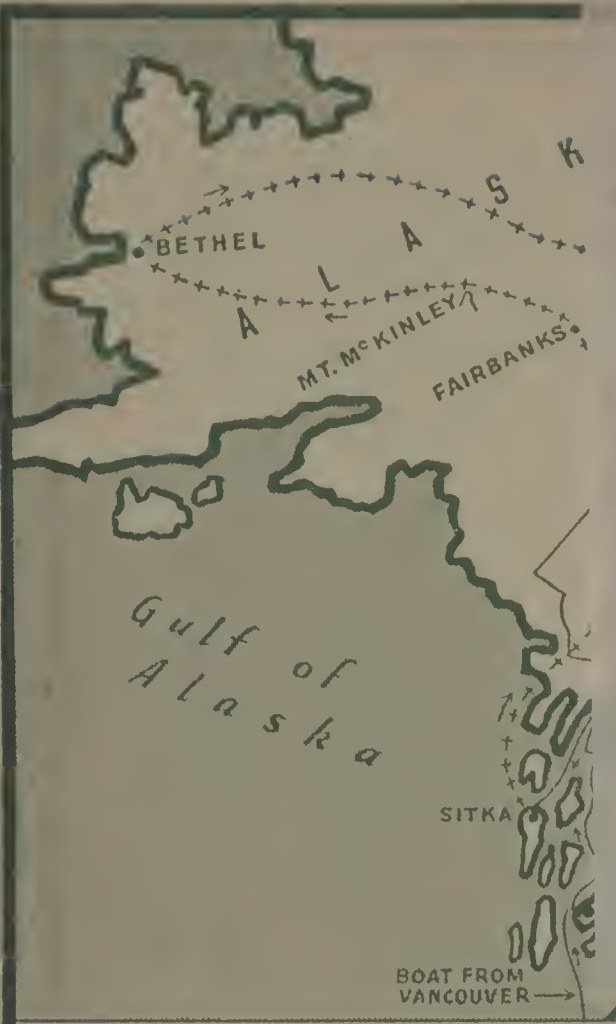




**PETER
AND NANCY
IN THE UNITED STATES
AND ALASKA**

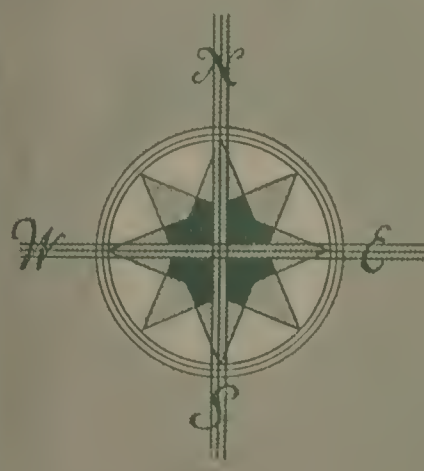
MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT



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Pacific Ocean



Where
PETER AND NANCY
 went in the
 United States
 and Alaska



atlantic Ocean

How **PETER**
 and **NANCY**
 Traveled

- Bus ~~~~~
- Boat ———
- Train +++++
- Airplane ++++
- Automobile ·····



PETER *and* NANCY
in the UNITED STATES
and ALASKA

BY

MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT

Author of Peter and Nancy in Mexico and Canada
Peter and Nancy in South America
Peter and Nancy in Australia
Peter and Nancy in Europe
Peter and Nancy in Africa
Peter and Nancy in Asia



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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TO LAURA
(Laura Bergemann Briggs)

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SEE AMERICA FIRST!

“SEE America first!” Peter and Nancy had heard that famous slogan many, many times before it was actually possible for them to take advantage of it. But when Uncle Lee finally did make his plans, they proved to be most exciting.

“We’ll start our journey where the United States began,” he declared, “and we’ll move westward just as our pioneer ancestors did.”

Peter and Nancy want you to go with them on this journey—all of you who love America. You will visit all corners of our interesting and delightful country—East, West, North, South—and Alaska, too. You will see Washington, the capital of these United States, and other great eastern cities. Then, moving westward from the Atlantic Ocean as the early settlers did, you will reach the great Mississippi Valley. Led still by the spirit of adventure, you will travel over rich farm lands, great cities, vast deserts, and high mountains until you reach the blue Pacific.

By train, by bus, by boat, by car, and by plane, you will follow the progress of your people from a tiny colony of men and women who believed in freedom to the great nation of today—your America!

THE AUTHOR

AMERICA FOR ME!

'Tis fine to see the Old World,
and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces
and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles
and the statues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough
of antiquated things.

*So it's home again, and home again,
America for me!
My heart is turning home again,
and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom
beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight
and the flag is full of stars.*

—Henry Van Dyke

PETER AND NANCY IN THE UNITED STATES AND ALASKA

WHERE THE UNITED STATES BEGAN

AROUND noon of an early spring day a tall, lean man whose keen face had been bronzed by much travel, stepped off the train at Williamsburg, Virginia. He had once described himself as having: "the same general shape and coast line as Uncle Sam." Such a statement was obviously an exaggeration, but he did possess the same twinkling blue eyes that artists give that traditional figure.

He turned to offer a hand to a teen-age girl who was so eager to be out on the platform that she might otherwise have stumbled. Her hair under a soft felt hat was softly waved. Her serious gray eyes were bright with anticipation. Behind her, his hands full of luggage, a boy shoved his way through the crowd of loitering passengers. He was tall but sturdy, with eyes like the man's, and his uncovered head showed yellow curls that no comb could subdue. His voice was filled with excitement.

"So this is where the United States began!"

“Yes, Jamestown, near here, is the real birthplace of our country!” the girl agreed. “I always did like birthdays and birthplaces. This one is the most glorious birthplace of all—the birthplace of a nation, our own United States.”

In spite of their enthusiasm, the three did not appear untraveled. Their hats were of the sort that withstands rain or snow. Their woollens were of the type that is guaranteed not to wrinkle. Their shoes indicated that walking must be one of their chief pleasures. And their luggage had the soft shabbiness of good leather that has had much and varied handling.

An old negro in a shabby gray suit approached the trio, his black face lighting up with a broad smile. He whipped off his hat, and the sun shone on his woolly iron-gray head.

“Mistah MacLaren, sah?” he inquired. “An’ this heah’s Miss Nancy, sho’s I’s bawn! How do, Mistah Petah. I sho’s glad to see yo’ all. I sho is!”

“Thanks, Jackson.” Three happy voices greeted the old negro, who had once been a servant in Mrs. MacLaren’s family.

A few moments later the three MacLarens were seated in Jackson’s small taxicab. Almost immediately they found themselves on the main street of the town, which Uncle Lee said was about three-quarters of a mile long. It ran

*James Sawders*

A COLONIAL PEWTER SHOP

from William and Mary College at one end to the Capitol at the other end.

“Duke of Gloucester Street!” Jackson announced.

“Williamsburg was named after William III!” Peter exclaimed, consulting his guidebook. “And

Duke of Gloucester Street was named after the eldest son of Queen Anne."

"Look, Peter!" Nancy was actually shouting. "Colonial store fronts! The same stores we have at home, but with a difference! No flapping signs or neon advertising, but names printed in dignified fashion above doors and windows! I knew that John D. Rockefeller had aided in restoring the town to the Colonial period, but I had no idea the restoration would include grocery stores. Oh, Peter, look at the quaint houses and the patterned gardens! Uncle Lee, smell the magnolias! I shouldn't be one bit surprised if a woman in a colonial costume walked right out of one of these houses."

Uncle Lee chuckled, for he knew that Nancy would see many farthingales, or hoop skirts, when she visited the restored houses.

Down the street lined with beech and magnolia trees, past formal gardens with edgings of boxwood, and between sturdy houses of Georgian architecture and colonial design, went the car, stopping before the old Williamsburg Inn known as "The Annex."

"There is a modern Williamsburg inn which boasts air cooling and up-to-the-minute service," Uncle Lee informed the children. "But I've chosen this old yellow house for its atmosphere and because it is the old inn."

“Not a bad idea,” said Peter.

In the office, which was merely a pleasant living room with a counter, Uncle Lee registered. There was a little fire in the grate—all that was necessary with the spring sun shining.

“From Minnesota?” the old clerk remarked. “That’s a long way to come. Drive down?”

“No, sir, we didn’t,” spoke up Peter, who stood beside Uncle Lee. “Father drove us as far as St. Paul. From there we went to Chicago on a beautiful new streamliner. Nancy liked it because the conductors wore carnations in their lapels just as if they were at a party. From Chicago we took another streamlined train to Washington. That was a thrill! I rode in the Diesel locomotive.”

“I thought only engineers and Diesel engine mechanics rode in the cab,” the clerk teased.

“As a rule, they do,” Peter acknowledged. “I was just plain lucky. One of the railway officials knows Uncle Lee, and he secured permission for me to ride up front. There were two engines of 1800 horsepower each. That’s an available horsepower of 3600.”

“Which is quite a few horses,” the clerk agreed. “I understand that they run from seventy to a hundred miles an hour. Quite different from what Washington planned, of course.”

“Washington?” Peter’s tone seemed to ask what Washington had to do with southern railways.

“Yes, Washington, as a young surveyor, planned a transportation system for this area,” the clerk explained. “He worked out the route for what is now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, but it was planned for wagon roads and canals then.”

Soon after lunch Jackson appeared to inform Uncle Lee that there would be time for a drive down to Jamestown before dinner. It was only six miles.

The short drive was over a good road between patches of open woodland and tall evergreens. The land was low and swampy in places. A stretch of white-capped water came into view and Jackson stopped the car.

“Where’s the town?” Peter demanded. “Do we walk to it?”

“We’re *in* it!” announced Jackson.

But there was, in fact, no town! The only building, besides the small new ones that housed the oil station, refreshment stands, and ticket office, was an old tower and chapel, ivy-mantled and decayed. But it dominated the landscape in the same way that a very old soldier would stand out in a crowd of young soldiers. And out there on the green slope stood the statues of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas.

The tower in which the MacLarens soon found themselves was open to the sky. Its walls were

brick and were fully three feet thick. Uncle Lee said that it was practically indestructible and had been through fire and siege. Peter studied the loopholes through which Uncle Lee said the settlers used to stick their guns to fire down upon the Indians.

“How could they ever get up so high?” Peter asked. “With fire ladders?”

“This tower has been a part of three buildings,” Uncle Lee explained. “The floors have fallen through long ago. Nothing remains but this cold floor and the pewless chapel into which the tower opens, as you see. The Jamestown Church was built and destroyed many times. You can see three sets of foundations. The one of cobblestones supported the wooden building which was built about 1617. Before this there were two little chapels and it is thought that the Indian Princess, Pocahontas, was baptized and married to John Rolfe in one of them.”

In the old churchyard there were graves which dated back three hundred years. Peter and Nancy stared at two graves that had once stood close to each other but had since been separated by a mighty sycamore tree. It had fastened itself to one of the stones, tilting it upward.

“These are the graves of the Reverend James Blair, the founder of William and Mary College, and his wife, Sarah,” Uncle Lee said.

“The story of Jamestown is best told in the words on the Congressional Memorial Monument over there: ‘A series of difficulties successfully surmounted.’ Man may surmount many difficulties in building a town, but the matter of geographical location is always a help or a handicap. You can see that the land is naturally low and swampy.”

“There’s a good sea wall,” Peter pointed out.

“That sea wall was built in 1907 by the United States Government,” Uncle Lee said. “In 1607, when the three little ships, the Sarah Constant, the Godspeed, and the Discovery arrived in Chesapeake Bay and sailed up what is now the James River to land here, there was nothing but salt water and tides that receded to leave slime and marshland—and, I imagine, there were plenty of mosquitoes!”

Peter and Nancy strolled out of the graveyard to look more closely at the statue of Captain John Smith, sword at his side, as he looked out over the shining water. Peter walked down to the bank of the James River, and, scooping up a little of the water in his hands, tasted it.

“Salty!” he announced. “The tide brings in the salt water from the sea. I suppose that is why this is called tidewater country.”

“Remember reading about those first few months in Virginia?” Nancy inquired of Peter.

*Ewing Galloway*

STATUES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS

“The settlers said the water was salty at full tide and slimy at low tide. The poor water probably caused many of the deaths.”

“That landing of adventurous, God-fearing English people on this soil,” Uncle Lee declared, “was one of the most important events in history. One hundred and five people in all! But from this small beginning a great nation was destined to grow. It was here in Virginia that our present form of government began, for these first settlers believed that all men were created free

and equal and had a right to govern themselves.”

Nancy looked about at the green slope with its statues and its wreck of a church-fortress, and she became very sober.

“Somehow,” she observed wistfully, “I have always thought of Jamestown as still existing. So much has happened here! As Uncle Lee said, representative government began here, with the first Virginia Assembly in 1619. That form of government still endures even though we had to fight to maintain it, in the American Revolution. I do wish the town were standing or that it could be restored.”

“Plans have been made for its restoration,” Uncle Lee said. “Some day we shall see a restored Jamestown as we see Williamsburg now.”

Driving back toward Williamsburg, Uncle Lee suggested going to Yorktown, the scene of a famous battle in the American Revolution.

Here they saw the great monument built of Maine granite and reaching more than a hundred feet into the air. Uncle Lee explained that it symbolized the victory of Yorktown which assured the independence of the United States. The cornerstone was laid in 1881, one hundred years after the surrender of Cornwallis.

Returning to Williamsburg they had a leisurely southern dinner at the Inn—chicken and corn pone and pecan pie. As they ate, Uncle Lee told

of how forgotten Williamsburg had been before its restoration.

“Why did John D. Rockefeller choose to restore Williamsburg, Uncle Lee?” Peter inquired.

“Because,” Uncle Lee answered thoughtfully, “I think he wanted people like you and Nancy to see the beauty and charm of their country’s beginnings. He wanted us to understand the fine patriotism of our ancestors and to have a better idea of their ‘high purpose and unselfish devotion to the common good.’ Liberty, so hard won, is worth keeping.

“The restored buildings, with their fine old furniture, and the artistic gardens have done much to awaken an appreciation of good home architecture, design, and landscaping.”

“What could be a more fitting symbol of a great period in the history of our United States!” exclaimed Nancy.

“That’s what I say, Nancy,” Peter agreed. “But right now I can think of the United States only as a land of too much plenty,” he added, leaving his pecan pie unfinished.

COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG

THE next morning the MacLarens walked along old Duke of Gloucester Street toward William and Mary College. The sun was shining. The air was fragrant with magnolia, honeysuckle, and mimosa. Near certain houses the visitors caught the more familiar perfume of lilacs and garden roses. A bird sang sweetly as it fluttered up from a hedge of old-fashioned flowers into a bay tree. Every eighteenth-century house appeared neat and fresh and lovingly tended.

“When you first said ‘restored,’ ” Peter confided to Uncle Lee, “I had a picture of myself walking around among patched ruins.”

“This doesn’t seem much like a museum,” Nancy added. “Families live in the colonial houses. Men sell things in the colonial stores. Classes meet in the famous Christopher Wren building on the campus. People go about just as we do at home, and I think that’s one of the most charming things about Williamsburg.”

Presently Uncle Lee announced, “Well, here we are! There’s Richmond Road to your right and Jamestown Road to your left. Ahead is William and Mary College. Directly in front stands the Christopher Wren building.”

*James Sawders*

THE WREN BUILDING AND STATUE OF LORD BOTETOURT

On the way up the walk which led to this historic building, Peter paused to look at an old statue of an eighteenth-century gentleman wearing an elaborate costume and long cape. He seemed to demand attention.

“Lord Botetourt,” Uncle Lee explained. “He was the most popular English governor. You’ll hear his name often in Williamsburg. He was greatly loved by the people of Virginia for the work which he did to make the English Government understand the point of view of the colonists.

“Remember that Williamsburg, in those days, was a center of learning and aristocratic living. Some of our ancestors were not pioneers in the sense of seeking the simple life. The original population of this town—there were about two thousand people—consisted of the gentlefolk who had brought over traditions from the mother country, the merchants and master craftsmen, and the laborers, both white workers and negro slaves. In so-called ‘publick’ times, the population was about doubled.”

“In public times?” Peter inquired.

“Yes,” Uncle Lee explained. “In April and again in October when the Court sat and the Assembly met! A lot of business was done, and they had a lot of fun. Theatrical performances, balls, fireworks, and horse races filled the happy hours. Places like the Raleigh Tavern which we shall see, overflowed with patrons. Storekeepers worked from dawn to dusk, as did wigmakers and hairdressers. You can imagine the confusion and excitement.”

“I’d like to have gone to college here in Colonial times,” Peter declared, staring up at the Christopher Wren building, the oldest college building in America. It was probably the only one in America that was actually designed by the noted English architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

As Peter and Nancy stood on the historic cam-

pus, Uncle Lee told them of the prominent part students of this college had played in the history of the United States.

“Today we would regard colonial William and Mary College as one of the smallest of small colleges,” he explained. “Yet she numbers among her graduates many famous men in history. There were, for instance, Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler who later became presidents. Washington, although not a graduate, received his commission here as surveyor. Four signers of the Declaration of Independence and sixteen others who later became governors of Virginia were students here.”

“What a record!” exclaimed Peter.

“Bruton Parish Church is next on our calling list,” Nancy reminded Uncle Lee and Peter, as they left the campus.

Soon they came to a simple brick building with a square tower on which was mounted a white wooden steeple.

“That bell up there,” said Uncle Lee, “has rung on many important occasions, such as the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766 and the surrender of Cornwallis. You’ll find the church richly furnished and dignified, for it was the official court church of Colonial Virginia.”

There were tombstones in the shaded graveyard around the church. The MacLarens dis-

covered the graves of Martha Washington's great-grandparents. The earliest date they saw was 1678.

As Peter and Nancy stepped out of the bright sunshine into the subdued light of the church, they felt the atmosphere of old, revered things, and they were not surprised to hear Uncle Lee whisper, "This church inherited the Communion silver from the Jamestown church. Also, Bruton Church inherited the minister in that parish, Dr. James Blair."

"The founder of William and Mary?" Nancy asked excitedly. "The same one whose grave we saw at Jamestown?"

"The same," replied Uncle Lee.

Peter and Nancy learned from the sexton about the baptismal font which, according to tradition, was used in the baptism of Pocahontas at Jamestown. They saw the lectern given by Theodore Roosevelt and the beautiful Bible given by King Edward VII. Peter was most interested in the parish register where Washington's name appeared several times, in connection with the baptism of his slaves.

Coming out of the church they were on the edge of the Palace Green.

"We'll have time to see the Governor's Palace before lunch," said Uncle Lee. "It has often been called the beauty spot of the restoration area."

Viewed from Duke of Gloucester Street, the Palace was a very handsome building of red brick with white trimmings, the iron gate inviting visitors to the yards with their clipped red cedars.

“It looks just as it did when the seven colonial governors took up residence there,” Uncle Lee said as they strolled closer. “The original palace was burned in 1781 while it was being used as a hospital for wounded American soldiers.”

“But where did the architects get the information for building an exact reproduction?” Peter inquired.

“That was a queer thing,” said Uncle Lee. “An old copperplate in Bodleian Library in Oxford, England, showed the Wren building, the Capitol, and the Palace, all in fine detail.”

Rows of trees lined the approach to the Palace. The circle in front of the gate was called a turn-around in Colonial days, Uncle Lee said, and Nancy could easily imagine a lady in a farthingale and bonnet stepping out of a coach drawn by prancing horses.

“Such a narrow entrance!” Nancy exclaimed as she and Peter followed Uncle Lee through the gate.

“It may seem out of scale to you in these times,” said Uncle Lee, “but it was built narrow purposely for defense.”

*Ewing Galloway*

PALACE OF THE COLONIAL GOVERNORS

A small separate building which was known as the Governor's Office stood at the right of the gate. Here the Governor had transacted business for the colony. Another small building near it was called the Guard House. When soldiers were on duty as guards in Colonial days they used the building as a clubhouse.

Of classic architecture the Governor's Palace doubtless was, but to Peter and Nancy it was more than a mere architectural delight. It was pure adventure.

“Even the color of paint is authentic,” Uncle Lee informed his charges. “Research workers scraped many a layer of paint from some of the old buildings to discover the lovely old blues and soft yellows of Colonial days.”

Peter and Nancy stared long at the beautiful blue paper in the Supper Room, a blue so lovely that it reminded them of the earliest blue of crocuses that bloom on the hills of Minnesota while the snow is still lying in the cold valleys. On the paper were fascinatingly beautiful trees with white leaves, among which perched or flitted birds and butterflies. It formed a charming background for the mahogany and silver. Piled on a large silver centerpiece were colorful fruits, their fragrance like flowers in the room.

Thrilled, the children wandered from room to room, filling their minds with the elegant details of the Palace—fine fireplaces, mahogany high-boys, coffee tables, and sparkling chandeliers with prisms and with hurricane shades to protect the candles from the wind.

At last Uncle Lee persuaded them to leave the building and walk down the steps. Some of the bricks forming the steps had belonged to the original Palace. Thus he led the way to the gardens.

“The most famous colonial gardens in all America!” he exclaimed.

To Peter and Nancy the terraces, the arbors, and the formal gardens were but part of the whole picture of the Palace, so lovely that it all seemed unreal. They strolled with Uncle Lee to the canal where the overhanging willows, the white dogwood, the redbuds, and the pines made a choice spot from which to view the gardens.

A little away from the main gardens was a small open green containing the graves of some Revolutionary soldiers. A large weeping willow tree mourned gracefully above them.

The garden off the ballroom of the Palace delighted Peter. Here clipped red cedars rose high or bent low to enclose beds of roses. The tall cedars had been clipped, Uncle Lee said, to imitate English yew.

From a higher point in the garden, Peter and Nancy looked down over the whole beautiful scene. They were quite surprised to learn that beneath them was a storage cellar for ice.

"This was before the days of electrical refrigeration," Uncle Lee commented, bringing them back to the present.

They descended, laughing, and strolled along the canal to the kitchen of the estate, which was a separate building. Here an old negro woman delighted Peter and Nancy by showing them how cooking was done in Colonial times when there were only fireplaces and no stoves. She chuckled

and rocked with merriment when they failed to guess the uses of her queer potato masher and apple peeler. She showed them the spit on which the meat was turned and the great iron kettle in which bread was baked by putting coals on the cover. And she explained how food was carried, steaming hot, to the Palace over pans of hot water into which the pots and pans fitted. As she talked of the great feasts, the children grew more and more hungry, and Uncle Lee himself seemed perfectly willing to walk rapidly on the way back to the Inn.

After enjoying a dinner at which Virginia ham was served, the MacLarens strolled eastward on Duke of Gloucester Street. But before entering the Capitol, they turned aside to visit the Old Jail nearby.

There the jailer, in colonial costume of blue breeches, full white-sleeved shirt, white socks, and shoes with buckles, showed the MacLarens through the cells and the barren rooms where prisoners had often been secured with handcuffs and leg irons.

Coming out into the sunlight, they saw the pillory in which a prisoner's head and hands were confined and the stocks in which his legs were fastened. While a person sat in the stocks, the jailer said, he was often a target for sticks and stones and over-ripe fruits and vegetables.

After the solemn jail atmosphere, it was inspiring to behold the dignified Capitol with its lovely paper mulberry trees.

The MacLarens learned that the Capitol, built originally in 1705, had been restored accurately even to the coverings on the benches and the kind of tacks used. Portraits and books of the period had been placed in the proper rooms. The richly furnished rooms in which the Burgesses met had been refurnished accurately through inventories which had been found in old files.

Leaving the Capitol, the three paid a brief visit to Raleigh Tavern, which Uncle Lee said was the most historic tavern in America. There they sat down to rest on antique chairs set at antique tables.

“For a century and a half, this was the most celebrated tavern in Virginia,” commented Uncle Lee. “George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were among those frequently present at gatherings held here.”

After a short call at Ludwell-Paradise House with its fine eighteenth-century furniture and collection of American folk art, the MacLarens went to see the Powder Magazine where once had been stored the arms and ammunition of Virginia Colony.

Evening came as they strolled along Duke of Gloucester Street, and the sun sent its red rays



Ewing Galloway

THE COLONIAL CAPITOL

*James Sawders*

THE RALEIGH TAVERN

over the quaintly beautiful houses and the formal gardens.

“Strange,” Peter mused, “that geographical location could make such a difference. I’m really glad that Jamestown was low and unhealthy. Otherwise Middle Plantation would never have been settled.”

“The picture of the past which the restored Williamsburg presents, gives us fine architecture, furnishings, and landscapes to admire and enjoy,” added Uncle Lee. “It also impresses upon

us the fact that many changes have come about since Colonial times. In those days people did with their hands much of the work that we now do with machines. Instead of driving many miles over paved roads to amusements offered by the modern city, these early colonists enjoyed the simple pleasures offered by their own community. Instead of cooking by gas and electricity, they prepared their meals over blazing logs in open fireplaces.”

VIRGINIA, THE HOME OF PRESIDENTS

I N WILLIAMSBURG the MacLarens had seen a town whose colonial splendor had been restored. But what would Fredericksburg be like? Peter and Nancy discussed it as they rode toward that historic little town next morning.

The road followed the winding river, the Rappahannock, and eventually led to Ferry Farm where Washington had spent his boyhood days.

“Rappahannock is a queer name for a river,” Peter said.

“It comes from the Indian, meaning the ‘Alternating River,’” Uncle Lee explained. “Below the falls here at Fredericksburg, the tides flow in and out. The name is accurate.”

The level little town of Fredericksburg lay in a valley between low-lying hills. It looked very peaceful.

Geographically, Uncle Lee said, Virginia had much. There was the tidewater country with its fishing and its gardening. There were the plains farther inland for the growing of grain and raising of cattle. There were the Blue Ridge Mountains. And there were farms and orchards.

“Fredericksburg is located halfway between Washington, which was the capital of the Union,”

*James Sawders*

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY IN VIRGINIA

Uncle Lee explained, “and Richmond, which was the capital of the Confederate States. This partially accounts for the fact that it became the scene of a mighty struggle between northern and southern armies.”

Uncle Lee parked the car and led the way past St. George’s Church, which had been the church of the Washington family and of James Monroe. A little farther on they paused for a moment before the old Masonic Lodge building in which Washington was initiated.

The MacLarens then visited the small red brick building that was once James Monroe's law office. Peter was most impressed with the worn law books and the desk on which the fifth President of the United States wrote the Monroe Doctrine.

Nancy seemed delighted with the green velvet court dress that James Monroe wore at the court of Napoleon, and Mrs. Monroe's brocaded gowns worn in the courts of Europe. Both children laughed at the huge umbrella that Uncle Lee said had been presented to Monroe by the city of Boston in 1824 when there were very few umbrellas in America.

After leaving the James Monroe law office, the MacLarens saw the old slave block. It was said that before the War between the States many negro slaves had been sold or exchanged on this stone.

Nancy was fascinated by the little house in which George Washington's mother had lived for many years. It was here that Washington had said good-by to his mother before going to New York to be inaugurated as President.

Just beyond Mary Washington's house, Uncle Lee and Peter and Nancy stopped under the famous horse-chestnut tree, the only remaining tree of the thirteen planted by George Washington in memory of the thirteen original colonies.

*James Sawders*

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER

Then they strolled out to Kenmore, the home of Betty Lewis, who was George Washington's sister. Kenmore was a fine brick mansion, famous for its exquisite ceilings and its mantel decorations designed by Washington and built by Hessian prisoners. In the Great Room, Peter and Nancy stared long at the ceiling which represented the Four Horns of Plenty. The plaque over the mantel held their attention, too, for it told Aesop's fable of the Fox and the Crow. Uncle Lee said Washington designed it as a



James Sawders

THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON AT RICHMOND

lesson to the Lewis children to beware of flattery.

The MacLarens next visited the Rising Sun Tavern, a comfortable place in which were held the political conferences so necessary around 1775.

Later a hospitable young couple drove the MacLarens out to see the famous Sunken Road. On the trip they pointed out a new cellophane factory, both proudly and regretfully, for the old South of fine plantations was gradually disappearing.

Sunken Road led past the house of the southern woman who all through the battle of Fredericksburg made coffee and doughnuts for the soldiers of both armies. In the beautiful woods, white with dogwood and shiny green with holly, the restored trenches of that long-ago battle were plainly visible. And all through the woods stood the trees which had been damaged by shellfire.

The little party went to Richmond next morning. The Richmond through which the MacLarens drove was anything but a pioneer town. A beautiful city of tree-lined streets above the mighty James River, it proudly presented a glorious past in its monuments of Washington, Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Stonewall Jackson. These statues told Peter and Nancy a story of great men and their accomplishments.

Uncle Lee said that Richmond and its suburbs had a population of over 200,000 people and

*James Sawders*

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

that its Tobacco Row was famous the world over.

Peter's pulse quickened as he observed that Uncle Lee was stopping the car at the estate that housed the aged Confederate soldiers. It was not the rambling buildings of the Old Soldiers' Home that thrilled him but the sight of the very old men who had taken part in the War. Peter patted "Old Sorrel," the horse which Stonewall Jackson rode when mortally wounded. Old Sorrel had lived at the Home for years and after he died a taxidermist mounted him.

*Ewing Galloway*

THE HISTORIC CAPITOL AT RICHMOND

When Peter shook hands with the oldest of the Confederates, the old man offered to show Richmond to him.

Sitting between Peter and Nancy in the back seat of the car, he pointed out the Poe Shrine, a simple little cottage with quaint dormer windows, where the well-known American poet and story writer, Edgar Allan Poe, had lived.

They stopped at St. John's Church. Inside the church the sexton showed them the pew where Patrick Henry exclaimed, "Give me liberty, or

*James Sawders*

THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM AT RICHMOND

give me death!" as he urged the American colonists to break away from a country that believed in taxation without full representation.

Then with the old soldier they saw the historic Capitol, one of the oldest in the United States. It was a beautiful building, the plans for which were obtained in Paris, France, by Thomas Jefferson. In the rotunda Peter and Nancy stared delightedly at the famous Houdon life-size statue of Washington, the only one for which the Father of Our Country ever posed.

There followed many other visits, including a few hours in Battle Abbey, the Confederate Museum, formerly the White House of the Confederacy, and the John Marshall House.

Richmond, rich in history and in progress, had to be left behind next morning as Uncle Lee turned south to take Peter and Nancy on through Virginia.

Beyond Richmond they drove through the Piedmont Plateau. These lands, Uncle Lee explained, comprised the rolling country between the coastal plain and the mountains. South of the James River tobacco was the usual crop. Then, as the country became more hilly and rough, apple orchards came into view.

Presently the river narrowed. Nancy exclaimed at some lovely falls, as the trail led through a gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains where the haze was so blue that Peter and Nancy felt that this name was a most natural one.

A little later they found themselves in Jefferson National Forest, a place of enchantment with its invigorating air, refreshing springs, and inviting trails. While Peter and Nancy gazed in awe at the great Natural Bridge which rose more than two hundred feet in the air, Uncle Lee told them that Thomas Jefferson who owned this bridge for many years had called it one of the most sublime curiosities in nature.

At Charlottesville the MacLarens saw the University of Virginia which had been planned by Jefferson. They also visited Monticello, Jefferson's home for more than fifty years. Uncle Lee said that it was one of the finest residences in the South.

"This is the famous Shenandoah Valley!" Uncle Lee announced, as they drove on.

The turnpike led up over one ridge and down another. Nancy, looking at the map, laughed at the odd names of the rivers, Calfpasture and Cowpasture, among others.

As Uncle Lee drove along the Skyline Drive, he pointed out Old Stony Man, a mountain that looked proudly down on the Shenandoah National Park, famous for its woods, its caves, and its endless trails.

On through Virginia went the MacLarens. Everywhere Peter and Nancy saw fine horses, cattle, and other kinds of livestock. Nowhere did they enjoy better food. They became used to Smithfield hams, to Lynnhaven and Seatag oysters, to Norfolk spots, a kind of fish, and to Suffolk peanuts. Albemarle pippins and Old Virginia winesaps were both good eating apples. Eastern Shore potatoes, the MacLarens learned, made up most of the supply of early potatoes needed in the East. And Nomini tomatoes were famous for their flavor.

Newport News was known for its shipbuilding plant and dry dock. Hampton Roads, which the MacLarens learned served Norfolk and Newport News, was an important highway of commerce. Langley Field, near Hampton, was one of the nation's most important schools of aviation.

In Richmond, where they had just visited, was one of the largest woodworking plants in the world, one of the largest baking-powder factories, and a huge cigar factory. Petersburg boasted a large trunk and traveling-bag industry, and Altavista was proud of its cedar chest factory. The textile industry was growing rapidly, and everywhere wheels were turning.

To the MacLarens the finest product of all was the courage and ability that had enabled these fellow Americans to build a rich and successful state.

THE COTTON COUNTRY

THE next morning Uncle Lee announced, "Today, we'll be driving into cotton country—North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. That's one thing we don't raise in Minnesota—cotton!"

"What does cotton need that Minnesota doesn't have, Uncle Lee?" asked Nancy.

"Cotton," Uncle Lee explained, "demands seven or more months without frost, and long hours of sunshine. At the same time, it can't stand much moisture."

On their way farther south the MacLarens saw many farmers planting cotton seed. In some places sprouts had already come through the ground. Uncle Lee said that, several months after the cotton was planted, creamy-white or yellow flowers would appear. He declared that these flowers would become red and then the field would look like a rose garden. But in a short time the blossoms would drop off and the bolls of cotton would appear.

"Peter, we simply must see a field of cotton before we go home," Nancy said, as the car traveled along the sunny road. "I suppose it looks like snow."

*James Sawders*

PICKING COTTON ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION

“Not exactly.” Uncle Lee grinned. “The green bolls, which look like walnuts with the husks on, burst open only when the cotton is ripe. The masses of snowy-white lint then come out very easily. Inside are the cotton seeds, dark brown and about the size of lemon seeds. Of course, all the bolls do not open at once, and in picking the cotton the fields have to be gone over several times. This work is done in the late summer and early fall. You’ll see plenty of cotton fields before we leave the South.”

“It must be fun to heap the soft, white fluff into baskets,” Nancy said. “I’ve seen pictures of

it being carried to a cotton gin by wagonloads. In school we studied about Eli Whitney and his cotton gin that separated the seeds from the lint."

"After the seeds and lint are separated, the cotton is baled," Peter added, "and sold on the market. It seems queer to think that once upon a time the seeds were thrown away. Now we use cottonseed oil in many things, from salad to soap. Remember when we were West, Nancy, how Uncle fed cottonseed cake to the cattle in winter? Sheep like it, too."

"The cake is made from the crushed seeds," Uncle Lee explained. "But even the husks are good as fertilizer. Take it all in all, cotton deserves to be called King of the South."

As they were driving toward the home of a friend in the North Carolina lowlands, Uncle Lee spoke of Kitty Hawk.

"Kitty Hawk?" questioned Peter and Nancy.

"Yes, the place where the Wright brothers made the first successful airplane flight," explained Uncle Lee. "They had worked for several years to make an airplane that would fly. At last, in 1903, they succeeded, and as a result Kitty Hawk has become known all over the world."

When they reached their destination that evening, Peter and Nancy were surprised to learn that they were on a rice plantation.



James Sawders

MEMORIAL TO WRIGHT BROTHERS AT KITTY HAWK

The next morning they ate breakfast in a sunny room, and Nancy could not help remarking about the attractive and colorful dishes on which the meal was served. Her hostess informed her that North Carolina kaolin, the purest form of clay, was used in making them.

“Do tell us something about the raising of rice on your plantation,” Nancy asked their host.

“Our method of raising rice is much different from that used in Japan and China,” the plantation owner began. “In those countries nearly all of the work is done by hand. We do it by machine. At planting time the seed is sown by machine, and when the crop is ready to be harvested, great harvesters reap the grain.”

“I understand that great quantities of water are needed for rice during the growing period. How do you manage that?” questioned Uncle Lee.

“We have powerful pumps which raise the water from wells and distribute it over the fields which, as you know, are all on level ground,” replied their host.

“Now I understand why rice can be raised more cheaply in the United States than in China and Japan,” said Peter. “Although the workers in those countries receive only a small amount of pay, yet it costs less to produce the rice here because the machines used on our plantations can do the work of so many men.”

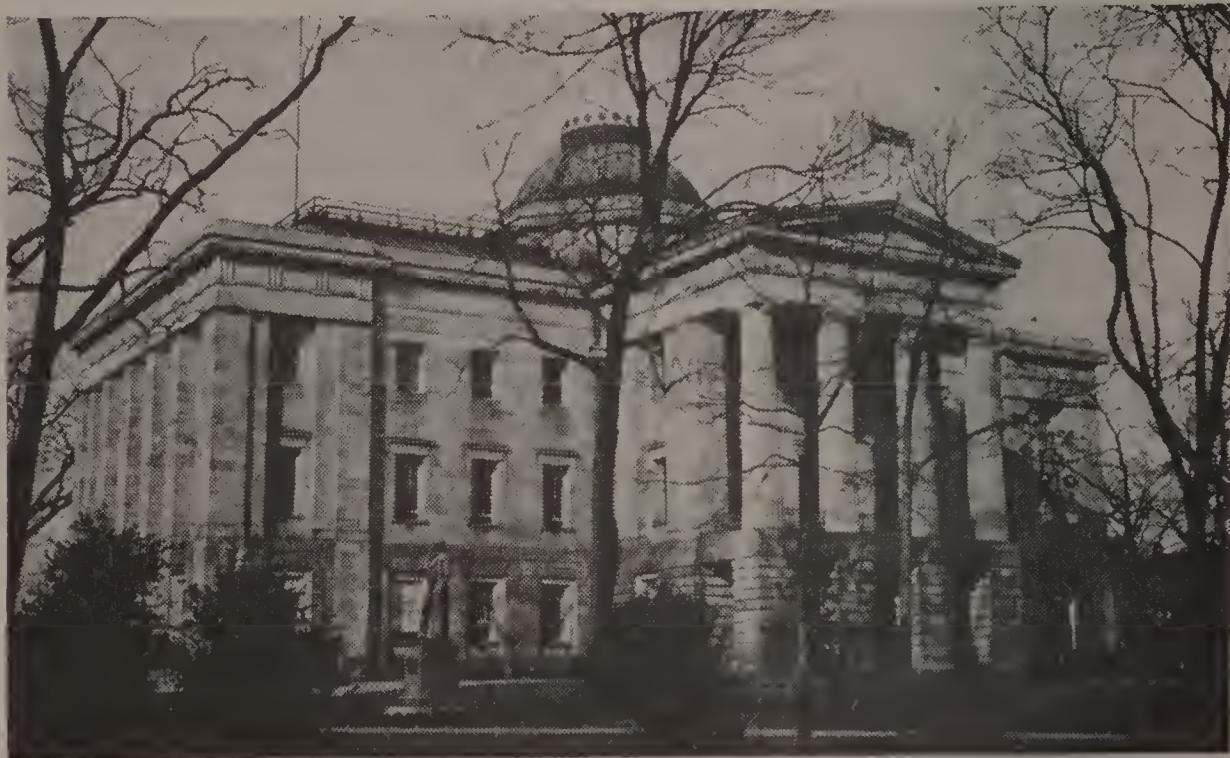
As the MacLarens drove on, Uncle Lee pointed out one beautiful plantation after another, big houses and stately mansions with balconies and tall, white pillars. These big plantations, he told Peter and Nancy, supplied the mills with the raw materials from which cotton cloth and many other articles were manufactured.

