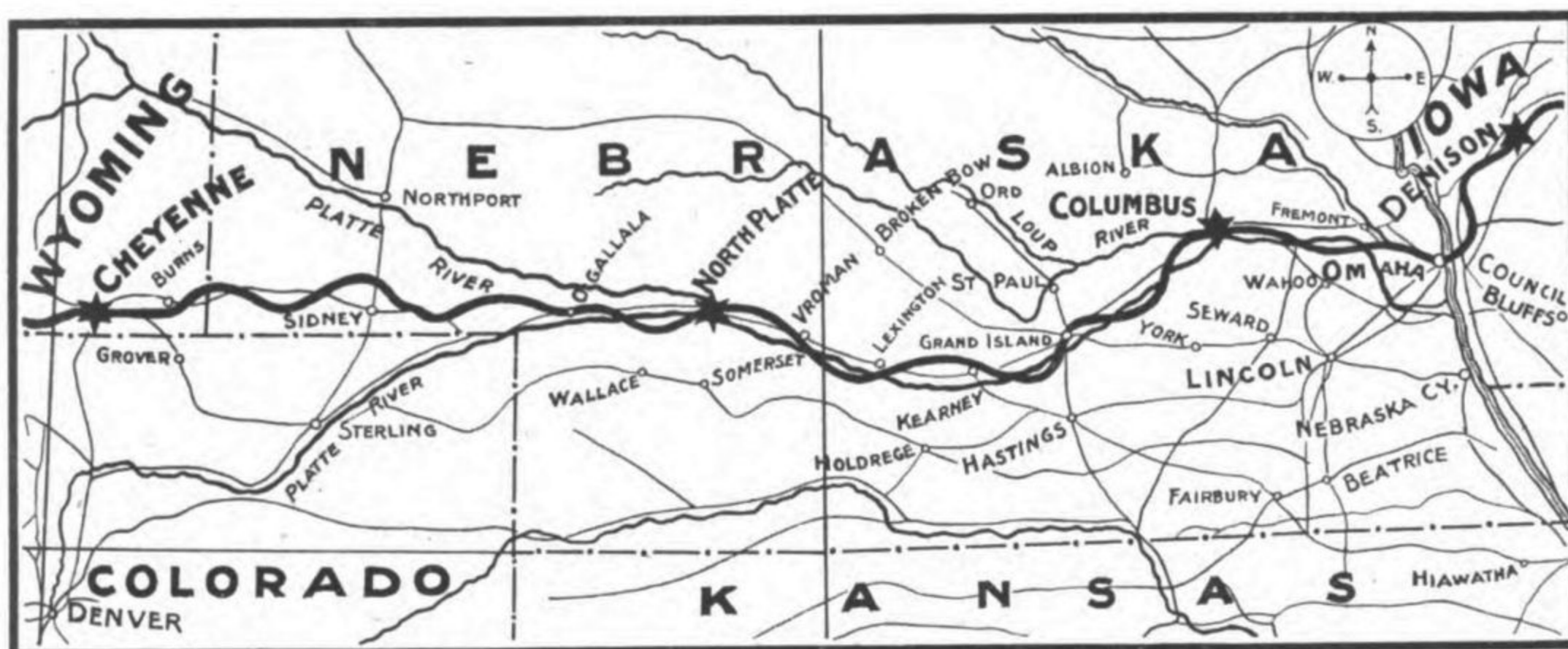
The roads follow the river grades up and down and often the wheel tracks form deep ruts which catch and hold the water when it rains. This water, running

out, washes away the light soil and leaves great trenches in the place of ruts, with a high angular ridge in the middle. This condition, together with the fact that the western wagon tread is wider than standard, makes traveling by automobile naturally hard. For long distances it is necessary, in order to protect the fly wheel, to straddle a rut, running one wheel on the central ridge and the other in the sage brush at the side of the road. When the road gets too bad for such procedure, it is necessary to leave it entirely and travel through the sage brush. At the bottom of all grades there is generally a washout across the road about a foot deep and from two to five feet wide.

