

WE, THE INHABITANTS OF THIS 1962 VOLKSWAGON NOW TOURING  
THE EASTERN CENTRAL PORTION OF THE UNITED STATES HAVE  
DECIDED TO DRAW UP A LOG AND HAVE ENTRUSTED THE ACTUAL  
WRITING OF THIS LOG TO THE PERSON WHOSE SIGNATURE APPEARS  
FOREMOST AT THE CONCLUSION OF THIS LOG. WE, BY SIGNING  
THIS LOG, STATE THAT IT IS FREE FROM ERROR, AND THAT WE  
COMPLETELY AGREE WITH THE CONTENTS THEREOF.

THIS

We left on Monday at 10:20 A.M., ten minutes later than planned. We received the best wishes of our Grandfolk, along with basic goodies which aided us extremely in our fight for survival. At Detroit Lakes, we spent around an hour, still occupied with basic necessities from home. Finally, at noon we were able to begin making mileage. However, we were not really separated from our dear friends, until we left the port of St. Cloud, after having had our instrument of travel fully checked for the perilous journey ahead. The rest of the day passed without incident until we arrived at the beautiful St. Croix river. Here we first began to experience the hardships of life. ~~Here/~~ It was two hours before we finally found a little nook we could crawl into. The spot was on the top of a 200 foot steep hill facing the large  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile long river. Our tents were placed close to each other with about a 10 degree slope from the horizontal. For supper we had cold chicken, after which, being it was getting dark, we retired into the large tent where the writer began his winning streak at cards. At last, the mosquitoes were so bad, we retired. Joe was picked for the single tent this first night.

Tuesday, August 21

We got up early at 7:30, because we, being not used to the hard ground, or to sleeping of a slope, did not sleep too well. The writer, not having a pillow that night, slept hardly at all. However, we had a refreshing breakfast of ham and eggs, and an even more refreshing dip in the St. Croix. It was the first time any of us had ever swam in a river. We then took down the camp, observing rituals which we were going to use the rest of the trip--Joe, handling the cooking, Bill and I the tents and camping equipment--and flipping



for the dishes. Another ritual we had decided on keeping, and in fact had already kept the night before, was a daily two cans of beer, which when taken before eating, always made the spot look more cheerful. We soon got started for our next goal, the Wisconsin Dells. We found the state of Wisconsin very picturesque with its rolling hills and dense forests. We once again had trouble finding a spot, and, after two hours, we had to settle on a spot about five miles above the upper dells. However, even though we missed the actual dells, we were able to get so close to the river, and the river was so clear, that we unanimously decided that this would be one of the best camping places of the trip. For supper, we finished off the ham and chicken after having our daily beer picked up at town of Wisconsin Dells. The mosquitoes were better here, but we had already ran into dense pockets of seven year cicadas(tree frogs?), whose noise was to be a familiar part of our camping trip. Bill got the single tent tonight as we retired after our daily cards.

Wednesday, August 22

Our sleeping was a little better as we slowly got used to sleeping on uneven terrain. Bill and the writer went wading once again in the Wisconsin, and we crossed the entire area registering a maximum depth of only two to two and a half feet. This was done after a hardy breakfast of bacon and eggs. We began rolling at about our average time and were soon out of the state of Wisconsin and experiencing our first ride on a turnpike, the Northwestern. The first stop we made was O'Hare field, one of the World's largest airports, ten miles out of Chicago. Here we saw all of the newest airliners. We estimated the airport was at least twice as big as World Chamberlain.

It was about 90 degrees here and very windy and dusty, so we were glad when we began to head for the cool lake. We went first to the planetarium and saw a lecture of time. Then we headed for the Field Historical Museum, where we were so interested that we vowed we would come again the next day, for a closer inspection. Then we went to the planetarium public beach, where we enjoyed the wonderful water of Lake Michigan. The temperature of the lake was 71 degrees, and it was no doubt the best swim we had on the trip. We next tried to seek out a cheap hotel, and it took us two to three hours to find the New Lawrence hotel in uptown Chicago for \$8.24. However, we did find a McCarthy's and saved some money, there.