“Most of the cotton mills used to be in the northeastern states,” Uncle Lee explained. “Now almost half of them are located in the four states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, where much cotton is raised.”

Uncle Lee also observed that North Carolina was geographically much like Virginia. There were the broad coastal plain, the Appalachian Highland region, and the Piedmont area. Uncle Lee said that the word Piedmont meant “at the foot of the mountain.”

As they drove into Raleigh, Uncle Lee commented, “Now you’ll see what North Carolina’s capital has to offer in the way of beauty and interest.”

Peter and Nancy were much impressed with Raleigh’s famous Capitol Park. It was located in the center of the city on the highest ground. The Capitol with its lovely Doric portico was built of native granite. Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy that it was built in 1840, about a hundred years ago. Not far away could be seen other modern

*Ewing Galloway*

THE CAPITOL AT RALEIGH

State buildings and the Governor's mansion with its carefully tended grounds.

In Pullen Park the MacLarens saw the house in which Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States, was born.

That evening Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy about St. Augustine's College and Shaw University, two of the oldest schools in the South for the higher education of negroes.

"I'm sorry we can't see both of those famous schools, for they are doing some splendid work," he said. "But our schedule says that we're starting for Asheville tomorrow morning."

When the MacLarens reached Asheville, they

felt amply rewarded for the long drive on which they had started so early that morning. This picturesque city, so famous for its resorts, was located at the junction of two rivers and was surrounded by magnificent mountain scenery. There were so many interesting things to enjoy that Peter said they ought to stay several days.

“It would take more than several days to do everything one would like to do here,” said Nancy. “We could spend weeks enjoying the mountain scenery.”

Just before leaving the city, the MacLarens drove out to Biltmore where they saw the home of the late George W. Vanderbilt. Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy that the estate originally contained 125,000 acres, but that a large part of it had been deeded to the government and was now a part of the Pisgah National Forest.

“On to Charlotte!” shouted Peter, as they drove out of Asheville and started toward the largest city in the Carolinas.

As the MacLarens drove into Charlotte, they enjoyed its fine old atmosphere with quaint streets and well-constructed homes. And when Uncle Lee reminded them that the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was signed here a year before the other colonies signed, Peter and Nancy began to realize that here, too, was a beginning of the United States.

They visited several textile mills with Uncle Lee and were not surprised to learn that this section of the country used great quantities of cotton in manufacturing.

“Good place to stock up on dress goods,” Nancy declared.

Uncle Lee told them of Greensboro, a city at the edge of the Piedmont, and an important railway and manufacturing center. Its mills, he said, made denim, overalls, silk hosiery, and other things.

“No shortage on overalls as long as Greensboro keeps manufacturing them!” Peter declared.

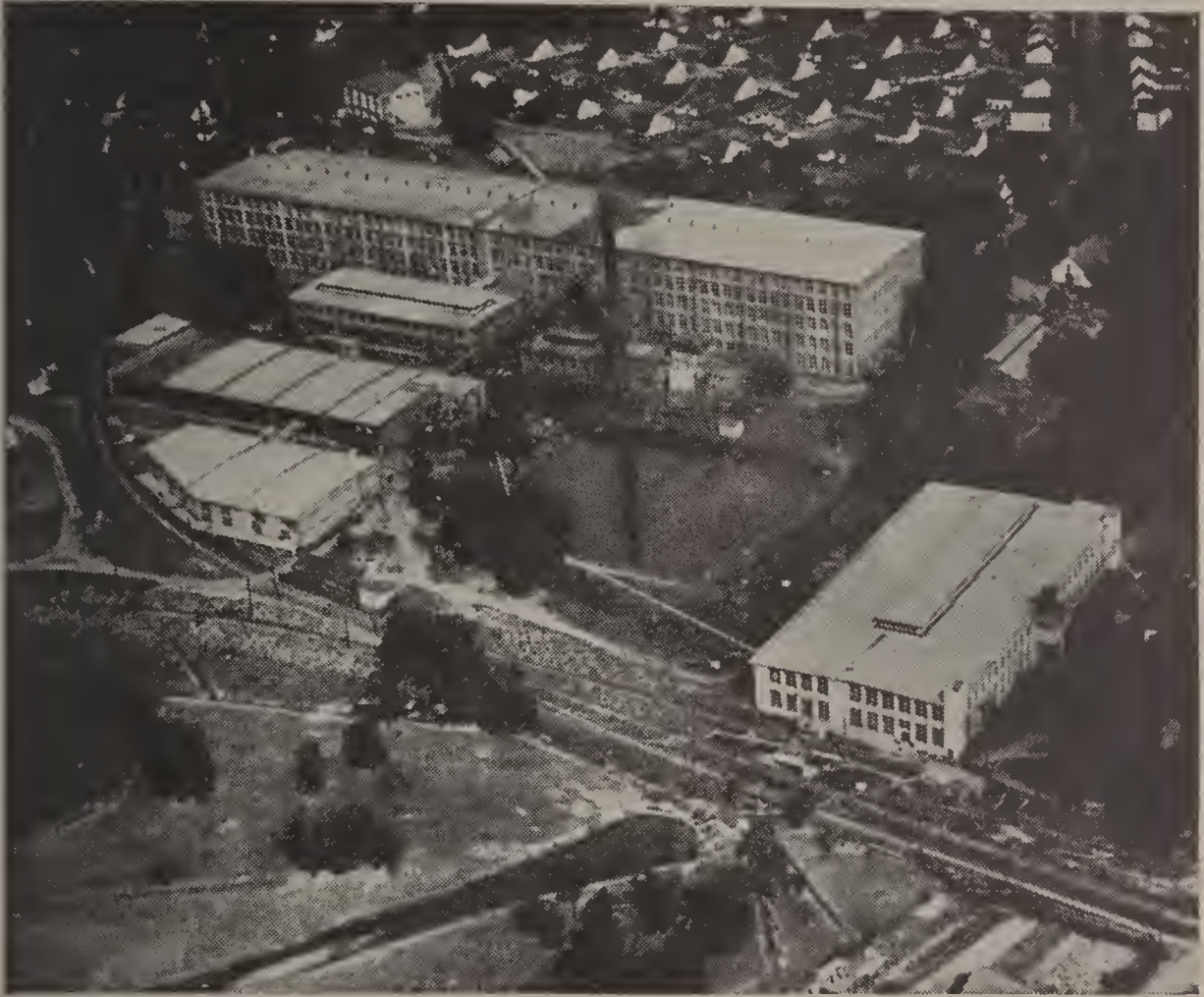
“If we were driving down the coast we’d visit Wilmington and its excellent fresh-water harbor,” said Uncle Lee. “Wilmington is an important commercial center and is located in a very rich farming section. You’ve never eaten finer vegetables than those raised around Wilmington.”

“But since we’re not driving toward the coast, our next stop will not be Wilmington,” sighed Nancy.

“No,” said Uncle Lee, “we’ll see Columbia, the capital city of South Carolina next.”

As the MacLarens traveled along, they saw so many long-needled pine trees that they forever afterward associated them with South Carolina.

As they neared Columbia, Nancy called attention to its beautiful location. From its position

*Ewing Galloway*

A COTTON MILL IN SOUTH CAROLINA

on a bluff, it looked down upon the rippling waters of the Congaree River.

Driving through the wide streets of Columbia, Uncle Lee spoke of the tall trees and the fine buildings which made the city attractive. He told Peter and Nancy about the manufacturing of large amounts of cotton goods, cottonseed oil, fertilizer, and machinery, and described the rich agricultural and forest district which surrounded the city.

When they stopped at the Capitol grounds Peter remarked, "I've never seen prettier trees than the ones around the Capitol. I wonder how many different kinds there are."

"It is said that there are over fifty species on the grounds," Uncle Lee informed him.

Both Peter and Nancy were quick to observe that the granite State Capitol closely resembled the National Capitol at Washington.

The MacLarens spent the night in Columbia and were on their way again early the next morning.

"We'll drive to Charleston today," Uncle Lee decided. "Do you know that the first permanent settlement in South Carolina was made by the English in 1670? After ten years, the settlers moved to the present site of Charleston. You can see that it was the rich, low land that drew them, since they had begun to raise rice and indigo. Charleston is today the largest city and the chief seaport in the state. You'll find it a busy place."

They stopped at some of the famous magnolia gardens, which Nancy declared were so beautiful that she would never forget them.

Charleston proved to be one of the most interesting and historic cities the MacLarens had visited. They drove out to the aged harbor fortifications and looked into the busy harbor where there were

*James Sawders*

MAGNOLIA GARDENS NEAR CHARLESTON

ships from all over the world. At the lower end of the peninsula they viewed live oaks and palmettos of the White Point Gardens.

Driving on down the coast into Georgia, the MacLarens remembered the north part of the state was all “up hill and down dale,” as Peter expressed it.

“The Appalachian Mountains are in the northeastern corner of the state,” Uncle Lee explained. “It’s a country of blue lakes and waterfalls.

There are mountains in the northwest corner, too, but through the central part run broad, rounded sandstone ridges. These ridges are cut through by rich valleys."

"I wish we had time to explore the Okefenokee Swamp, with its moss-hung cypress trees and great pine trees," Uncle Lee remarked. "You should see the bears, otters, wildcats, and raccoons; and you'd like the birds, the swallow-tailed kite, the long-legged cranes, and the various warblers. I'd like to be there when the farmers plant corn in April and when the boys come in with their strings of fish. Of course I haven't seen a great deal of this swamp, because it's about the largest swamp in the United States, covering seven hundred square miles. There are some pretty swampy places in the valleys of the red hill region in southwest Georgia, too. But you won't have to worry about snakes and alligators and quicksand where we're going."

As the MacLarens drove toward Savannah they saw acres and acres of peach trees.

"Too bad peaches aren't in season," said Uncle Lee, as they approached Georgia's second-largest city. "Last time I was in Savannah I ate peaches that must have weighed a pound apiece! But you'll find that Savannah is noted for other things besides excellent peaches."

"At school we learned that the city was first

*James Sawders*

THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES AT SAVANNAH

planned by James Oglethorpe," Peter remarked.

"And it has retained and extended that same city plan," continued Uncle Lee.

The MacLarens found the broad streets and grassy squares of Savannah delightful, and they were thrilled by its numerous places of historic interest.

"It's easy to understand why Savannah is a noted city," Nancy decided, after they had visited a few of its many historic spots. "We've been here only a short time, and we've seen the

spot where James Oglethorpe first pitched his tent, the church where John Wesley started the first Protestant Sunday School in America, and the oldest brick house in Georgia.”

“But Savannah doesn’t have to depend upon history for fame,” added Peter. “It is one of the chief ports of the South and an important manufacturing city, too.”

“Now that we’ve seen the second-largest city in Georgia, we must see the largest. It’s the capital city,” said Uncle Lee on the following morning.

“Atlanta!” Peter and Nancy both guessed.

“Atlanta,” Uncle Lee informed Peter and Nancy, “is in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, near the Chattahoochee River, and, when you see it, you won’t wonder why more than 300,000 people have decided to live there.”

Uncle Lee called Atlanta the “Gate City of the South.” The trains, laden with cotton and cotton goods, cottonseed oil, tobacco, grain, fertilizer, and mules, were evidence of Georgia’s crops and Atlanta’s industries.

“Since there’s no easy way to cross the mountains,” Uncle Lee continued, “the railroads of the Appalachian Valley and the Piedmont lands meet at Atlanta. Steel rails run into the city from the Atlantic and Gulf ports as well.”

Peter and Nancy were not surprised at the number of factories in Atlanta. It was located

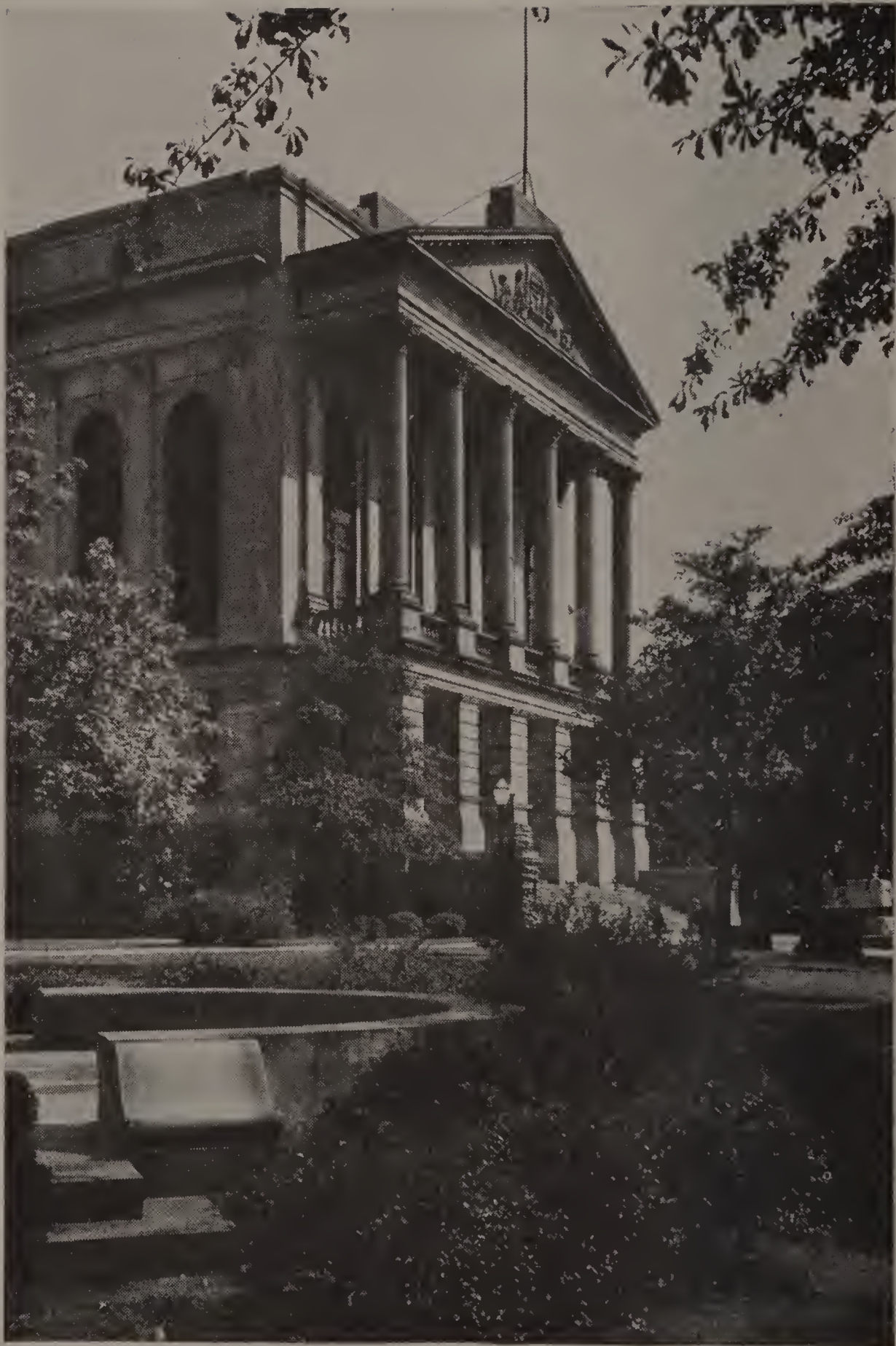
near supplies of cotton, timber, iron ore, and coal.

Nor were they surprised to find such universities as the Georgia Institute of Technology, Emory University, and Oglethorpe University. There were famous negro schools, too—such as Atlanta and Clark universities. And Peter and Nancy admired Atlanta's beautiful homes and modern apartment houses, its churches, art museums, and hotels. Best of all was Peachtree Road.

It happened that the trees were in full bloom on the day the MacLarens drove through Druid Hills and out on the street of blossoming trees. The exquisite pink color, the fragrance, and the beauty in the parks along the famous road made one of the loveliest pictures in the MacLaren memory book.

Leaving Atlanta for Birmingham, the largest city in Alabama, the MacLarens drove through broad farm lands and mountainous country.

“Alabama has a great many rivers and navigable streams,” Uncle Lee said. “You’ll see plenty of business on the streams as well as on the railways. You see, this state produces so much cotton that it is known as the ‘Cotton State.’ There is plenty of dairying here, too. The valley of the Tennessee River is known for its cereals, vegetables, and fruits. Pecans are plentiful. Oranges grow along the Gulf Coast. The wire grass of the southeast is famous for fine hog



Ewing Galloway

THE STATE CAPITOL OF GEORGIA

*Ewing Galloway*

THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF BIRMINGHAM

food, and the many different crops raised are giving Alabama the reputation of being a state that has everything.”

Birmingham lay partly in a valley and partly on the side of Red Mountain. Many of its residences spread over the mountain slopes. The business section included fine office buildings, stores, and hotels. The industrial section showed its importance in the production of iron and steel.

“Birmingham, often called the ‘Iron City,’ grew up where two railways crossed,” Uncle Lee ex-

plained. "It's the South's leading industrial center. I've been told that there are more than seven hundred mills, mines, and factories in this district. The Warrior River carries many of Birmingham's products down to the Gulf."

After a day in Birmingham the party drove down to the lovely old Capitol at Montgomery, and later to Mobile with its moss-festooned oaks, its beautiful homes, and its busy docks. Peter and Nancy had their fill of shrimp, oysters, and other sea foods. They watched the great boats and barges laden with bales of cotton and other produce steaming out on long voyages.

"De Soto would be quite amazed if he should see Alabama today," Peter remarked.

"Some things would still be the same," Nancy mused. "The mocking birds would still be singing in the wisteria vines, and the country would be vivid with azaleas."

"Yes," Uncle Lee agreed. "And if De Soto were living today he wouldn't have to worry about Muscle Shoals in the north of the state! The Wilson Dam gets enough power from the rapids of the Tennessee River to run manufacturing plants in cities over a hundred miles away. Nitrate plants are doing a thriving business already."

"These cotton states," Peter decided, "seem to be doing a lot besides raising cotton."

WHERE THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

“MOST of the ‘snow birds’ have already left Florida,” Uncle Lee announced as they crossed the Alabama line and drove toward Tallahassee, Florida. “We’re a little late in getting here. Tourists begin to arrive in November, and by Christmas they are crowding every means of transportation.”

“I should think the country would be crowded,” said Nancy.

“It is crowded, delightfully so,” Uncle Lee acknowledged. “That means prosperity. During the winter months, from November to March, Florida is the nation’s playground. People come in by train, by boat, by plane, by car, by bus, and on foot to enjoy the winter sunshine. Incidentally they spend many hundred thousand dollars in about 120 days. They arrive suddenly; they depart as suddenly.”

“But Florida is noted not only for her tourist attractions,” continued Uncle Lee. “She leads all other states in the production of grapefruit, and also raises large quantities of oranges and other fruits. Besides, vegetables, cotton, and tobacco are grown in quantities.”

Then he told Peter and Nancy of the Spaniards

*Erwing Galloway*

A FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT GROVE

who had built both St. Augustine on the Atlantic and Pensacola on the Gulf, and had connected them by a four-hundred-mile military highway, several hundred years ago. The MacLarens were soon riding over a part of this ancient highway.

Tallahassee, Florida's capital, lay in the midst of rolling hills, lakes, and streams. The streets of the city were lined with live oaks hung with Spanish moss, and with giant magnolias sweet with fragrance. In the town were many fine colonial mansions, but outside the town Peter and Nancy were interested in the plantations. Here

*Ewing Galloway*

SORTING AND PACKING CELERY FOR MARKET

they saw many herds of cattle, great orchards of pecan trees, fig trees, and orange trees, and large fields of tobacco.

Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy of the special tobacco which was grown west of Tallahassee.

“In these fields seed is grown for Virginia plantings,” he explained. “The sunshine helps to ripen the seeds early.”

Eastward rode the MacLarens over one of the state’s fine paved roads.

*James Sawders*

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ST. AUGUSTINE

Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy that during any month of the year one might see people on the streets of Jacksonville in summer clothes. Nearly every day men worked in shirt sleeves in their yards or on the docks.

At St. Augustine the three MacLarens stopped off to see the historic spots which made that old city famous. In the old cathedral they looked at crumbling parchment-wrapped records of Spanish and Indian marriages, dated as early as 1600. They saw the narrowest street in the United

States, and the oldest house in the city. Nancy exclaimed at the beauty of the six-hundred-year-old live-oak tree, festooned with Spanish moss. They climbed the tower of old Fort Marion and learned that it was built of coquina, a material made of sea shells which nature had cemented together. The Fountain of Youth for which Ponce de León searched proved to be just a very good well, built of stone and concrete. Peter and Nancy drank of the cold, clear water, and, as they said, nothing happened. But Uncle Lee declared he felt much younger.

“Ponce de León may not have found the true fountain of youth,” Uncle Lee mused, “but the state of Florida has given health and happiness to countless thousands.”

Ponce de León seemed very real now. He had landed near the mouth of the St. Johns River in 1513, and he had given what he thought was the fabled island of Bimini the beautiful name of Florida.

There were many cars on the highways as the MacLarens traveled southward. They passed many a train going northward, long lines of yellow refrigerator cars which Uncle Lee said were filled with everything from new potatoes, beans, peas, tomatoes, and celery, to pears, papayas, grapefruit, and oranges.

Located on the highest point in the state was



Ewing Galloway

THE SINGING TOWER

the famous Mountain Lake Bird Sanctuary and Singing Tower with its carillon of seventy-one bells. This magnificent tower had been donated by Edward Bok, and concerts were given there frequently.

“‘Make you the world a bit better and more beautiful because you have lived in it’—those were the words which motivated the building of this lovely tower,” mused Uncle Lee, as he gazed at the tall marble structure.

All through the middle part of the state Uncle Lee pointed out sinks or potholes which accounted, he said, for Florida’s thirty thousand lakes.

“Minnesota, with its ten thousand lakes, isn’t in it,” Peter lamented. “What’s that? Blasting?”

A terrific explosion had broken the quiet.

“Somebody is planting a tree, probably,” Uncle Lee replied, his face perfectly sober. “Yes. It is blasting. You see, a part of Florida is a limestone plain. This plain is covered with shallow sand. For deep planting farmers have to blast.”

On their way to Miami, the MacLarens spent a delightful day at Palm Beach. Peter and Nancy had often heard of its fine location on the narrow strip of land between the Atlantic Ocean and Lake Worth, and now that they actually visited it they could easily understand why tourists were so attracted to it.

*James Sawders*

THE STREETS WERE LINED WITH PALMS

As they drove on, the first glimpse of Miami was a distinct surprise. The skyline reminded Peter and Nancy of the pictures they had seen of New York City and Chicago.

At Miami Beach, located just across Biscayne Bay from the thriving city of Miami, it seemed as though a holiday had been declared. There were thousands of people on the streets, on the long sandy beach, and in the sparkling blue ocean water. Uncle Lee informed Peter and Nancy that this beach was nearly eight miles in length.

Peter was especially interested in the fish that were being caught. From the salty waters of the Atlantic, sportsmen brought in, among others, sailfish, tarpon, and kingfish.

Along the bay ran a hundred-foot boulevard fringed with royal palms. Many of the streets were lined with coconut palms. Peter wondered what would happen if a strong wind should begin to blow, for, as he remarked, "A coconut is a hard fruit." Flowers bloomed everywhere in great variety. Their fragrance filled the air, and their colors dazzled the eye.

As the MacLarens drove over the three-mile causeway, a fine raised road joining the cities of Miami and Miami Beach, Uncle Lee told them of the thousands of people who each day walked, drove, or went by streetcar over that excellent roadway.

"I wonder how many people there are in Miami," Nancy questioned.

"More than a hundred thousand," Uncle Lee replied. "From what you have seen today you might believe that all the people in Miami are tourists, and that it is important only as a resort city. This is not quite true. There are extensive fisheries and many manufacturing industries here. Large quantities of citrus fruits, pineapples, avocados, coconuts, and vegetables are raised in this vicinity, too."

Peter and Nancy had long looked forward to visiting Key West. The Keys, they knew, were coral islets which extended in a curve from the end of the peninsula, the mainland of Florida, to Key West.

As the MacLarens drove toward Key West over the new highway which reached the entire length of the Keys, Nancy said, "I feel just as though we were riding along on the water."

"That's almost true," Uncle Lee said. "I think we might well call this roadway, which connects the small islands or Keys, a seagoing highway, for a great deal of it is over the water."

Key West, which Uncle Lee said was the southernmost city in the United States and was always frost-free, had the busiest docks Peter and Nancy had seen anywhere in the country. Ships from Havana, the nearest port, came steaming in, as well as ships from other places.

A fellow tourist remarked that he had come down to Key West from Miami by airplane. Although this mode of travel was much more speedy than by auto, Peter and Nancy insisted that he had missed much by failing to travel over the highway as they had done.

"I think we'll agree," Uncle Lee said, "that of all the experiences we have had during the trip, our journey over the Keys has been one of the most unique."

The city itself was quaint and beautiful. The homes were for the most part of Spanish architecture. Some of the older houses, Uncle Lee said, had been built by ships' carpenters from cedar and solid mahogany. Coconut palms swayed in the light, warm breezes, and fruit trees grew in the yards. In the gardens and orchards outside the town, limes, pomegranates, and dates grew abundantly.

Planes sailed overhead, boats whistled in the well-fortified harbor, and sailors and marines hurried toward the United States Navy Yard. On the docks men brought in bales of sponges, and big green turtles which were to be kept alive here for shipment north.

The tobacco from Havana was keeping a great many cigar makers busy in their factories. Altogether, Key West seemed to be a busy and prosperous city.

Ten miles west of Miami were the Everglades, over which the MacLarens flew on their way to Tampa. Peter and Nancy were interested when Uncle Lee pointed out that the vast territory known as the Everglades was really a huge tract of soft, boggy land. Tropical vegetation, wild animals, and wild birds were found there. To be sure, there were many clearings where cattle grazed, and once Peter shouted with delight on seeing a Seminole Indian village.

*James Sawders*

A SEMINOLE INDIAN VILLAGE

Tampa's docks and railway stations were full of hustling workers. Across Tampa Bay were St. Petersburg and Clearwater. Peter and Nancy were not satisfied until Uncle Lee took them over to St. Petersburg to sit on one of the green benches along Central Avenue, where thousands of tourists sunned themselves during the winter. Peter and Nancy declared themselves members of the Green Bench Club.

A few days later, after a delightful boat trip, the MacLarens arrived at Gulfport, Mississippi.

*James Sawders*

AN OLD SOUTHERN MANSION

There, at the water's edge, they found growing great moss-draped live-oak trees. Some of these trees were said to be nearly a thousand years old. In the yards and patios and parks along the road to the hotel, they saw roses in bloom.

Uncle Lee and Peter and Nancy had lunch with a friend who lived in a fine old southern mansion which had been built during the period that preceded the War between the States. Much of the original furniture was still in use.

After lunch they went to visit the great oyster and shrimp canneries of which they had heard so much during the last few days. An employee at one of the canneries informed Peter that one of

the largest natural oyster reefs was at Pass Christian, not far away.

“Somehow,” Peter said, “I always thought of Mississippi as being an agricultural state. Now all I can think of is sea food. And you said it was a cotton state, Uncle Lee.”

“I did,” Uncle Lee admitted. “Wait until we see some more of the state. The flood plains of the Yazoo and the Mississippi with their picturesque high bluffs are very rich soil. Here is fine cotton land. Mississippi raises plenty of corn and oats as well. And there’s a fine supply of lumber in her forests.”

“Where’s the capital, Uncle Lee?” Peter asked.

“At Jackson, of course,” Nancy put in. “It’s in the south central part of the state, and it is a commercial center for agricultural and manufactured products. Historic Vicksburg is only forty-five miles west.”

From Gulfport the MacLarens took another plane. This time they winged their way toward Louisiana and one of the South’s largest cities, New Orleans. Far below them, as they swung westward, flowed the muddy Mississippi in a bend so wide that, long ago, men had named New Orleans the “Crescent City.”

In a little while the three MacLarens were riding along one of the most famous streets in the world, Canal Street. Uncle Lee said the citizens

*James Sawders*

CANAL STREET IN NEW ORLEANS

of New Orleans claimed that it was the widest street in the world.

“It is not surprising at all!” Uncle Lee was reading the minds of Peter and Nancy. “This is the port toward which the Mississippi flows in its long journey. When you consider that this river with its many branches touches twenty-seven states with the great wealth they hold, you must expect New Orleans to be prosperous. Here come ships from nearly every country in the world.

*James Sawders*

UNLOADING COFFEE FROM A STEAMER

New Orleans is a great grain, cotton, sugar, banana, rice, and coffee market, as you will see when we visit the docks.”

The contrast between the old and new sections of New Orleans made it doubly fascinating to Peter and Nancy.

The old or French Quarter was crowded into the center of the city’s life in the early days. It had old houses with overhanging balconies, half-hidden courtyards, and old-fashioned gardens. The streets and walks were very narrow.

*James Sawders*

IN THE OLD FRENCH QUARTER

“It was here that the land included in the Louisiana Purchase was transferred from the French to the American Government,” Uncle Lee explained.

They visited, too, the Ursuline Convent which was built in 1727, the old Spanish Arsenal, and the old Mint.

The new part of the city had modern-built homes with large lawns, and wide streets lined with palms and oaks. These homes were surrounded with tropical foliage and flowers.

“I think New Orleans is delightful,” Nancy exulted, during their ride to the railroad station. “How I wish we could come back for the Mardi Gras this winter! What an exciting time that must be!”

The MacLarens went by train to Baton Rouge, the capital of the state.

Peter thought that the new Capitol was one of the most imposing he had seen. From the thirty-three-story tower the MacLarens got a good view of the city, the Mississippi River, and the surrounding country.

“Baton Rouge has a fine harbor,” Uncle Lee declared, as they drove down to watch the ships loading and unloading their cargoes. “It is an industrial city, too. The manufacturing plants include sugar mills, rice mills, chemical plants, woodworking factories, and a large oil refinery.”

On a flight over Louisiana, Peter and Nancy viewed miles and miles of waving sugar cane. They were delighted to learn about Étienne de Boré, a French planter, who developed a method for making granulated sugar.

“Monsieur de Boré certainly started an important industry,” said Peter.

Flying on up the Mississippi, Uncle Lee pointed out the fact that the drainage of the entire state of Tennessee poured into the big river.

“Tennessee,” said Uncle Lee, “has many dif-

*James Sawders*

A LOUISIANA SUGAR MILL

ferent kinds of scenery. The mountain scenery in the east is magnificent. To the west of the mountains there lies the Great Valley. In the middle section of the state you'll find the Cumberland Plateau, the Highland Rim Plateau, and the Central Basin known as the blue grass country. West Tennessee also has two sections, the highland plain and the bottom lands along the Mississippi—cotton land."

"Then it must be an agricultural state," Peter concluded.

“It is,” Uncle Lee agreed. “But if you were to go to Chattanooga or Knoxville, you’d say that industries were of great importance, too. Deposits of coal and iron near by and plenty of hydroelectric power help to make Chattanooga one of the most important manufacturing centers of the South. Her most important industries are the manufacture of steel, steel products, and cotton goods. In this Tennessee Valley we also can see some interesting work which our government is doing. It is building enormous dams between the banks of the Tennessee River, developing electricity, and producing fertilizer, in an endeavor to better conditions in this section.

“Knoxville, which lies in the valley between the Cumberland and the Great Smoky mountain ranges, is in a region where great quantities of coal, iron, and marble are produced. Knoxville’s manufactured products include textiles and clothing, iron and steel products, wood products, and marble. We’re flying above Memphis now, the largest city in the state. It isn’t the capital city, as you know. That is Nashville, beautifully located on the picturesque Cumberland River. Peabody College, one of the best known in the South, is located at Nashville, and near by is Andrew Jackson’s home, the Hermitage.”

“Memphis seems to have a unique location,” Nancy observed.

*Ewing Galloway*

ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME

“It has indeed,” Uncle Lee agreed. “It’s high on the Chickasaw Bluffs where once stood the Indian village of Chisca.”

“Cotton barges!” Peter cried. “Memphis looks like an inland port.”

“It is one of the country’s greatest inland ports,” Uncle Lee informed Peter, “and it’s one of the largest inland cotton markets in the world. It handles over two million bales a year. Sometime we will attend the great cotton carnival which is held here every year.”

“I can see, Uncle Lee,” said Nancy, “why you

*James Sawders*

MEMPHIS IS A GREAT COTTON MARKET

class Tennessee with Mississippi and Louisiana as a cotton state. The shipping end of cotton is every bit as important as the growing end, I imagine.”

“It certainly is,” Uncle Lee answered. “There is a saying that when conditions in the cotton industry are bad, the whole country is in poor condition.”

“Uncle Lee, if you talk like that,” Nancy declared, “I shall take to wearing cotton stockings.”

OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

THE MacLarens went by train from Memphis to Washington.

“What a splendid entrance to our National Capital!” exclaimed Nancy as they came out of the Union Station. The building faced a beautifully landscaped plaza of sixty acres.

This most beautiful of cities was the capital of the United States, whose beginnings the MacLarens had viewed in Virginia. Washington was a lovely city of wide streets and boulevards, stately tree-arched avenues, and clear sunshine. No smoke sullied the white grandeur of the Capitol with its familiar dome, the simple elegance of the White House, or the inspiring beauty of the Lincoln Memorial. The Washington Monument towered more than 555 feet into golden sunshine against a blue sky.

“And not a telegraph pole or a wire in sight!” Peter cried, looking about as the taxi took them along beautiful Pennsylvania Avenue. “Not even a trolley wire! And yet the streetcars are running.”

“All wires—telegraph, telephone, and trolley—are underground,” Uncle Lee explained. “That helps to make a handsome city. We’re coming to

*United Air Lines*

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF CITIES

the intersection of Pennsylvania Avenue and new Constitution Avenue.”

Uncle Lee did not need to call attention to the magnificent group of government buildings, for Peter and Nancy were gazing in wonder at majestic marble columns, inspiring inscriptions, and beautiful statuary.

“How can we see it all in one short week?” asked Nancy.

“We will have to plan our time carefully,” Uncle Lee answered. “We’ll want to be sure to

*Ewing Galloway*

THE CHERRY TREES AND WASHINGTON MONUMENT

see buildings representative of all three divisions of the government. We must visit the Capitol for the legislative part, the White House offices for the executive part, and the Supreme Court Building for the judicial part, and then see as many other buildings as possible.”

“When can we see the cherry blossoms?” Nancy inquired.

“Right now,” Uncle Lee decided. “Driver, take us around the Tidal Basin, please.”

As the MacLarens rode along beside the Basin, they saw one of the most picturesque sights in

*Ewing Galloway*

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Washington—the pink and white blossoming cherry trees that filled the roadside with beauty. The branches, covered with blossoms of the most delicate pink, spread wide and high. There were many other people sharing the same delight as the MacLarens, while children sailed boats in the pool where the trees were reflected.

“They look good enough to eat, Peter!” Nancy laughed excitedly as the taxi slowly circled the Basin and came to a stop before the Lincoln Memorial.

The three visitors climbed the broad steps and wide terraces to the Memorial before they turned

around to look down upon a deep mirrored pool which Uncle Lee said was a third of a mile long and 160 feet wide. Its water, placid and shining, reflected not only the temple to Lincoln, but also the towering Washington Monument.

Peter and Nancy turned to face the beautiful temple of white marble. Peter looked up at the colonnade with its thirty-six Doric columns, one for each state existing at the time of Lincoln's death. Nancy helped him find the one standing for their own state, Minnesota. Before entering the Memorial, Uncle Lee pointed out the new Arlington Bridge across the Potomac River at the back of the Memorial. This bridge, he told Peter and Nancy, was said to be the largest draw-bridge in the world.

With reverent faces they passed through the columns and found themselves within the central hall looking at the colossal marble figure of Abraham Lincoln.

The children were sober as they viewed the seated figure whose hands rested on the arms of the great chair and whose rugged gaze was fixed upon the scene through the pillars. They heard Uncle Lee say that the statue was one of the largest ever carved and that it was the work of Daniel Chester French.

Together the three of them read the inscription over the head of the immortal Lincoln: IN

THIS TEMPLE, AS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM HE SAVED THE UNION, THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS ENSHRINED FOREVER.