We spent our third Sunday at Cheyenne, being glad of the rest after the last few hard days.



Following a Canon Road



Cheyenne to Omaha

MONDAY we drove from Cheyenne to North Platte, 241 miles, over a well traveled road following the Union Pacific all the way and passing through new dry-farming districts of eastern Wyoming and western Nebraska. At Egbert we ran onto a scale and were weighed. The car, outfit and seven passengers tipped the scales at 5,350 pounds. Adding to this the extra gasoline, water and other supplies carried across Nevada, would make the original total weight easily 5,500 pounds.

A speed of thirty miles an hour was maintained during most of the day, in which we rolled up the record mileage for the trip that far. At Bigspring we came upon the South Platte River, which we followed past Buffalo Bill's famous ranch into the city of North Platte, which is at the junction of the North and South Platte Rivers. The next day the traveling was also good. Crossing the Platte River, which is a mile wide and eight inches deep, we took a southeastward course along the section lines. Following these section lines in a zigzag fashion, increases mileage to a great extent over the old-fashioned diagonal trunk road.

We made fast time that morning. Crossing the Platte River again at Goth-

enburg, we stayed on its north side all through Nebraska. Mr. Bancroft, proprietor of a garage at Lexington, escorted us about ten miles on our way. Just before entering Kearney, Neb., we passed one of the most notable landmarks on the transcontinental route, a sign reading "1733 Miles to Boston—1733 Miles to San Francisco."

East of Kearney there was a stretch of level road 23 miles long, paralleling the Union Pacific, well-traveled and suitable for a speed of forty-five miles an hour or more. This is close to the eastern and bottom end of the gradual descent from the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri River, a grade nearly 500 miles long and dropping 6,500 feet through a practically unchanging country. Near Grand Island, we ran into a district of mud. At Silver Creek, which we reached about dark, we were informed that the roads to Columbus were bad. However, we pushed on and found that we had been misinformed. Wrong information of this kind is characteristic of the west, as well as the east.

At Columbus, where we stayed over night, a local automobilist warned us of sand to be encountered the following day. Then we gave him a few pointers on sand as it exists in its natural home, Nevada.

Wednesday morning, we journeyed through sand, said to be impassable for local motor cars, but which we went through on high speed without difficulty. In Fremont, we drove slowly along the streets and looked at the street cars, the