Thursday, August 23

We got up early to start our tour to master the city of Chicago. We ate a good breakfast first right underneath the elts, the first method of seeing Chicago. We had to pay only 25¢ to ride as long as we wanted to. We first went north to Evanston, then went south into the subways for about six miles. We then took the most spectacular part--the loop that circles right through downtown Chicago. We got mixed up though, and got off the elts at the furthest spot on the loop, and thus had to pay another 25¢. All in all, it took about two hours to tour what is estimated at two thirds the total ellipse in Chicago. The Field Museum took another two hours and finished off our tour in Chicago. This museum plus the aquarium next to it features one of the greatest collections of natural life in the world. Here we saw the bones of most of the ancient dinosaurs, besides thousands of stuffed exhibits of animal life across the world. Although we could have spent days at the museum, we decided to leave so as to avoid the afternoon traffic



jam. We left about 2:00 and by taking the Calumet Skyline and the Tri-State Tollway, we were able to be out of the city of Gary at 4:30. The city of Gary is about the worst city in the United States, and certainly the worst one we saw for smog. There was a literal forest of smoke stacks which covered all Gary and Chicago( if the wind was right) with soot. We made good time of the tollway, and got across the Ohio border before we decided to quit. However, since it took us our usual two hours to find a spot, we had to decamp in the dark on a farmer's private property. Only two six packs of beer could save that situation.

Friday, August 24

WE slept well though, but got started early to avoid trouble. We ate breakfast first right on our campground, and divided a bottle of beer that I didn't want to drink last night. We were on the tollway again at 8:30, starting on one of our longest journeys. I drove by Toledo and reached about half way to Cleveland before we stopped at a service area to rest. Bill then drove to unlucky exit 13, where the lack of an Eastern United States map cost us two hundred miles, and where we almost went to exit 14, twenty-two miles further ahead, and supposedly out of our way. We finally managed to battle our way to the shores of Lake Eire and to get on the interstate that led through Eire to the New York Thruway. At Eire, Joe checked at a Volkswagon garage for arrangements for his three thousand mile check up. We decided that Utica, New York, was an ideal place if we could get that far, but we could also settle for Rochester or even Buffulo, since it was now 4:30 at Eire. We ate at Henry's here, and decided to travel a ways into the night rather than camp out here at Eire,

at Eire. So Joe took over the driving, and kept it all the way to Utica, at 10:00, only two hundred miles out of New York City. Since it was rather late, we went right down the main street to find a cheap hotel, and boy, did we find one! It was called the Center Hotel, and only cost us \$5.50, which was probably the nicest room they had. The place was just barely livable, and that was about it. But it was cheap, and it did have good beds, the two most important factors. We had wine (port) tonight in honour of Bill (who loves it) before we went to bed.

Saturday, August 25

Bill and I slept until 10:00, but Joe was already up at eight to bring his car over to the V.W. garage. We then had breakfast at a nearby restaurant, and once again got our ticket on the tollway. We had only two hundred miles to go, so we took out time today. We were now following up the Mohawk river valley which was surrounded by beautiful rolling hills. It was around 1:00 when we passed Albany and Schenectady on the historic Hudson. We had already decided that we would stop at some small town with a Catholic Church just a little before New York. New Paltz was a fair sized town only forty miles out of New York, and seemed to fit us best. We came into the town about 3:00 so we had plenty of time to look for a church, and find a campsite. We first went for five miles up a river that ran through the town, but found that every available inch of land had been posted. So we finally went into the sticks or hills. We kept going up and up on smaller and smaller country roads. (Bill saw his one and only Jaguar here) We finally found a little two rut road that



served us swell. We then decamped right on the slope of the mountain, ate our supper, and then headed back to town to buy beer and food, and go to confession. When we arrived back from town, we had time to play a little cards, and then go to sleep, I in my single tent (meager slope, they in their double tent--twenty degrees slope).