Then Peter walked over to read the Gettysburg Address on one wall and the Second Inaugural Address on another wall. Above the tablets were two murals, one called "Emancipation" and the other "Reunion."

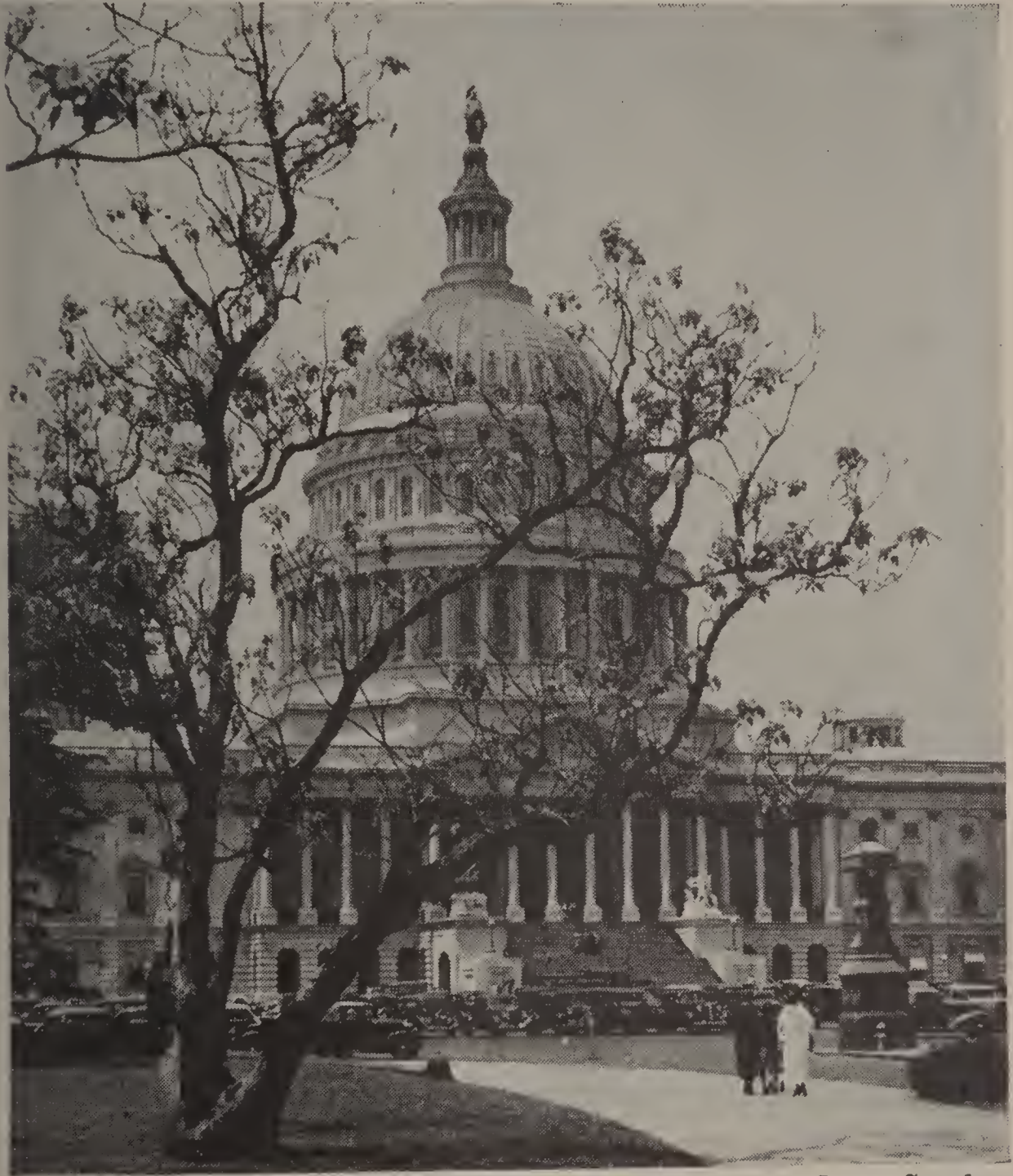
That afternoon the MacLarens visited the Capitol. They had seen it from almost every point in the city, yet so gradual was the slope they could scarcely realize that the Capitol was on the brow of a hill until they had climbed the steps and looked back upon the way they had come.

The Capitol was so bright and clean that it did not seem to be an old building at all. Yet it was old. Uncle Lee said that George Washington had laid the cornerstone in 1793.

Although it was partly burned during the War of 1812, it had been restored and improved. Nancy, squinting upward, said, "That looks like a gold Statue of Liberty on the dome!"

"Not exactly," Uncle Lee said. "It's a bronze figure representing freedom."

As the MacLarens passed into the Capitol, they found themselves in the rotunda with the vaulted canopy of the great dome 180 feet overhead. They looked at the eight great paintings on the walls of the rotunda. These famous paint-



James Sawders

THE CAPITOL OF THE UNITED STATES

ings were of colonial and Revolutionary War scenes.

In Statuary Hall, on the south side of the rotunda, the children gazed at the imposing collec-

*Ewing Galloway*

THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES IN SESSION

tion of statues of famous Americans and historic figures. In the House of Representatives they sat in the balcony and listened to the statesmen speak. Peter wondered how many of them would some day be remembered well enough to be honored in marble or bronze.

After dinner that evening the MacLarens again walked out toward the Capitol, but this time they decided to visit the Library of Congress. It was an imposing building of New Hampshire granite,

three stories high. Uncle Lee said he understood there were about two thousand windows in it.

The inside of the building was even more impressive than the outside. It did not seem possible that this great library had so small a beginning as Thomas Jefferson's personal library, for it now housed 4,500,000 volumes, occupying over fifty miles of shelves.

The main entrance hall to the Library of Congress was so lavish in decoration, with its beautiful Corinthian columns, its handsome frescoes, and its sculptures, that Peter and Nancy could easily imagine they were in a palace. They climbed to the main floor and were thrilled to view the originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

When the library was ready to close, Uncle Lee and Nancy found Peter peering into another glass case near the Declaration of Independence. He was looking at Abraham Lincoln's penciled copy of the Gettysburg Address. Corrections had been plainly made, and Peter was comparing the first copy with the finished one.

The following day Uncle Lee announced that it was time for a visit to the White House.

The beautiful southern mansion was situated near the Potomac River, its grounds lovely with shrubbery, flowers, and fragrant magnolia trees. Uncle Lee said that every President except the

first had lived in it with his family. Even the first President had been in it—had walked through the partly finished building just a few days before his death. Once it had been gray in color, having been built of Virginia freestone. But, after the burning of 1814, it had been painted white to cover the marks of fire, and soon afterward it came to be known as the White House.

Peter and Nancy hesitated as they passed the peanut wagon on the White House corner, but Uncle Lee strode ahead and they had to follow. As they entered the grounds, a very fat, lively squirrel ran directly across their path. Back and forth, and here and there he continued to bound, finally stopping right in front of them. Peter almost stumbled over the friendly little creature.

“What does he want?” Nancy inquired.

“Peanuts,” Uncle Lee answered, reaching in his pocket for a coin. “Peter, run back to the wagon on the corner and get a sack.”

“I think it’s a very pleasant thing to find that squirrels in the White House yard are quite the same as the squirrels in our yard at home,” Nancy commented.

The White House was not nearly so pretentious as Nancy had expected it to be. But there were sparkling chandeliers, famous paintings, rich upholsteries, colorful hangings, and fine furniture.

*Ewing Galloway*

THE WHITE HOUSE

There was also, to Nancy's delight, a gold piano. In the famous East Room a guide pointed out the exact spot where Nellie Grant had stood on her wedding day. He said that the wife of one of the early Presidents, Mrs. John Adams, had hung her washing up in that very room. But Peter and Nancy could imagine such a room being used only to entertain important personages.

To the east of the White House, the MacLarens could see the Treasury, a handsome building with lovely porticoes and stately columns like a Greek

temple. To the west of the White House stood the State, War and Navy Building, constructed of granite.

Buildings, buildings, buildings! In the days that followed, Uncle Lee led Peter and Nancy along miles of corridors. He took them into the Pan-American Building with its Spanish patio paved with tiles. The plants and trees there were the kinds grown in South America. In the beautiful Aztec Garden at the rear Peter gazed long at the God of Flowers, a fine Aztec relic of enormous size, presiding over a pool.

They visited the magnificent new Supreme Court Building. As Peter and Nancy stood in the great central court chamber, they felt the solemn importance of the work carried on there by the judges of the Supreme Court.

In the Bureau of Engraving and Printing they saw the government's paper moneys, stamps, and securities being printed in great quantities. At the Smithsonian Institution, a large red stone building, they saw many historical collections and scientific displays.

They walked along the Mall, enjoying the blue sky, the bright flowers, and the gay crowds. In the Arts and Industries Building of the National Museum Uncle Lee studied one of the first steam engines and the first Franklin printing press, while Nancy looked at personal relics of Washing-

ton and Lincoln. Peter spent much time gazing at Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis" which was suspended from the ceiling near the entrance. The first solo non-stop airplane flight across the Atlantic Ocean, from New York to Paris, was made in this plane, in 1927.

In the New National Museum they viewed the famous Roosevelt Animal Exhibit and saw the North American Indian as he was in pioneer days. The Freer Gallery of Art, which they went through one afternoon, attracted Nancy by its Whistler pictures, and the Corcoran Art Gallery held Peter's attention with its fine sculptures.

When Uncle Lee announced that he was taking them to Arlington National Cemetery and to Mount Vernon, Peter and Nancy were so delighted that they could hardly wait to be on their way. They had often looked at pictures of these historic spots and wished that they might see them. And now their wish was coming true!

It was exciting to cross the bridge that they had viewed from the back of the Lincoln Memorial a few days before.

"A tribute to the Father of Our Country!" Peter said. "And what a tribute! A ten-million-dollar memorial bridge, over two thousand feet long and almost a hundred feet wide."

"The new Mount Vernon Memorial Highway runs parallel to the Potomac River all the way to

Mount Vernon, doesn't it, Uncle Lee?" Nancy asked.

Through rolling country and on into Arlington Cemetery went the MacLarens. They stopped at Arlington House which was once the residence of Robert E. Lee. The view of Washington from the wide portico was so impressive that they gazed in a silence that was more significant than words.

And now the car was following a road through the National Cemetery where more than thirty thousand soldiers were sleeping. The rows of stones marking the graves seemed endless. Peaceful were the hills and placid was the river. The horrors of war seemed remote.

Uncle Lee brought the car to a stop before the steps leading to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The handsome white marble structure stood directly in front of the Memorial Amphitheatre. Soldiers of the United States Army were always on duty, day and night, Uncle Lee explained.

They came close to the tomb with its guard, its handsome laurel wreaths, and its impressive inscription: *HERE LIES IN HONORED GLORY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER KNOWN BUT TO GOD.*

Their faces sober, the MacLarens climbed on up to the Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre and looked at the various mementos kept in the glass cases. Then they passed out into the open thea-

*Ewing Galloway*

WASHINGTON'S HOME, MOUNT VERNON

ter itself. The sun shone dazzlingly on the marble benches and on the great platform.

"It looks too impressive to use," Nancy said.

"Days like Memorial Day," Uncle Lee mused, "can be celebrated rightfully in this place of great dignity and beauty."

When the car continued along the famous highway, spirits rose high. Mount Vernon, Washington's home, came in view. There stood the familiar old colonial house whose picture hung in the school library back home. Actually to see the fine old mansion which had been built of wood

cut and painted to resemble stone, was an inspiring experience. Nancy kept saying, as the three MacLarens strolled through the historic old house with its many traditions of easy and gracious living, "I'm walking in the very rooms where George Washington walked."

The rooms were elegant with their carved ceilings; mahogany beds, rare cabinets and tables, and handsome drapes. In the music room Nancy spoke aloud.

"I'm looking at the very harpsichord on which Martha Washington accompanied George Washington as he played his flute."

The MacLarens spoke softly in the room in which Washington died. The position of the chair, the mahogany table, and the open Bible on the chair were just as they had been at the moment of George Washington's death. From the window in Martha Washington's bedroom the MacLarens looked down upon Washington's tomb just as Martha Washington did in her last days.

The corner cupboard in the dining room held Nancy's attention a long time, for in it was a reproduction of the set of dishes presented to Mrs. Washington by officers of the French fleet in 1792. And the kitchen was interesting, too, with the crane still hanging in the fireplace, and the brick oven in good condition. Uncle Lee finally persuaded Nancy to leave the mansion and to

see the barn built of bricks imported from England, the spinning house with the spinning wheels still there, and the lovely boxwood gardens.

Before leaving Mount Vernon, Peter and Nancy followed Uncle Lee along the garden paths to Washington's tomb. It proved to be a plain brick building covered with vines and massed with jasmine. The tablet above the entrance read: WITHIN THIS ENCLOSURE REST THE REMAINS OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"In seeing Arlington," Uncle Lee reminded Peter and Nancy on the ride back to Washington, "we have seen a memorial to men who gave their lives so that you and I might have the United States. In seeing Mount Vernon, we have walked in a home where gracious living was the rule and personal integrity taken for granted. In visiting Washington we have seen a capital which is rapidly taking its place as the most beautiful in the world. How proud we should be of the splendid American spirit which these places represent!"

WHERE FREEDOM IS A TRADITION

“IT IS only fitting and proper,” Uncle Lee said as he got into the car with Peter and Nancy, “that we enter Maryland from Washington. For it was Maryland that ceded the soil upon which our National Capital now stands. And it was Maryland that loaned much of the money that started the building.”

Now the MacLarens planned a visit to St. Marys City, the oldest settlement in Maryland. It was about eighty miles from Washington over good roads, and the MacLarens drank in the beauty of rolling green fields, hillsides delightfully wooded, and fine mansions with inviting white-pillared entrances. The dogwood was in bloom, and the magnolias, blossoming among glossy leaves, smelled sweet.

The eastern shore of Maryland, Uncle Lee explained, was as level as any prairie state.

“Maryland has mountains, too,” Uncle Lee added. “We’d have to be sure of our brakes before we attempted the long climb up Big Savage Mountain, Negro Mountain, or Martin’s Ridge. Their scenery reminds me of the Rockies.”

“In those mountains in western Maryland,” Peter volunteered, “George Washington gained

his first military experience fighting Indians!”

“Leonard Calvert was one of the founders of Maryland,” Uncle Lee remarked. “He signed a treaty with an Indian king in 1634. Calvert and his followers bought St. Marys City for a pack of axes, hoes, and broadcloth. That very first autumn the three hundred colonists raised enough grain to send a shipload to England in exchange for salt codfish.”

“They wouldn’t have to send to England now for any kind of fish,” Peter commented.

Past St. Marys City and many an ancient farm went the little car toward Baltimore.

“We’ll be in Baltimore for a sea-food dinner,” Uncle Lee announced. “Chesapeake Bay is rich in many kinds of food—not only oysters, but crabs, terrapin, shad, and mackerel. Take your choice.”

The MacLarens stopped off in Annapolis, the capital, to visit the old Statehouse, and Peter eagerly demanded to see the United States Naval Academy. The three visitors walked out to the grounds on the tip of the peninsula on which the city stood.

“Bounded on three sides by water!” Peter cried. “That’s the way a naval academy should be situated.”

“Such wonderful grass!” Nancy exclaimed. “It’s a thick, beautiful carpet.”

*Ewing Galloway*

MIDSHIPMEN AT ANNAPOLIS

“What do you think of the buildings?” But Uncle Lee did not have to ask. Both Peter and Nancy were staring in wide-eyed wonder at the magnificence of the white granite buildings.

Uncle Lee and Nancy could hardly draw Peter away from Bancroft Hall. “It’s the largest dormitory in the world!” Peter exclaimed. “Why, there are 2,400 midshipmen in its five decks—I mean stories.”

Baltimore was only twenty-six miles away.

“Baltimore, like New York City,” Uncle Lee

observed, as they drove into the city, "holds within itself more than half of its state's population."

The water front seemed endless to Peter and Nancy.

"Baltimore is one of the most important cities in the country," Uncle Lee said. "It has large coal-handling piers, and large grain elevators which can load a car of grain from bin to ship's hold in six minutes! This is done by conveyer belts. Here, too, are located the largest tidewater steel mills in the United States."

Peter and Nancy glanced slyly at each other, but Uncle Lee was not in the least disturbed.

He continued, "I'm not through yet! Baltimore is one of the great ship-repairing cities in the United States. It is noted, also, for the manufacture of fertilizer."

"Indeed!" Peter nudged Nancy. "Uncle Lee is certainly an enthusiast. One would think he were a native of Baltimore."

"I'm not just talking," Uncle Lee maintained. "The Atlantic seaboard handles more fertilizer than any other part of the country. Baltimore is a cheap, convenient haven for tramp steamers that carry nitrate which is used to fertilize poor soils. And I could go on and on, because Baltimore manufactures tinware, hats, metal bottle caps, piston rings, and umbrellas in greater quantities than—well, never mind!"

When they reached the business section, Peter and Nancy were surprised to find the buildings so new and modern, since the rest of the city seemed so old. Uncle Lee explained that this was because the business district had been almost destroyed by fire in 1904 and then completely rebuilt.

Of all the impressive sights, from the busy wharves to the first railway passenger and freight station in America, Peter and Nancy were most impressed with Johns Hopkins University. They saw famous Gilman Hall with its tower, the wonderful engineering buildings and laboratories, and the Faculty Club. Uncle Lee said that the research workers of Johns Hopkins University had done as much to relieve suffering and to preserve human life as those of any other institution that he knew.

“Uncle Lee, wasn’t it here that ‘The Star-Spangled Banner’ was written?” questioned Nancy.

“Yes, it was during the War of 1812,” Uncle Lee replied. “Francis Scott Key was visiting the British Fleet in Chesapeake Bay, attempting to secure the release of a friend who had been captured. Key was detained, and Fort McHenry here was bombarded that night. In the morning he could see the American flag still flying over the fortress. It was then that he wrote ‘The Star-Spangled Banner.’”

*James Sawders*

OLD FORT McHENRY

As they drove back through the residential section, Peter and Nancy were delighted to see the “row” houses. It seemed queer to them to view blocks and blocks of houses, one right against another, built right out to the sidewalk. At home every house had a lawn in front and a yard in back.

“By their steps ye shall know them,” misquoted Uncle Lee.

Some of the steps were wooden, some were of marble, and some were of other kinds of stone.

Evidently a family that had stone steps was more prosperous than one that had wooden steps. And the white marble steps surely belonged to wealthy families. But the steps told more than a story of prosperity.

“I never saw so many scrubbed steps in my life,” Nancy declared. “Peter, if ever we live in Baltimore, I shall scrub our steps every day. Baltimore steps are like our front yards at home. They tell what kind of housekeepers people are.”

At dinner that evening Uncle Lee announced that before noon the next day, Peter and Nancy would be exclaiming over the wonders of another state—the “Keystone State.”

“Pennsylvania!” Peter and Nancy shouted in one voice.

“When I think of Pennsylvania I always think of mining and manufacturing,” Peter declared.

“Right,” agreed Uncle Lee. “Pennsylvania is our most important mineral-producing state. She produces practically all of the anthracite and a good deal of the bituminous coal mined in this country. She ranks second only to New York in the value of manufactured products. Philadelphia and Pittsburgh are the leading manufacturing centers of the state. Other important industrial cities are Reading, Allentown, Johnstown, Bethlehem, Erie, Chester, New Castle, York, Scranton, Altoona, and Williamsport.”

“What a long list of manufacturing cities!” exclaimed Peter.

“But the Pennsylvania city we’re visiting is noted not only for its industries; it is a city famous because so many of its citizens own their homes. There are about two million people, and most of them are native Americans.” Uncle Lee continued his hints. “William Penn and other members of the Society of Friends called it the ‘City of Brotherly Love.’ ”

“It’s Philadelphia we’re visiting!” Nancy decided.

The MacLarens reached Philadelphia by rail, and before noon found themselves in front of the City Hall. Squinting up into the bright sunlight, they could see the huge bronze statue of William Penn on the top of the tower. With Uncle Lee they went up to the circular balcony beneath the statue.

“How big is it, Uncle Lee?” Peter inquired.

Uncle Lee turned to Peter. “The statue of William Penn up there weighs over fifty thousand pounds and stands thirty-seven feet high,” he said. “It’s an amazing piece of work!”

The MacLarens looked down over the same view as the bronze William Penn. They saw the Schuylkill River flowing out to sea with the masts of ships gleaming in the sunlight. They saw the Delaware River, too. They looked down on the

towering buildings of the business district and beyond them at the industrial areas. They saw parks and parkways. Uncle Lee pointed out churches, art galleries, and libraries—very fine libraries. He said that Benjamin Franklin probably started the idea of circulating libraries when, in 1731, he founded the Library Company, the first circulating library in America.

“It looks to me as though there were a great many parks here,” Nancy observed.

“There are,” Uncle Lee agreed. “William Penn wanted Philadelphia to remain, as he said, ‘a green country town,’ and his ideas have been kept through the years. Fairmont Park is one of the largest natural parks entirely within the limits of any city—miles of drives and paths, and 3,600 acres of scenery, flowers and woods and waterways. It’s down there, along the Schuylkill River. By the way, Philadelphia has the largest shipbuilding plant in the United States. And in the suburb of Eddystone is the largest locomotive works in the United States. Between the downtown section and Fairmont Park you can see the Philadelphia Museum of Art—that gleaming white building! Over there is the Delaware River, with Camden, New Jersey, on the opposite shore.”

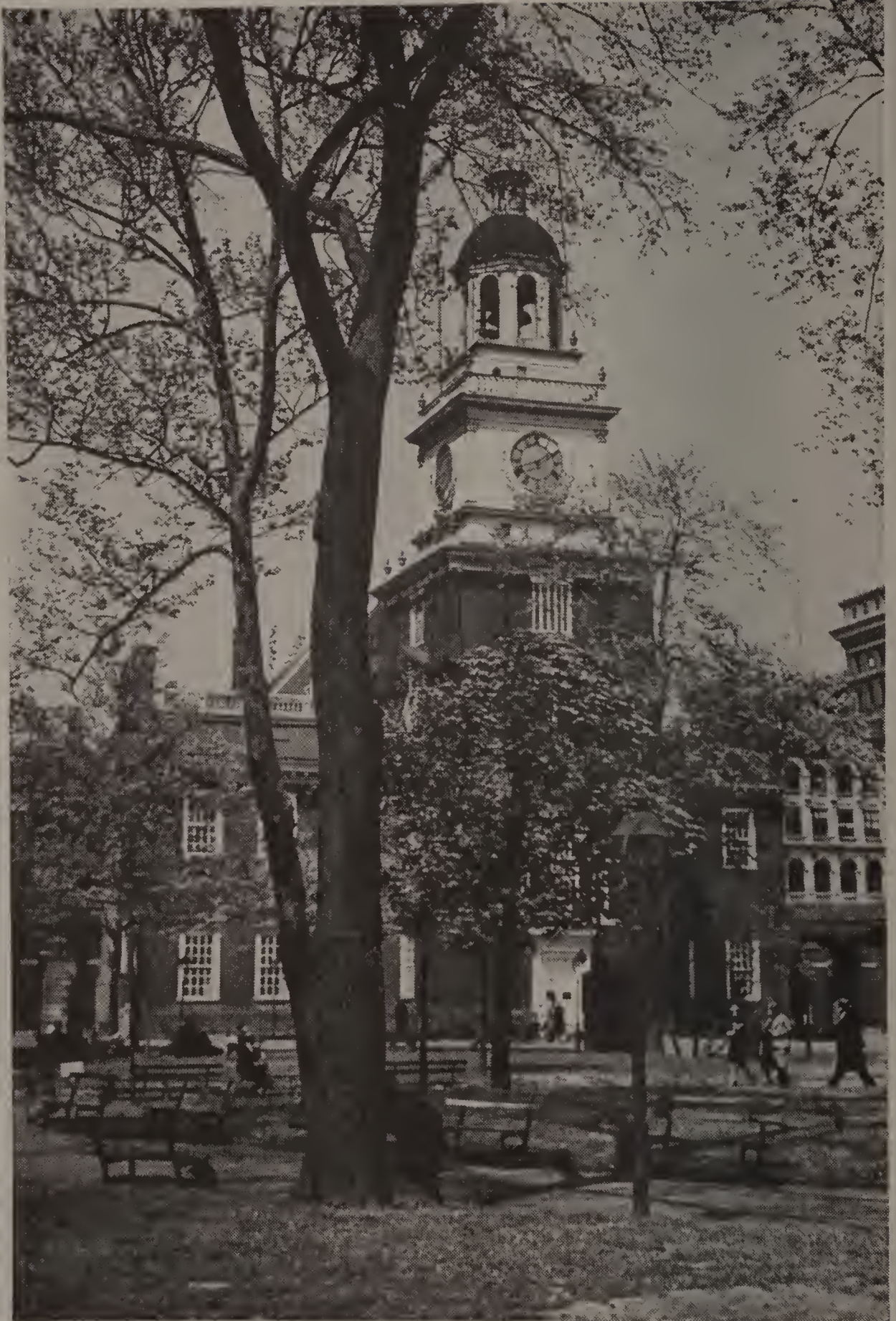
That afternoon the MacLarens saw the house where Betsy Ross made the first American flag.



Charles Phelps Cushing

WHERE THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG WAS MADE

Peter and Nancy noticed that the flag flying from the roof of the Betsy Ross House had only thirteen stars as did the first flag.



Ewing Galloway

INDEPENDENCE HALL IN PHILADELPHIA

Next morning the MacLarens visited Independence Hall.

The building was a stately one, its white trimmings very fresh. Uncle Lee said the whole country owed Philadelphia a debt for preserving this fine building as a shrine. Peter and Nancy looked up at the belfry from which the joyful news had pealed out on July 4, 1776, that the Declaration of Independence had been signed.

As they entered the hall they stood before the cracked Liberty Bell. It had been mounted in such a way that it could be moved quickly in case of fire. To Peter and Nancy it stood for the freedom that made them proud to be Americans.

“Here,” said Uncle Lee, as they entered the east room on the first floor, “the Second Continental Congress met and elected John Hancock its president. That was in 1775. Here George Washington was chosen commander in chief of the Continental Army. That was in 1775, too. Here the Declaration of Independence was adopted and signed.”

Peter and Nancy gazed long at the inkstand with the quill box and sand shaker that had been used in signing the Declaration of Independence.

They saw a beautiful new picture by an American artist—the “Signing of the Declaration of Independence,” by Howard Chandler Christy.



Ewing Galloway

THE LIBERTY BELL

The MacLarens looked long at the interesting, colorful picture that showed the signing of the proclamation which declared our country free.

“I think,” said Nancy soberly, “that Mr. Christy showed his patriotism in the very finest way he could.”

“That picture,” Uncle Lee said, “will be a part of our fine American tradition.”

A MIDDLE ATLANTIC JAUNT

“DIAMOND Delaware!” Peter exclaimed. “It must be a gay, sparkling, valuable state.”

“It isn’t diamond-shaped anyway,” Nancy decided. “The three counties are shaped more like a wooden shoe. There is so much water around it! We could sail down the Delaware River from Philadelphia right out into the Atlantic Ocean.”

“It is said,” Uncle Lee explained to Peter and Nancy, as they left Philadelphia, “that most of the motor vehicles on Delaware highways are from outside the state.”

As they passed through peach and apple orchards sweet with pink and white blossoms, and along fields of strawberry plants, Peter and Nancy realized that fruitgrowing was important.

“Delaware is often called an immense garden and orchard,” said Uncle Lee. “It is one of the leading states in the production of strawberries.”

“Next to Rhode Island, Delaware is the smallest state in the Union,” Peter said. “Remember this: Delaware was the first state to ratify the Constitution. It was Thomas Jefferson who nicknamed it ‘The Diamond’—a name that will always cling to it, I believe.”

By the time they entered Wilmington, Peter

and Nancy were as excited as though they were going to visit old friends. Wilmington proved to be a quaint town of narrow streets.

“Are there any factories in Wilmington?” Peter inquired.

“There are many companies that have been here for years and years, some for generations,” Uncle Lee replied. “Here, too, are located some of the largest shipyards in the country.”

They visited the municipal marine terminal that was opened for business in 1923. They watched ships come in from many faraway places—Argentina, the Mediterranean, the Pacific Northwest, and even the Baltic.

That evening Uncle Lee decided that before going farther north, they should spend a week end in West Virginia, the “Panhandle State.” Once it had been a part of Virginia, the children knew, but it had separated during the War between the States and was admitted into the Union in 1863. West Virginia! The name meant mines and coal, petroleum, and natural gas, but there was more to West Virginia than that. Peter and Nancy were eager to see the state.

Hour after hour they rode along hard-surfaced highways. Uncle Lee said there were miles and miles of just such perfect roads in the state. Down ran the bus through magnificent valleys and up along ridges where the MacLarens could

*Ewing Galloway*

AN AIR VIEW OF HARPERS FERRY

look down upon streams that flashed in the bright sunlight. Almost a tenth of the state had been made into parks. Once, in the early morning, Peter caught sight of a deer crashing through the brush, and several times he and Nancy exclaimed at the sight of pheasant or quail running across the road.

A short distance below Wheeling they saw one of the largest remaining earthworks of the Mound Builders. The lowest point in the state, Harpers Ferry, was historically important. Here, where the Shenandoah River met the Potomac, was the site of John Brown's fort.

As they traveled along in comfort, stopping at good hotels, Uncle Lee told them of George Washington's work as a geographer in the same country. His travels on horseback took him far and wide, though he found no good roads, no pleasant inns, and few settlements.

"West Virginia ranks second to Pennsylvania in coal production," Uncle Lee explained.

"I've never heard of West Virginia as an agricultural state," Nancy said, "but I have never seen richer looking farms."

"And I've never heard of West Virginia as a lumber state," Peter added. "Yet I have never seen finer forests."

"Right, both of you!" Uncle Lee agreed. "West Virginia has her farms and forests, but she is leading more and more in manufacturing. She has what is needed to make manufacturing successful—coal, oil, gas, and electric power. Wheeling, Huntington, Morgantown, Parkersburg, Clarksburg, Martinsburg, Fairmont, Moundsville, and other manufacturing cities turn out products valued at many millions of dollars each year. Charleston is the capital. I wish we had time to visit some of these places."

Back over the lovely, winding highways and on into New Jersey, the "Garden State," went the MacLarens. Through Uncle Lee's discussion they pictured Trenton, the capital, as the town

*James Sawders*

THE SILK MILLS OF PATERSON

where pottery, porcelain, bricks, tiles, and china were fashioned. Lakehurst and Kearny were important to shipping.

“At Princeton,” Peter volunteered, airing his knowledge, “are the famous university and the noted radio tower of the transatlantic station.”

“How about Newark?” Uncle Lee asked, and answered his own question. “The leather industry is of great importance. Paints and varnishes from Newark brighten up many of our western homes. Do you remember what delicious breads

we enjoyed in Delaware? Well, Newark is making New Jersey very well known for its bread and other bakery products. Paterson is the leading silk-manufacturing city in the United States. Over one-half of its factory workers are employed in the many silk mills. New Brunswick is the oldest incorporated city in the United States. As for Atlantic City—”

“Oh, Uncle Lee, let us see Atlantic City,” Nancy begged. “I’ve heard that it’s different from any other city in the United States!”

“We’ll see it,” Uncle Lee consented. “We may be a little early in the season, but we’ll be much more comfortable than we would be if we went on the Fourth of July or Labor Day when two or three hundred thousand people are there.”

Riding through New Jersey, Peter and Nancy were not surprised to see the many gardens and fields, though they knew the state was famed for its manufacturing, also. There were vast fields where berries, cabbage, eggplant, peppers, and tomatoes were grown. Once the MacLarens even saw a cranberry bog.

Atlantic City, Uncle Lee pointed out, was just a strip of sand less than a mile wide and ten miles long. To Peter and Nancy it was a fairyland of blue ocean, golden sand beach, gay awnings and gayer umbrellas, beautiful resort places, and hotels, theaters, and pavilions. Above all,

*Ewing Galloway*

CULTIVATED BLUEBERRIES IN THE GARDEN STATE

there was the famed Boardwalk. It was not at all like the boardwalks they had seen in some lumber towns. It was a great "highway," wide as a boulevard, and there were seven miles of it, from the Inlet through Atlantic City itself and on through Ventnor and Margate City. A number of years ago, Uncle Lee said, the boards were laid on the sand and were taken in every winter, but now the walk was constructed on concrete pillars and steel beams.

Peter and Nancy walked. Everybody walked. People passed them saying, "I never walked so

*James Sawders*

THE BOARDWALK AT ATLANTIC CITY

much in my life!" When they could walk no more, they rode in rolling chairs. It was fun riding in the chairs which were pushed by good-natured boys or men. Under the canopy of a chair one could enjoy the changing views as well as the refreshing ocean air.

"I suppose the biggest industry here is the tourist industry," Peter suggested from his rolling chair.

"That and 'salt-water taffy,'" Uncle Lee agreed, as he stopped to purchase a bag of the taffy.

“Is it really made with salt water?” Nancy inquired.

“I guess the first batch was,” Uncle Lee explained. “One day, so it is said, salt water splashed over a batch of taffy, and the dealer, being a thrifty person, offered it for sale as salt-water taffy. The name made a hit. Today machines turn out more than two million pounds a year.”

There was an air of gaiety about Atlantic City. Everybody seemed to be in holiday mood. Peter admired the Atlantic City Beach Patrol. Uncle Lee said they were not only picturesque but able. They had a fine record in lifesaving.

As the MacLarens traveled north, Uncle Lee reminded Peter and Nancy that New Jersey had not only a seashore but a wide plain, an upland plateau, a lowland, and some mountains.

“You might be interested in knowing that there were once two ‘Jerseys,’” Uncle Lee explained. “There was East New Jersey and West New Jersey. East New Jersey was settled largely by Puritans from New England, while West New Jersey was settled by Quakers.”

At Newark the MacLarens took a plane, Uncle Lee saying, “I’m going to show you the state of New York before we go to New York City.”

“The state’s most important city is right on the Atlantic Ocean!” Peter shouted. “And

*Ewing Galloway*

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL BRIDGE

it is on the Hudson and East Rivers, too!"

"The state of New York lies right between the New England states and the states farther south," Uncle Lee continued. "Foreign shipping comes in from the Atlantic. The Mississippi Valley business is brought in by railway and also by the canals which make up the New York State Barge Canal System. It uses the Mohawk River as well as the Hudson. But with improved highways and railways, the water courses are not so important as they once were."

The plane passed over the new George Washington Memorial Bridge across the Hudson River between New Jersey and New York City. From the sky the four great cables that held it up looked like frail wires. But these cables were really a yard in diameter. Uncle Lee also said that the span between the high towers was 3,500 feet long, making the bridge a remarkably large suspension bridge.

The plane followed the Hudson River Valley. Albany came into view and presently the plane sailed over the city, right above State Street, with the Capitol on the hilltop at the end of the street. As they soared above Schenectady, Uncle Lee told of the locomotives and electrical equipment made there.

The Mohawk River Valley up which the plane flew was as interesting as the Hudson and quite as beautiful. The city of Utica with its great output of snowy sheets, Rome with its butter and cheese, and Syracuse with its washing soda and bleaching powder, were passed one after the other. On the Genesee River, Rochester appeared on the landscape below. Peter and Nancy instantly thought, "Kodaks and motion-picture film!"

Buffalo lay ahead, at the eastern end of Lake Erie. Uncle Lee said that Buffalo was one of the finest harbors on the Great Lakes and was a



Chicago Aerial Survey

NIAGARA FALLS FROM THE AIR

world port. He told Peter and Nancy also of the hydroelectric power derived from Niagara Falls and used by the many manufacturing plants in the city.

“And even though Niagara is not the highest waterfall in our country,” added Uncle Lee, “I believe it attracts more visitors than any of the others.”

Seeing Niagara Falls from the air was a new experience to Peter and Nancy. On their trip to Canada they had watched the mighty plunge

of water from the Canadian side of the river, and they had marveled at the white lace made by the blowing spray. They had followed the narrow white trail to the gorges and seen the breath-taking beauty of those rushing waters. And now as they looked down upon the thrilling beauty of the blue water as it thundered into deep canyons of foamy whiteness, Nancy declared that the view of the falls from the air was the most magnificent one of all.

THE GIANT CITY

AFTER their plane returned to Newark the MacLarens took a bus into Jersey City.

“I want you to have the experience of seeing New York City’s skyline from the water in late afternoon,” said Uncle Lee, “so we’ll take a ferryboat across from here.”

In a few minutes Peter and Nancy were catching a glimpse of New York City. Seeing the great skyline was an event they always looked forward to, and they were never disappointed with it.

It was almost dusk, and at first the shadowy buildings appeared like those on an indistinct film. Then the last rays of the sun lighted up the scene briefly, and it became a fairy city of skyscrapers. New York City really was built on several islands, but to the visitors it meant just the part that was on Manhattan Island.

“It looks as though a giant child had piled his blocks up and up, as high as they would go without toppling over,” said Peter.

“It doesn’t seem real to me,” Nancy answered. “I never dreamed that skyscrapers could be so beautiful and so—so awesome.”

Uncle Lee was thinking in figures, but it

*United Air Lines*

NEW YORK CITY

scarcely seemed the time or the place to mention the fact that the Empire State Building was 102 stories high and that elevators were more important there than stairs.

All he said was, "Yes, the scenery is sort of—up!"

Now the ferry had brought its passengers to the opposite shore, and soon the MacLarens were climbing on a large bus. The traffic through which the bus threaded its way brought Peter and Nancy sharply back to earth. New York traffic was like traffic anywhere, except that it

was a little thicker, a little noisier, and a little more exciting.