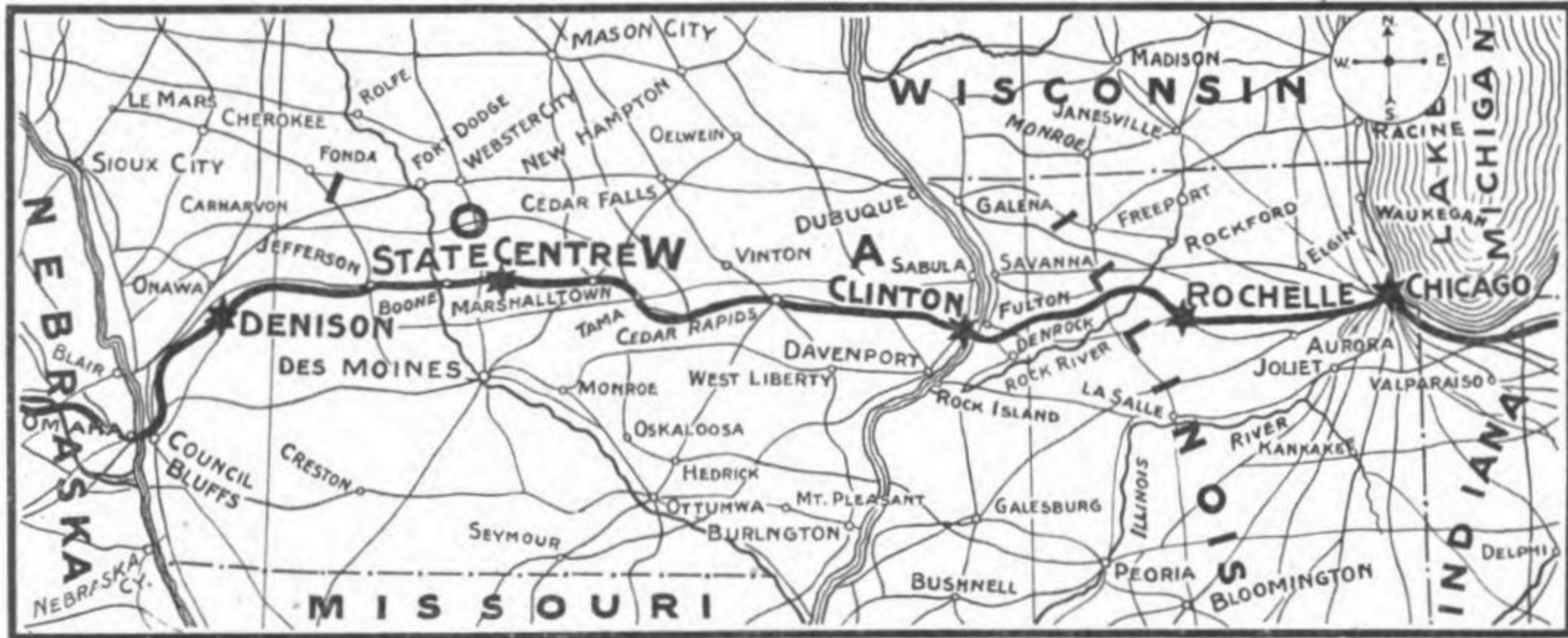
first ones we had seen (except in Ogden) since leaving Pasadena. Then we struck some hilly country where the roads were

muddy and much cut up, but reached Omaha about noon. We were soon surrounded by interrogative residents and reporters.



A Wyoming Dry Wash

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean



Omaha to Chicago

OMAHA naturally deserved having the importance of a stopping place, but we were anxious to get on to Chicago, being now impatient to "beat it" to the Atlantic Coast, as we had successfully negotiated over half of the distance, and that half the hardest half. So we left Omaha at three o'clock in the afternoon, crossing the Missouri River on a toll bridge, where we paid the first toll on our journey. Before we got out of Council Bluffs we were stuck in the mud and had to use the shovels. That was the beginning of a river of mud which was the road all the way to Chicago.

We followed along the main line of the Northwestern railway. It had been raining in Iowa for nearly two weeks and Iowa was a saturated solution of black gumbo. We covered 172 miles that day and stopped at Denison. The next day was a repetition of our mud-plowing experience and we got as far as State Centre, 134 miles. The country was rolling. There were two kinds of mud—black in the bottom lands and yellow clay on the hillsides. We passed through a college town and noted that the colors were yellow and black.

Between the towns of Nevada and State Centre, just at twilight, we dropped nicely

down into the middle of a swamp called the "Duck Pond," credited with having the worst bit of mud road in the United States. This stretch of road is about two miles long, it being graded up about two feet, with the water of the Duck Pond on both sides. It is undermined in many places by beavers and muskrats. We struck one of these holes and the car slid sidewise, one front wheel overhanging the bank and the weight of the car resting on the engine pan and fly wheel. Just at that time the right rear tire went flat.

The ladies went on foot to the nearest farm house and we dug and shoveled and pushed and maneuvered until we got the car back on the road. Then we went mutteringly about the repair of our flat tire, finally picked up the rest of the party and arrived in State Centre about nine o'clock. Friday we wallowed again through the gumbo, bound to make Clinton, regardless of conditions. The roads were as bad as they had been, with the added feature that they had begun to dry in their rough condition and were sticky, slippery and bumpy all at once. Still we pounded along in order to get to Clinton, because friends had promised to drive from Chicago to meet us there.