Sunday, August 26

We awoke, surprised to find that we weren't at the bottom of the hill. We then dismantled the equipment, thrilled with the thought of seeing New York. For though we were only forty miles from the city limits, we were still in desolated sticks. We then went to church, and here got to meet the people pretty well. The priest talked to us some after mass, and he had heard about St. John's. We then went to a spot on the river to eat breakfast and wash our dishes. Then we headed for the great city of New York. For though we were still in desolated areas, we knew that we were right next to the center of the United States. It took us about an hour (Bill driving) to reach New York, and, since we were on the freeway, we were several miles into the city, before we saw it (ask me to explain this one!). We then took our big sightseeing loop starting by going down the Hudson alongside of Manhattan. Then we went through a tunnel to Brooklyn, drove around the entire Bronx, and headed into Queens, where we got off the parkways to search for a hotel and a lesson. We found the lesson! No hotels! After an hour and a half in Queens, we crossed the Queensboro bridge and went into Manhattan. We then went north into Harlem, went through the Lincoln tunnel into New Jersey, where after three more hours search, coming up with nothing, but twenty dollar hotels, we finally found blessed Passaic, where we

got a hotel for \$7.50, and an excellent Italian restaurant. We decided to ~~stay~~ there two days, so that we could spend a whole day in New York. After some ginger ale and cards, we went to bed, commending Bill (and Joe) on their excellent driving through New York, even though it was Sunday. They had at least gotten practice for Washington D.C. Since it was Sunday, Ginger Ale had to be substituted for beer.

Monday, August 27

We got up quite early, ate some Italian hotcakes and then grabbed a bus ride that took us right to the center of New York in two hours! There was never so much traffic and people bustling around on our whole trip. But we boldly set out to conquer the city. We first tried to get to the Empire State building, but were attracted by a corner salesman selling tours of the city. Although this cost us \$3.50 apiece, we decided that this was the best method. Altogether we spent three hours on the trip and saw at least the externals of the city rather comprehensively. Chinatown especially made a lasting impression, since we left the bus and walked through a portion of it. After the bus tour, we walked about two miles to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Here we saw many of the world's famous master pieces. We then took a bus ride to the empire state building, paid \$1.50 apiece to ascend it, and there got the best view of New York to be obtained. A circle of about fifteen miles could be seen distinctly, and one about fifty miles rather hazily. the people are ants from a building of this height and can scarcely be seen. We then were quite tired and it was about 5:30 so we went to Grand Central Station where we waited forty-five minutes for Joe



to make a call and then took the bus back to Passaic. We ate in a delacatessen and then gratefully went to sleep after our big day in New York.

Tuesday, August 28

We took our time this morning so we did not leave Passiac on the Garden State Parkway until about 10:00. We had rain for the first time about half way through New Jersey, and it was just a scattered shower. New Jersey is a small state, and we were out of it about 12:00. We crossed a big bridge over the Delaware river, which was one of the biggest we had been over, the Hudson river bridge excepted. We were only about thirty minutes in Delaware before we went into Maryland. Weeping moss willows, tulip trees, and other southern trees were becoming commoner. We bypassed the big city of Baltimore by going underneath an enormous tunnel, even longer than the Lincoln Tunnel of New York. We did get a good view of the city thoughm and pretty nearly went underneath Fort McNairy. About four, we were in Washington, confused by the enormous amount of traffic. We spent about six hours looking for a cheap hotel, and lost much of our splendid opinion of the "park city" of Washington D. C. doing it. Finally, after almost deciding we were going to sleep under the Washington Monument, we wettled for an expensive \$13,50 room which turned out to be a gorgeous apartment for our only night of luxury on the trip. Bill was rather mad because he missed the experience of sleeping out, but to gratify his wishes for austerity, he received the room without the air-conditioning unit.