The MacLarens were scarcely settled in their suite of rooms on the tenth story of their hotel near Rockefeller Center when the telephone rang. The brief, eager conversation sounded exciting. Then Uncle Lee turned to the curious children.

“The Dustins!” he announced. “They are in New York for a short time and want us to come to lunch tomorrow.”

“How about Jimmy?” Peter inquired.

“Jimmy is in Chicago,” Uncle Lee answered. “But he sent word that he plans to fly us west. Won’t that be fun?”

Soon the city was shining with lights, the brilliant flashing lights of theaters and restaurants, and the steadier lights of thousands and thousands of windows—little gold squares that seemed to turn into stars as they rose into an orderly sky. Peter said he believed they really did touch the sky, and Uncle Lee admitted that clouds often seemed to float about the penthouses on the tops of the tall apartment houses and office buildings. He said that such buildings were often humorously called “cloud ticklers.”

“Let’s ride on top of a double-deck bus,” Nancy begged as the three adventurers stepped through the revolving doors of the hotel. “I’ve always wanted to ride up Fifth Avenue on a bus top.”

As one of the big busses came slowly to a stop, Peter climbed aboard and ran up the steep narrow steps to the top deck. Nancy and Uncle Lee followed him. The shop windows were so fascinating that Nancy could not see nearly enough in passing, but Peter was always gazing up in awe and wonder at the towering forest of skyscrapers.

“How high will they go, Uncle Lee?” asked Peter. Then he added, “Why are they built so tall?”

Uncle Lee refused to say how high he thought skyscrapers might reach, but he offered as a reason for their existence the fact that Manhattan Island was only thirteen and a half miles long and a little over two and a quarter miles at its widest place. This made the cost of land on which business buildings were to be constructed very high. “Besides,” Uncle Lee added, “a tall and unusual building is of great advertising value to a business.”

“I guess that’s right,” Peter agreed. “I can’t remember when I didn’t know about the famous Woolworth Tower. Maybe some of our family’s dimes helped to build it. It’s only sixty stories high, isn’t it?”

“*Only* is scarcely the word, but we’ll let that pass,” Uncle Lee said. “The Woolworth Building is 792 feet high. When you say *only*, you’re contrasting it with other and newer skyscrapers.



Chicago Aerial Survey

BOATS AND SKYSCRAPERS

The Bank of Manhattan is 838 feet high, the Chrysler Building is 1046 feet, and the Empire State Building 1,248 feet high. And that's a *high high!*"

The bus passed churches, clubs, fashionable shops, and some very handsome stone houses. There were no wires to be seen anywhere, no glaring signs, and no pushcarts. Uncle Lee explained that Fifth Avenue separated the East from the West Side of New York and that it was still considered a fashionable street of the city.

They rode through Central Park with its huge

*Ewing Galloway*

CENTRAL PARK IN NEW YORK CITY

red rocks sticking up through the greenery in places. It reminded them that Manhattan, with its solid rock base, made a fine solid foundation on which to build skyscrapers.

“Central Park is noted for the great variety of people which it attracts,” Uncle Lee said. “You see, many of the people of New York City live in very crowded places. They have few opportunities to enjoy the out-of-doors. That is why Central Park is such a prized possession. It has many things for the people to enjoy. There are

nine miles of driveways, six miles of bridle paths, and thirty miles of walks. During the summer free concerts are enjoyed here by large crowds of people.”

“No wonder all New Yorkers love Central Park!” Nancy exclaimed.

Later, Peter was much excited over the new “set-back” architecture of which one of the big hotels was a beautiful example. Uncle Lee said that the new architecture was not designed for beauty alone but for safety. Engineers had many problems to solve that had to do with weight, stress, wires, and elevators. Also the new “set-back” apartment houses gave sunlight and tiny garden spaces to the people who lived in them.

The next day the Dustins received the MacLarens in a small apartment that somehow seemed to appear spacious because of its long living room. Mrs. Dustin took Nancy into the tiny kitchen, and they both laughed when Nancy said, “I wonder how many times this would go into our farm kitchen!”

Mrs. Dustin’s stove, cupboards, and electric refrigerator were all within reach from the middle of the floor. Her fresh vegetables, she showed Nancy, came in little containers and had been cleaned, ready for cooking. In New York apartments one couldn’t do canning, nor could one store potatoes and root vegetables for the

winter. Nancy thought she and Peter would miss the well-stocked cellar at home.

One end of the living room became a dining room when lunch was served, and Mr. Dustin showed the children how the other end could be turned into a bedroom at night by making up a studio couch and pulling out a folding bed from its closet.

As he finished his dessert, Uncle Lee asked, "Do you miss your flower garden, Mrs. Dustin?"

For an answer Mrs. Dustin opened a French window and invited her guests to step out upon the narrow stone balcony with her. Here she had placed a few palms, some potted geraniums, and a little box of tulips and jonquils.

"No, one would hardly call this a garden," she admitted. "But I want you to see some real gardens. Look, over there," she pointed, and laughed good-naturedly. "Jimmy's father calls them the hanging gardens of Babylon."

The three MacLarens looked down on the other buildings and the other balconies below. They saw roof gardens with real grass and carefully tended flowers. What a colorful sight these gardens presented to those who gazed down upon them!

During the afternoon the MacLarens listened to Mr. Dustin tell about one of the big skyscrapers. He said it was like a town in itself,

furnishing its own water, heat, light, cleaning department, and police protection. It even had a fire department. Peter was most interested in the fact that there were upright water mains in the building. Of course a fireman could not run up forty stories, dragging a hose after him. When Mr. Dustin went on to say that the streets downtown were always so crowded that coal trucks couldn't get the coal to the buildings fast enough to keep them heated, Peter and Nancy both sat forward on their chairs. What did the people do? How were the buildings heated? Mr. Dustin said they were heated from central heating plants some distance away.

"When we first came to the city I wondered how all the people managed to get to work and get home again when the day was over," said Mrs. Dustin.

"How do they do it?" Nancy inquired.

"You'll see before you leave," replied Mrs. Dustin. "New York has many different means of transportation. There are taxis, busses, street-cars, and elevated trains, but these handle only a small part of the crowd. The largest number of people go by subway and railroad. The speedy electric trains which run through great tunnels carry them to their destinations in good time."

When the MacLarens said good-by that afternoon, Mrs. Dustin said, "We're so glad you came.

There are over two thousand people in this apartment building, yet I don't know a single one outside my own family. It seems good to see people we know again."

Nancy's eyes were wide. She knew how very welcome their visit had been.

The next day the MacLarens had lunch on the eighty-sixth floor of the Empire State Building, and from this great height they studied the scene below them.

"Over there," Uncle Lee said, "is Jersey City. Not far from Jersey City is Ellis Island. Many of the immigrants entering this country land there for examination. Next comes Bedloe Island, or Liberty Island as it is now called, where the Goddess of Liberty holds aloft her great torch."

"The Statue of Liberty!" Peter and Nancy shouted in one voice, and Peter added, "It serves as a lighthouse."

"Right you are!" Uncle Lee agreed. "The pedestal is of stone, and the huge statue is of bronze. The Goddess was presented by the people of France to the United States in 1881. The statue is 151 feet from heel to tip of the torch. One finger is eight feet long.

"But let us look farther. There are a number of interesting spots around us. We are on Manhattan Island, as you know, which is New York proper. Next we see Governors Island, then the

*Chicago Aerial Survey*

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY ON LIBERTY ISLAND

East River. And beyond we see part of Brooklyn on Long Island.”

The MacLarens made many delightful pilgrimages in Manhattan. Peter was most interested in Wall Street, which was so narrow that it looked like a canyon. Here were housed great banks, great insurance companies, and great exchanges, including the New York Stock Exchange. The buildings were dignified, often frowning, Peter thought.

They saw famous old Trinity Church at the

end of the narrow street of financial buildings. Here in its churchyard were buried many of New York's famous citizens of an earlier time. With all the tearing down of old buildings and putting up of new, this church had been permitted to stand. A fast-growing city, Peter and Nancy knew, had to sacrifice much of the old, but New York had tried to keep the best.

New York's problems were many. Uncle Lee said, for instance, that the city used about a billion gallons of water on a hot day. Peter and Nancy were interested to learn that the water came through the Catskill Aqueduct which brought it from the watersheds far up in the Catskill Mountains.

Where did all the food come from? That puzzled Peter and Nancy, too, especially when Uncle Lee told them of the carloads of fresh fruits, vegetables, butter, and other foodstuffs which New York City consumed in a day. Most of the food came in by rail, by truck, and by boat. A very little came by airplane.

At the docks Peter and Nancy saw boats from South America and from Europe unloading foodstuffs. California steamers were quite common. In the railway freight depots they saw countless refrigerator cars unloading. And they knew that each day hundreds of trucks brought in great quantities of farm produce.

“All roads lead to New York City!” Uncle Lee remarked. “There are millions of people to be served.”

The MacLarens rode through the great Holland Tunnel which is used by so many vehicles each day. They viewed the city's famous suspension bridges, of which the Triborough Bridge was the newest. Peter and Nancy were particularly interested in the Brooklyn Bridge because it had been the first to span the East River. The George Washington Memorial Bridge was even more impressive than it had seemed from the air.

With more subways being built, underground New York was busy transporting thousands of people both day and night. Also, a great new elevated automobile speedway had been built directly over the crowded traffic along the Hudson River.

Peter and Nancy enjoyed riding in the subway quite as much as in busses and taxicabs or on the elevated lines. Uncle Lee pointed out the fact that it was no easy task to build subways. There were already so many pipes underground—for electric wires, water, and gas—that engineers found it hard to make space for new subways.

The subway fares were very inexpensive. Peter and Nancy paid seventy-five cents to ride out to the American Museum of Natural History in a taxi, but only a nickel to ride home in the subway.

*James Sawders*

A STAGE SHOW AT RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

In Rockefeller Center one day, the MacLarens went up into one of the large studios, and, after seeing a broadcast, visited the Radio City Music Hall to see a stage show.

Another bus trip took the MacLarens to the Bowery, to Little Italy, to the Ghetto, and to Chinatown, thickly populated districts of tenements and rooming houses.

Chinatown with its narrow, crooked streets, its queer little shops, and its puzzling signs was a fascinating place to see. So was Harlem with



Ewing Galloway

ROCKEFELLER CENTER

its busy streets and its crowds of negroes who lived there. Nancy adored "Brasstown," where anything from a huge brass cask to a beautiful samovar or a dainty candlestick could be purchased at a reasonable price from a dealer whose

*Charles Phelps Cushing*

WEST POINT ON THE HUDSON

Russian ancestors had sold brass for generations.

“Pushcart Town,” with its carts from which peddlers sold everything from eatables to worn shoes and rusty nails, was just as exciting to Peter as a circus. He saw a man buy an alarm clock with its springs hanging loose, a woman pick up a broken fan with ivory sticks, and a small boy buy a bent curtain rod. Peter himself purchased some bananas.

Peter and Nancy had expected the tenements to be dark, terrible places. They were agreeably

surprised to learn that some tenement districts had been replaced by modern apartment buildings and that many tenement dwellers had been able to move elsewhere. New York had everything to offer from fine schools and libraries to free training for trades and many other kinds of work.

Peter wanted to visit the United States Military Academy. So one afternoon the MacLarens drove up along the majestic Hudson to West Point. The towering mountains in the background and the river on the opposite side made an ideal location for such an important training center. The gray stone buildings, the monuments, and the spacious grounds presented an impressive picture. Uncle Lee explained that upon graduation the cadets in training here would receive commissions in the United States Army.

The MacLarens said good-bye to New York by visiting Rockefeller Center once more. To Peter and Nancy New York had been a place of enchantment.

TWO OF THE ORIGINAL STATES

JUST before leaving New York City, the MacLarens received an invitation to spend a week end on a farm not far from Boston.

“The Dustins want us to take their car,” Uncle Lee announced. “They’ll meet us in Boston and go on through New Hampshire and Maine with us, coming back through Vermont, the ‘Green Mountain State.’”

“Perfect!” Peter and Nancy decided when Uncle Lee told them of the plans.

“Connecticut,” Uncle Lee remarked, as the three travelers left New York City behind, “is, as you know, one of the thirteen original states. It is often called the ‘Nutmeg State,’ which doesn’t indicate in any measure what the state really produces. You’ll be surprised.”

The MacLarens crossed the New York State boundary by the Boston Post Road. Greenwich, with its private yachts in the harbor and its shore and country estates, was a delightful contrast to bustling New York.

“Old Greenwich has few industries,” Uncle Lee said. “Vacuum cleaners and electric refrigerators are made here. But the principal business is commuting to New York.”

*James Sawders*

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FIREPLACE

Uncle Lee pointed out a house as the car crossed the border. "This, on your right," he informed Peter and Nancy, "is the Thomas Lyon Homestead. It was built in 1670. Its style of architecture is quite typical of old Connecticut houses. The shape is similar to the old wooden salt box, such as we have behind our cooking stove on the farm. The walls of this house are said to be covered with the original shingles of white pine."

The car climbed a long hill into Greenwich

proper, and the children exclaimed as through the cross streets they caught glimpses of the shining water of Long Island Sound.

Uncle Lee followed a well-traveled highway inland to Waterbury, which, he said, was one of the great manufacturing cities of the state.

“And the brass center of the world!” he added. “I’m sure it will appeal to Nancy.”

The MacLarens entered the city expecting to find an ordinary factory town. They were amazed at the many impressive structures and the fine business buildings.

Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy a little about the pioneers in the brass industry. As early as 1750 John Allen was making brass buttons and buckles. Henry Grilley had a little workshop in his home around 1790 and was manufacturing pewter buttons. Later, Henry Grilley joined Abel and Levi Porter, and they began making buttons from sheet brass. These pioneers went about the country purchasing old kettles and ship sheathing to obtain copper, and they fused their own brass. They had to send it to an iron forge in Litchfield to be rolled between the steel rollers.

“These pioneer manufacturers who began their work in home shops,” Uncle Lee continued, “built up the great businesses of today.”

“Peter,” said Uncle Lee, “you may be surprised to know that your watch was made here.”

*James Sawders*

THE PARTS THAT MAKE A WATCH

Peter glanced at his trusty Ingersoll and said, "I never thought I'd be in the town that made this. If they made these watches a little bigger, they could be used as combination watches and clocks."

"Clocks are made in Norwich," Uncle Lee informed Peter. "Thomas Harland, an English mechanic, started making clocks, watches, and jewelry in Norwich in 1773. But speaking of time, it's time we turned seaward again if we expect to reach New Haven by evening."

The MacLarens saw New Haven from a distance as a city of towers which, on closer inspection, proved to be churches, schools, and business buildings. Uncle Lee said that the city was situated on a sandy plain, but the well-kept yards, the beautiful campus of Yale University, and the flower gardens certainly hid the sandy plain admirably. Red cliffs of East and West Rocks flanked the city, and the shallow but good harbor opened up before it, a harbor formed by the flowing together of three rivers, the Quinnipiac, the Mill, and the West.

The MacLarens remained overnight in New Haven, and early the next morning they started out for Yale University. The innkeeper gave them directions, all of which started with the Green, quite as though New Haven were still a village.

Walking through Phelps Gateway, the MacLarens found themselves on the old campus. Peter and Nancy looked at one fine building after another. To them it seemed as though there were a whole city of buildings. They admired most of all the seam-faced granite of rich color with sandstone trimming. Much of this granite, Uncle Lee said, had been mined near the coast, right in Connecticut.

Late that afternoon, as they crossed West River with its handsome parks, the MacLarens had a

glimpse of the famed Yale Bowl, the field where so many exciting football games were played.

Soon they were following the Connecticut River to Hartford.

Uncle Lee said, "The Connecticut River is one of the most important rivers in this section of the country. It flows between Vermont and New Hampshire and through both Massachusetts and Connecticut."

Before long Uncle Lee was driving past green fields, many of them covered with white cotton screens. He did not call attention to the fields but waited for Peter and Nancy to notice them.

"Tobacco!" Peter shouted, all of a sudden. "You'd think we were in Virginia!"

"I might have guessed," cried Nancy. "Uncle Lee told me some time ago that there were tobacco fields in Hartford County."

As the car sped northward, the fields of tobacco continued to be part of the scenery.

Peter and Nancy studied the skyline eagerly as they approached Hartford. They already knew that it was the capital of Connecticut, and that it was the insurance center of the United States. But they were surprised when Uncle Lee told them that many of the fine buildings which they saw were the home offices of more than forty of the largest insurance companies in the United States. In addition, Hartford was an

important manufacturing center, making machines and tools, typewriters, guns, brushes, and aircraft.

As the MacLarens rode through the streets, they saw the spires of picturesque old churches and admired the old white colonial buildings for which this region is famous. They felt that the people of Connecticut had a right to be proud of their State Capitol, built of Connecticut marble.

Their stay was too brief, but Uncle Lee had a business appointment in Providence.

"That means we'll see 'Little Rhody,' the smallest state in the Union and another of the thirteen original states," Peter said.

"The land of Roger Williams!" Nancy cried.

"Rhode Island's a land of many surprises," Uncle Lee promised. "We would visit fashionable Newport, located on an island in Narragansett Bay, if we had time. At Bristol we'd see the old Bosworth House built in 1680, if we had time. And I'd like to show you the old Slater Mill at Pawtucket, the first successful cotton factory in the United States."

"If we had time!" Nancy put in mischievously. "Anyway, we're going to see Providence."

Instead of going directly to the business section of Providence, Uncle Lee went through Roger Williams Park, a particularly fitting entrance, since it was Roger Williams who had given the

city its name. The town was settled in 1636, Uncle Lee said. Early writers told of the violets in the beautiful woods and of the maples that covered the hillsides. Later the people adopted the violet as the state flower and the maple as the state tree.

Peter and Nancy were soon exclaiming over the fine picnic grounds, the lawn tennis courts, and the zoological section, especially the monkey island. But Uncle Lee declared they were seeing only a small part of the park. There were really 451 acres of wooded knolls along with level fields and garden plots, and a chain of lakes strung like blue beads dotted the lovely countryside.

The MacLarens found Providence to be a thriving modern city, with an excellent harbor.

There were electric cars, good bus lines, and a fine railroad to carry people quickly and comfortably to the outlying parts of the state. It was easy to reach Narragansett Bay or any of its streams, bays, or coves in a short time.

In the residential parts of the city through which Uncle Lee drove, there were several homes of the pre-Revolution days. In fact, so peaceful and beautiful were the surroundings that Peter and Nancy would have failed to realize the importance of Providence as a commercial city had Uncle Lee not reminded them that Providence was one of the leading cities of the United States

for the manufacture of jewelry, silverware, textiles, textile machinery, and tools.

“I’d say there were two hundred factories engaged in the making of jewelry alone,” Uncle Lee estimated. “Each year they handle millions of dollars worth of business.”

He went on to say that nine out of every ten people in Rhode Island lived in the cities—about half of them in Providence and Pawtucket.

During their drives around Providence, Peter and Nancy saw many fine dairy farms, truck gardens, and orchards, some of them in bloom.

“Rhode Island may be the smallest state in the Union, but that doesn’t keep it from being one of the most progressive,” Peter declared, as their Rhode Island visit drew near to a close.

HISTORIC BOSTON

“PROVIDENCE,” Peter decided, studying his map at the dinner table one evening, “is the center of a wheel. Highways reach out from it like spokes. If we should follow the Boston Post Road out Hope Street, we’d cross the city of Pawtucket to North Attleboro in Massachusetts and reach Boston in almost no time at all.”

“That’s just what we’re going to do,” Uncle Lee promised.

The MacLarens spent a week in Boston, once a village with a Common on which cows grazed and a harbor in which lay clipper ships that traded with the Far East. Now Metropolitan Boston was a community of over two million people. Peter and Nancy found it quite as busy and crowded as New York but without the skyscraper skyline. But there were things about the skyline that they loved—the golden dome of the Statehouse, the Old North Church, and the Customhouse, Boston’s only skyscraper. On clear days, Uncle Lee said, it served as a landmark for ships at sea.

Peter and Nancy loved the narrow, crooked streets that had once been cowpaths. Uncle Lee let them wander for hours through streets whose

produce could be told by the smells. They found streets smelling of leather, of fish, and of wool, and they enjoyed most of all the wharf which smelled of fragrant bananas.

There was one street that climbed a hill where the smell of fresh ink and newsprint was strongly in the air. Nancy loved the sidewalk shops where one could browse among the books as long as he chose, then pay for the books of his choice in the basement shop. There were many books on family histories, and the shopkeeper said he did a big business in these. He said, "Almost everybody wants to know who his ancestors were."

It was a great book city, anyway, Uncle Lee said, and added that it was one of the textbook manufacturing centers of the United States. Schoolbooks were shipped out, not by the dozen, but in car lots.

"Not only does Boston supply many schoolbooks," he said, as one pleasant afternoon the trio walked toward an oblong patch of ground which is known as Boston Common, the oldest public park in the United States, "but it produces many other things in great quantity. Right around us are more than five thousand factories and over 25,000 stores. Yet you won't find the average Bostonian boasting. You see, he doesn't have to. His city has one of the finest natural harbors on the Atlantic coast, the largest dry



Kaufmann & Fabry

FISHING VESSELS IN BOSTON HARBOR

dock in the United States, and the world's greatest fish-freezing and cold-storage plant. It is in one of the most important cotton-manufacturing

districts in the United States, and also the country's principal wool market. Besides it is the center of the largest shoe manufacturing industry in the world."

"Boston has come a long way since the early pioneer days," Peter remarked.

Peter and Nancy visited the Old Oyster House to watch the wriggling lobsters in the window tanks. They wandered along Court Street to watch the pipe artists who sat outside and carved strange figures on the bowls of meerschaum pipes. They visited the older section of the city where the famous historic shrines attracted all lovers of early American history.

Business seemed to flow into Boston from all over Massachusetts, as well as from Connecticut and Rhode Island. Uncle Lee said it was partly because of their rivers. The Merrimack, like the Connecticut and other smaller rivers, had a constant flow of water, a rapid fall near the coast, and deep tidal inlets which made for plenty of water power and good harbors. Water power was cheap power, and even when steam was needed, coal could always be brought in from Pennsylvania. Boston's harbor was deep and wide, and, since the building of the Cape Cod Canal, a ship from New York could save more than seventy-five miles.

It was interesting to see how busy the rail-

*James Sawders*

SOLING SHOES IN A FACTORY

roads were, hauling in produce from the different Massachusetts towns to be shipped to places in this country and to foreign countries as well. Uncle Lee said that near-by Brockton made millions of pairs of men's shoes a year and that Lynn made women's shoes, while Haverhill made the slippers. Toys came in from Winchendon, and Uncle Lee said that a big wooden horse beside the railway station indicated that it was Toy Town. Holyoke turned out many tons of

fine paper daily, while Dalton made the paper for bank notes and government bonds. Countless yards of cloth came from Fall River and New Bedford, while Lowell and Lawrence, on the Merrimack River, employed thousands of workers in textile mills.

There were so many places of historical interest that Peter and Nancy imagined that they could almost feel the presence of the famous men and women who once trod the streets of the city. Peter climbed to the top of Bunker Hill Monument, which marked the spot where the first battle of the Revolutionary War was fought. Nancy spent an afternoon with Uncle Lee in Faneuil Hall, often called the "Cradle of American Liberty." It was here that many of our early patriots met and helped to make American history. Later, Peter and Nancy strolled along the wharves where some fifty or sixty men and boys, disguised as Indians, had once emptied the chests of British tea into the water at the famous Boston Tea Party. And they saw the old North Church, in the steeple of which lanterns had been hung as a signal to Paul Revere of the approach of the British. They visited Paul Revere's house, a simple old home which must have been much crowded at times.

One of the greatest thrills was a visit to the Navy Yard at Charlestown where Old Ironsides

happened to be in the harbor. Peter and Nancy climbed aboard the old frigate. The original wheel had been shot away in 1812, but the ship, rebuilt and restored to her original condition by pennies given by school children, was sturdy and strong again.

The MacLarens drove to Gloucester, the great salt-fishing port, located about thirty miles from Boston. Peter and Nancy thought that the rocky coast, the small tracts of cultivated land, and the quaint old houses and streets made it one of the most picturesque places they had visited.

They saw the well-known monument which had been erected in memory of the fishermen who had lost their lives at sea. As they gazed at the monument, Uncle Lee explained that for three centuries fishing had been the principal occupation of the people in Gloucester.

The last few days in Boston passed only too soon. One afternoon the three MacLarens visited Cambridge, a suburb of Boston, and known everywhere as the home of Harvard University. While Peter strolled about to see the old gates, the old dormitories, and the fine libraries, Uncle Lee and Nancy went into the botanical section of the museum to see the glass flowers. These flowers were so perfect in coloring and form as to seem real. Nancy liked particularly a spray of anemones such as she and Peter picked in the



Ewing Galloway

THE FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL AT GLOUCESTER

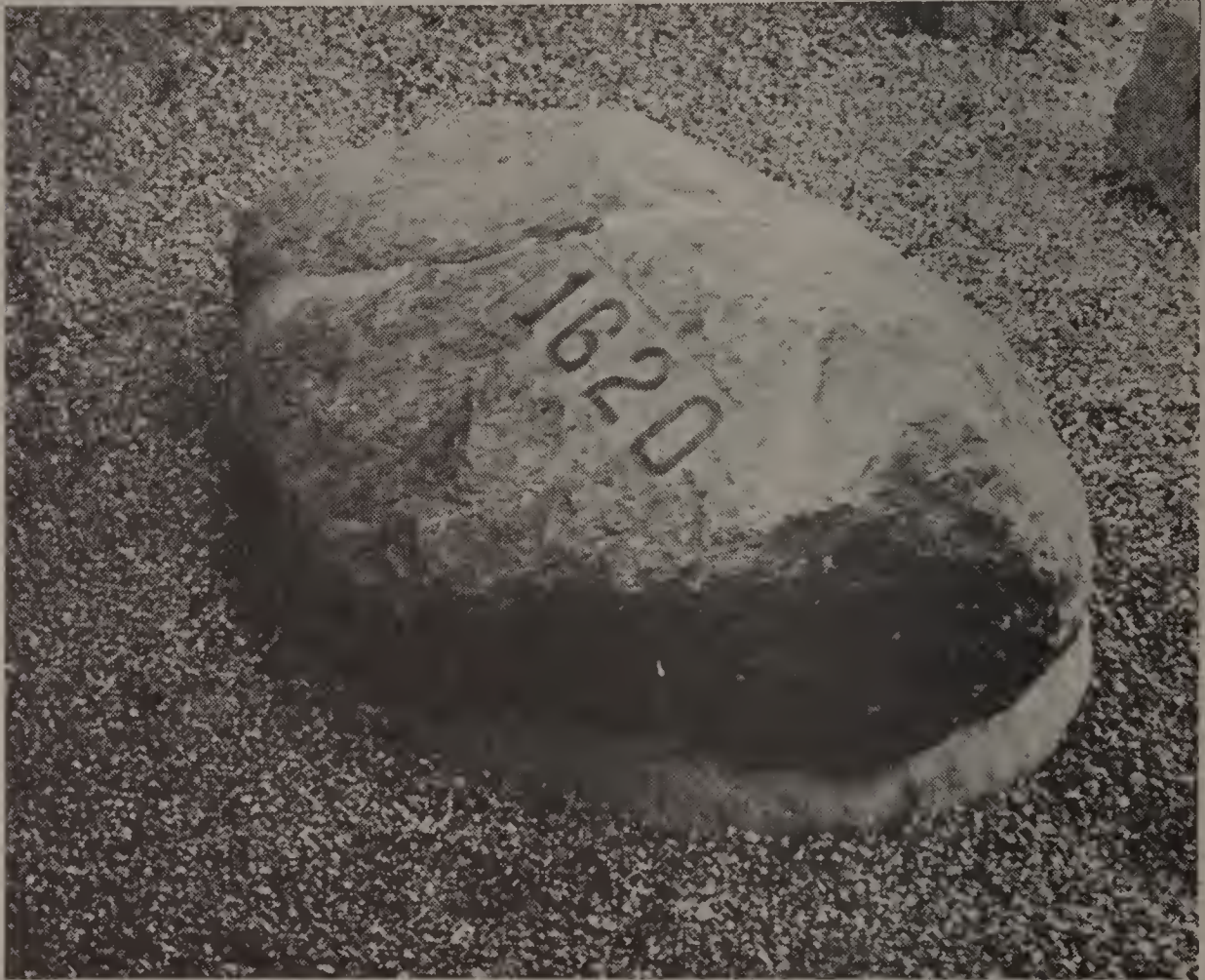
wood lot every year. There was a yellow lady's-slipper with a bee entering it, and there were black-eyed Susans just like those which grew along the roadside at home. There was even a stalk of goldenrod that looked as though it could shake off a shower of hay-fever pollen.

Peter joined Uncle Lee and Nancy and they made a trip to Lexington and Concord, following the course of Paul Revere's ride. They saw the home of Longfellow, and later the country house of Louisa May Alcott, so big and rambling and homey. Most thrilling of all was the bronze statue of the Minute Man who had put down his plow to pick up his gun. It stood just beyond a little bridge where the water flowed clear and cool. And here, Peter and Nancy realized as they stood looking out at the road through a row of trees, had been fired the shot "heard round the world."

They drove on to the Wayside Inn, made famous by Longfellow, and in a short time arrived at Shrewsbury, quaint and pleasant.

Uncle Lee had saved one of the most interesting experiences of all for their last day in Massachusetts. It was a trip to Plymouth, where they viewed Plymouth Rock which marked the landing place of the Pilgrims.

Uncle Lee pointed out Cole's Hill which rose behind the Rock. "There," he said, "is the

*Ewing Galloway*

PLYMOUTH ROCK

ground where the Pilgrims buried those who died during the first terrible winter that they spent in America.”

“And they leveled the graves and sowed them with grain in the spring,” added Peter, “so that the Indians might not know how many of the colonists had died.”

In the Registry Building the MacLaren party examined the original records of Plymouth Colony. Peter and Nancy were especially inter-

ested in the will of Myles Standish, that brave captain of whom they had read so often at school. In Pilgrim Hall they saw some relics of Colonial times.

As they climbed into the car to return to Boston, Nancy said, "How glad I am that we were able to spend our last day in Massachusetts at the place where the Pilgrims spent their first day in America."

A NEW ENGLAND VACATION

THE Dustins met the MacLarens in Boston, as they had promised. Mrs. Dustin said, "It is the beginning of vacation time in New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont. As a matter of fact, the seasons are beginning to matter less and less, for it is quite as delightful to ski as it is to swim. You'll find no lovelier resorts anywhere."

In spite of what Mrs. Dustin said, Peter and Nancy expected New Hampshire to be bleak and rocky since it was often called the "Granite State." Instead they saw much greenery and many lakes, large and small. Fat sheep grazed on the green hillsides, and later the MacLarens were to see quarries of granite, mica, and feldspar. The first memorable view was of the Merrimack River, swift and beautiful, flowing through a farm-dotted valley.

"The Merrimack River," Mr. Dustin said, as he turned about from the front seat where he was sitting with Uncle Lee, to address Peter and Nancy and Mrs. Dustin, "turns more spindles in textile manufacturing than any other river in the world. We'll stop off at Manchester. The largest textile plant in the world is located there."



James Sawders

A YARN MACHINE IN A TEXTILE MILL

There were many villages in southern New Hampshire, and Uncle Lee said that nearly half the people in the state lived in or near the valley of the Merrimack River.

“I think,” Nancy observed, “that I like the



James Sawders

A GREAT AMERICAN STATESMAN, DANIEL WEBSTER

smoothly rounded hills, all covered with green trees, even better than the mountains.”

“You’ll see mountains before we leave New Hampshire,” Mrs. Dustin declared. “Have you ever heard of the White Mountains? Remind me of a surprise when we get there.”

As the car sped along the fine roads, Mr. Dustin told of the products raised on New Hampshire farms. He said that perhaps a fourth of the farm land in the state was used for raising hay. Surely the large number of dairy herds that Peter pointed out needed a great deal of hay in the wintertime.

In some of the fields where corn was being cultivated, oxen were still used. Farm buildings were often large and well built.

Peter was interested in a covered bridge across the Merrimack. But it was a fine new bridge that the car passed over on entering Manchester. Uncle Lee called it the Queen City Bridge.

Peter and Nancy were impressed with the town's activity. So many men hurrying home after a day's work! Mr. Dustin said many of them worked at shoemaking, for in New Hampshire there were about sixty shoe factories. Much of the work was done in Manchester. The textile and shoe factories were close to the river, and, farther out, spreading toward the low hills, lay the parts of the city where people built their homes.

The Merrimack River could be seen most of the way to Concord, the capital of the state. There the dignified Statehouse, set in spacious grounds, drew the attention of the children. In the rear was a statue of Daniel Webster, and in the fore-

ground was a statue of Franklin Pierce, fourteenth President of the United States. Both, so Mr. Dustin told Peter and Nancy, were "New Hampshire products."

Near Milford were the famed granite quarries, where great slabs of stone were partly cut away. From New Hampshire quarries had come the marble for the handsome Library of Congress that the MacLarens had visited in Washington. Mr. Dustin said that mica and feldspar were found in many parts of the state and were of great industrial value.

Plymouth, New Hampshire, proved to be even more quaint than Concord. Here Peter and Nancy visited the old Public Library, the scene of Daniel Webster's first plea at the bar of justice.

On north ran the car, into the mountainous country of the state park. In Franconia Notch, beautiful woodland country full of lacy trees and brush, the visitors looked up at Profile Mountain. Wind and rain had worn away the rocks on the high cliffs. Projecting from an upper ledge was a rock with the rugged profile of a man of character. It was a very familiar profile, one that Peter and Nancy had seen often in one of their school readers.

"This is the surprise!" Nancy exclaimed. "Why, it's the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' 'The Great Stone Face'!"

The visitors saw much of handicraft through all that country, and Nancy bought a lovely tile made of native clay and decorated with wild flowers of the region.

Driving along the fine roads in the White Mountain National Forest, which Uncle Lee said New Hampshire shared with Maine, Peter and Nancy exclaimed over every resort hotel and over every free campground. To their delight the Dustins took a log cabin for the night, and everyone enjoyed a camp supper and an evening before an open fire. Soon the woods would be filled with campers as they always were when the schools and colleges closed.

“I think I’ll go to Dartmouth in Hanover,” Peter decided. “Then I can spend all my vacations in New Hampshire. Mr. Dustin says the seniors have a fence sacred to themselves. I’d like to sit on it and carve my initials on canes and things the way they do.”

“You have to be a freshman first,” Nancy observed. “And you have to go all through high school before you can be even that.”

As the MacLarens crossed the line into Maine, Peter saw a sign that read, “The Pine Tree State.” “Maine’s the ‘Pine Tree State’!” he exclaimed. “I love pines. So does Nancy, don’t you, Nancy?”

“That’s only a part of the story,” Mr. Dustin

said. "It has often been said that the state of Maine was founded on three F's—fish, fur, and forest. The earliest settlements were made up here close to Maine's cold water where free fishing was allowed by the English Government in Colonial days. And fishing is still important."

"It's important to the extent of millions of dollars a year," Uncle Lee put in dryly. "In addition to other fish, Maine supplies an endless amount of herring for those of simple taste like myself, and the more aristocratic lobster for the Dustins—and Nancy."

"Don't leave granite out!" Mrs. Dustin cried. "There are many granite quarries along the coast east of the Kennebec and on the islands near by."

"If everything important is to be included, why not say potatoes?" Uncle Lee inquired. "If we went to Houlton, we would come to the eastern end of the well-known Aroostook country. It's the county seat of potato-land. And leaving Houlton you'd see, across the potato fields, a green forest and in the midst of it Mount Katahdin, the highest peak in Maine. The Mount Katahdin country has the largest newsprint paper mills in the United States."

The little party spent the night at a rustic lodge at the edge of the forest. Early the next morning they drove to Portland, Maine's largest city, which Uncle Lee said was closer to Europe

*Ewing Galloway*

MAINE'S POTATO-LAND

than any other large port of the United States. First of all they went to the fine harbor, where they saw great quantities of ocean fish being loaded into boats. Then they wandered along tree-lined streets where Henry Wadsworth Longfellow had played when a boy.

The most beautiful building was the City Hall, built of white marble quarried in Maine. Within was one of the largest and finest organs in the United States.

The White Mountains could be seen from any

point in the city. They loomed up green and beautiful in the light of the afternoon sun.

Northeast of Portland the coast was truly a rock-bound coast with fiords like those in Norway, only not quite so deep.

The journey took the party as far as Augusta on the Kennebec River. Peter and Nancy were interested in seeing the famous Capitol. Although it had been rebuilt in 1910, it still had the original front. The material of which the dignified building was constructed was native granite from Maine. Close by stood the Governor's mansion, the former home of James G. Blaine, who had lived there during most of his public life. Mrs. Dustin saw to it that Nancy was shown the silver service that had been saved from the battleship *Maine*.

There was much more that Peter and Nancy wanted to see in Maine—the lobster pots at Rockland, the Naval Yard at Kittery, and the town of Sanford where most of the plush for automobiles and railroad cars was once made. But the Dustins had only two weeks of vacation and they wanted to visit Vermont.

The car was soon heading for St. Johnsbury on its way to Montpelier, the capital of Vermont. Up inviting hills and down through lovely valleys it sped, often past the shores of mirror-like lakes.

“We’re in the maple-sugar country!” Peter

*Ewing Galloway*

A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE IN VERMONT

shouted. "Uncle Lee, please stop and buy some."

"We will do better than that," Mr. Dustin promised. "We'll stay overnight at one of these farmhouses and enjoy a real Vermont breakfast. Then, no doubt, you can eat maple syrup and maple sugar to your heart's content and, at the same time, become acquainted with Vermont farm life."

At last they stopped at a big white house with green shutters. It looked so delightful that Peter and Nancy could hardly wait for Uncle Lee to return to the car and announce, "Come along. We're welcome."