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean

At six o'clock we were still 60 miles from the goal. We were advised to remain at Mechanicsville over night. Resident automobilists said it would be impossible to drive over the road after dark. It had rained incessantly for three weeks. We went on, regularly but slowly, until nine o'clock, when we dropped into a mud hole which hung the rear wheels high above all possible traction. Luckily for us we were opposite the only stone pile we had seen in the state of Iowa. We worked three hours and a half, even the ladies helping to carry stones for a footing under each of the wheels. By the time we finally resumed the journey, it had commenced to rain and we had an extremely disagreeable drive into Clinton, which we reached shortly after two o'clock in the morning.

Disappointment was added to fatigue when we found that our Chicago friends had not showed up. We needed a good

rest and took it, not starting Saturday morning until eleven o'clock. We crossed the Mississippi River to Fulton and continued along the Northwestern railway toward Chicago. Near Morrison, we were met by our friends from the Windy City, and they started back to escort us there. There had been three weeks' rain in Illinois and the roads were nearly as bad as in Iowa.

About dark there was a severe thunder and rain storm and we became stuck in the mud again near Rochelle. It took us some time to get out and, on the advice of the Chicagoans, we remained in Rochelle over night. The next morning, just as we were leaving the local garage, we were told by the manager that it had been raining so hard that not one of the cars in his place had been taken out on the road for three weeks past. We struck macadam at Geneva and the remainder of the run to Chicago was easy.



Near Victorville, California



Chicago to New York

AFTER spending an afternoon and night in Chicago we left on the last lap of the long journey under an escort of motor friends, who accompanied us to Michigan City. The macadamized Indiana roads were excellent. While replacing a blown-out casing and tube, near South Bend, a severe rain storm set in and the entire party was drenched, although the ladies had taken refuge on the porch of a nearby farm house. The fast accumulating water washed the jack out from under the car, dropping the latter down into the mud on the rim of the wheel. It was still raining when we reached South Bend, but, the road being hard and smooth, we drove on through the rain storm to Goshen, where we stayed over night.

The next day good roads only lasted until we reached Ohio, where we met more deep mud. We had to stop near Bryan, and put chains on the wheels in order to pull ourselves out of a mud hole. Even when we reached the macadam road near Toledo, we found it very much cut up by traffic and the ruts filled with mud and water. We did not reach Toledo until after dark.

The run from Toledo to Cleveland was comparatively easy, over fairly good

roads. Being met in Cleveland, about three o'clock, by a party of friends from Pittsburg, we went on under their guidance to Warren, Ohio. About thirty miles out of Cleveland the road became very bad and twice we had to pull out of deep mud holes. Macadamized roads were reached about seven or eight miles north of Warren, but our last difficult mud hole experience was just 100 yards from the beginning of this macadam. At that, we beat our escort into Warren.

We left Warren early, over roads which once had been good, but now were in poor condition and very muddy. In fact they were almost as bad as the Iowa roads had been. We did not hurry into Pittsburg as we saw that it would be desirable to make that a night stop, leaving us an easy run the next day to Johnstown, where we intended to spend Friday afternoon, Saturday and Sunday, in order to give all of us a good rest in our own home and among our home friends.

Pittsburg we left about nine-thirty Friday morning, passing through Greensburg and Ligonier into the steep foot hills of the Alleghenies. The road surface was fairly good but the road itself was a continuation of long, winding climbs and coasts. However, this was

familiar country and we were not at all bothered by these hills, which are a bugbear to motorists from leveler lands.

Our Johnstown friends were glad to see us and we were still more glad to see them. We had reached our main objective point. The rest of this trip was, in our minds, merely a side issue, to complete the ocean to ocean tour.

Monday morning, May 25, we were up bright and early; that is ten minutes after midnight. Including all of our Sunday rests and our long stop at Johnstown we were still well within the transcontinental record and thought we might just as well push on to Philadelphia that day in order to get into New York Tuesday. We had been over this mountain road many times and I knew it almost as well by night as by day. We had but one mishap and that was less than ten miles from home, where a new state road is under construction. We dropped unexpectedly into a deep mud hole, but did not waste much time getting out, as we were impatient to reach the end.