Wednesday, August 29

We got up early so as to get out of the city into cheaper vicinities. We went to the Smithsonian Institute where we spent most of the morning. The fabulous gem collection and the interesting ~~mineral~~ <sup>mineral</sup> room were voted the best (I still say stamps and coins), although we could have spent weeks in the place. We then went for a tour of the Capital, saw the senate and house of representatives and then, without regret, battled our way out of the city, about three o'clock, one hour before the afterwork rush. After about twenty miles, we could see the cool-blue, Blue Ridge mountains ahead of us. We stopped at one of the small towns right at the foot of the mountains, and purchased some cheap apple cider, and apples. We also bought some not-so-cheap- food and beer. We then proceeded to climb the mountains and crossed the Blue Ridge Parkway right in the middle of Shenandoah National Park. We saw a few beautiful scenes, and since it was late, we went off on a side road and encamped in so dense a forest that it looked like the hills of Northern <sup>Minnesota</sup>. After quaffing half a gallon of cider (non-vodkaized) and the author losing a game of cards for a change, we spent our first outdoors night, since we were at New Paltz outside of New York.

Thursday, August 30

We had a pleasant breakfast in the mountain mists, after which we began to see the wonderful sights of the Blue Ridge Parkway. I drove the whole day and thus got some experience at Mountain driving. At first, when the mountains were still different, we stopped at every observation point, but toward the end, we were already beginning to get used to them. The top speed was 35 MPH in the park and 45 ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup>



out of it, so we made very poor time, but had a lot of fun. We wanted to camp out near a river, and also wanted a town to call home, so we made the famous James river our goal. The mountains were not nearly as spectacular as they were in the park, but we decided to spend a whole day in the mountains, either at the James river, or further on somewhere. We spent a goodly amount of time looking for a spot to camp on the James, but finally ran into a good station agent, who demonstrated his southern hospitality by showing where we could camp right on the river close to town. It was a perfect spot except when a train went over. Anyway, we were able to place our call satisfactorily, and had about the best camping spot, except for the noise of highway and railroad. The pollen count was also extremely bad here, but we stayed for the night anyway deciding in the morning whether we would find a new spot for our all-day venture or not.

#### Friday, August 31

Because of the train and my hay fever, we decided to abandon the river, and move further south. We ate a good breakfast, and then took a pleasant, though not too clean swim in the (my) river. Joe had gotten up early to land one of the famous 15 pound southern bass, but he didn't have any luck. It was about eleven o'clock before we finally left, and since we needed time to find an ideal spot for our one day stay in the mountains, we decided to drive for about four hours, and then look around. We also decided to give up the Smokies, and to stay near some town, so we could go to mass, and then leave Sunday, day and night for the ocean. The double towns of Galax and Mt. Aire were selected as the general spot for our visit. We picked

some fairly reasonable fields near the parkway as possible, and then went into Galax. We found that there was no church there and very little beer, so we decided to make Mt. Aire our Sunday requirement. We did find some beer though, so we went to a field we had previously deliberated on that gave some shelter from passing cars, and set up our tents there, for the protracted visit. Supper was especially good, and we had the luxury of being able to wash our dishes at a neighborhood trout-ful brook, unfortunately across the road. Some good beer and my losing at cards for a change made my brothers merry, a duty which I felt necessary to strengthen them for their first protracted stay in the wilds. Bill and I were sick from kerosene fumes, but except for that, the night passed speedily and pleasantly.

#### Saturday, September 1

We slept late that morning since we had no good reason for our arising early. We also needed our sleep if we were to drive all Sunday night to reach the ocean, which we thought would be the climax. About ten, however, we were already eating a wonderful breakfast for the first time completely leisurely. After we had eaten, we decided to move to a spot for a better view for our leisure day. We, therefore, pulled over to a field right by one of the observation decks and there laid down our blankets. Here we had time to really let nature sink into us, besides do a few necessary chores. like attempting to catch up with the log, reading a few books, and thinking over the feats we had thus far accomplished. But all good things must come to an end, for presently one of the few unlucky things that occurred during our trip occurred. The patrol of the Parkway pulled over and told us to vacate. We then had many forebodings that



our by-road hide-way was in danger, and this added a deal of suspense to our all-day stay. After we had vacated we decided to inspect the nearby towns to hunt for the necessities. We had found out that Galax was far too small, and did not even have a Catholic Church. So we had to drive over to the more distant Mount Airy (25 miles) to inspect our Sunday's devotion. We soon found the church, but found that it was exceedingly small. But due to the scarcity of Catholics, we were lucky we didn't have to go a hundred miles. Next we snuck back to our hide-a-way, and spent the rest of the night with silent amusement. Every car that went by we would put out our lights. This finally satisfied our desire for some internal excitement. At last, however, we fell asleep.