There were two children, a boy and a girl, and

*Ewing Galloway*

NEW ENGLAND FARM BUILDINGS

they showed the MacLarens the comfortable house with its stove heat and the long sheds in which winter feed was stored. These sheds were connected with the house and barn. The boy said that none of the family had to go outdoors from “freeze-up” to “thaw-out” if they didn’t want to.

“But we do go out,” the little girl declared. Then she showed Nancy the automobile with caterpillar treads and snow runners.

“When it’s too deep even for the sled automobile,” she explained, “we use horses. We have Morgan horses, you know, and we harness them to the sleighs.”

*Ewing Galloway*

MAPLE-SYRUP TIME IN VERMONT

“Morgan horses?” asked Peter. “What kind are they?”

“You perhaps haven’t heard of them before,” said the boy. “They are an American breed of light horses which originated in Vermont.”

Peter and Nancy followed the children into the meadow to look at the celebrated Morgan horses and the fine cattle. Then they went on into the woods to see the maple trees which had been tapped for their sap early that spring.

“The sap has to be cooked down into a syrup,” the boy said. “It takes a long time. Mother can tell when it’s just right. Some is put into cans and bottles and sold as maple syrup. Some is cooled, stirred, and poured into molds or pails to harden into maple sugar. I hope you like maple.”

They did like maple. Over a Vermont breakfast of buckwheat cakes with maple syrup and bacon, the MacLaren children heard of the long, hard winters. But they decided that they wouldn’t mind snow and cold if they were sent out to work after a breakfast such as they were enjoying.

Uncle Lee said that Vermont was the most truly American of all states. Nine out of ten Vermonters were native Americans. Dairy cows were numerous, and modern transportation assured the farmer a market for his milk. Once, Mr. Dustin said, a whole mountain of marble was traded for a lame horse. There were stone, slate, lime, and talc, too, which were being dug for commercial uses. Even the tourist business was increasing. The Long Trail, a footpath from Massachusetts to the Canadian line, brought many hikers to the state.

The Capitol Building at Montpelier was built of native granite. It had a golden dome like the Statehouse in Boston.

*Ewing Galloway*

A VERMONT GRANITE QUARRY

Peter and Nancy thought the name that the Reverend Samuel Peters gave the state was a very good one. They agreed that it should be "Vert Mont, in token that her hills shall be green and never die."

Vermonters had a right to superlatives, declared Uncle Lee. Bennington had the highest battle monument in the world. Barre was known as a granite center. St. Johnsbury and Rutland were noted for the scales they manufactured. Vermont had her lakes and forests! It was easy to see why Calvin Coolidge had been proud of his native state.

A LONG JUMP WESTWARD

THE MacLarens returned to Boston with the Dustins and then took a plane to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, making an overnight stop before setting off with a new car to visit Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Kentucky.

Pittsburgh, the "Steel City," was busy, smoky, tremendously vital! Peter and Nancy saw three navigable rivers there, the Monongahela and the Allegheny flowing together to form the Ohio. Pittsburgh was served by fourteen railroads. The Great Lakes were close, too—close enough to bring iron ore from Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan almost to the doors of the furnaces. There was limestone close by, and also coal—everything with which to make steel.

"Here are the richest coal fields in the country!" Peter exclaimed as the taxi made its way through the heavy traffic. "How many mines are there in this region, Uncle Lee?"

"Oh, around three hundred or more," Uncle Lee said. "Bituminous coal. I'll ask the driver to show us the barges on the Allegheny. You'll see them on the Monongahela, too. They carry coal very cheaply. And there are plenty of industries besides steel. Pittsburgh is noted also for



Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corp.

GREAT BLAST FURNACES

the manufacture of coke, glass, aluminum wares, cork products, bronze and copper wares, and refined petroleum. I wish we had time to visit a few of the manufacturing plants!"

That evening Peter and Nancy saw something they would never forget, the great furnaces lighting up the dark sky with an awesome, brilliant light.

The next morning the three adventurers were on their way to Ohio. Uncle Lee called it the "Buckeye State," but said that the early settlers thought of it as the "Gateway State," for all the pioneers had gone through it on their way west.

They reached Youngstown, Ohio, before dinner. Peter and Nancy were not surprised to find it a city much like Pittsburgh, with smokestacks, blast furnaces, coke ovens, and steel converters.

"Right here in Youngstown," Uncle Lee said, "there's an output of commercial products which the pioneers couldn't have imagined. And right here is produced a sixth of all the pig iron made in the United States and an eighth of all the steel."

Traveling on to Akron the car passed through country that must have been a joy to the early settlers. There was much rolling land covered with hardwood forest—oaks, maples, birches, elms, and all sorts of nut trees. To the north was Lake Erie and to the south the mighty Ohio River. Small wonder that those early settlers thought that any covered wagon going west must pass through the gateway that lay between.

At Akron, Uncle Lee took Peter and Nancy out

*James Sawders*

MAKING A TRUCK TIRE

to the airport where planes and balloons divided the children's interest. Uncle Lee said that Akron was sometimes called the "Rubber City," because it was the center of the largest rubber and tire industry in the world. In its twenty large rubber factories it made almost everything in rubber, from rubber bands to balloons, and over a hundred thousand automobile tires every day. The city was also one of the greatest producers of lighter-than-air craft in this country.

*Ewing Galloway*

CLEVELAND, LOOKING TOWARD LAKE ERIE

Here the famous dirigibles, the Akron and the Macon, were built.

As the MacLarens motored northward to Cleveland, they enjoyed the fine roads that ran past rich tobacco fields, apple and peach orchards, and good pastures where sleek cattle grazed.

The approach to Cleveland, the largest city of Ohio, and the sixth city in the United States in population and industries, was through green country set with golf courses and parkways. The city was shaped like an amphitheater, and the MacLarens looked down on the business section

from the higher levels. They saw the Terminal Tower, fifty-two stories high, rising above the other buildings. The whole Terminal area was alive with transportation and industrial activity.

Driving about Cleveland, Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy that the city did a great deal of shipping and was an important port on the Great Lakes. It was situated on the south shore of Lake Erie at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. Settled originally by people from New England, it had New England thrift and order and efficiency.

Cleveland, Uncle Lee said, was known as a great musical and cultural center, a city of beautiful homes, civic centers, parks, and boulevards.

Another long trip later in the week ended in Columbus, almost in the middle of the state. Columbus was a delight to the tired MacLarens, who found it easy to relax in this deliberate, courteous old city. Peter and Nancy did not think of questioning Uncle Lee when he told them that it used to be customary in Columbus for the men to tip their hats to each other. Such quaint manners were in keeping with the fine old homes, the universities on the outskirts, and the absence of slums.

The Statehouse at Columbus was of Doric architecture and was built of limestone from a quarry near by.

Uncle Lee said that Columbus was important for its manufacture of things from iron and steel. Shoes, drugs, and food products were made there, too.

The MacLarens made a stopover at Dayton, famous for its cash registers, calculating machines, automobile accessories, and, above all, as the home of the famous Wright brothers, pioneers in flying.

Then on to Cincinnati sped the car along perfect roads. Peter was most anxious to see the steamboat town of early days. They drove through water-front streets for miles and viewed wholesale houses by the score.

Back of the wholesale district there rose several skyscrapers, the most familiar to Uncle Lee being the Union Central Building. Farther back toward the hills lay the residential section. There were several bridges across the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Kentucky. Among them was one of the first suspension bridges in the United States.

After they had viewed a number of Cincinnati's large factories, Uncle Lee commented, "You might be interested in knowing that Cincinnati's manufactures amount to half a billion dollars a year. Also, Cincinnati is an important educational, art, and music center."

It was a long trip northward to Toledo, a great

*Ewing Galloway*

FOUNTAIN SQUARE IN CINCINNATI

railroad center. Uncle Lee said that its harbor, which accommodated the largest of lake vessels, was one of the finest on the Great Lakes. Toledo had many factories, too, and was one of the leading markets in the country for clover seed, hay, and grain.

In a few hours the MacLarens were out of Ohio and driving into Michigan, the "Wolverine State."

The road was so good as to be actually disappointing. Peter and Nancy had wished it

would be a dirt road through wild forest. They had heard Uncle Lee's friends tell of deer crashing through the brush in northern Michigan, of seeing inquisitive hunting dogs getting a nose-ful of porcupine quills, and of lynx, yellow-white against the dazzling snow. And they had been told of the caribou at Isle Royale. One might expect anything amazing in Michigan. Fruit trees were exquisite when in bloom and bowed down with glory when covered with fruit. Along the shores of Lake Michigan there were sand dunes that pushed forward at the rate of eight feet a year, covering woodlands as they moved. And at Sault Sainte Marie, often spoken of as the "Soo," were the famous canals with their great locks. Peter and Nancy had heard of the great shiploads of coal, iron, and other freight which passed through these canals during the navigation season.

There were so many cities that Peter and Nancy wished they might see: Lansing, the capital, Marquette and Menominee in the iron district, Flint with its automobile industry, and Battle Creek important for its breakfast foods. But here was Detroit.

"We should really reach Detroit by water," Uncle Lee said as he drove into the city. "Tomorrow we're going out on a little excursion steamer to view the city from Lake St. Clair."

*Ewing Galloway*

THE SOO CANAL WITH ITS GREAT LOCKS

The next morning he pointed out the great industrial city from the deck of the steamer. Against the white clouds of the sky, Peter and Nancy saw tall, slim smokestacks reaching upward above the buildings, many of which were huge automobile factories.

“Detroit is known as the world’s greatest automobile manufacturing center,” Uncle Lee said.

Planes were zooming over this city of more than one and a half million inhabitants, over vast industrial plants, and over tall skyscrapers. Some of them were turned toward Windsor, Ontario, located across the Detroit River in Canada.

*Ewing Galloway*

WASHINGTON BOULEVARD IN DETROIT

Listening to the hum of the planes, Nancy said, "This is where Charles Lindbergh was born."

Detroit, Peter and Nancy soon observed, was interested in beauty as well as commerce. Right in the center of the business district there was a small park known as Grand Circus Park. The maple and elm trees were tall and straight, with rich foliage. A business friend of Uncle Lee's met the MacLarens as they strolled down Wash-

*Ewing Galloway*

GATHERING CELERY ON A MICHIGAN FARM

ington Boulevard just before dinner. He had much to say of his native state of Michigan.

He told Peter that Michigan supplied a good portion of the world's peppermint. He spoke of the fine celery raised around Kalamazoo and of sugar beets shipped in carloads. He accompanied the MacLarens to their hotel and told them that the wooden shoes on display as souvenirs in the lobby were made by a Dutch family that used to make wooden shoes for actual wear in Michigan. Then he told of the great forests in northern Michigan and of the importance of the lumbering

industry there. He spoke of the pulpwood industry, too. Then he mentioned Grand Rapids, the great furniture manufacturing center, and he said that at Manistee on Lake Michigan, the children would see salt being barreled and sacked for shipment. He told of Ann Arbor and the University of Michigan, one of the leading state universities.

The MacLarens made ready to leave Detroit on a bright morning. Uncle Lee drove down to the busy wharves for a last good-by. He pointed out the ships on the Detroit River which connected Lake Huron and Lake Erie and told Peter and Nancy of the splendid canal system which helped Detroit to enjoy water communication with seven states and an almost equal area in Canada.

"I think I like the name 'Mistress of the Lakes' better than the 'Wolverine State' for Michigan," Nancy decided.

"Yes," said Uncle Lee. "It is nearly surrounded by the Great Lakes, and it has hundreds of smaller lakes where people from many states spend their summer vacations. Some day we will come up here on a fishing trip."

"That would be fun," said Peter.

Driving through the southwestern counties of Michigan, Peter and Nancy were impressed with the acres upon acres of fruit trees. Uncle

Lee explained that they were passing through the fruit belt, where great quantities of cherries, apples, peaches, pears, and grapes were grown.

“Hope the name ‘Hoosier State’ fits Indiana,” Peter said, as they crossed the state line.

“The name sounds very quaint and homelike,” Nancy remarked. “But Indiana isn’t just a state full of nice little country towns. From what I’ve heard there are two kinds of Indiana cities—the noisy bustling ones of the north and the quiet, easy-going ones of the south.”

Uncle Lee said that Nancy was right. The MacLaren car soon left behind the cities of the industrial north—cities like Whiting with its oil-refining industry, South Bend with its large automobile factories, plow factories, and wagon works, Gary, noted for its steel mills, and Hammond, important for its oil refineries and the manufacture of steel and railroad cars.

Uncle Lee whistled “On the Banks of the Wabash” as the car hummed along. He said it was Indiana’s state song and rightly so, for the Wabash River with its branches watered the entire state.

As the car approached Terre Haute, Uncle Lee said, “Look at your maps. Just south of here is the center of population of the United States.”

The town itself, Peter and Nancy learned, manufactured paper, clothing, iron, and glass.

*Ewing Galloway*

GARY STEEL MILLS AND LOADING CRANES

Peter could hardly be drawn away from the bottle factory. He watched a mixture of sand, soda, and lime being fed into furnaces that melted it and discharged it as blobs of glowing fire. A machine turned the blobs into bottles.

Near Vincennes Peter and Nancy saw only pleasure craft on the Wabash. But it was easy to close one's eyes and to see mind pictures of pioneer days when the French explorers traded with the Indians. At that time the river was full of flatboats loaded with hickory nuts, venison, cornmeal, horses, and cattle.

Vincennes was surrounded by great coal fields and a rich farming region. In the city itself, mills and factories kept the people busy.

Uncle Lee reminded the children that Vincennes was once the capital of Indiana Territory, which included the present states of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, the northeastern part of Minnesota, and a large part of the present state of Michigan.

Not far from Vincennes, and just across the Wabash River, they saw the Illinois monument erected at the place where the Lincoln family first entered the State. Uncle Lee said that when the family moved from Indiana to Illinois, Abraham was twenty-one years old.

A side trip would have shown the MacLarens French Lick with its many guests enjoying the healthful mineral springs. But Uncle Lee was impatient to reach Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, the capital city of Indiana, was a brilliant, beautiful city. While Uncle Lee consulted with a business acquaintance in one of the tall office buildings, Peter and Nancy looked down over the city. They knew that it was the center of the state and the largest city of Indiana.

Below them were business buildings, temples, churches, shrines, tree-lined streets, and colorful parks in which flowers blazed with color. Uncle Lee said later that many zinnias were grown



James Sawders

WHERE THE LINCOLN FAMILY ENTERED ILLINOIS

in Indiana, and that the zinnia had been adopted as Indiana's state flower.

"Indianapolis," Uncle Lee said, as he joined Peter and Nancy at the window, "is intersected by four national highways. You see mostly beauty from this viewpoint, but there's plenty of business, too. Down there is a fine railroad station. Some 160 trains enter and depart each day. The belt line which connects the different railways carries more than two million freight



Charles Phelps Cushing

THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT

cars each year. There are many factories, too. They make nearly everything, from silk hose to bicycle tires. And of course you've heard of the

automobile races at the Indianapolis Speedway!"

The MacLarens went to see the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in the business center. The great shaft rose from a pedestal on which stood figures honoring the great Hoosier heroes. The figure on top of the shaft was called Miss Indiana. This memorial honored the Indiana soldiers and sailors who had given their lives in the wars—the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the War between the States, and the Spanish-American War.

Peter and Nancy said good-by to Indianapolis in the John Herron Art Institute where hung the portrait of James Whitcomb Riley. It was he who had written "The Raggedy Man," "Little Orphant Annie," and other poems which they knew and loved.

Indianapolis, Uncle Lee said, as the three left the city behind, was the largest city in the United States not located on a navigable waterway.

As the MacLaren car crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky, Nancy cried, "The Bluegrass State!"

"And a state important for its manufacturing and mining, as well as its agricultural products," added Uncle Lee.

"Much of the coal-producing area in Kentucky is a part of the Middle Appalachian coal field, isn't it, Uncle Lee?" questioned Peter.

“Right,” was Uncle Lee’s answer.

Louisville was a very lively southern city, situated on the Ohio River. Uncle Lee said it was the foremost livestock market and one of the oldest cities of the South. Near the river front stood its large tobacco warehouses and other wholesale and manufacturing buildings.

There were tobacco factories and a large oil refinery, as well as many smaller industries. But education was quite as important to this biggest city in Kentucky as commerce. The University of Louisville, the MacLarens learned, was the oldest city-owned university in the United States.

Before leaving Louisville, the MacLarens drove to Churchill Downs, the scene of the annual Kentucky derby and well-known horse racecourse.

Driving into the country the MacLarens saw many negro cabins and tobacco fields.

Nancy was disappointed because she could not see the native Kentuckians in their mountain homes. But she did see much of their handiwork, painstakingly made quilts, rugs, and bedspreads.

Peter suggested that they take time for a trip to Frankfort and Lexington. Uncle Lee agreed that such a trip would be interesting and worthwhile and decided to go the next day.

Frankfort was picturesquely situated in the heart of the bluegrass region. It was easy for the MacLarens to see that it was a trading center

for the surrounding country where so much hemp and tobacco were raised. Nancy thought that the two-million-dollar Capitol with its interior of white marble was particularly impressive, but Peter was more interested in the Old Capitol, now occupied by the State Historical Society.

“Lexington,” Uncle Lee informed Peter and Nancy, as they drove into the city, “is one of the largest loose-leaf tobacco and bluegrass-seed markets in the United States. It is also noted for its excellent thoroughbred horses.”

As they drove by Transylvania College, the oldest institution of higher education west of the Allegheny Mountains, Uncle Lee explained that because of this fine school, the University of Kentucky, and other educational institutions, Lexington was frequently called the “Athens of the South.”

Traveling southwest from Lexington, the MacLarens soon passed through Bardstown where Stephen Collins Foster wrote “My Old Kentucky Home.” Next they visited Hodgenville, the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and the Abraham Lincoln National Park which was part of the farm once owned by Abe’s father. They drank at the famous spring and climbed the hill to the marble shrine which enclosed the log cabin in which Lincoln was born. Peter and Nancy gazed long at the cabin with its one window and one door.

*Ewing Galloway*

ECHO RIVER IN MAMMOTH CAVE

Now they were driving through the hills where often they saw unpainted but neat little homes in the ravines or on the hillsides. Mammoth Cave was at hand.

Carrying lanterns the three visitors followed a guide through the arched gateway and found themselves in an underground chamber. From this rock cave, they followed into other chambers through long passages of rock, some low, some high. Rivers flowed through some of the caverns,

and blind fish swam about. One of the rivers was named Echo River because of the strange echoes one's voice made in the cavern through which it flowed. There were bottomless pits, too, into which the guide threw lighted torches.

Coming out of Mammoth Cave the MacLarens rode down a steep hill to the Green River.

After a picnic lunch which Uncle Lee had brought along, the three drove on to Glasgow to visit the Diamond Caverns.

The name was truly a fitting one, for the caves were like fairy caverns set with jewels. Each odd-shaped rock had been covered delicately by nature with what appeared to be sparkling diamonds. No great artist, by spending a lifetime of trying, could have achieved a more fantastic or thrilling masterpiece.

The daylight showed the bluegrass country again. Peter and Nancy emerged from fairyland into a country that, in its way, was just as beautiful.

NORTH CENTRAL COUNTRY

THE MacLaren car had crossed the Mississippi River and was following the highway to St. Louis, Missouri.

“The founding of St. Louis,” Uncle Lee said, “was not by chance. Early fur-traders were sent up the Mississippi River from New Orleans by ambitious and farseeing businessmen to establish a fur-trading post on the river close to the mouth of the Missouri River. The Missouri is a muddy river, and the swampy land at its mouth failed to tempt even those hardy pioneers. What do you suppose happened?”

Peter said, “They found a better place about twenty miles south.”

“On the west bank of the Mississippi,” Nancy added. “The present site of St. Louis.”

“That wise choice,” Uncle Lee continued, “resulted in the rapid growth of St. Louis. Today it is the most important city on the Mississippi River.”

“Geographical location certainly counts,” Peter observed as the MacLaren car entered the traffic that finally brought it to their hotel. “A city on the Mississippi and between the Missouri and Ohio Rivers would be good enough in itself. Just as

Uncle Lee has so often said, freight by boat is beginning to pick up again." Peter looked about and added, "And talk about railroads!"

"Yes, the railroads are worth talking about," Uncle Lee agreed dryly. "Trunk lines between the East and the West pass through St. Louis. Lines going south—way into Mexico—pass through, also, and northern lines up the Mississippi Valley."

Before dinner the MacLarens visited the Union Railway Station, once considered the finest in the country and still able, as Peter remarked, to hold its head up with the best of them.

The business section of St. Louis fascinated Uncle Lee and Peter. They scoured the north end with its railroad yards and its warehouses, its metalworking factories and its woodworking shops. They drove to the south side of the city to see the foundries near the river, and in the southwest part they saw the steel plants and the factories that made clay products. The manufacturing district, where shoes, stoves, tobacco products, and clothing were made, seemed to follow the railroad lines. Peter learned that St. Louis was also famous as a market for furs, horses and mules, wool, lumber, and machinery.

Nancy enjoyed best the parks and the residences that spread out into the open country. Nowhere had she seen more carefully tended yards and flower gardens.

*Chicago Aerial Survey*

THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS

Directly west of the business section was beautiful Forest Park of 1,400 acres. Here was held the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904. The Jefferson Memorial Building containing the Lindbergh trophies, the Art Museum, and a zoo were in this park. And Art Hill formed a natural amphitheater where plays, operas, and concerts were given.

The MacLarens saw the old courthouse that was the scene of the Dred Scott trial. They visited the Missouri Botanical Garden and viewed one of

the largest displays of plant life in America. They went down to the Mississippi River bank to watch the steamers that looked like three-story floating houses. These boats carried freight on the lower deck and passengers on the upper deck. They were moved along by the great paddle wheels at their sides.

At dinner Uncle Lee told of the boyhood home of Mark Twain at Hannibal, Missouri. He spoke of Kansas City with its noted Nelson Gallery of Art, its stockyards, and its flour mills. He mentioned Jefferson City with its broadcasting station in the dome of the Capitol. And he talked of Boonville, named after Daniel Boone, where, he said, the largest corncob-pipe factory in the world was located.

He mentioned the Missouri farms with their livestock, their poultry, and their cornfields. And he talked of the beauty of the Ozark Hills.

“As far as I am concerned,” Peter declared, “you need not call Missouri the ‘Show Me State.’ ”

“No one has to show me,” Nancy agreed. “I’ve seen enough right here in St. Louis for any state to be proud of.”

Peter and Nancy were much interested in East St. Louis across the river. Although connected with St. Louis by three great steel bridges and sharing all the business interests, East St. Louis belonged to another state—Illinois.

*James Sawders*

BOYHOOD HOME OF MARK TWAIN
AND TOM SAWYER'S FENCE

“On to Iowa, the ‘Hawkeye State!’” Uncle Lee announced.

“There’s where the tall corn grows!” sang Peter.

Uncle Lee motored as far as Keokuk in southeastern Iowa, where Peter and Nancy thrilled at the sight of the huge powerhouse and the dam across the river. Uncle Lee said that the electric generators produced electricity for many cities

*Ewing Galloway*

WHERE THE TALL CORN GROWS

and towns. He turned his car toward Des Moines.

There was no question in the minds of the children as to whether or not they were in an agricultural region. The corn belt, of course! From St. Louis northward they had watched the waving green leaves, as miles and miles of cornfields stretched on all sides of them.

The leaves rustled pleasantly in the wind just as they did at home. It was said that at night if one were very still, he could hear a queer squeaking sound, the tall corn growing fast!

Uncle Lee said that, although Iowa corn grew very fast, one would have to stretch his imagination a little to hear it grow.

Peter and Nancy knew a great deal about corn, for the MacLarens raised corn in Minnesota. Peter helped plant it in the spring, plowing and harrowing the ground, then seeding it with a planter, and using a cultivator several times a season to get rid of the weeds. By the Fourth of July the corn was usually knee high. By the middle of August it was in full ear, and by the last of September ready for harvesting. This Iowa corn was ahead of the Minnesota corn, for it was already "earring out."

"Corn is the one purely American grain," Nancy remarked. "It seems strange to think that it wasn't known until America was discovered."

"We couldn't get along without corn very well," said Peter. "Corn pone is one of the best foods I know. And I do like hominy for breakfast—with bacon. Besides, I don't know what the pigs and cows and chickens would do without corn."

"I guess that there would be no more silos, either." Uncle Lee pointed to some silos, most of which were cylindrical towers of concrete. "Green corn, chopped up and kept in a silo, is the very best food for cows."

"How much corn do you suppose Iowa produces in a year, Uncle Lee?" Peter asked.

“Several million bushels,” Uncle Lee replied.

Des Moines, which Uncle Lee said was the capital and largest city of Iowa, had once been known as Fort Des Moines. Peter and Nancy saw it as a large city with clean-looking buildings and beautiful parks. Many insurance companies had their offices in the city.

There were a number of magazine publishing companies in Des Moines. Several well-known farm journals were published there. Manufacturing was also important, the chief products being clothing, flour, meat products, foundry products, brick, and tile.

Nancy had not realized that the city was surrounded by coal mines. Uncle Lee informed her that as much as 2,500,000 tons had been produced in a year.

Driving through Iowa the MacLarens saw the most prosperous-looking farms in all their journeyings. Miles of rich land with many windbreaks of poplar trees, and comfortable houses and great barns and silos! The livestock and poultry were fat and healthy.

“This is some of the best farm land in the country,” Uncle Lee said.

“If we were going to fly,” Uncle Lee continued, “we’d go to Iowa City. Once it was the capital of the state, and it is now the seat of the State University. One of the fine flying fields of

the transcontinental air mail is located there.”

“I’d rather ride through Iowa cornfields than fly above them,” Nancy decided.

“Fort Madison in the southeastern part of the state would have been in our schedule, too,” Uncle Lee continued, “if we hadn’t been in a bit of a hurry. A well-known fountain pen factory and important railroad shops are located there—also the State Penitentiary. But what I’d like you to see is the new bridge, the heaviest and longest swing span ever built. It’s a double-decker, to accommodate vehicle and railroad traffic.”

“We should have seen Rock Island, Illinois, near the mouth of Rock River,” Peter lamented, “if we’d followed the Mississippi instead of going to Des Moines. It’s just opposite Davenport.”

“Why do you want to see it particularly, Peter?” Nancy inquired.

“There’s a government arsenal on the Island of Rock Island,” Peter answered. “The workers make rifles and swords and bayonets.”

“Yes, and armored cars and tanks and tractors,” Uncle Lee added. “However, Des Moines is a typical Iowa city, and I hardly think you’ll forget the cornfields.”

In northern Iowa Uncle Lee took Peter and Nancy to visit the “Little Brown Church in the Vale” at Nashua. At Spillville they saw the

house where Anton Dvorak lived while composing his famous "New World Symphony." The MacLarens' last stop in Iowa was made near McGregor to see the interesting picture rocks.

Peter and Nancy were in good spirits as the car purred on over the roads toward Madison, Wisconsin. They knew a good deal about the "Badger State," for they had often driven up to the Rhineland country of lakes and fishing resorts. They were familiar with Eagle River, too, where they had camped in the midst of virgin forest and from the security of their log cabin, perched on a high slope above a clear lake, watched shy beavers, gentle deer, and young bears.

Often they had driven into Racine or Janesville with their father to buy farm implements manufactured in these very towns. And on long drives through Wisconsin they had seen quite as many lakes as in Minnesota, the state of ten thousand lakes. These lakes, set in the forests of jack pine, fir, and balsam, or shimmering near the wood lot of some farmer who had already cut the trees to make fields, were usually clear, blue lakes, full of fish.

Many farms had orchards and in the spring-time the whole countryside was fragrant with cherry, apple, and plum blossoms. Almost every farm had its own dairy herd, too, sometimes a

*Ewing Galloway*

HOLSTEIN CATTLE ON A WISCONSIN FARM

very large herd—Holsteins, Guernseys, or Jerseys. These Wisconsin farmers often sent their cream to creameries where it was made into butter. Or they sent the milk to cheese factories where it was made into cheese, Wisconsin being the leading cheese-making state in the United States. There were fur farms, too, where silver foxes and minks were raised. Peter himself had once owned a silver fox puppy.

Once before the children had visited Madison, but, as Nancy said, they were too young at the time to remember much about it. They saw it now, a beautiful city between two lakes, Lake



National Cheese Institute

MAKING CHEESE IN A WISCONSIN FACTORY

Mendota and Lake Monona, with a beautiful Capitol and avenues lined with tall trees to grace the many fine residences. It was dusk as the MacLarens drove into the city, and the dome of the Capitol was illuminated. It shone in Lake Monona as in a mirror. The clean buildings and

the beautiful lawns and gardens gave Peter and Nancy the impression that this was not primarily a commercial city. It was instead an educational and political center.

“Madison,” Uncle Lee observed, “is in the center of one of the finest agricultural districts in the United States. But it does some manufacturing—makes many things, from horse collars to hospital supplies. There’s one thing unusual about it. Most capitals are established after a certain city has had a little prosperity or shows signs of being in the proper location. Madison was established when there were only wigwams here.”

“Believe it or not, I suppose!” Nancy challenged.

“It’s a fact,” Uncle Lee insisted. “Because two sections of the state could not agree as to location, it was decided to build the Capitol between the two in the wilderness. That is why the city is so beautifully planned. It didn’t just grow up.”

The morning after their arrival was warm and bright. Uncle Lee drove Peter and Nancy out to see the State University. Here they heard much talk of scientific agriculture.

“Pioneer Wisconsin wanted to bring in the better class of settlers,” Uncle Lee explained. “The Federal Government let it be known in Europe that any immigrant wanting to become a citizen



Ewing Galloway

THE SCANDINAVIANS BROUGHT IN SKIING

could vote in a year. After that he could hold office. The result was that many Germans came that first year. To the French, the Swedes, and the Belgians—and the Indians—were added the Germans.”

“And Milwaukee was begun!” Peter added.

“Not exactly,” Uncle Lee grinned. “But German thrift and ability certainly helped industries already established to build further. Many a home shop became a factory.”

Peter said, “The Scandinavians brought in skiing. That’s important.”

“It is,” Uncle Lee agreed. “Foreign ideas and customs help to make our lives more interesting.”

The MacLarens found Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan, to be a busy, bustling city. One interesting thing which the MacLarens found here was the large inner harbor made by the joining of three rivers—Milwaukee, Kinnickinnic, and Menominee. This made it possible to load and unload ships in the heart of the city and to bring in coal and raw materials for the factories at low cost. Uncle Lee said that over a hundred different lines of goods were manufactured in Milwaukee.

But the city was mindful of beauty as well as business. Mitchell Park, with its sunken gardens, was a riot of summer flowers. There were other parks, too, and large, attractive homes along the lake shore drive. There was a city auditorium that would take care of great conventions. But most of all, Peter and Nancy enjoyed the zoo in Washington Park with its large herd of deer, its monkeys, and its many other wild animals.

THE WINDY CITY AND PRAIRIE STATE

THE wind was blowing and somehow Peter and Nancy liked it, for it reminded them of the prairies over which they had run so many times. And this was the "Prairie State" of Illinois. Uncle Lee had spoken of Illinois as the heart of the continent. Now, as they came into Chicago, they realized how right he was. Here were cars from the South, from the East, from the West, and from the North. All roads seemed to lead to Chicago.

"Illinois has unusually fine roads," Uncle Lee said. "Peter will be particularly interested in this. Southwest of Springfield is a town called Bates. Near here engineers once carried on an experiment by building a patchwork road. Different materials were used in each of the sixty-four sections. For two years vehicles traveled this road to determine which materials would wear the best. The knowledge gained from this experiment enabled Illinois to build substantial roads that have worn well."

"We came along very smoothly," Nancy remarked. "I don't even feel tired."

But Michigan Avenue in downtown Chicago was holding the children's attention. It was one

*Kaufmann & Fabry*

MICHIGAN AVENUE IN CHICAGO

of the handsomest boulevards they had ever seen. For some distance only one side was flanked by buildings. On the other side was Grant Park, and beyond that were the blue waters of Lake Michigan. Uncle Lee stopped in front of one of the imposing hotels. This was to be the MacLarens' headquarters during their stay in Chicago.

After lunch the MacLarens went to see the reconstructed Fort Dearborn. Peter and Nancy knew that the original fort had been destroyed by Indians at the time of the Fort Dearborn

Massacre in 1812, and were especially interested in seeing the reproduction of a structure so important to Chicago's early history.

Driving northward on the Outer Drive, Uncle Lee said that there, on the lake front, was the site of the Century of Progress Exposition which was held in 1933 and 1934.

Soon Soldier Field came into view. It was a great stadium at which throngs of people often gathered to witness such things as sports events, pageants, and festivals. And then Uncle Lee pointed out Field Museum of Natural History and Shedd Aquarium, located so near each other that Peter declared they could visit them during one afternoon.

"And we could visit Adler Planetarium that same afternoon," added Nancy, after Uncle Lee had told her the name of the domed structure located on the point of the island just east of Field Museum and Shedd Aquarium.

"Just a minute!" interrupted Uncle Lee. "After you have had a glimpse of the large number of displays in these buildings you'll change your mind about visiting them all in one afternoon. Before we leave Chicago, though, you must spend some time at each of these places."

Later, they passed Buckingham Memorial Fountain which was "playing" on that particular summer afternoon.

*Kaufmann & Fabry*

BUCKINGHAM MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

“And look at all the yachts!” shouted Peter.

“The fine yacht harbors are important to Chicago,” said Uncle Lee. “Many of the city’s visitors and citizens are enthusiastic about the splendid boating on Lake Michigan.”

As they approached the bridge across the Chicago River, Uncle Lee said, “You may be interested in knowing that the Chicago River divides the city into three distinct sections—the North Side, the South Side, and the West Side. Also, here is a surprising thing—where once the river flowed into the lake, its current has been reversed, and now it flows from the lake.”



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ALONG THE CHICAGO RIVER

“Over there is the Wrigley Building,” cried Peter, recognizing this white structure as one he had seen often on post cards and in books

and magazines. "I knew it would be like that!"

"See how it gleams in the sunlight," said Nancy. Then she asked, "Isn't this building flooded with lights in the evening?"

Uncle Lee nodded, then called attention to Navy Pier which extended three thousand feet out into Lake Michigan. "This pier is mighty important to Chicago," he said. "It serves a large number of freight and passenger boats, and is used as a recreation center by many people."

"Chicago is a leading inland port, isn't it?" questioned Peter.

"You're right," Uncle Lee replied. "The Chicago harbor area contains over seven hundred acres. Many steamship lines serve the port district of Chicago, affording excellent passenger and freight service. Quantities of building materials, oil, ore, coal, food products, chemicals, and wood and paper products are transported on these ships. By the way, much of Chicago's water traffic is taken care of by the new Calumet port and other ports south of the city."

Continuing north, the MacLarens saw the Furniture Mart, a huge structure in which Uncle Lee said furniture of every kind and description was displayed.

The MacLarens soon saw the fine buildings on the Chicago campus of Northwestern University. Then they drove on into the section of



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TULIPS AND CONSERVATORY IN LINCOLN PARK

Chicago which was known as the Gold Coast, because of its many fine hotels, apartment buildings, and residences.

Uncle Lee stopped the car at Lincoln Park so that Peter and Nancy might visit the Academy of Sciences, the Chicago Historical Society, the magnificent conservatory, and the zoo.

“We must hurry on,” said Uncle Lee, “if we intend to get a general view of the city before the afternoon is gone.”

Peter and Nancy climbed into the car again,

wishing that they might spend more time in this lovely park beside the rippling waters of Lake Michigan, but desiring even more to see some of the other interesting sights of Chicago.

“If we were to drive farther north we could see some of the fine residences and other beautiful buildings of the North Shore,” said Uncle Lee. “Also, we might visit the Evanston campus of Northwestern University. It’s such an inviting place—right on the shore of the lake. But we must turn our car back toward the Loop, Chicago’s downtown section where the stores, theaters, restaurants, and other business buildings are located.”

On their way back as they passed the Palmolive Building, Peter called, “There’s a beacon light at the very top. I’ve heard that at night its beam can be seen for almost a hundred miles.”

Uncle Lee called attention to the Merchandise Mart. “This building, which is devoted to the wholesale business, is one of the world’s largest,” he said. “It contains ninety-three acres of floor space.”

“Why that’s as large as many of the farms in Minnesota,” said Nancy, hardly able to believe that there could be so much space in a single building.

“Over 25,000 people work there each day,” added Uncle Lee.

“And that’s more people than there are in many towns,” said Peter.

Upon reaching the Loop, Peter and Nancy were a little surprised at seeing a skyscraper topped by a great spire.

“It is a little unusual to see a church in such a busy commercial section of a city,” said Uncle Lee. “It shows that the people of Chicago are interested in things other than business.”