At sunrise we were well over the worst ridges of the Allegheny Mountains, passing McConnellsburg at daylight with only one mountain ridge between us and the level country which led straight to Philadelphia and New York. We rushed through Chambersburg, historic Gettysburg, York and onto the macadamized Lancaster Pike. In quick succession we passed Columbia, Lancaster, Coatesville, and ran into Philadelphia about four o'clock, having covered 244 miles, the longest day's journey of our trip.

Our recent experiences in the west had made us immune to the milder shocks of the Alleghenies and I even heard Mrs. Murdock say that she would never again criticize the rocky roads of her home

state. A party of automobilists from New York, including a small army of writers from the metropolitan daily papers, had come down to Philadelphia to meet us and we spent a delightful evening at the Bellevue-Stratford, recounting the numerous experiences of the trip now so near completion.

Accompanied by four cars, including the New York escort, we left Philadelphia at half-past eight, Tuesday, May 26, for the easy drive over level Jersey macadam to New York. We crossed the river at Camden and thence went up the Jersey side to Trenton, through New Brunswick and Newark to Hoboken. Here we took the ferry to the foot of Twenty-third street.

As we drove up Broadway it was hard for us to realize that the job was over. When at last we unloaded at the Packard store on the corner of Broadway and Sixty-first street—while the time of 32 days, 5 hours, 25 minutes for the 3693.8 miles we had come, was being spread to the rest of the world by the newspaper men—it was equally difficult for us to comprehend that simply as a family party, which on a mere caprice, had undertaken a transcontinental tour, we also had driven into the limelight as the first party of the kind to make such a journey and, in addition, were record breakers.

Now, when I look back at each one of the thousands of hard-earned miles through which I clutched at that steering wheel from Los Angeles to New York, I wonder how long it will be before a real national pike extends from coast to coast and allows of easy touring, whereby other motorists may enjoy the beauty of our great western country without being forced to endure the hardships of following broken and disappearing trails.

Transcontinental Trip, Los Angeles to New York

By J. M. Murdock and Family

In Their 1908 Packard "Thirty" Touring Car

Left Los Angeles, Cal., April 24, 1908—Arrived New York, May 26, 1908.

Total Distance—3,693.8 miles.

Elapsed Time—32 days, 5 hours, 25 minutes; transcontinental record for continuous run of same car and driver.

Stops for Rest—5 Sundays, 2 week days.

Running Time—25 days, 5 hours, 25 minutes.

APRIL 24				
Time.	Place.	Daily Miles.	Roads.	Total Miles.
	Los Angeles, Cal.			
8:00 A. M.	Pasadena	10		
10:10	San Bernardino	63	Very good.	
12:35 P. M.	Victorville	103.6		
3:25	Daggett	141.3		
5:05	Coyote Wells	158.5	Very bad.	
7:35	Garlic Wells	173		173
APRIL 25				
6:10 A. M.	Garlic Wells			
8:05	Cave Spring	29.7	Good	
9:15	Amargosa Wash	40		
3:30 P. M.	China Ranch	62	Very bad	
5:00	Resting Springs	67		240
APRIL 26				
—	Resting Springs	—	—	—

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean

Time.	Place.	APRIL 27 Daily Miles.	Roads.	Total Miles.
6:05 A. M.	Resting Springs			
6:50	Zabriskie	6.5		
9:00	Summit, Nev.	35		
2:10 P. M.	Lee	81	Good and bad	
—	Gold Center	102		
5:15	Beatty	104		
10:15	Goldfield	174		414
APRIL 28				
10:30 A. M.	Goldfield			
12:30 P. M.	Tonopah	28		
—	Hanapah	50	Good	
5:45	Stony Cabin	84.9		498.9
APRIL 29				
7:15 A. M.	Stony Cabin			
8:00	Hot Springs	17		
9:00	Twin Springs	28		
12:30 P. M.	Blue Eagle	82.6	Good and bad	
—	Currant	97		
8:00	Ely	155.4		654.3
APRIL 30				
8:25 A. M.	Ely			
11:00	Cherry Creek	52		
12:45 P. M.	Curry	82	Very good	
5:20	Cobre	150		
6:45	Montello	168		822.3
MAY 1				
6:35 A. M.	Montello			
10:40	Lucin, Utah	28		
1:00 P. M.	Terrace	52	Very bad	
5:00	Kelton	83.8		906.1
MAY 2				
6:45 A. M.	Kelton			
—	Lakeside	24		
—	Corrine	66.5	Bad	
3:30 P. M.	Ogden	96.5		1002.6
MAY 3				
—	Ogden	—	—	—