#### Sunday, September 2

We had to get up quite early so that we could make mass at Mt. Airy. We snuck out of our campsite, and then drove into the complicated highways of North Carolina. We reached the church just in time, and besides receiving our necessary spiritual refreshment so essential to the success of our trip, we received a hell-and-brimstone sermon on the modern generation. I got to serve mass because of the scarcity of mass servers, and was told that I was a very good altar boy. After mass, we got invited over to father's where we received bananas and coffee, and an insight into a typical character of the south. A very valuable experience! We then got on our way back, looking forward to the cool ocean pleasures ahead of us, and the exciting night drive. The night drive would enable us both to escape the day's heat and the weekend's traffic. After a better breakfast than usual (\* the loss of a certain handle) we had a very

profitable afternoon. For I was able to defeat both of my compatriots so soundly in Scat, that I was able to raise my comings from 75 to 150 cents. After a little rest, we then prepared our long night's journey. I began driving after Joe had successfully sneaked out of the spot. Besides getting a bit lost in Winston-Salem, I drove through my biggest city without incident in spite of the heavy Labor Night traffic. I was then relieved by Joe, who drove past Raleigh, and got on the main highway East around midnight. We then started a guessing game that was both very perplexing and diverting.

Monday, September 3

Although we missed most of the scenery of North Carolina because of the darkness and of our guessing game, we would see an example of it with the sunrise. An interesting incident occurred about three in the morning. Joe became so absorbed in the guessing game, that he got on a wrongroad (easy enough to do at night, on unknown roads!) He drove for about twenty miles, without detecting the error. But the incident was minor and around four, we were crossing the shallow bridges that lead out to the final peninsula between the sounds and ocean. The sun was just beginning to rise as we drove into the chief town for fishing in the area. We ate our breakfast, along with some early fishermen, and thus got another insight into the habits of the natives. We then went down to meet the ocean, and the cool morning sunrise over it was one of the most beautiful moments of the trip. At last, we could not resist the ocean any longer, and I was finally tricked in. Ah, bring in a deserted spot, we stripped to our underpants, and had our first morning of really active fun. At last we quit, and, except for an exceedingly painful sticker in my foot, and an almost lost compass, we drove away feeling joyful.



But the worst was still to come. We drove around for a good many hours viewing the ocean and looking for a place to camp. We at last had to decide on the backsands desert, where horrible biting insects, ravenous prickly plants, and excruciating heat united to try to destroy us. We were forced to flee to the ocean again, where we spent an exceedingly happy time building sand castles, collecting sea shells and getting dunked by fifteen foot breakers( the maximum actually was only about seven feet, but even this is beyond comparison with the small ripples occasionally found on White Earth Lake). Then we, armed with some "Bavarian Busch" went to battle the enemies again. Even at midnight, there was still no relief to be seen, as the mosquitoes increased unbearably.

Tuesday, September 4th

At last about two o'clock, I gave in to the mosquitoes, and was forced to spend the rest of the night in the VW. I fell asleep immediately, however, and thus received about six hours sleep. Joe somehow beat me with eight, but Bill came in third with a measly third. We gladly got up with the sun, and experienced a small cooling shower, which luckily did not hit us until we had finished packing from our last comp-out. We soon were on our way crossing over the big bridges inland bound for Verginnia. We now were able to see the region we missed last night and found it had much of the south in it. We rolled through the picturesque cities of Newport News, and crossed the big bridge over the harbor. It was about three when we arrived at Fort Eustace, picked up the package at Lee Hall, and went in tour of Joe's future surroundings. We luckily found a very cheap motel (\$6) right next to Fort Eustice, so that we had

quite a bit of leisure time that night. We had a hamburger-franch frie-malt dinner at a nearby diner, and then once more began to enjoy the pleasures of motel life. We planned out the difficulties that lay ahead of us, and, since Joe could not stay at Eustice until Friday, Bill and I had to find a spot for him to stay. The rates for one person were a little high at our cheap-for-three motel. At last, we went to bed early because Bill and I had a long drive ahead of us.