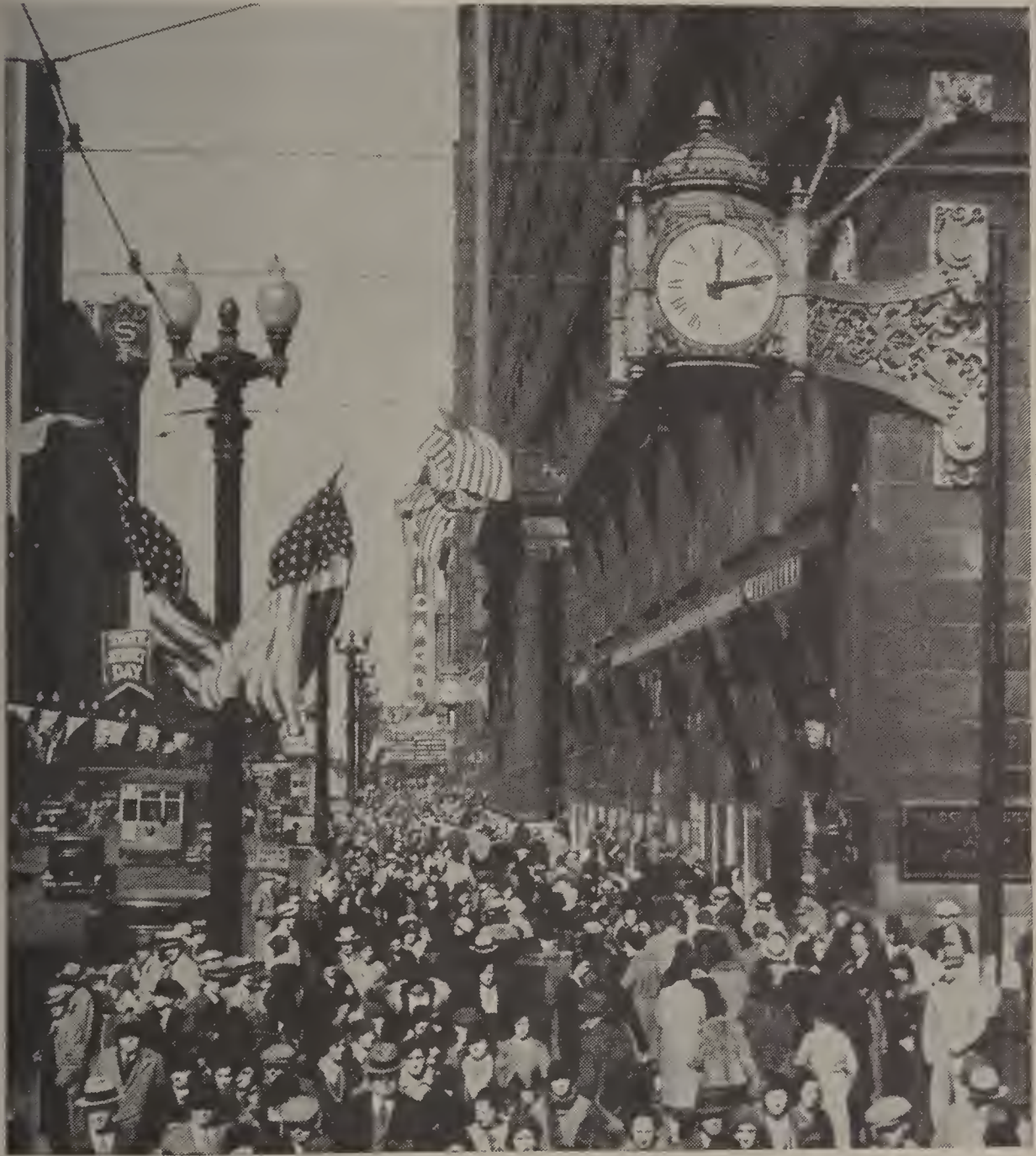
“A great city like this must have many interests,” said Nancy.

“Yes, indeed,” replied Uncle Lee. “Chicago has 208 parks, a number of athletic fields, and forest preserves covering 33,000 acres for the people to enjoy. There are art centers, too. Did you know that the Art Institute has the largest school of art in the country? And Chicago is a music-loving city as well. Each summer, free concerts are given in many of the parks. At Grant Park an open-air concert is given every evening during the summer. There are thousands of people who enjoy these evenings of music.”

When they reached the financial district of La Salle Street Uncle Lee pointed out the Board of Trade Building. “It’s the tallest building in Chicago—over 40 stories and 612 feet high,” he said.

“A real skyscraper!” commented Peter.

Uncle Lee continued, “But not many tall build-

*Kaufmann & Fabry*

BUSY STATE STREET IN CHICAGO

ings are being built in Chicago now. The business district seems to be growing outward rather than upward. You will observe that this is true as you see more of the city."

"It's lucky that there's room enough for Chi-



Kaufmann & Fabry

LION STATUES IN FRONT OF ART INSTITUTE

cago to grow outward," said Peter. "New York's business district almost has to grow up-

ward, for there isn't much room for it to extend in any other direction."

"What a lot we've learned this afternoon!" said Nancy, as Uncle Lee brought the car to a stop in front of their hotel.

"And you'll soon be learning more," said Uncle Lee with a twinkle in his eye.

Nancy nudged Peter, for she knew that Uncle Lee was about to begin airing his knowledge of facts about Chicago, and she was right.

"Chicago is the second-largest city in the United States," he said. "It has a population of around four million people. Chicago is the world's largest railroad center. The Municipal Airport is one of the busiest and most important air terminals in the world. We talked of the importance of water transportation this afternoon, and—"

"The transportation I'm most interested in right now is transportation to the dining room," interrupted Peter jokingly. "Do you know the quickest way?"

"Indeed I do," chuckled Uncle Lee, as the three MacLarens climbed out of the car and made their way to the hotel dining room.

Peter and Nancy retired early that evening, for, judging from the statistics Uncle Lee was so willing to give them, they knew that there would be many things to do on the following day.

Next morning, after the MacLarens had finished breakfast, Uncle Lee pulled out his map and laid it on the table, saying, "Since we haven't time to take a real trip through Illinois, we'll take an imaginary one.

"We start our Illinois trip at Cairo," Uncle Lee began. "Cairo is at the southernmost tip of Illinois. Once it was the headquarters of General Ulysses S. Grant. It was quite a metropolis at one time and hoped to remain one. The city is built on a strip of land between the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers. Great levees have been built to protect Cairo from floods. It is an important shipping center even now. There are government barges, strings of them, handled by powerful tugs. They bring up produce from the South. Many of these barges carry foreign products from boats that dock at New Orleans. These include such goods as sugar, coffee, sisal, and burlap. They carry back grain and manufactured goods from the Middle West.

"There are fine forests of hardwood which we see as we go north, short-leaf pine, and fern-covered rocks. These beauty spots are preserved by the state.

"North of Anna we see crucible clay being mined," Uncle Lee continued. "Later we arrive at Benton, in the center of the Illinois coal fields. One of the mines in this neighborhood once pro-

duced about fifteen thousand tons of coal a day. It's an electrically equipped mine and is quite modern—even has shower baths."

Nancy's eyes sparkled as though she were actually seeing the places which Uncle Lee was describing to them.

"Now we are driving through cornfields, wheat fields, and oat fields," Uncle Lee continued. "We go north through Centralia and are in oil country. We pass through a game haven, but we see no game. North of Centralia we visit Vandalia with its old State Capitol Building.

"We arrive in Decatur. Lincoln's first Illinois home was about ten miles from here," Uncle Lee continued. "There are huge corn-milling plants here.

"At New Salem we find that many buildings associated with Lincoln have been restored."

"And next we visit Springfield, the capital of Illinois," interrupted Peter, following the marks Uncle Lee had made on the map.

"At Springfield we see Lincoln's home, the Lincoln Tomb, and numerous other spots which are associated with that famous man. We see the Capitol and the Centennial Memorial Building, too," explained Uncle Lee.

"And we drive on to Bloomington, a town surrounded by farms. Here begins the dairy country that extends into Wisconsin.

*James Sawders*

LINCOLN'S HOME AT SPRINGFIELD

“Peoria, the second-largest city in the state, is important as a shipping and manufacturing center. Washing machines, farm implements, tractors, stock feed, and corn products are manufactured there. Peoria is a beautiful city on the bluffs overlooking the Illinois River.

“Near Ottawa we visit a state park. Here we see Starved Rock on which a band of Illini Indians, besieged by the Pottawattomies, died of starvation.”

“How terrible it must have been!” cried Nancy.

Uncle Lee continued, "And now we drive into Dixon, known for its corsets, shoes, and condensed milk."

"Quite a mixture," Peter remarked.

"There are just a few more towns I'd like to tell you about before I turn you over to Chicago," said Uncle Lee. "Galena was the home of General Ulysses S. Grant. Alton has its oil refineries, petroleum products, and steel and pig lead. Elgin is famous for its watches, and—"

"And Chicago's the giant of them all!" Peter proclaimed.

Next morning Peter and Nancy were sitting in the lobby of their hotel while Uncle Lee made a telephone call. They noticed opposite them a young man with a newspaper shutting off the view between. Their eyes brightened, but they could not be sure of their surmise. But just as Uncle Lee strode across the lobby, the newspaper dropped. It was Jimmy Dustin! Peter and Nancy pounced upon him. Strangers turned to look, then grinned broadly.

"I've come to fly you to Yellowstone," Jimmy said as they all rode up to their suite in the great hotel. "But first I'm going to show you Chicago."

"We've seen Chicago," Peter cried. "At least we took a ride around the Leif Ericson or the Outer Drive, as it is commonly called. Then

*Kaufmann & Fabry*

A YACHT HARBOR ALONG THE OUTER DRIVE

Uncle Lee explained how all roads in Illinois lead to Chicago.”

“But I’m sure there is much more to see,” said Nancy.

“There is,” Uncle Lee cut in as they got out of the elevator. “But remember that about a hundred years ago Chicago was a frontier fort set in a swamp. Now—well, now Jimmy will show you the miracle of its growth.”

Jimmy declared that no one should leave Chicago without having an opportunity to view the skyline from the waters of Lake Michigan, so he

arranged for a short cruise. Peter and Nancy were glad that it was an evening cruise, for the millions of gleaming lights helped to make the Chicago skyline a sight long to be remembered.

Jimmy seemed to know all the places that Peter and Nancy were interested in seeing. There was a trip to the Chicago Zoological Park, commonly known as Brookfield Zoo because of its location in Brookfield, a suburb of Chicago. One afternoon they went to visit the Museum of Science and Industry, where there were models of almost every type of mechanical device in modern use. There was even a coal mine. Nancy insisted that a trip into a real mine could not have been more interesting. That same afternoon they visited the campus of the University of Chicago. And near by, on the Midway, they saw Lorado Taft's famous piece of sculpture, the Fountain of Time, which showed a number of symbolic figures passing in review before Father Time.

Peter and Nancy could scarcely realize the extent of the meat-packing business in Chicago until they saw with their own eyes the great amount handled in the Union Stockyards and the Livestock Exchange. They saw workers employed in many ways besides cutting meat and canning it, ways they had never dreamed of. They saw real cowboys on ponies, women who tied endless numbers of sausages, workers who trimmed tails

*Kaufmann & Fabry*

THE UNION STOCKYARDS

for hair mattresses and ears for “camel-hair brushes,” and sausage makers, soapmakers, canners, labelers, and—scientists!

“You’d be surprised to know,” Jimmy said, “that much of the income from the meat industry is from by-products. Ham and sausage and pickled pigs’ feet are all in the order. So are lard and oleomargarine. You expect these products. But how about brushes, chewing gum, candy, pepsin, soap, glue, buttons, knitting needles, cosmetics, fertilizer, many substances important to medicine,

such as pancreatin, adrenalin, insulin, and—”

“Stop! Stop!” Nancy cried. “We can never remember such a long list of by-products. Why I’m beginning to think they’re every bit as important as the meat products!”

Since Jimmy was flying the MacLarens west, Uncle Lee arranged to have a friend drive his car to Seattle, Washington, so that they might later see part of the Pacific coast by automobile.

As the MacLarens and Jimmy left Chicago, Peter remarked, “It seems queer to be leaving the greatest railroad center in the world by airplane. I understand that all roads lead to Chicago and everybody gets off the trains there.”

WESTWARD HO FROM CHICAGO

THE long flight was nearing its end. Nancy's most vivid remembrance was of the fantastic rock formations of the rough wastelands or Bad Lands as they are called. Peter's was of a herd of wild horses in Wyoming, scattering at the noise of the plane, their long tails flying like banners in the wind.

From the plane the MacLarens saw Yellowstone National Park as they would never have seen it from the ground. They had known before they arrived that Yellowstone was the first and the largest of all our national parks, and boasted more and greater geysers than all the rest of the world. Iceland was not even a close second, and New Zealand was a poor third.

"This region is of volcanic origin," Uncle Lee informed Peter and Nancy as they looked down upon the mountains, the great plateaus with geysers springing from the earth, and the hot springs looking often as calm as a cool-water spring at home.

"I want to show you the Specimen Ridge neighborhood," Jimmy decided, a short time after pointing out a petrified forest. "It's sort of a layer-cake arrangement. I'll fly as low as I dare."

A great cliff showed alternate layers of what Uncle Lee said was submerged forest and lava. He explained it by saying that there were evidently many eruptions of the volcanoes in the past, and that enough time elapsed between eruptions for a forest to grow.

"Each forest was covered over by a fresh flow of lava," Jimmy added.

The petrified forest looked sad and forlorn, and Nancy said, "I'd like to see some geysers. Just what are geysers, Uncle Lee?"

"They're—ah—water volcanoes, I might say," Uncle Lee replied. "Of course you know the inside of the earth is hot. In some places the inside heat is closer to the surface than in others. Water from springs down under the earth, or surface water trickling down through cracks in the rocks, collects in the bottom of a crater. This water finally becomes so hot that it gives off steam. The steam expands and forces up the cooler water above. Then more steam forms and the surface begins to bubble, and finally there's a sudden spurt—a geyser!"

"How often do they erupt?" Peter inquired.

"It just depends," Uncle Lee answered. "Some of the shallow ones erupt every few minutes. Others may erupt only once in several weeks."

As Jimmy flew above the wonders of Yellowstone, he explained that he simply could not



Ewing Galloway

A GEYSER IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

show the MacLarens everything in one flight, for the area of the park was over 3,400 square miles. Over nine-tenths of the park was in

Wyoming and the rest of it was in Montana and Idaho.

He said there were beautifully colored hot springs, mud volcanoes that were like pots of boiling paint, and colorful rock formations that looked as though they might have come out of some fairy tale.

Jimmy landed the plane at the West Yellowstone airport, for he knew that there was a great deal of Yellowstone National Park which could not be seen from the air.

At Mammoth Springs was a most unusual scene, for the hot water had brought up to the surface white mineral deposits. These deposits had gradually built basin-like terraces of dazzling beauty, up and up and up. Often they covered tall trees. Over the edges of the carved basins poured the hot water in continuous cascades. The sides and edges of the basins had taken on the loveliest of colorings, apple-blossom pink, brilliant red, and bluish gray. This was due to the algae or small plants that grew there, Uncle Lee explained.

Peter and Nancy climbed down among the hot-spring terraces, a very strange experience, indeed.

As the sunlight shifted and changed, the pools took on various colors. There were pools as green as grass, and there were some a delicate

rose, and still others a pale silver. Some seemed to be incrustated with jewels that sparkled, and once Nancy called Peter to see some submerged flowers and grass that looked as though they had been frosted with silver. Peter called them silver-plated flowers.

With Jimmy, Peter and Nancy visited Old Faithful, which Jimmy said was a favorite with tourists because it always gave such a dependable performance and one that was wonderful to see. Uncle Lee finally joined the party because he said it seemed to him that his charges had forgotten "time and tide." But once beside the others he too yielded to the fascination of waiting for the steam to form and for Peter to yell, "There she goes!" Then the steam below would lift the water high into clouds formed by its own vapors.

A long trip on horseback revealed the wonders of the Yellowstone forests. The MacLarens followed paths that Jimmy knew, paths not on the regular routes of tourists. Peter and Nancy caught glimpses of deer, bears, elk, and antelope many times during the trek. On one long, hard climb they saw a mountain goat, and a moose swimming a river. A herd of buffalo appeared in a meadow. Once the travelers stood very still and only the jingle of the bridles could be heard, as a grizzly crossed their path to nibble some wild blackberries. Wild geese honked over a

*Ewing Galloway*

A BUFFALO HERD

pond, and a white pelican stepped daintily on a lush green bank. They saw trout in a crystal-clear stream, and a pair of rare trumpeter swans.

The bears were not to be tampered with, Jimmy warned. The grizzlies were shy but the cinnamon bears were different. There were some that always made it a point to visit the lodges at mealtime. They were friendly, playful fellows.

“Let’s see the Yellowstone River, its falls, and its canyon from the air,” Jimmy suggested. “Then we’ll take a little jaunt down into Idaho,

*Ewing Galloway*

YELLOWSTONE FALLS

and after that, I'll fly you to Great Falls, Montana. Uncle Lee has a business appointment there, I believe, before he goes on to Seattle, Washington."

The Dustin plane sailed over Inspiration Point and circled around it so that Peter and Nancy might see the foaming river. It tumbled over a waterfall which Uncle Lee said was nearly twice the height of Niagara, and then plunged down into a deep canyon and was lost in pine-clad hills.

Between the falls and Inspiration Point the MacLarens gazed down upon a magnificent scene. From the pine-topped levels of the canyon, the walls dropped down to the gorge about a thousand feet. In these vividly colored canyon walls were layers of rock streaked in every shade from deep orange, bright red, and midnight black to the faintest shades of lemon, pink, and glistening white. They were sometimes smooth, but more often hollowed or jagged. One whole section looked like a picture of Gothic spires. In places there were soft masses of grass and flowers, and below ran the green river, breaking into white foam as it plunged along. The sky was a dazzling blue.

Yellowstone Park lay partly within Idaho, as Uncle Lee had pointed out on his map, and the MacLarens were not surprised as they flew over the Snake River District of the "Gem State" to see natural falls and the same rugged beauty as they had seen in some parts of Wyoming. Idaho Falls was lovely. American Falls, quite as beautiful, had been dammed to make the largest storage reservoir in America. Then came Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls which Uncle Lee said were forty-three feet higher than Niagara. The country appeared to be sparsely settled, but once in a while the flyers caught sight of a ranch house or great flocks of grazing sheep. Jimmy said

*James Sawders*

THE POWER DAM AT AMERICAN FALLS

the number of sheep seen from the air gave no sign of the number that were probably grazing in hollows and on shaded hillsides.

“Once,” said Uncle Lee, “this entire area was desolate, all sagebrush with but a few water holes that dried up in the summer. Now, thanks to the storage reservoir which supplies it with water, it is Idaho’s chief agricultural region.”

Soon Jimmy was flying them over the wheat belt, and the MacLarens saw stock farms and concrete grain elevators like those back home. Once Jimmy crossed the Columbia River Highway which he said would lead into Portland if one followed it.

The flyers passed over Boise, the capital of Idaho, a fine modern city of great promise.

“Great changes in the earth’s surface are

occurring here," Uncle Lee observed, as Jimmy flew them over a farm about which they had read in the papers. "Twenty acres have sunk three hundred feet, as you can see. Great openings have formed down there, new ones! That's hard luck for the owner of the farm."

The plane zoomed on, flying over lofty mountains, tumbling waterfalls, and beautiful valleys.

Soon Jimmy was circling over Butte, Montana, where copper was being brought up from almost a mile underground. There, said Jimmy, it was blasted loose, packed in small cars, and raised to the surface. Then it was shipped by electrically-driven trains to Anaconda, a little more than twenty-five miles away, where the smelters were located.

"At Great Falls," Uncle Lee explained, "the copper is refined by an electrolytic plant."

But before setting the MacLarens down at Great Falls, Jimmy flew above National Bison Range and Helena, the capital city with its wonderful cathedral and its handsome Main Street, once known as "Last Chance Gulch."

There were many large ranches in the country over which they flew. Peter and Nancy were not surprised, for they knew that cattle raising was important in Montana.

Jimmy said good-by to the MacLarens at Great Falls, promising to meet them later.

*James Sawders*

CATTLE ON A MONTANA RANCH

Great Falls, a lively western city, owed its prosperity, Uncle Lee said, to cheap electricity developed from the falls in the Missouri River. Peter and Nancy enjoyed their few hours there. It seemed wonderful that Great Falls, located on the Great Plains of the West, should have the advantage of waterfalls for power.

But Montana, which was a part of the western wonderland of America, had many other marvelous sights for the MacLarens, so they soon traveled on.

FROM GLACIERS TO STRAWBERRIES

PETER and Nancy found Glacier National Park entirely different from Yellowstone Park. Glacier reminded them of the Alps except that there were no foothills. The mountains rose straight from the valley floor. Instead of walking and walking to reach a mountain, one could step right up to a mountain and touch it. Uncle Lee explained that these mountains were made of many layers of limestone and other rocks. He said that there were over fifteen hundred square miles in Glacier Park, but Peter and Nancy decided they could enjoy a good deal of scenery in even a small part of it.

The glaciers, after which the park was named, were to be seen on many rugged mountainsides. They were slow-moving rivers of ice—sixty of them. The lakes were clear and cold and blue. Sometimes there were ice floes in them.

“Glacier National Park has an unusual variety of plant life,” Uncle Lee observed.

Peter and Nancy agreed that this was true. There were mosses, lichens, delicately colored alpine flowers, heather, gentians, and wild heliotrope. Great pines, firs, cedars, and hemlocks reached their branches toward the clear blue sky.

*Ewing Galloway*

IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

The animal life interested Uncle Lee quite as much as it interested Peter and Nancy. Bighorn or Rocky Mountain sheep, mountain goats, moose, elk, bears, and deer, as well as a number of smaller animals, all lived there in their natural surroundings.

At their hotel the MacLarens were entertained with songs, dances, and stories by Blackfeet Indians who came from the reservation near by. Peter and Nancy had hoped that there might be time for an overnight hike in the park. They had studied a map of the park and selected the trails that they thought would be most interesting. But

*Glacier National Park*

BIGHORN SHEEP

Uncle Lee was anxious to be traveling westward.

Spokane, in Washington, the "Evergreen State," was like Great Falls in Montana in one respect. Spokane, too, had a river, the Spokane River, whose falls furnished valuable water power to generate electricity for the lighting of streets and for other purposes. Uncle Lee said that Spokane was the chief city of eastern Washington, and the trading center for the farming, mining, and lumbering region around it. To Peter and Nancy it was a very handsome city, with its rushing river cutting through the center. There were fine public buildings, beautiful homes, and many good hotels. The lobby of the hotel in which

the MacLarens stayed was full of singing birds.

Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy that on the eastern side of the Cascade Mountains was a vast tract of ranching land. Beyond this were valleys made green and beautiful through irrigation. Wheat was raised extensively. Here, too, were located Washington's famous orchards, noted for the production of apples, peaches, and pears.

Seattle, on Puget Sound, which the MacLarens reached by a railway journey from Spokane, was important as a commercial, industrial, and financial center of the Pacific Northwest. It did not take Peter and Nancy long to realize that. The tall buildings looked out to the deep, blue Sound and toward the Olympic Mountains. The residential district looked down upon the business section. It spread along the beaches, too, and to the islands in Puget Sound. Wherever one's eyes turned toward the Sound there were the spars of ships against the sky.

The terraced homes had beautiful lawns and gardens. There were lovely parks, too. Uncle Lee said that the mild climate and frequent rains made Seattle an all-the-year-round green city.

The lake at the east side of the city, the children learned, was Lake Washington. There was a ship canal connecting the water front with the lake so that the steamers might pass through the locks into the lake for safe anchorage.

*Ewing Galloway*

VOLUNTEER PARK IN SEATTLE

“But why should the steamers want to get into the lake?” Nancy demanded. “Wouldn’t they be just as well off at the wharves?”

“They go into the fresh water of the lake,” Uncle Lee explained, “to free themselves of barnacles. Barnacles, as you know, are little shellfish that attach themselves to steamers that sail in salt water. When too many barnacles collect on the hull of a ship, the ship is kept from going as fast as it should. You see, barnacles can’t live in fresh water, and, after a ship has been in

*Ewing Galloway*

GREAT LUMBER DOCKS AT SEATTLE

the lake for a while, the barnacles drop off and the ship is ready to sail out perfectly clean.”

Peter and Nancy spent much time with Uncle Lee down on the wharves. They saw ships from the Orient unloading tea and raw silk, ships from India unloading jute, ships from Siberia bringing in furs, and boats from Manila with hemp. The principal outgoing product seemed to be fish. Uncle Lee said that close to thirty thousand tons of fish—salmon, cod, and herring—were shipped every year.

The docks, piled high with lumber, reminded Peter and Nancy of the fact that Washington produced more lumber than any other state. Uncle Lee said that much lumber was shipped by rail, also, for Seattle was a railway center as well as an ocean port.

Peter and Nancy were thrilled by the beauty

of this city with its mountains, lakes, trout streams, and an ocean right at its doors. A short trip would take one to Tacoma, the "Lumber Capital of America," or to Mount Rainier, the highest peak in the state, with over thirty thousand acres of glaciers upon it. Nancy declared that she couldn't quite decide whether to look seaward or landward. To the north of the city rose Mount Baker and, to the northeast, Glacier Peak. And down below were the ever-inviting ships.

It was on one of these ships that the MacLarens went to Alaska. The boat sailed out of the harbor, with the MacLarens looking up at the climbing city and at the mountains in the background.

Peter and Nancy had mind pictures of Klondike gold, silver, and copper, of totem poles in front of Indian wigwams and cabins, of salmon fishing and Eskimos, and of northern lights! Above all, they thought of Alaska as a land of snow and ice in spite of information to the contrary. And now Uncle Lee, seated in his deck chair with a map, pointed out the fact that it was only fifty-six miles across Bering Strait—from North America to Asia. Peter said that it would take Jimmy Dustin only a few minutes to make it in his plane.

The boat stopped at Vancouver, British Columbia, to take on passengers. The children saw

Vancouver again as an amazing city of skyscrapers and beautiful homes, set in a bay and rising against a background of lofty mountains much like Seattle.

The MacLarens were taking the Inside Passage, which was a thousand-mile ocean lane protected by towering mountains. That very first day they were in Johnstone Straits and could see a logging camp from the boat. The second day a landing was made at Ocean Falls, and the little party went ashore to visit a papermaking plant.

On the third day out the boat stopped for fuel at the first port of call in Alaska—Ketchikan.

It was very early in the morning, so early that the golden rays of the sun sifted but dimly through the curtain of rain. Peter and Nancy rubbed the sleep out of their eyes as Uncle Lee hustled them up on deck. All night long the ship had tossed, but the sideboards, as Peter called them, had kept the passengers from tumbling out of the bunks. But it had been fun sailing on this old ship that had made so many trips to Alaska.

It was raining harder. A passenger with rain dripping from his hatbrim asked an old sailor, "Does it always rain like this in Ketchikan?"

"Don't know," the sailor answered. "I've come here well onto twenty years, and it's never failed to rain yet."

*James Sawders*

THE FIRST PORT OF CALL IN ALASKA

Uncle Lee said that, although the old sailor was probably stretching the truth a little, the air at Ketchikan was always full of moisture.

Because it was low tide, Peter and Nancy crossed the gangplank from the bridge deck to the land. Part of Ketchikan seemed to come down to the shore to meet its visitors. This was because some of the city was built on piers and reached out over the water. Much of the city, the MacLarens observed, was built against the side of a steep mountain.

“Wooden streets!” Peter, running ahead of Nancy and Uncle Lee, made the discovery first. “And wooden sidewalks!”

Nancy stared in amazement at the wooden streets made of planks laid across the road. The board sidewalks were raised a foot from the streets and were so narrow that the MacLarens could not walk abreast. Nancy crowded along with Uncle Lee, while Peter followed.

“Want to see one of the canneries?” Uncle Lee asked. “Ketchikan is a fishing center and boasts eleven salmon canneries.”

As it happened, the MacLarens saw the cannery “backwards.” They entered the long, low wooden building at the door where the bright-colored labels were being pasted on the cans. Then they saw the fish being packed into cans. Last of all the visitors saw the cleaning room and the fish coming up into it from a platform down below, just like logs coming into a mill. The odor was so overpowering that Nancy turned white and Uncle Lee promptly hustled her out into the fresh air.

The rainy streets were lined with wooden buildings. The little homes on the mountainside looked inviting and the people striding along the board walks seemed cheerful.

The MacLarens found a department store where Uncle Lee outfitted Peter and Nancy with

raincoats and hats—which they did not need again on the whole trip. The MacLarens made a short trip to Hyder near Ketchikan to visit an old silver mine. Hyder had narrow board streets and walks, too, and the tide came right up into the town. It was the only place in Alaska where Peter and Nancy felt that the mountains were shutting them in.

After the boat left Ketchikan, the rain ceased and the sun came out. Everyone played games on the deck.

Arriving at Wrangell, they were told by a storekeeper that the town had five miles of streets, all boards. These streets ran up and up, almost in layers it seemed. The few automobiles that had been shipped in had a difficult time. Both Peter and Nancy were interested in the strange-looking totem poles for which Wrangell was so well known.

A tiny candy shop did a lively business whenever a ship came in. Wrangell was just far enough away from Seattle, the girl owner said, so that the bon voyage candy had given out by the time most travelers reached her shop.

The children visited a quaint little church with lovely pews and an altar of wood which had been cut there in Alaska.

A huge husky met every boat that came into the port. He would wait patiently, peering

*Ewing Galloway*

WOODEN STREETS AND TOTEM POLES

up at each passenger who came down the gang-plank. He would stand tense, his ears erect, his tail ready to wag. Then, when the last newcomer left the boat, he would turn sadly away.

“His master went ‘Outside,’ as they say here,” Uncle Lee explained, “several years ago. He never came back. But the dog still waits.”

He was not a friendly dog, but before the MacLarens left, he had taken to following Peter and Nancy about the town.

On the fourth day the captain was busy directing his boat toward Taku Glacier. It was a per-

*United Air Lines*

TAKU GLACIER, A WALL OF ICE

fect day, and Peter remarked that he could easily imagine he was on the St. Croix River in Minnesota except that the mountains were so much higher than the Minnesota bluffs. The mountains were heavily wooded and the air was fragrant with pine.

As the boat drew in among the ice floes toward the glacier, Peter and Nancy could feel the cold breath of Taku. It was strange to have the hot sun on one's back and the cold breeze in one's face. Because of the icebergs and the floes, the boat barely crawled along.

Nancy said, "The icebergs are as clear and

cleanly cut as though our iceman had chopped them off."

Before them Peter and Nancy saw a most beautiful wall of living ice—Taku Glacier! It was of a rare bluish-green color and sparkling with light. As they watched the great chunks of ice break from this mammoth glacier and tumble into the waters of the inlet, leaving cliff-like formations, they knew that they would remember this long after it was out of their sight.

There was no more rain, not even any fog.

The next stop was at Juneau, the capital of Alaska. Juneau, like Ketchikan, was built at the foot of a mountain. Here, too, Peter and Nancy walked along board streets and board sidewalks. But the sun was so warm that their spirits were high. They swung their sweaters in their hands as they hurried along.

"Look at the big, white wooden buildings!" Nancy cried.

"Government buildings," Uncle Lee explained. "We'll go into the Alaska Territorial Museum and see the fine collection that the historical society has started."

The children viewed all sorts of treasures, from deer antlers to picks and shovels used in the first prospecting. There was also an interesting gift shop on the main street that displayed collections of Yukon treasures. Whenever a boat

*James Sawders*

GOLD MINING AT JUNEAU

landed, the shop opened up. So said the dealer with whom the MacLarens talked.

“Even at two in the morning?” Peter asked, and added, “I wouldn’t want to be a clerk.”

But the store fascinated him. So did the school with the library upstairs.

On a little side street Peter and Nancy discovered a much smaller shop run by an old miner. He showed his visitors many fine carvings from walrus tusks and seemed not to mind whether they purchased anything or not. He

picked out curiously carved earrings, bracelets, and pins to show Nancy, and he called Peter's attention to some odd-looking little men and a fine cribbage board set.

When Uncle Lee came to look for Peter and Nancy he found them strolling down to the beach with the old miner, who was pointing out the dead city across from Juneau. Once, he said, it was known as Douglas, and its streets resounded to the shouts of gold-crazed prospectors. Then he proudly told them that gold was still being mined at Juneau.

Out from Juneau the MacLarens visited another body of ice, the Mendenhall Glacier. It was an inspiring sight, but it was not quite so bright and clean-looking as Taku.

All along the shores Peter and Nancy exclaimed over the totem poles set up to show the tribal family to which those particular Indians belonged. The carvings of men and birds and beasts in wood with oddly painted decorations told a story not easily deciphered by a stranger.

At Skagway the MacLarens walked a good half mile up to the town. The sun was very hot, almost like July weather in Minnesota. The mountains were bare except where they were covered with snow, and people hurrying to catch a train into the interior carried heavy wraps with them.

The MacLarens stepped into a queer old store

that carried everything one could imagine, from pickaxes to mosquito netting.

“In the early days the Pullen House was famed as a hotel all over Alaska,” Uncle Lee said. “We’ll go to see it. It is a museum now as well, and you will find many interesting relics of the gold-rush days.”

The grand piano in the living room of the Pullen House testified to the elegance of those days, and the fireplace told of the comfort. There were leather chairs, couches, and huge cushions. The walls were literally covered with testimonials of various guests, names famous all over Alaska.

The great strings of rare Russian beads made especially for the early fur-traders fascinated Nancy. Uncle Lee called attention to an old newspaper which contained a picture of George Carmack who first struck it rich in the Klondike. Daubs of gilt representing large nuggets surrounded the picture. There were Indian relics, too—long strings of beads, lovely robes and coats of the skins of moose, and bags of cedar bark.

The town was like a garden, for everybody raised flowers. Flowers of all kinds grew to enormous sizes. A railroad man proudly showed the MacLarens his bed of pink and white baby’s-breath, and his giant dahlias fourteen inches in diameter.

At the end of a week of ocean travel the Mac-



Ewing Galloway

ALASKA FLOWERS

Larens found themselves in Sitka, Alaska's oldest city, and once the Russian capital of Alaska, as well as the capital of the territory until 1906. There they visited the Government Agricultural Station, where they were again shown that Alaska

*Ewing Galloway*

AN AIRPLANE WITH SLED RUNNERS

was much more than a barren land of ice and snow and mountains and glaciers. They saw fields of vegetables and berries of all kinds growing well in the long sunlit days.

“What a land of surprises!” exclaimed Peter when Uncle Lee pointed to a strawberry patch.”

At dinner that night they met Jimmy Dustin. He had arrived in his plane and promised to show the MacLarens more of Alaska before making the long flight down the Pacific coast.

Early the next morning the travelers were on their way again. As the plane flew over territory that was new to Peter and Nancy, Uncle Lee told of the places of interest below.

“Whitehorse, in Yukon Province, Canada,” he

explained, "is the head of navigation on the Yukon River and is an important outfitting point for big-game hunters."

When Fairbanks, Alaska, came into view, Peter questioned, "Wasn't there a mining camp here during the gold-rush days?"

"That's right!" was Uncle Lee's reply, "and Fairbanks is still very much concerned with gold. We should visit the huge gold dredges found there. You would be interested, too, in the Alaska Agricultural College located there. And you would no doubt be surprised at the fine grains, vegetables, and fruits raised in this section."

They flew over a section of Mount McKinley National Park. From near the center of the vast park rose Mount McKinley, the highest mountain peak in North America.

Jimmy brought the plane down at Bethel.

"Now you'll see a typical Eskimo village," Uncle Lee promised. "I couldn't let you leave Alaska without this glimpse of Alaskan life. If you lived here very long, you'd come to know what it meant to stay 'Inside,' for Bethel people have little contact with the outside world."

Jimmy learned from the postal clerk that there were about fifty white people in Bethel and about two hundred Eskimos. The MacLarens walked along the main street of the town, which lay on the west side of Kuskokwim River. They

*Ewing Galloway*

AN ALASKAN DOG TEAM

saw the wireless station, the post office, a church, and four stores. A group of children, laughing and round of face, followed at Peter's and Nancy's heels.

Almost every home, whether a frame house or a log cabin, had its dog pen, and there appeared to be more dogs than people. The only sign of an industry was a small sawmill on the banks of the river, where logs were cut and rafted down the river during the short season when it was open. Turning back to look at the homes, Peter and Nancy were impressed with the fact that there wasn't a bit of concrete or stone in the town. The yards of the little houses were not the flower-garden yards of southern Alaskan cities. Most yards had their own piles of firewood, fish-drying

*Ewing Galloway*

AN ESKIMO FAMILY AT HOME

racks, and usually traps, sleds, and snowshoes.

Peter asked, "Uncle Lee, why is there a sort of little house built in front of each door? Is it a storm house?"

"Exactly," Uncle Lee replied. "They're called shelter houses. When the door is opened, the big room of the house is protected from the cold air. Fuel is scarce up here. Eskimos let their fires go out at night and depend on fur bedding to keep them warm."

The MacLarens were amazed at the size of a walrus which some of the Eskimo hunters had

*Ewing Galloway*

THE PICTURE UNCLE LEE SNAPPED

brought in. Nancy asked Uncle Lee if he would take a picture of the huge animal so that she might have it for her scrapbook.

Uncle Lee asked two of the little Eskimo children to pose with the walrus and then snapped the picture.

The friendly village children escorted Peter and Nancy around the town and took them out to see a reindeer herd pasturing not far away. Uncle Lee called the feeding grounds the tundra. They were rather wet and actually swampy in places. The grass, the lichens, and the reindeer

moss grew luxuriantly. One of the bigger boys explained that the ground never thawed out beyond a depth of a few feet, even in the warmest summer, but by the time the snows came again, the vegetation had made a thick carpet.

“We know how the reindeer eat then,” Nancy said. “They dig down under the snow.”

The Bethel children had many pets among the reindeer, and Nancy got so well acquainted with a small reindeer that it followed her about like a dog. Peter persuaded Uncle Lee to stay over another day so they might take a longer trip over the tundra and see the big reindeer herds.

“Jimmy had planned to fly us to Nome,” Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy, as they climbed into the plane in which they were to follow the Alaskan air route toward the United States. “But there isn’t time. The gold rush to Nome in 1900 was one of the most remarkable in mining history. In a short time about twenty thousand people came to live there and to hunt for gold. Tents, houses, hotels, banks, stores, and other buildings were constructed. Today, however, Nome is a town of only about a thousand inhabitants. Gold is still mined there, but in a much smaller way.”

Jimmy started the motor and the MacLarens were on their way once more.

So long as Peter and Nancy could see them, the little Eskimos were waving.