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean

MAY 4				
Time.	Place.	Daily Miles.	Roads.	Total Miles.
6:30 A. M.	Ogden			
8:30	Morgan	22		
9:15	Devil's Slide	32		
11:10	Echo, Wyoming	40	Good	
1:20 P. M.	Castle Rock	56		
—	Wahsatch Hill	65		
5:00	Evanston	85		1087.6
MAY 5				
—	Evanston	—	—	—
MAY 6				
7:30 A. M.	Evanston			
2:40 P. M.	Cumberland	49		
4:50	Opal	75	Very bad	
7:50	Granger	102.9		1190.5
MAY 7				
7:45 A. M.	Granger			
—	Marston Wash	12		
11:00	Green River	35.7		
12:00 M.	Rock Springs	51		
2:30 P. M.	Point of Rock	70.7	Bad	
6:00	Bitter Creek	102.4		
7:20	Red Desert	125		
7:45	Wamsutter	135		1325.5
MAY 8				
7:30 A. M.	Wamsutter			
9:45	Daly's Ranch	31		
10:30	Rawlins	45		
1:15 P. M.	Fort Steele	61	Bad	
4:00	Hanna	90		
6:00	Medicine Bow	111		
8:00	Rock River	135		1460.5
MAY 9 AND 10				
7:30 A. M.	Rock River			
11:00	Laramie	55		
9:15 A. M.	Tie Siding	73.6	Good	
12:30 P. M.	Granite Canon	98.4		
2:00	Cheyenne	119.4		1579.9

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean

Time.	Place.	MAY 10 Daily Miles.	Roads.	Total Miles.
—	Cheyenne	—	—	—
MAY 11				
8:00 A. M.	Cheyenne			
10:02	Pinebluff	44		
10:40	Bushnell, Neb.	64.5		
11:10	Kimball	66.5		
1:20 P. M.	Sidney	106		
2:50	Chappell	136	Very good	
4:30	Bigspring	163		
6:40	Kortey	200		
8:45	North Platte	241.4		1821.3
MAY 12				
8:35 A. M.	North Platte			
10:25	Gothenburg	50		
11:30	Cozad	64.5		
12:30 P. M.	Lexington	83		
1:20	Overton	98	Very good	
2:45	Boston-Frisco Sign . . .	118.9		
3:00	Kearney	123		
3:42	Shelton	142.8		
4:30	Alda	163		
5:25	Grand Island	168.6		
9:30	Columbus	235		2056.3
MAY 13				
8:10 A. M.	Columbus			
10:20	Fremont	48		
12:15 P. M.	Omaha	95.9		
5:20	Missouri Valley, Ia. . . .	117	Good, if dry	
6:20	Woodbine	138		
8:00	Denison	172.4		2228.7
MAY 14				
8:40 A. M.	Denison			
—	Westside	16		
10:40	Carroll	30		
—	Glidden	37		
12:00 M.	Scranton	48		
2:00 P. M.	Jefferson	60	Good, if dry	
3:50	Ogden	81		
6:20	Nevada	118		
9:00	State Centre	134		2362.7