Wednesday, September 5th

In the morning after a hurried breakfast, we started off for Yorktown, where we had hoped to find a place for Joe right in our line of travel. There soon proved to be nothing much to the town, so we were forced to go to Williamsburg, a trip we never regretted since here we really came in contact with the colonial past. We got a place for Joe to stay at a private home for only \$2 a night. We then said goodbye to a third of our participants, and began the trek back to Yorktown. We then crossed the Yorktown memorial toll bridge and began driving across Virginia. It was noon when we crossed the bridge, so that we did not hope to reach too far before the sun set, but hoped we would be somewhere on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. We spent the whole rest of the day driving and had some pleasant memories when we crossed our route from Washington D.C. to the Appalachians where we had bought our first apple cider. At last we came to a very pleasant mount town in West Virginia which suited us for the night. We also managed to pick up here a cheap peck of apples along the way and find a real good hotel with an ideal cafe close by, and were able to spend the night at leisure sitting on the hotel's upper patio enjoying the beautiful mountain scenery.



There was a great big fan in our room, which Bill tried to ruin by turning it to go backwards when it was going full speed forwards, but he did not succeed in arousing interest this way. We went to bed early considering the six hundred or so miles we had to travel the next day.

Thursday, September 6th

We got up at seven sharp, and after a hearty breakfast of hot cakes( Bill had too many again) we wet out at eight. It was only about twenty miles to the Pennsylvania Turnpike, where we either went under or over the beautiful Alleghenies. From here to Pittsburg was beautiful scenery, and we never missed a bit of it. Some ~~of~~ the tunnels were nearly a half mile long through the mountains, and the fumes made them look completley yellow. We make surprisingly good time, since both of us were fairly well accustomed to turnpike driving. Already at about 2:00, we reached exit 13 of the Ohio Turnpike, the very spot where we had become confused, and had turnde north for Cleveland, in order to see the wonders of upper New York State. We were soon flying rapidly over the uninteresting parts of Ohio and Indiana. I drove across most of Indiana, but Bill took the wheel into Chicago. We managed to hit all the freeways right, and thus were aple to by-pass Chicago at the speed of fifty MPH. We therefore found ourselves at Elgin, our side of Chicago, at six o'clock. It took us until nine to find a hotel though, since all the \$11 for two motels said the hotels were gick joints. But at last we found a reasonable one for \$6 for two, and even had somewhat of a fun time taking baths and playing two handed wist. At last we went to bed almost hopeful for our soon-coming reception

at home.

Friday, September 7th

We got up quite early, but we lost a significant amount of time trying to find our way out of Elgin. It was nearly ten Before we found our toll again, but we didn't have many miles left anyway. We soon were once again in Wisconsin of a free freeway at last. We passed the Dells and the St. Croix river with pleasant memories and in the light of new experience. We made a bet on the time we would get back to Ogema, and Bill had completely admitted himself defeated, but due to a strong setback in our watches( two hours!) I fell an hour behind and lost. The only other incident worth remembering is at a St. Cloud filling station where I CENSORED BY THE CENSOR. Another possibly amusing one was where Paul nearly killed himself of the top of the VW, because he was so eager to see us. We arrived home about 8:30 and had a pleasant evening, telling of our experiences and treasuring old memories.

#### Epilogue

Thus we spent the time in one of the most valuable experiences in our life. We are at last able to call us completely Americans, because we have viewed a representative part of the nation. We now have gotten to know our nation, the first step to loving it. It truly was an "education in itself".

James Timberlake L. (Phobespeare)  
Joseph K. Timberlake

IMPRIMI POTEST R. & alacino S.O.B.  
 NIHIL OBSTAT Stafius  
 IMPRIMATUR + Quarles. Inprimaturus  
 (Lit. Bishop of Lemmonah)