DOWN THE LONG PACIFIC COAST

“AND now we are flying toward the United States!” exclaimed Nancy.

“But there’ll be much to see before we reach Seattle,” Peter added.

Peter was right. As they looked down from the plane, he and Nancy could not help realizing the variety of landscape, growth, and industry in Alaska. The places at which their steamer had stopped were very different from Bethel and other towns in that section of the country.

“And now we’re in Canada,” Uncle Lee informed Peter and Nancy as the plane crossed into the territory of British Columbia.

As the plane circled above Prince Rupert, the largest city on the northern British Columbian coast, Uncle Lee pointed out the big storage plant for halibut and other fish, and Jimmy called attention to the Government Dry Dock.

Looking down on Alert Bay later in the morning, Peter and Nancy saw the buildings of the salmon cannery. Nancy observed, “I would much rather see fish canneries from the air than from the ground!”

There were quaint totem poles and an old Indian cemetery near the village. A brief glimpse,

and then the plane winged its way to Powell River where they would see, Uncle Lee told them, the largest pulp and paper mill on the Pacific coast. Jimmy flew low so that Peter and Nancy might see the big frame buildings.

Seattle was a familiar and welcome sight. But Jimmy flew up over the mountains saying, "I want to show you the beginning and the end of a wonderful trip that you took on your way to Seattle."

Peter and Nancy looked at each other questioningly, and then Peter shouted, "Oh, I know! The Cascade Tunnel!"

"We've been through it!" Nancy said. "An electric engine pulled us through."

"You've seen the inside," Jimmy agreed. "Now for the outside."

Jimmy reached the town of Berne, then turned back and headed toward Seattle. The Cascades below were high, dangerous-looking peaks. He flew across the peaks for seven miles to Scenic where, down below, an electric engine was pulling a train out of the mouth of a tunnel.

"There are only four longer tunnels in the world," Uncle Lee said. "And they are all in Europe."

That evening they had dinner at the home of the friend who had driven Uncle Lee's car from Chicago to Seattle. From the veranda of the

home in which they dined, Peter and Nancy could look down over the campus of the University of Washington with its many fine buildings. Part of the 582-acre campus was wild woodland, but a great deal of it had been laid out in flowery lawns and walks.

The city below began to sparkle as the lights came on. No eastern city had ever been more brilliantly lighted. Uncle Lee's host explained that Skagil Dam was responsible for the inexpensive electricity the city enjoyed.

Later that evening while driving, Peter and Nancy noticed the great number of lighted chicken coops on the outskirts of Seattle. Uncle Lee said that the electric lights helped to make the hens lay more eggs, and added, "I'm sure you'll see no finer poultry farms than these, for I have often been told that Washington poultry raisers take great pride in their products."

Peter and Nancy were amused by the cable cars which carried passengers to places located on the city's steep hills. It was necessary to use cars which were moved by cables because the wheels of streetcars, powered by electricity, would slip and spin and could not carry the cars to the top.

On their many drives and excursions the three MacLarens realized how appropriate the name "Evergreen State" was for Washington. There

were numberless firs, cedars, and pines, both on the mountains and in the valleys.

Olympia, the capital city, was dominated by the dazzling white dome of the Capitol. The Capitol was set with other government buildings in a large tract of natural timber. It seemed perfectly natural to see a herd of elk in Olympic National Park where the MacLarens picnicked.

Afterwards they returned to Olympia to visit the large woolen mill and to see the Douglas fir plywood plant.

Bellingham, the "Tulip City," with its famed drives, its salmon cannery, and its lumbering, was as beautiful as a town in Holland. Near by was the Government Experimental Farm where Dutch bulbs were being grown and improved. In the spring, tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, and narcissuses filled the air with sweetness and the eye with color. Many of the people raised chickens, too, and there were acres of sugar beets and berries. Some of the Dutch farmers wore wooden shoes in their fields.

In Tacoma, Peter and Nancy saw many lumber mills. Near by were great forests of Douglas fir. Uncle Lee said that the planting of new forests would from now on be part of the work of modern lumbermen. As fast as trees were cut down, seedlings were planted in equal number. Tacoma, the children found, milled flour

*Ewing Galloway*

A WASHINGTON BULB FARM

and made furniture and machine-shop products. It carried on other smaller industries, too.

An automobile trip took Peter and Nancy into the apple country. Yakima, Uncle Lee said, had enjoyed an apple blossom festival earlier in the season. Now the blossoms were gone and fruit was developing. A short way over the mountain lay Wenatchee, known as the "Apple Capital." Here apples were raised in such quantities that they were shipped out in carloads.

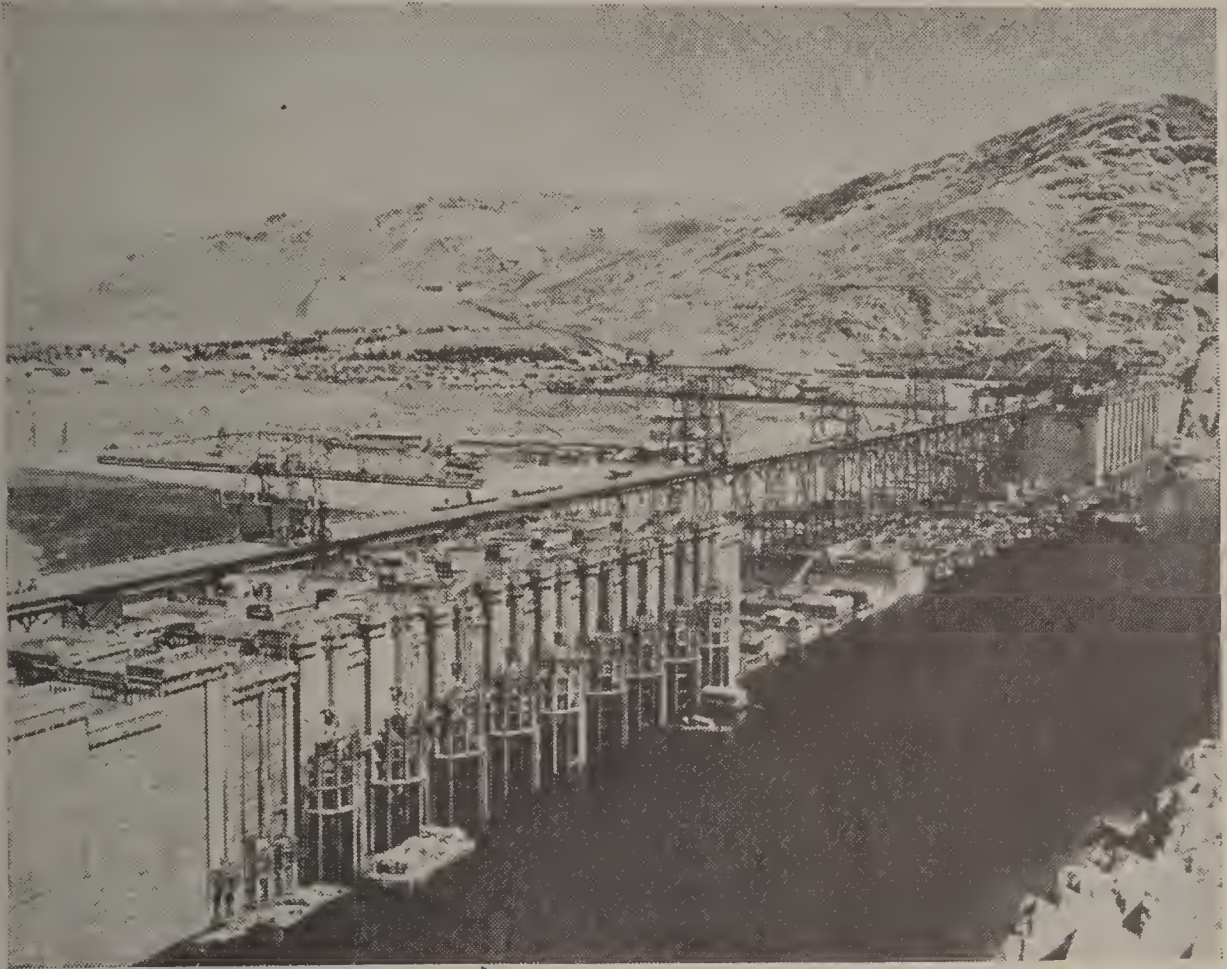
An airplane flight with Jimmy before leaving Washington gave the MacLarens a view of Mount Rainier and Rainier National Park. They gazed down on snow-capped mountains, bare



James Sawders

SNOW-CAPPED MOUNT RAINIER

craggs, and dense evergreens, and once they flew out over a flowery meadow. Unforgettable were the vivid orange-red paintbrush plants against the silvery gray of sagebrush low on a mountain-

*James Sawders*

GRAND COULEE DAM

side. A few times the children caught glimpses of elk and deer.

“Understand one thing about Washington before we leave,” Uncle Lee said. “It has electric power in abundance. Grand Coulee Dam is one of the most wonderful engineering feats ever attempted by man. Jimmy will fly us over to see it.”

Uncle Lee said that the object of the dam was to furnish water to farm lands from the Columbia River. The dam was to be so constructed as to

back the water of the river up to the Canadian border.

The MacLarens arrived early one morning and walked to the rim of the gorge above the river. On the left bank lay a permanent town with paved streets and concrete sidewalks. Across the river lay Mason City with hospitals, hotels, schools, churches, and other buildings to care for the workers. Uncle Lee figured that there were about fifteen thousand people on the job. The river down below was, so the guide said, second in flow to the Mississippi.

Peter and Nancy were truly impressed when they learned that Coulee Dam was four times as large as the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and that three times as much concrete was used in it as in famous Boulder Dam in Nevada.

“When the dam is completed,” the guide said, “the lake will contain ten million acre-feet of water—two thousand gallons for each person on earth. The water is good water, too—so clear that there isn’t even a silt problem.”

On their way to Portland, Oregon, the MacLarens stopped at Bonneville Dam. Peter and Nancy were interested in seeing the fish ladders which made it possible for the salmon to get above the dam at spawning time.

The MacLarens hurried on to Portland, the “Rose City,” in order to be in time for the rose

*James Sawders*

BONNEVILLE DAM

festival. But the first scene to catch their interest in Portland was that of the great log rafts in the fresh-water harbor. The giant logs, tied together with chains, were ready to be towed out of the Columbia River and along the California coast. Uncle Lee said that one of these giant rafts probably included some five million feet of timber.

“I guess lumbering is an important industry in Oregon,” commented Peter.



Charles Phelps Cushing

PORTLAND AND MOUNT HOOD

“It certainly is,” agreed Uncle Lee. “Oregon produces about one-fifth of the lumber supply of the whole United States. She has more standing timber than any other state.”

Mount Hood, the highest point in the state, rose high in the distance against a blue sky in which soft white clouds floated. All the way along, the country was rich in orchards of prunes, plums, apples, and English walnuts.

Portland’s climate, Uncle Lee said, was so mild that flowers bloomed the year round.



Portland Chamber of Commerce

A FLOAT IN THE ROSE FESTIVAL PARADE

At the Rose Test Gardens and again at the rose show the MacLarens saw many kinds of roses they had never seen before. But the most beautiful of all sights was the floral parade. This parade, with its many flower-covered floats, was over a mile long. And not a single artificial blossom was used!

“A city which has such lovely roses as we have seen here well deserves to be called the ‘Rose City,’” declared Nancy, as they left the stadium when the parade was over.

THE GOLDEN STATE

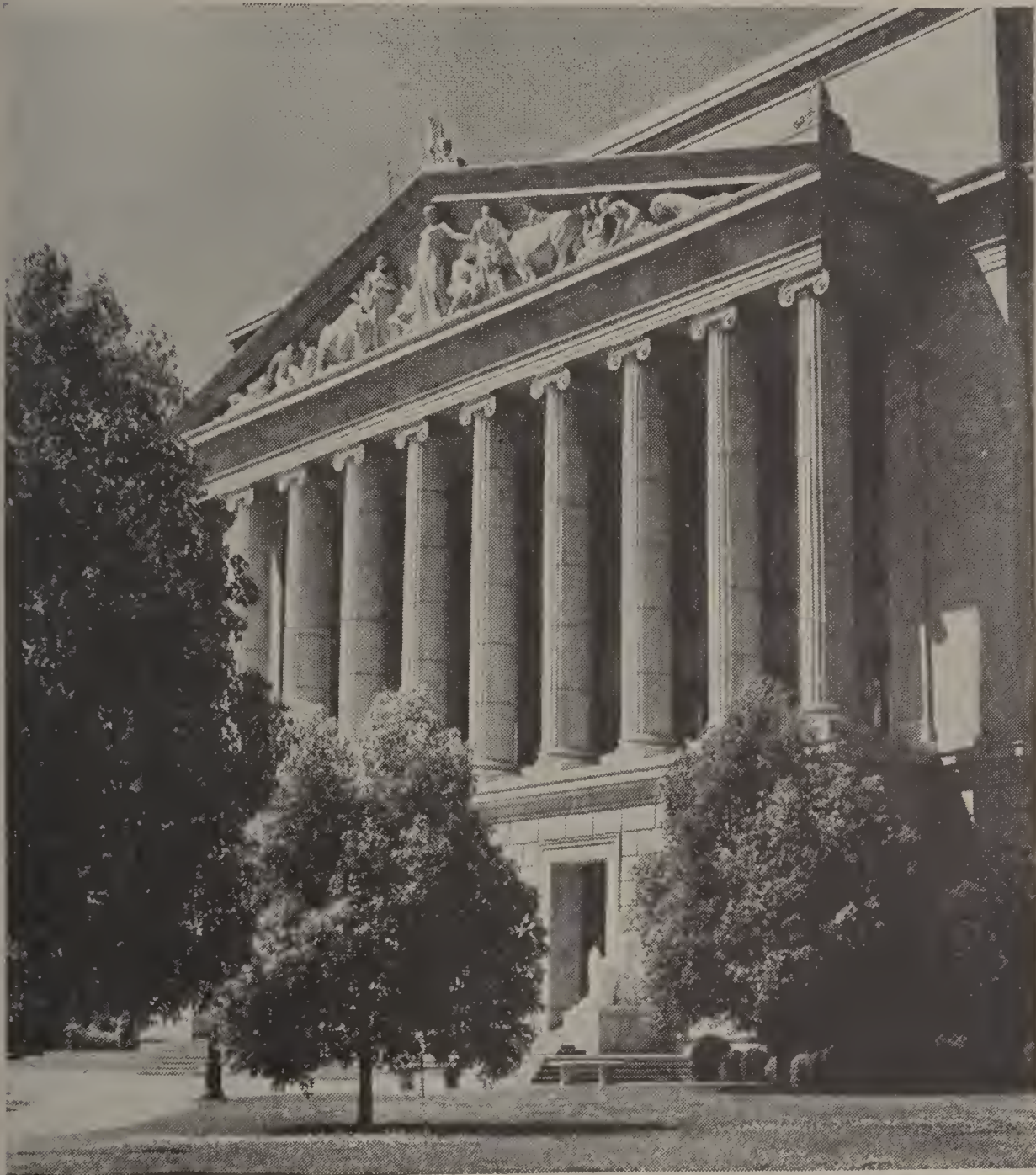
SOUTHWARD to sunny California, the "Golden State"! Peter and Nancy sat with Uncle Lee in the front seat of the car. The back seat was high with luggage and wraps. In the early morning sun the air had a golden haze in it. Toward noon, with the sun high in the heavens, the air was too warm for wraps. But toward evening the wraps were in demand.

Driving south from Oregon, the children could see Mount Shasta in the distance, its base in luxurious greenery, its snow-capped head raised proudly against the sky. Uncle Lee said it was a volcanic mountain, but it looked very peaceful.

Enormously tall trees appeared.

"Redwoods!" Uncle Lee announced, and drove the car slowly so that Peter and Nancy could look up at the great trees with the rough, dark bark and the green, rich foliage. Rhododendrons bloomed in delicate beauty at their feet.

All the way from the Oregon border to Monterey, could be seen acres of peaches, pears, figs, apricots, oranges, lemons, cherries, olives, walnuts, and almonds. Uncle Lee was frequently stopping the car so that Peter and Nancy might inspect a new kind of orchard or grove.

*Ewing Galloway*

SUPREME COURT BUILDING AT SACRAMENTO

“We’re driving inland to Sacramento, the capital city of California,” Uncle Lee announced. “The valley that surrounds it is often called a ‘huge garden and great fruit basket.’”

Peter and Nancy noticed that much of this productive land was irrigated, and they realized how wisely the settlers had planned to make the desert country bloom. They were not surprised to find in Sacramento some of the world's largest canneries and preserving factories.

Sacramento had a fine Capitol which stood in a forty-acre park. But Peter and Nancy were more interested in the Supreme Court Building with its inscription: BRING ME MEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS.

The party remained in Sacramento overnight and went on to Oakland the following morning. San Francisco Bay glittered in the sun. And there were the two tremendous bridges stretching across it. One bridged the world-famous Golden Gate; the other led to and from Oakland. Goat Island, lying directly in the path between San Francisco and Oakland, made a fine support for the eight-mile bridge.

They found Oakland, with its fine municipal airport and its vegetable and dried-fruit industry, an interesting city, but never had Peter and Nancy felt a greater thrill than when they crossed the new bridge to San Francisco in Uncle Lee's car.

From Uncle Lee's enthusiasm Peter and Nancy could tell that their visit would be exciting. They were fascinated by the variety of things



THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

which they beheld upon riding through a portion of the city. Cable cars climbed hills which were too steep for electric streetcars. At times Nancy felt that their automobile could never

reach the top of some of these hills, but Uncle Lee assured her that it could, and it did.

The MacLarens enjoyed one wonderful experience after another. There was the visit to the water front that Uncle Lee said had smelled of sugar for half a century. But there was the smell of coffee, too, and of raw silk, and of tea and spices. At Fishermen's Wharf there was sea food in great plenty, and many housewives came down to get a supply of fresh fish.

Peter and Nancy had expected Chinatown to be rather quaint and shabby, perhaps even a little dangerous. Instead they found the Chinese section of the city full of shops, some actually luxurious, and cafes that served both Chinese and American food. And there were many well-dressed people, quite as modern as any other San Franciscans. Uncle Lee said that, though the Chinese children attended public schools, they also learned Chinese in private schools. The Latin quarter, the Japanese section, the Italian settlement—all these made of San Francisco an international city. Peter and Nancy visited Golden Gate Park, the splendid schools and libraries, and they even learned about the fine water system which brought good water to the city from Hetch Hetchy Dam.

Peter looked across the waters of the bay and saw Alcatraz Prison. How like a pelican it stood

*Ewing Galloway*

SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN

there, swept by swift tides. Peter had heard that Alcatraz was the Spanish word for Pelican.

*James Sawders*

AN OLD SPANISH MISSION

As they rode south from San Francisco, the MacLarens saw a number of the old missions. These missions reminded them of what an important and unselfish part the early missionaries had had in building California. Often the interiors of the historic structures were gloomy, but the bells were sweet and the gardens lovely.

The whole Santa Clara Valley, south of San Francisco, was rich with cherry, peach, and prune orchards.

Fresno, Uncle Lee explained as they drove on, was one of the most productive fruit-growing districts of the United States. Peter and Nancy were not surprised to learn that the leading industry of Fresno was the drying and packing of fruits. A packing plant of the raisin industry which was located there was said to be the largest of its kind in the world.

The MacLarens spent a night at a fine air-conditioned hotel in Bakersfield. Although it was not a large city, business seemed to be thriving.

“How do you account for the prosperity of this busy little city?” Peter asked.

“Bakersfield is the county seat of Kern County, which is noted for its rich oil fields,” Uncle Lee replied. “It is also the center of a productive agricultural district. A great deal of cotton is raised here, as well as many vegetables and fruits.

“And,” continued Uncle Lee, “if you were here during March or April, you would find Kern County a more beautiful place than you can imagine. The fields are carpeted with wild flowers—poppies, lupines, Indian paintbrush, and a host of others. Visitors come many miles to view the blossoms which make thousands of acres brilliant with their color.”

“How I should like to be here then!” said Nancy.

The MacLarens found Santa Barbara a delightful resort. The crescent beach, the many

*James Sawders*

OIL WELLS UNDER THE SEA

beautiful trees and flowers, the Spanish architecture, and the pleasant climate made it one of the loveliest places on the Pacific coast.

Uncle Lee had told Peter and Nancy of the oil wells under the sea. Here they saw the great derricks which stood at the water's edge and even extended into the ocean. But of all the spots they visited during their brief stay there, Peter and Nancy were most impressed with the picturesque old mission of Santa Barbara. They were told that it had been founded by Father Junipero Serra in 1786.

After leaving Santa Barbara, the MacLarens drove on to Los Angeles, the "City of the Angels."

It was not exactly that, but it was a delightful city set against the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains. After having seen the skyscrapers of other large cities, the buildings in Los Angeles seemed low. Uncle Lee said that, because of possible earthquakes, no permits were granted for buildings over 150 feet high.

A shopkeeper said, "In Los Angeles County you may ski at Big Pines in the morning, and take a dip in the ocean in the afternoon."

He spoke also of the large vineyards and orange groves not far from the city, and of the excellent harbor about twenty miles south where Los Angeles exported fruit, oil, olives, walnuts, wine, gold, silver, cement, lime, and borax. Then he took a deep breath and mentioned the imports, the lumber from northern California, Washington, and Oregon, and raw materials such as rubber, silk, coffee, and cacao. He informed Peter and Nancy that they would never lack for eggs in California, for there were many fine poultry farms. One large farm near Los Angeles supplied 125,000 eggs a day.

The lunch stands and soft-drink parlors in the suburbs swept Peter and Nancy into gales of laughter. They were shaped like animals, fowls, jails, and old hats. There was even one



Los Angeles County Chamber of Commerce

MAKING MOVIES IN HOLLYWOOD

like a shoe. This sort of unusual building was their introduction to Hollywood with its movie industry. Uncle Lee pointed out the great motion-picture studios as they drove past and explained that these represented the giant industry which had given to Hollywood the title, "Capital of Movieland." The MacLarens were fortunate in being able to see some scenes being taken. They were surprised at the number of times the same scene had to be played before it was satisfactory. Peter and Nancy had expected to see on the



Los Angeles County Chamber of Commerce

MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY

streets of Hollywood many of the picturesque characters which they had seen in the movies, but the people there looked much the same as those in other places.

The three travelers stopped off near Pasadena to see Mount Wilson Observatory and its giant telescope. At the Huntington Art Gallery at San Marino they saw the famous "Blue Boy," painted by Gainsborough. And at Long Beach they visited the United States fleet anchored just off shore.

One of the most delightful days of all was that

spent at Santa Catalina, the "Magic Isle" some twenty miles off the southern California coast.

As the steamer carrying the MacLarens to the island skimmed over the blue-green waters of the Pacific, Peter and Nancy were amused by what Uncle Lee called "the acrobatics of the flying fish." They rose from the water as if they had wings, then splashed back again.

There were so many things to see on the island that the MacLarens scarcely had time to catch a breath during the entire day. There were the sea lions which lived along the south coast, the submarine gardens which were viewed from a glass-bottomed boat, the bird park, and a multitude of other sights.

The MacLarens made other visits in southern California. They called at one big ranch to see the cultivated fan and feather palms. They visited San Bernardino, a charming city surrounded by the orange groves, vineyards, orchards, and fields of a fertile valley. Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy that each February or March the National Orange Show was held at San Bernardino. And they also went to San Diego which was once a refitting place for Spanish galleons, but was now a base for the United States Navy. In Balboa Park at San Diego they visited the Archaeological Institute with its exhibits of ancient American art, architecture, and anthropology. They also



Los Angeles County Chamber of Commerce

A CALIFORNIA ORANGE GROVE

spent some time in the Natural History Museum.

During their California visit Peter and Nancy heard much of Imperial Valley, a great area which produced quantities of lettuce, asparagus, onions, melons, grapes, oranges, and other vegetables and fruits, as well as an excellent quality of long-staple cotton. They learned that irrigation water for this area was brought from the Colorado River in Arizona. Without water Imperial Valley would have been a barren desert. But with water it was a region of prosperity.

GLORIOUS DESERTS

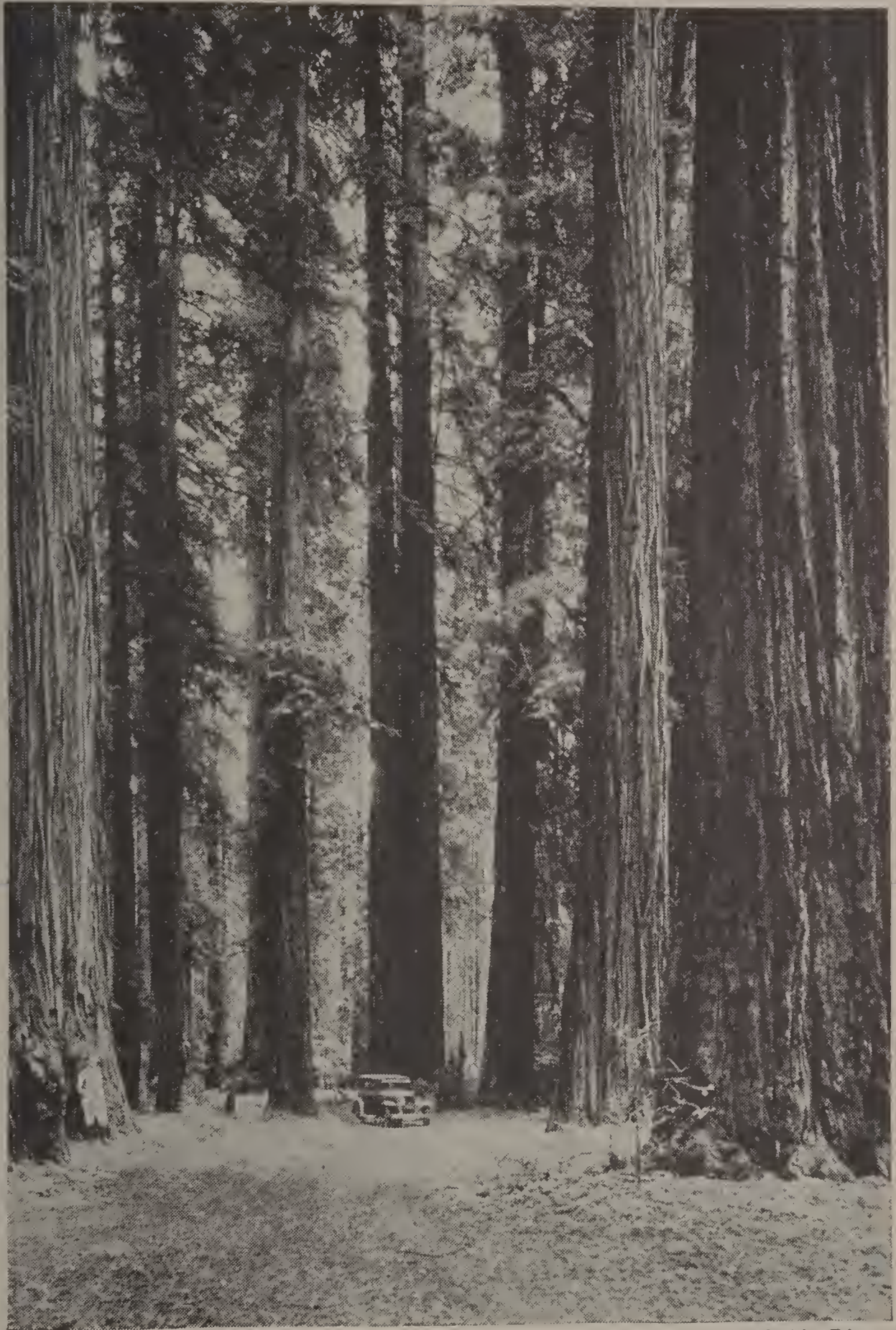
PETER and Nancy were delighted when Uncle Lee told them of Jimmy Dustin's plan to show them Sequoia National Park and Yosemite National Park from the air.

They had heard much of the great trees which had grown to an almost unbelievable size and they could hardly wait to see them.

Jimmy flew as low as he dared over Sequoia National Park so that Peter and Nancy might see California's big trees, the giant sequoias. Some of the big trees, they were told, were more than thirty feet in diameter and over three hundred feet in height. They were between one thousand and three thousand years old.

"The big trees," said Uncle Lee, "are the oldest living things on earth. Thousands of these trees were here when Christ was born."

Yosemite National Park, lying west of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in the middle eastern part of California, consisted, as could be seen from Jimmy Dustin's airplane, of a valley seven or eight miles long and less than a mile wide—the famed Yosemite Valley—and miles and miles of surrounding wilderness, a wilderness of enchanting beauty.



United Air Lines

THE GIANT SEQUOIAS

Jimmy flew low to give the MacLarens a view of the valley. Steep precipices rose from the level floor, and numerous waterfalls fell from great heights into the lovely greenery and flowers.

Soon the wonders of Yosemite were left behind. Later in the afternoon the MacLarens looked down upon the desert country of southern Nevada and the town of Tonopah, once a well-known gold and silver town where water had sold for a dollar a barrel. Now, with water from its own wells, a railroad, and a mill to handle raw ore, many of its problems seemed to be solved.

Jimmy flew north over the Humboldt River, which he said was the most important stream in the Great Basin region.

"It's not an attractive river," Jimmy said when he saw how silent Peter and Nancy were, "but it's a rather valiant little stream. It flows three hundred miles through desert country, only to lose itself in Humboldt Lake."

"The water is very unpleasant," Uncle Lee informed Peter and Nancy. "It is salty and bitter."

It seemed strange to see a river without trees or grass on its banks. Certainly Nevada was not a farming country. Uncle Lee said, in fact, that Nevada had fewer farms than any other state in the Union. However, he declared that irrigation projects were under way and no one could foretell the future.



Ewing Galloway

TROUT FISHING NEAR YOSEMITE FALLS

“What’s the land good for?” Nancy inquired.
“Minerals,” Uncle Lee answered promptly.
“Gold, silver, copper, lead! And there are borax,

gypsum, and sulphur, too! The climate and topography are not very different from Imperial Valley in California, and irrigation has worked wonders there."

"Carson City's the capital," Peter said. "I'd like to see it."

Flying back toward the mountains Peter and Nancy saw a good many cattle in the sagebrush country. They remembered now that Nevada was called the "Sagebrush State." Uncle Lee said that it was as often called the "Silver State," because it was one of the leading states in the mining of silver. Carson City was not very large, but it was attractive. Near by were hot springs and to the west Lake Tahoe, one-third of it in Nevada and two-thirds in California. Nancy thought it one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, blue and clear and surrounded by green mountains.

Reno, where the little party eventually arrived for an overnight stay, was the largest city in Nevada. Uncle Lee told the children that it was the financial, educational, and professional center of the state. It had a fine climate, delightful mountain scenery, and good water. The fashionable hotels were filled with gay, well-dressed people.

"Nevada is an unusual state," Uncle Lee mused. "There's not another state in the Union that's so

sparsely settled. After visiting the densely populated New England States, it seems a little strange to be in a state where there is only about one person to the square mile."

Utah, the "Beehive State," proved true to its name. Surely it must have taken people as busy as bees to make a place of beauty out of a desert. The Mormons who settled Utah had been courageous persons who had stopped at no amount of work in order to write success for their state.

As Jimmy flew over the desert, Peter and Nancy were most impressed by the blaze of color and by the strange rock formations. Erosion by wind, rain, and water had worn away the varicolored rocks, leaving arched pinnacles, mushroom shapes, and fairy castles. But the colors, red, orange, yellow, and even purple, changed and shifted with the changing light. Sometimes the children saw rocks that looked like phantom castles, and sometimes a strange-looking figure rose up near a queer animal. A rose-colored bridge that seemed as fairy-like as though it were made of a pink cloud, appeared below with a train of horses crossing over it. Uncle Lee said the riders might be geologists, or perhaps travelers like Peter and Nancy themselves.

At Bingham Canyon, just a short distance from Salt Lake City, Jimmy pointed down to an open-cut copper mine. It was the most gigantic

open-pit mine Peter and Nancy had ever seen. An entire mountain of copper had been removed, leaving a great pit, like an amphitheater. Jimmy said that as much as 75,000 tons of ore and 67,000 tons of waste had been removed in a single day.

Jimmy brought his plane down at the busy airport in Salt Lake City where transport planes took off on regular schedules east and west.

The city was almost circled by snow-capped mountains of what Jimmy said was the Wasatch Range. Near by was Great Salt Lake. Peter and Nancy were so impatient to try bathing in it that Jimmy agreed to take them for a plunge while Uncle Lee attended to some business. Jimmy warned his charges not to laugh and swallow the bitter water, and they tried to heed his warning. For more than an hour they bobbed about with other visitors, unable to sink. But Nancy said she could taste Great Salt Lake even after she was bathed and dressed.

“I didn’t see any fishermen on the lake,” she remarked when the three met again.

“The water is too salty for fish. Only brine shrimp can live in it,” Jimmy explained. “The water gets saltier and saltier.”

The streets up which Peter and Nancy walked with Jimmy on their way to Memory Park were very wide, and the blocks were surprisingly long.

*Ewing Galloway*

SOUTH TEMPLE STREET IN SALT LAKE CITY

Jimmy explained that this lovely park had been created in honor of the veterans of the World War.

“Is this City Creek?” questioned Nancy, as they came near the park’s little stream.

“You’re right!” Jimmy pronounced. “This is City Creek. It’s the little stream of pure water that made Salt Lake City possible. It is allowed to flow on its merry way as a reminder that pioneers may achieve if they keep their faith.”

*Ewing Galloway*

MORMON TEMPLE AND TABERNACLE

Uncle Lee had registered at a fine modern hotel near Temple Square. The following morning, after a late breakfast, he took Peter and Nancy on a stroll to see the famous walled park of ten acres. In the midst of flowery, tree-shaded lawns stood the Mormon Temple and the Tabernacle. The handsome Temple was not open to visitors, but Uncle Lee secured a guide to show his little party through the Tabernacle.

This great building, capable of seating eight

thousand people, was unusual. The roof was an oval dome upheld by sandstone buttresses.

“The architect who designed the Tabernacle,” Uncle Lee said, “was a bridgebuilder. He knew how to put struts and timbers together, and in this case he used pegs and rawhide thongs. Metal hardware was not available.”

The guide spoke proudly of the great organ with more than five thousand pipes.

At noon a fine concert was played on the famous organ, and the MacLarens thought of how much these people who had come in covered wagons to a desert had accomplished.

After the concert they lingered on the grounds to look at the Temple.

“It took forty years to build it,” the guide said. “And it was constructed of granite quarried about twenty miles away.”

In the Temple Square, sheltered by a portico, stood a little log cabin with a couple of old wagon wheels nailed to an end wall. This was the first house in Utah. Driving through the streets later and seeing many mansions, the travelers thought the little house all the more appealing. Now a busy city with many factories, Salt Lake City impressed Peter and Nancy as being entirely modern. The fine airport was taken as a matter of course.

“Arizona, the ‘Apache State’!” Peter announced

as the plane droned on southward from Salt Lake City. "More desert country, of course!"

"In a way, yes," Uncle Lee agreed. "But it is magnificent desert. And remember that Arizona is conquering that desert. Near Phoenix you'll see groves of grapefruit, oranges, lemons, and tangerines as fine as any in the country. Long-staple cotton is being grown there, too. A great pine belt lies in northern Arizona. Miami and Bisbee have big copper mines. And Arizona has quite a cattle industry. Beef cattle are driven into the state from the south to be fattened for United States markets."

A little later, Nancy breathed a joyful sigh as she said, "Peter, I believe it is—I know it is—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado!"

Peter and Nancy had seen many pictures of the Grand Canyon, but the pictures had not prepared them for the astounding beauty of its color and its rock formations. A mile deep and ranging from four to eighteen miles in width and over two hundred miles long, this great V-shaped valley, cut by the Colorado River like a great ribbon, was easily the most inspiring sight nature could offer. Rocks of pink, red, yellow, gray, and white had been carved by the rain and wind into monuments of beauty and charm. Pillars, towers, peaks!

"Now that we have seen Grand Canyon, one of

*James Sawders*

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

the greatest works of nature," Uncle Lee informed Peter and Nancy, "Jimmy is going to fly us back into a corner of Nevada so that we can see one of the greatest engineering achievements of man."

"Boulder Dam!" Peter shouted.

"Maybe," said Nancy. "But look at the gor-



James Sawders

BOULDER DAM

geously colored plateaus and the low mesas below us. This must be the Painted Desert!”

Uncle Lee assured Nancy that she was right.

Soon they were flying over gigantic Boulder Dam. Peter and Nancy were amazed at its size.

“Only large figures could be used in describing Boulder Dam,” said Uncle Lee. “The Dam rises 727 feet above bedrock. Its crest is nearly a quarter mile long. It is 45 feet wide at the top and 660 feet at the bottom.”

“What a lot of cement it must have taken,” said Peter.

“Over five million barrels were used in making the dam and powerhouse,” said Uncle Lee.

“That’s many barrels!” exclaimed Nancy.

“Boulder Dam means much to the people living in the Southwest,” Uncle Lee explained as the plane headed toward Phoenix. “It will provide irrigation water for millions of people. And, by the way, you might be interested in knowing that the Imperial Valley, of which we heard so much while we were in California, depends upon Boulder Dam for protection from floods, as well as from water shortage.”

Phoenix was reached after Jimmy flew over the Roosevelt Dam. The green valley with its many citrus farms looked like a jade setting in a ring of golden sand. What a place for a capital! Phoenix was progressive, with up-to-date shops and palm-shaded residence streets. The sun shone on brilliant flower gardens and tennis courts and polo fields and golf links. Everybody seemed to be playing.