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean

MAY 15

Time.	Place.	Daily Miles.	Roads.	Total Miles.
8:30 A. M.	State Centre			
9:30	Marshalltown	15		
10:30	Montour	28		
12:30 P. M.	Belle Plaine	56		
4:40	Cedar Rapids	96		
5:20	Marion	103		
6:10	Mt. Vernon	121	Good, if dry	
7:10	Mechanicsville	131		
—	Clarence	142		
—	Wheatland	155		
2:20 A. M.	Clinton, Ia.	191		2553.7

MAY 16 AND 17

11:00 A. M.	Clinton			
—	Morrison, Ill.	12		
—	Dixon	32		
10:00 P. M.	Rochelle	35		
10:25 A. M.	Dekalb	71	Good, if dry	
—	St. Charles	99		
—	Geneva	101		
—	Wheaton	111		
3:00 P. M.	Chicago	141		2694.7

MAY 17

—	Chicago	—	—	—
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MAY 18

9:15 A. M.	Chicago			
10:40	Oakglen	28.8		
12:10 P. M.	Hobart, Ind.	45.9		
1:50	Michigan City	80.3	Very good	
5:15	South Bend	107		
7:20	Goshen	143.4		2838.1

MAY 19

8:45 A. M.	Goshen			
10:15	Ligonier	18.2		
—	Wawaka	25		
—	Brimfield	31.5		
12:15 P. M.	Waterloo	53.8	Good	
1:30	Ind.-Ohio State Line			
—	Bryan, Ohio	81.6		
4:00	Archbold	97.3		
5:30	Swanton	123.3	Good	
8:00	Toledo	150.7		2988.8

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean

MAY 20				
Time.	Place.	Daily Miles.	Roads.	Total Miles.
8:15 A. M.	Toledo			
9:20	Woodville	21		
10:00	Fremont	35.3		
10:40	Bellevue	51.8		
11:30	Norwalk	65.5		
12:25 P. M.	Kipton	84.5		
12:43	Oberlin	90.3	Good, if dry	
2:00	Elyria	99.8		
3:15	Cleveland	126.5		
4:30	Lorain	—		
5:35	Chagrin Falls	141.3		
6:40	Troy	160.5		
6:55	Ralson	164.5		
10:00	Warren	180.4		3179.2
MAY 21				
5:30 A. M.	Warren			
7:10	Youngstown	14.5		
8:20	New Middleton	—		
9:00	Petersburg	29	Good, if dry	
9:15	Ohio-Pennsylvania Line	—		
—	Beaver Falls, Pa.	33.5		
11:30 P. M.	Pittsburg	78		3257.2
MAY 22				
9:30 A. M.	Pittsburg			
11:00	Greensburg	—		
11:35	Youngstown	—	Good	
12:20 P. M.	Ligonier	—		
2:15	Jenners	—		
4:10	Johnstown	79		3336.2
MAY 23				
—	Johnstown	—	—	—
MAY 24				
—	Johnstown	—	—	—
MAY 25				
12:02 A. M.	Johnstown			
12:30	Windber	8.5		
1:45	Crumb	—		
2:10	New Paris	—		
2:35	Fishertown	38.9		

A Family Tour from Ocean to Ocean

MAY 25 (Continued)

Time.	Place.	Daily Miles.	Roads.	Total Miles.
3:10	Bedford	—		
3:35	Everett	—		
5:27	McConnellsburg	74		
6:10	Ft. Loudon	—		
7:20	Chambersburg	96	Good	
8:15	Gettysburg	—		
9:23	New Oxford	131.2		
9:35	Abbottstown	135.7		
10:20	York	—		
11:10	Wrightsville	—		
12:00 M.	Lancaster	174.8		
1:35 P. M.	Coatesville	202.3		
2:00	Downington	208		
3:50	City Line	236		
4:20	Philadelphia	244.2		3580.4

MAY 26

8:30 A. M.	Philadelphia			
8:55	Camden, N. J.	—		
9:50	Burlington	20.6		
10:20	Bordentown	—	Very good	
12:30 P. M.	Elizabeth	—		
1:15	Newark	94.6		
1:38	Ferry	—		
1:55	Broadway, N. Y. City .	113.4		3693.8