The MacLarens visited the Indian school, the Yaqui Indian village, the giant cactus forest, and Hieroglyphic Canyon with its picture messages. And they climbed Apache Trail on horseback to see the Tonto cliff dwellings.

“Roosevelt Dam is about five miles beyond here,”

*Ewing Galloway*

GIANT CACTI IN ARIZONA

Uncle Lee informed Peter. "Jimmy pointed it out to you from the plane."

The airport at Phoenix was a very busy place when the Dustin plane took off for Tucson.

Tucson was hemmed in by mountains, a beautiful, vivid city, bright with sunshine. The MacLarens visited a fine desert sanatorium several miles from town to call on a friend of Uncle Lee's.

"The desert country means health for many," the friend declared.

"It means beauty, too," Nancy said.

"And prosperity," Peter added.

A LONG PLATEAU

NEW MEXICO, the "Sunshine State," lay in glaring yellow light beneath the speeding plane as Jimmy Dustin flew the MacLarens on to Santa Fe, the oldest seat of government in the United States.

"If New Mexico had more rainfall, I dare say cotton would be king," Jimmy remarked. "There is surely plenty of sunshine. It's the scarcity of water that keeps New Mexico from being more densely settled. But irrigation projects may change the whole appearance of the state. Where cactus and sagebrush now grow, irrigated fields may produce vegetables, melons, and even fine peaches."

"And there's another use for the great reservoirs that are being built," Uncle Lee added. "The force of water confined in them can be used to generate electric power."

"Cattle are important to New Mexico, aren't they?" Nancy questioned.

"Indeed, so," replied Uncle Lee. "There are many large cattle ranches. And sheep are raised in all parts of the state; consequently a great deal of wool is produced."

"How about mineral production?" Peter asked.

“Copper and coal are mined in great quantities,” Uncle Lee answered. “Gold, silver, lead, and zinc are produced, too. Also, New Mexico has a large amount of beautiful stone which is suitable for building.”

Sante Fe, the capital city of New Mexico, was different in atmosphere from any other city Peter and Nancy had thus far visited in the United States. There were many adobe buildings which were representative of Mexican and Spanish architecture. The Governor’s Palace, with its massive, long, low walls, was more than three hundred years old. Certain parts of the wall had led many people to believe that the Palace was built on the site of a very early Indian structure, and that some of the old Indian walls may have been used in the new building. On the streets Peter and Nancy saw many of the Indians whose ancestors must have dwelt in the land long before the coming of the white man. In the quaint shops there were fine exhibits of Indian handiwork, silver jewelry, delicate lace, colorful blankets, and artfully woven baskets.

The Plaza, the State Capitol, the Scottish Rite Temple, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the Government Indian School all reflected the sunny beauty of Sante Fe. Although set in a desert, the altitude of almost seven thousand feet insured a delightful climate. The city was a haven for



James Sawders

THE OLD GOVERNOR'S PALACE

vacationists from the north. Near by were fine ranches, and in the mountains there was some lumbering and a good deal of mining.

The MacLarens visited one of the Indian pueblos near the city. They were told that *pueblo* meant "village." Peter said that the dwellings of many stories reminded him of apartment houses.

"But I doubt if most apartment-house dwellers would care to use ladders as the Indians do, to enter their homes," Uncle Lee remarked, his blue eyes twinkling.

*Ewing Galloway*

A THREE-STORY INDIAN PUEBLO

The Pueblo Indians were very courteous. Many of them spoke English. Nancy could hardly be drawn away from one of the Indian women who was showing her some pottery she had made. Each village had its own special clay, color, and design for its pottery.

Peter and Uncle Lee spent some time watching an Indian woman baking bread in a beehive oven. Uncle Lee said that these ovens were called beehive ovens because of their shape.

*James Sawders*

BAKING BREAD IN A BEEHIVE OVEN

Albuquerque was truly beautiful with its tree-shaded streets and lovely gardens. The church of San Felipe, weathered and ancient, still stood much as the Franciscan fathers had built it. There were fine modern buildings, too, a government school for Indians and the University of New Mexico.

Albuquerque, the MacLarens observed, was the center of the Pueblo Indian country and the commercial center for the trade of the Indian pueblos. A few miles south lay Isleta, a pueblo of about a thousand Indians whose ancestors had lived there in 1540 when the Spaniards arrived.

Nancy watched the Isleta women making pottery, while Peter watched the men working in their gardens and tending their sheep.

As they flew over Las Vegas, Peter and Nancy could see that it was located in a region of beauty with rolling hills where sheep grazed contentedly. Uncle Lee said that this city was an important wool market.

The most surprising and unusual of all their discoveries in New Mexico were Carlsbad Caverns. They were located in the Guadalupe Mountains about twenty miles from Carlsbad. All along the desert road over which the adventurers went there grew desert plants, prickly pears, melon cactus, Spanish daggers, Spanish bayonets, and century plants, many forming beautiful rosettes, others in exquisite bloom.

“Tell us about Carlsbad Caverns, Uncle Lee,” Peter said as they rode toward that famous National Park. “How were they discovered? How were they formed? What shall we see there?”

“To answer your first question,” Uncle Lee replied, “it was the curiosity of a Texas cowboy, Jim White, which led to the discovery of Carlsbad Caverns. One evening he observed a dark smoke-like column rising from a hole in the ground. Investigating, he found that a great number of bats were emerging from the dark-

*Ewing Galloway*

CARLSBAD CAVERNS

ness of a cave. This bat spectacle is one of the great attractions of Carlsbad Caverns National Park. They leave the cavern at dusk and return the following dawn. It has been estimated that in one night three million bats consume more than eleven tons of night-flying insects. Of course, the corridor occupied by the bats is not open to visitors.”

“How were the Caverns formed?” Peter repeated his second question.

“The great openings were made by water percolating through limestone which was formed millions of years ago,” said Uncle Lee. “And, before you again ask what we shall see at Carlsbad Caverns, let me say that in a short time you will find out for yourselves.”

The caverns which were open to visitors had been lighted, and the United States Government had built trails and had provided guides so that visitors might enjoy these wonders of nature in safety.

Upon entering the great caverns, Peter and Nancy felt as if they had been suddenly transported to a fairyland even more beautiful than the one described in books, so exquisite were the limestone formations which they beheld. In some places great onyx walls rose to incredible heights. In other places the formations had the appearance of coral. There were formations called stalactites which resembled icicles and hung from the roof or sides of the caverns. From the floor rose great stalagmites which had been formed from the drippings above. These looked like huge icicles turned point up. Some big stalagmites were high humps of marble, of pure, shining smoothness, while others looked like ragged ghosts.

No one, the guide said, knew how many rooms there were in Carlsbad Caverns or how they were arranged.

The MacLarens had lunch in a huge underground cafeteria. Then they walked along more of the government-built trails to see more of nature's sculpturing.

At the end of the trip they were glad for the elevator which returned them to the surface, for, as Nancy said, everyone seemed a little tired.

Leaving New Mexico behind, Jimmy Dustin's plane winged northward carrying the MacLarens.

In Colorado, the "Centennial State," Peter and Nancy saw much of dry farming, which depended upon weather conditions, and of irrigation farming, which could call upon water supply at will. The MacLarens had often heard of mining in Colorado, and, wide-eyed, Peter and Nancy had listened to tales of the early discoveries of silver and gold. They were prepared for the wonderful mountain scenery, for Colorado Springs, the Garden of the Gods, the Cave of the Winds, and the Royal Gorge.

Peter and Nancy had heard of Denver, too, and impatiently they waited for Jimmy to set them down at the fine big airport.

Once settled in the city they could walk out and see snow-capped Pikes Peak which, Uncle Lee said, was only about seventy-five miles away. They would have liked to climb the Peak, riding through the evergreen forest for a little way and then continuing the climb on foot. But Uncle

*James Sawders*

RAILWAY TO TOP OF PIKES PEAK

Lee could not spare the time—not even to take the cogwheel railroad to the summit.

From all parts of the state everything, from onions, tomatoes, cantaloupes, and sugar beets to cattle and sheep, poured into Denver. And some of the best peaches in the world came from the valley of the Colorado River!

Denver, the “Mile-High City,” at the foot of the Rockies, was, Uncle Lee said, a fine health resort. The air was dry and zestful. Walking along the street past modern shops and office buildings, Uncle Lee spoke of the fertile valley of

the Platte River north of Denver. It was once a sandy waste, but had been made fertile by irrigation. To the east lay the great American plains with their grazing cattle and sheep. Denver, he added, was also an important supply center for the metal- and coal-producing regions. And there were convenient smelters close at hand.

The Capitol was a handsome building of Colorado granite. The State Historical Museum had a varied collection of pioneer mementoes. Then there was the United States Mint, a most impressive structure.

But the MacLarens thought the Municipal Building in Denver's famous Civic Center was the most beautiful of all. Peter was interested in one of the statues which stood on the grounds of this lovely granite building—a statue of a bucking bronco.

There was time for only one long drive, out to Estes Park at the entrance to Rocky Mountain National Park.

When they returned to their hotel, Jimmy was waiting for them. The plane was ready for the take-off into Wyoming. Jimmy said they could be in Cheyenne in time for dinner.

In Wyoming, the "Equality State," the plane flew over miles and miles of rolling prairie land already brown from the summer sun. There were many cattle and sheep grazing, and Uncle

*Ewing Galloway*

DENVER'S BEAUTIFUL MUNICIPAL BUILDING

Lee said the short brown grass was nourishing. Dude ranches with riding horses in the corrals appeared in striking contrast to some of the small rambling ranch buildings they saw. Once Peter and Nancy saw a herd of wild horses on top of a mesa.

Cheyenne, the capital city of Wyoming, seemed very flat from the air. Actually it was situated on a rolling plain. The airport, with its spacious landing field and its fine hangars, impressed Jimmy, for here was the latest equipment in

*James Sawders*

A WYOMING CATTLE RANCH AND CHUCK WAGON

aviation. Jimmy said it was one of the finest fields he had ever landed on.

“Frontier Days,” a western festival, was being given for three days, and Cheyenne was in gala attire for the great rodeo. The streets were brightly lighted as though for the Christmas holidays, and the hotels were crowded with ranchers in “ten-gallon” hats, riders in cowboy outfits, and visitors from all over the United States and Canada. In the morning there was a parade of

pioneer floats, bands, old fiddlers, and riders, followed by the Black Horse Battalion of the Fort Russell Military Maneuver Reserve. Peter and Nancy, who loved parades, were often saluted by cowboys who saw what a thrill they were giving their visitors.

From the grandstand, on the afternoon following the parade, Peter and Nancy watched the bronco busting, fancy riding, bulldozing, and Indian dances. Peter got excited every time the door of a pen swung open and the cowboys shouted, "Let'er buck!" Both he and Nancy thrilled to the bravery of the western riders. They learned that many a ranch was started with prize money won at a rodeo.

Uncle Lee said that "Frontier Days" stood for the high courage which had played such an important part in the development of the West.

THE AMAZING SOUTHWEST

JIMMY said, "I'm going to land you people in one of the most beautiful cities in the biggest state in the Union."

Without hesitation, Peter and Nancy shouted, "San Antonio, Texas!"

On the long hop from Cheyenne, Wyoming, Uncle Lee told many entertaining stories of the Texas that once was wild and tough. It had to be tough to exist and to defend itself.

Now, he declared, that same Texas raised about a fifth of the world's supply of cotton. The once muddy streets of Dallas now boasted skyscrapers, and Houston, where men once gladly slept in shanties, now offered perfect service in its modern hotels. Buffalo Bayou, once a muddy hole, now welcomed foreign ships into its deeply dredged canal.

Peter looked down on rolling, grassy plains where long-horned cattle once grazed and cowboys rode herd. The sky, so blue and so high, and the distant hills, overhung with purple mist, presented a beautiful sight.

Nancy exclaimed, "Oh, the lovely colorings!"

"Texas was meant to be the country's cow pasture," Uncle Lee said. "The tableland of

*Ewing Galloway*

HEREFORD CATTLE ON A TEXAS RANCH

Texas has grass, water, and good climate. What more could cattle want? The only unproductive places in Texas are the high, dry places in the western part of the state. There you'll find plain desert—and I mean plain.

“But don't misunderstand me,” Uncle Lee continued. “Although the abundance of grazing land makes cattle and sheep raising important, these are not the only industries for which the state is noted. Texas is the leading cotton-growing state. Cotton represents more than half of

the crop value. Great quantities of petroleum, natural gas, coal, and sulphur are produced, also. And excellent citrus fruits are raised in the 'Magic Valley' of the Lower Rio Grande."

Jimmy brought the plane down at San Antonio. Uncle Lee observed that the children would see both the old and the new in San Antonio. The "Lone Star State" had much to offer historically as well as commercially.

As soon as the little party landed they drove to town. Across from a handsome square rose a fine office building. Near by stood the San Fernando Cathedral which once had served as headquarters for General Santa Anna who marched on the Alamo in March, 1836.

Peter and Nancy begged to see the Alamo at once, and Jimmy agreed to escort them to this Texas shrine. Every school child in Texas knew about the Alamo, said Jimmy.

The battered old building with the ornate entrance had seen much bloodshed. It had been built during the eighteenth century by the Franciscan monks, who doubtless thought of it as a place of peace.

Here, behind its stout walls, Davy Crockett, James Bowie, Bill Travis and about 180 others made their last stand against the Mexican general, Santa Anna, who commanded about four thousand men. The garrison held out until its

*Ewing Galloway*

THE ALAMO

last man was gone. When the Texans heard of the unfailing courage of the little band, the words "Remember the Alamo" became a battle cry against the Mexicans.

Peter and Nancy went into the Alamo to look at the old weapons, relics, and documents that told the history of the valiant Texans. Six flags had flown over the gray walls of the Alamo.

"If you youngsters are so interested in missions," Jimmy remarked, "you should see San José. I can take you out there right now."

Peter and Nancy were amazed at what they saw at San José. They stared in wonder at the beautifully carved windows of the mission. Once inside they marveled at the carved statues and paintings that the King of Spain had sent as gifts.

“Although San José is over two hundred years old,” Jimmy said, “it is still used as a chapel.”

On the morning following the visit to San José, Uncle Lee took Peter and Nancy on a tour of San Antonio.

Uncle Lee said there were fifty-six parks and plazas, but he liked Brackenridge Park best. It contained sunken gardens and a lily pond. Peter and Nancy were most interested in the San Antonio River which ran through the heart of the city. This river and its palms and landscaped banks added much to the beauty of San Antonio.

The Mexican section was colorful but not so clean and beautiful as the main city. It was fun to watch the cooking and the trading in the open. Nancy could not resist the hand-decorated pottery or the pralines so full of Texas pecans. Peter tried the chili and bought preserved pumpkin and stick candy to take back to the hotel.

Because he could not possibly show them all of Texas, our largest state, in the time which he had, Uncle Lee invited them into a cool lounge, ordered lemonade for them, and proceeded to tell

*Ewing Galloway*

SAN ANTONIO RIVER FLOWS THROUGH THE CITY

them about some of the cities. Jimmy wandered in and remarked that Uncle Lee's method was a lazy way to travel.

But Uncle Lee seemed satisfied. He described Austin, the capital of Texas and the home of the state university. The great Capitol built of red Texas granite, he said, was erected by Chicago capitalists in 1882-88 for a consideration of three million acres of Texas public land. After another lemonade he told of El Paso, situated in the fertile Rio Grande Valley, at the foot of



Ewing Galloway

THE CAPITOL AT AUSTIN

*Ewing Galloway*

CITY OF EL PASO AND MOUNT FRANKLIN

Mount Franklin. Uncle Lee said it was the largest city on the Mexican border. It was a tourist center, too, and important for manufacturing.

“Here,” said Uncle Lee, “is sent the copper, lead, silver, and gold ore from the near-by mountains of Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico for refining. Opposite the city, across the Rio Grande River, is the Mexican town of Juarez, with which El Paso is connected by two international bridges and an electric railway.”

Then he asked, “Do you know which Texas town is the ‘Port of Quickest Dispatch’?”

“Galveston!” Jimmy answered. “There’s a two-

*James Sawders*

HOUSTON'S SHIP CANAL

billion-dollar causeway there for loading and unloading vessels, and, believe me, they certainly come in from all countries. The south side of the city, on the gulf, is protected by a great sea wall. This sea wall is seventeen feet high and seven and a half miles long. Galveston has a fine bathing beach, and oh, what sea food!

“Houston isn’t so far behind, either, with its twenty-million-dollar canal through which ocean freighters come up to the docks and take on loads of cotton and other products. Peter and Nancy should see Beaumont’s oil fields and pine and cypress forests.

*Ewing Galloway*

THE CITY OF DALLAS

“And they should see Port Arthur. It’s the center of one of the greatest groups of oil refineries in the country. Each year over two thousand ocean-going ships pass through the Port Arthur ship canal to load the products of these refineries. And, although you seldom think of Texas as being important for furs, Jefferson County, in which Port Arthur is located, produces furs which bring higher prices than many of the northern pelts.”

“And, speaking of important cities,” inter-

*Ewing Galloway*

THE STOCKYARDS AT FORT WORTH

rupted Uncle Lee, "there's Dallas, one of the largest inland cotton markets, you know, and a financial and commercial center. The wholesale business thrives in Dallas. There are at least five hundred wholesale houses in the city.

"And don't forget Fort Worth! It's a great railway center of the Southwest and is important for its livestock and meat-packing industry. It's a leading grain market, too."

"Where are we going next?" questioned Peter.

"I'm perfectly contented here," Uncle Lee decided. "I need a rest and some relaxation."

"You'll be just as contented in Arkansas," Jimmy promised. "Let's take Uncle Lee to Hot Springs in the 'Wonder State' for a week end so that he can relax."

"Let's!" Peter and Nancy agreed. "He needs a rest."

The flight over Arkansas was pure delight. Uncle Lee had already told Peter and Nancy that the interior highlands of Arkansas were not just so much scenery, but that bauxite, of which aluminum is made, came from there. No need to remind them that Arkansas was a cotton state, too. They could see the workers in the cotton fields, and the plantation houses. In several places they looked down on rice fields. In the beautiful valley of the Arkansas River and on the Ozark Plateau they saw much livestock, fine horses and mules and some beef cattle, as well as dairy cows. Peter discovered a melon patch or two, and Jimmy told him that just the year before he had seen a melon weighing around 145 pounds!

"Believe it or not," Jimmy added, "Arkansas has the only known diamond field in North America, and she produces more whetstones than any other state. There are oil fields at Smackover, and plenty of natural gas."

The Hot Springs hotel was like a glorious

sanatorium. The healing baths were scarcely needed by the robust MacLarens and the tireless Jimmy Dustin. But, as Jimmy said, they were willing to try anything once. For all their joking they found the baths taken in the hot mineral springs in a government-supervised bathhouse really restful and invigorating. The natural hot springs did Uncle Lee so much good that he left his easy chair and went fishing, to bring back a mess of big-mouth bass.

The MacLarens spent one afternoon in Little Rock. They visited the lovely domed Capitol which was built of Arkansas marble. It stood in a twelve-acre park. Uncle Lee rented a car and drove Peter and Nancy through the business and residential sections of the city. He especially wanted them to see the fine state institutions, as well as the fairgrounds and some of the excellent schools located in the city.

“Oklahoma, the ‘Sooner State,’ is calling,” Jimmy announced.

“Why is it called the ‘Sooner State’?” Nancy inquired of Jimmy.

“Because much of the best land in Oklahoma was taken by ‘sooner’ people who rushed in before the time set for the territory to be opened for settlement,” Jimmy explained. “It’s a great state—lead and zinc mines and oil! But the livestock industry is important, too, and, incidentally, the

*James Sawders*

OIL WELLS ON THE CAPITOL GROUNDS

raising of turkeys. It's a queer state that can grow both cotton and wheat, but Oklahoma does it. And there's no lack of fruit—from berries to apples."

"How about Indians?" Nancy inquired.

"Largest Indian reservation in the United States is located there," Jimmy answered. "About a third of our red men live there. I'm going to show you both Tulsa and Oklahoma City."

The city of Tulsa was a surprise to Peter and

Nancy even though they had been told that oil could build a city overnight.

“In 1900 Tulsa was only a village,” Uncle Lee said, as the plane circled over the city. “Now look at it!”

They did look at it, at the big office buildings and the fine homes. Some of the downtown buildings were ten and fifteen stories high. The “Oil Capital of America” was rapidly being beautified, too, with fine boulevards and flower gardens.

The Dustin plane came down at Oklahoma City, the capital of the state, just after an outlaw gusher had been capped. But it had sprayed oil for miles about and everything smelled of oil. Everything tasted of oil, too. Great derricks surrounded the city on all sides. There were derricks in front yards, and there were even some on the grounds of the State Capitol. They meant prosperity, and in the end they would mean beauty.

Peter and Nancy caught the gay spirit of the town and their hearts were light. Oklahoma was a state where miracles could happen.

HOMeward BOUND

PETER and Nancy knew there were two cities named Kansas City. There was Kansas City, Missouri, the larger of the two, and Kansas City, Kansas. Both were on the Missouri River.

“As we fly over Kansas,” Jimmy said, “you’ll understand why Kansas City is such an important meat-packing center. And of course there are by-products of the meat industry, too, such as soap and hog serum.”

Flying over oil fields, model stock farms, meat-packing plants, and flour mills, it was hard to realize that in one lifetime the hardy pioneers had changed much seemingly worthless territory to a land of plenty.

“Kansas produces more wheat than any other state,” Uncle Lee said. “Some 120,000,000 bushels are produced in an average year.”

“That wheat came from Russia, they say,” Jimmy mused. “The white-blossom clover came from Asia, and soybeans from Manchuria. At Hutchinson there is a mine that produces an enormous amount of salt. But going back to wheat, you can see that Kansas, being in the middle of the Great Plains wheat country, does its share of wheat raising.”

*Ewing Galloway*

HARVESTING WHEAT ON A KANSAS FARM

Wichita was a lively town. Many people connected with the meat industry lived there. And in one of the hotels, pictures of farm animals looked down from the lobby walls. The MacLarens enjoyed a fine steak dinner with Jimmy, who said steaks had to be good in Wichita because the diners were excellent judges. These cowmen knew their beef.

But Wichita was an air capital as well as a cow town. Aircraft manufacture, the hotel pro-

prietor declared, was going forward rapidly. He added that Wichita was the largest broomcorn market of the world and also an important flour-milling center.

One building attracted the MacLarens and Jimmy alike—the Wichita Art Museum. The idea of the architect had been to harmonize it with the Kansas plains, and it did harmonize, for it was flat-roofed and its color was a warm tan with touches of gay red in its decorations.

Then there was the beautiful entrance to the North High School. The symbols—a sunflower, a plowboy, and an Indian, in colors—seemed to just fit the “Sunflower State.” Peter said he thought the big gray cement cylinders of the wheat elevator should come in the class of art, too.

Jimmy did not fly to Fort Riley to see its Ogden Monument which marked the geographical center of the United States, nor did he take Peter and Nancy to Leavenworth to see the old fort and the United States Federal Prison.

But he did stop at Topeka, the capital city. The name Topeka, he told Peter and Nancy, was an Indian name which meant “a good place to dig potatoes.”

The Capitol, set in a shady park, was a very busy place. On the edge of the city were the State Fair grounds, which covered seventy-eight acres and had many exhibition buildings.

*Ewing Galloway*

NEBRASKA'S STATE CAPITOL

On to Nebraska, the "Tree Planters' State"! Jimmy pointed out places where the Oregon Trail had crossed. Peter and Nancy realized at once that they were in another agricultural state. There were cornfields, wheat fields, and oat fields. Huge piles of sugar beets stood in mounds alongside the roads, awaiting transportation. On the prairies, sleek cattle grazed. Many farms were dry farms, but many others had some irrigation.

The MacLarens arrived at Lincoln. There was no question about its being the state capital, for

even from the air the Capitol was a magnificent structure. Peter and Nancy had seen many state capitols but none quite like this one.

The site of the city had always been a favorite one with Indians and with early settlers. The buffalo had been attracted to it, too, because of the salt deposits. Every year the State Fair drew thousands to Lincoln.

Here was the former home of William Jennings Bryan, Uncle Lee pointed out. Lincoln was also a shipping point for grain, and it had flour mills and brick and tile works.

The plane next landed at the fine Omaha airport. As they reached the business section of the city the first words Nancy uttered were, "Oh, what a busy place!" Indeed, the business section seemed to dominate the city, for Omaha, Uncle Lee declared, had been for some time one of the nation's greatest grain markets. The city was important as a livestock market and meat-packing center, too. And there were ten trunk lines of railway.

Omaha loved beauty, too. There was a fine art collection in the Joslyn Memorial, and the educational institutions were beautifully situated.

"Just across the Missouri River, on a plain nearly surrounded by bluffs, is Council Bluffs, an important Iowa city," said Jimmy.

The last long flight before returning home took

*James Sawders*

CONCRETE MONSTERS OVERLOOKING RAPID CITY

the MacLarens into the Dakotas—first South Dakota and then North Dakota. Jimmy landed the plane in Rapid City, South Dakota, near the foothills. Peter and Nancy were interested in the prehistoric monsters of concrete which appeared to be standing guard over the city. Uncle Lee said that live monsters such as these once roamed through the region.

The Black Hills, with their heavily wooded hillsides and their deep, plum-colored canyons,

were more like mountains than hills. In fact, the highest point between the Rockies and the Atlantic Ocean, Uncle Lee said, was Harney Peak. On a picnic up in the hills Uncle Lee fished for speckled trout in a stream so cold and clear that it was like pure ice water. The MacLarens stayed overnight at a resort hotel on Sylvan Lake, up among the pines and the colorful rocks.

Rushmore Mountain attracted all of the party, for the scene that met their eyes was unforgettable. Gutzon Borglum, the world-famous sculptor, had carved gigantic heads of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Theodore Roosevelt across the top of the mountain for all men to see—now and a million years hence.

The finding of gold, Peter and Nancy learned, had built Rapid City, and later the town became a shipping point for cattle brought in from the Wyoming and Montana ranges.

“Rapid City is still a railroad town,” Uncle Lee said. “As you know, it has an airport, too. And there is a fine school of mines, for mining is still important in South Dakota.”

“Uncle Lee’s right,” Jimmy agreed. “I’ve met many old miners in the hills. The mine at Lead is still being worked. It’s called the Homestake Mine, you know. And Deadwood near by has large stamp mills, smelters, and cyanide mills.

*Ewing Galloway*

GREAT MEN ON THE MOUNTAIN

The MacLarens visited Wind Cave and took a horseback ride into the Bad Lands, which Peter said were not bad lands at all but colorful rocks in strange and beautiful formations.

Flying out from Rapid City, Jimmy pointed out the Devil's Tower, a queer, flat-shaped rock formation which rose high on the plain in the Wyoming portion of the Black Hills. The rock looked as though a giant bear had clambered up its sides and left his long scratches on it.

Pierre, the capital city, lay in the center of the state. In its vicinity there were sites of old trading posts. Jimmy's plane sailed over Pierre and later over Aberdeen, the second-largest city in the state.

Over most of the Dakota lands lay scattered ranches where sheep or cattle grazed. There were great wheat fields, too, and as the plane flew into North Dakota the golden acres spread out like a vast yellow carpet. When the wind passed over the fields, the waves were like the waves of a golden sea.

In the western part of the state, buffalo grass still remained, while the central part was carrying on farming of different kinds. In the famous Red River Valley, the North Dakota farmers raised not only wheat but fine fruits and vegetables.

"North Dakota is the second state in the Union in the production of honey," Uncle Lee said. "And it's one of the few places where bentonite, a sort of colored clay used in soapmaking, can be mined."

Bismarck, the capital, was surrounded by wheat fields, yellow and ready for harvest. The Capitol, Peter and Nancy were told, was the only skyscraper in North Dakota. It was located on a bluff overlooking the city of Bismarck and the valley of the Missouri River. On the Capitol



Charles Phelps Cushing

THE SKYSCRAPER CAPITOL ON THE PRAIRIE

grounds Peter and Nancy saw Theodore Roosevelt's old ranch house which was built of logs. It had been transplanted there for sentimental reasons.

Later the MacLarens landed at Grand Forks, located at the junction of the Red River and the Red Lake River. Peter and Nancy learned that Grand Forks was situated in the great wheat district of the Red River Valley, and that it was an important grain and flour market, as well as a distributing point for many other products.

With home so close, Peter and Nancy were beginning to feel more homesick than they had felt at any time during the entire trip, but Jimmy crossed Minnesota to Duluth to see Lake Superior.

"As though we needed to see water!" Nancy grumbled. "We live in a state of ten thousand lakes—not counting Superior, of course!"

Duluth, on the western tip of Lake Superior, looked very important, rising to considerable height on its hills. It was a busy city. From the Vermilion and Mesabi ranges came great quantities of iron ore by rail, to be shipped by water to such cities as Milwaukee, Chicago, Gary, Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo. From the Red River Valley and from Canada, wheat poured in. Peter and Nancy were interested in seeing how this wheat was transferred from the giant ele-

*Ewing Galloway*

LOADING A FREIGHTER WITH WHEAT

vators to the freighters which carried it to eastern lake ports. Millions of feet of lumber and tons upon tons of coal were loaded from the docks for shipment to various points.

The plane winged its way south over timberlands and blue lakes and little towns, following the Mississippi down to St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota. From the air, Minneapolis and St. Paul merged into one city with two skylines which seemed like one.

*Ewing Galloway*

ST. PAUL FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Peter and Nancy recognized many of the buildings over which they flew, for they had visited Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota's "Twin Cities," many times. At Minneapolis, the largest city in the state, there were the Public Library, the City Hall, and the three-million-dollar Municipal Auditorium. At St. Paul, Peter and Nancy pointed out among other buildings, the beautiful Capitol, the Federal Building, Hill Memorial Library, and the Minnesota Historical Building.

Jimmy brought the plane down at the landing field in St. Paul, and Peter and Nancy jumped down to run into the arms of their mother and father who had come to meet them.

“The United States,” Peter cried, “is the most wonderful country in all the world. But home’s best!”

“Remember, home is in the United States,” Nancy said, laughingly. “And how glad we are that it is!”

STATES AND THEIR NICKNAMES

Alabama	Cotton State; Lizard State
Arizona	Apache; Sunset
Arkansas	Wonder; Bear; Bowie
California	Golden; Eldorado
Colorado	Centennial; Silver
Connecticut	Nutmeg; Constitution
Delaware	Diamond
Florida	Peninsula; Everglade; Land of Flowers
Georgia	Empire State of the South; Cracker; Buzzard
Idaho	Gem
Illinois	Prairie; Sucker
Indiana	Hoosier
Iowa	Hawkeye
Kansas	Sunflower; Jayhawk
Kentucky	Bluegrass; Corncracker
Louisiana	Pelican; Creole
Maine	Pine Tree; Old Dirigo
Maryland	Old Line; Cockade
Massachusetts	Bay; Old Colony
Michigan	Wolverine
Minnesota	Gopher; North Star
Mississippi	Magnolia; Bayou
Missouri	Show Me; Ozark

Montana	Treasure; Bonanza
Nebraska	Tree Planters'; Antelope; Black Water
Nevada	Sagebrush; Silver
New Hampshire	Granite
New Jersey	Garden
New Mexico	Sunshine; Spanish
New York	Empire; Excelsior
North Carolina	Tar Heel; Turpentine
North Dakota	Flickertail; Sioux
Ohio	Buckeye
Oklahoma	Sooner
Oregon	Beaver; Web-foot
Pennsylvania	Keystone; Coal
Rhode Island	Little Rhody; Plantation
South Carolina	Palmetto
South Dakota	Coyote; Sunshine
Tennessee	Volunteer; Hog-and-Hominy
Texas	Lone Star
Utah	Beehive; Mormon
Vermont	Green Mountain
Virginia	Mother of Presidents; Old Dominion
Washington	Evergreen; Chinook
West Virginia	Panhandle
Wisconsin	Badger; Copper
Wyoming	Equality

STATE FLOWERS

Alabama	Goldenrod
Arizona	Sahuaro Cactus
Arkansas	Apple Blossom
California	Golden Poppy
Colorado	Columbine
Connecticut	Mountain Laurel
Delaware	Peach Blossom
Florida	Orange Blossom
Georgia	Cherokee Rose
Idaho	Syringa
Illinois	Wood Violet
Indiana	Zinnia
Iowa	Wild Rose
Kansas	Sunflower
Kentucky	Goldenrod
Louisiana	Magnolia
Maine	Pine Cone and Tassel
Maryland	Black-eyed Susan
Massachusetts	Mayflower
Michigan	Apple Blossom
Minnesota	Cypripedium (moccasin flower)
Mississippi	Magnolia
Missouri	Hawthorn
Montana	Bitter Root

Nebraska	Goldenrod
Nevada	Sagebrush
New Hampshire	Purple Lilac
New Jersey	Violet
New Mexico	Yucca
New York	Rose
North Carolina	Goldenrod or Oxeye Daisy
North Dakota	Wild Prairie Rose
Ohio	Scarlet Carnation
Oklahoma	Mistletoe
Oregon	Oregon Grape
Pennsylvania	Mountain Laurel
Rhode Island	Violet
South Carolina	Jessamine
South Dakota	Pasque
Tennessee	Iris
Texas	Bluebonnet
Utah	Sego Lily
Vermont	Red Clover
Virginia	American Dogwood
Washington	Rhododendron
West Virginia	Rhododendron
Wisconsin	Violet
Wyoming	Indian Paintbrush

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PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

KEY: ā as āte; ă as vâcation; ǎ as ădd; ä as ärm; á as ask; ē as ēve; ê as êvent; ě as ěnd; ě as makĕr; ī as īce; ĭ as ĭll; ng as sing; ō as ōld; ô as ôbey; ô as fôr; ǒ as ǒdd; oi as oil; ōō as fōōd; ōō as fōōt; ū as cūbe; û as ûnite; û as fûr; ů as ůp; ü as menü; zh as z in azure.

Albemarle (ăl'bĕ-märl)
 Albuquerque (ăl'bŭ-kŭr'kĕ)
 Alcatraz (ăl'kâ-träs')
 Apache (á-päch'ĕ)
 Appalachian (ăp'â-lăch'ĭ-ăn)
 Aroostook (â-rōōs'tōōk)
 Aztec (ăz'tĕk)

Barre (băr'ĕ)
 Baton Rouge (băt'ŭn rōōzh')
 Bimini (bĭm'ĭ-nĭ)
 Biscayne Bay (bĭs-kān')
 Bodleian Library (bōd-lĕ'ăn)
 Boise (boi'sĭ)
 Boré, Étienne de (bō'rā', â'tyĕn'
 dĕ)
 Botetourt, Lord (bōt'ĕ-tŭrt)
 Butte (bŭt)

Chattahoochee (chăt'â-hōō'chĕ)
 Chattanooga (chăt'â-nōō'gâ)
 Chesapeake Bay (chĕs'â-pĕk)
 Cheyenne (shĭ-ĕn')
 Congaree (kōng'gâ-rĕ')
 Cuyahoga (kĭ-hōg'â)

Des Moines (dĕ moin')
 Dvorak, Anton (dvôr'zhăk, än'tōn)

El Paso (ĕl păs'ō)

Faneuil Hall (făn'ŭl)
 Franconia Notch (frăng-kō'nĭ-â)

Gainsborough (gānz'bŭr-ō)
 Genesee (jĕn'ĕ-sĕ')
 Ghetto (gĕt'ō)
 Gloucester (glōs'tĕr)

Hodgenville (hōj'ĕn-vĭl)
 Houdon (ōō'dōn')
 Houston (hŭs'tŭn)

Illini (ĭ-lĭ'nĭ)
 Isle Royale (il' roi'ăl)
 Isleta (ĕs-lâ'tă)

Juarez (hwă'rās)
 Juneau (jōō'nō)

Kalamazoo (kăl'â-mâ-zōō')
 Kearny (kăr'nĭ)
 Keokuk (kĕ'ō-kŭk)
 Ketchikan (kĕch'ĭ-kän')
 Kinnickinnic (kĭn'ĭ-kĭ-nĭk')
 Kuskokwim (kŭs'kō-kwĭm)

Louisville (lōō'ĭs-vĭl; lōō'ĭ-vĭl)

Manistee (măn'ĭs-tĕ')
 Mardi Gras (măr'dĕ gră)
 Margate City (măr'găt)
 Marquette (măr-kĕt')
 Mediterranean (mĕd'ĭ-tĕ-ră'nĕ-ăn)
 Menominee (mĕ-nōm'ĭ-nĕ)
 Mesabi Range (mĕ-să'bĕ)

- Monongahela (mō-nōng'gá-hē'lá)
 Montpelier (mōnt-pēl'yēr)
 Mount Katahdin (ká-tá'dín)

 Narragansett Bay (nár'á-gǎn'sět)
 New Orleans (ôr'lē-ǎnz)

 Okefenokee Swamp (ō'kē-fē-nō'kē)

 Paterson (păt'ēr-sūn)
 Pensacola (pěn'sá-kō'lá)
 Phoenix (fē'nīks)
 Ponce de León (pōn'thā dā lâ-ōn')
 Pottawattomies (pōt'á-wōt'ō-míz)

 Quinnipiac (kwīn'ī-pī-ǎk')

 Rappahannock (rǎp'á-hǎn'ūk)
 Rio Grande (rē'ō grǎn'dā)

 St. Croix (sǎnt kroi')
 San José (sǎn hō-sā')
 Santa Fe (sǎn'tà fā')
 Sault Sainte Marie (sōō sǎnt má-rē')
 Schenectady (skē-něk'tá-dī)
 Schuylkill (skōōl'kīl)
 Seminole (sēm'ī-nōl)
 Sequoia (sē-kwoi'á)

 Shoshone Falls (shō-shō'nē)
 Sierra Madre (sī-ēr'á má'drā)
 Sierra Nevada (sī-ēr'á nē-vá'dà)
 Sitka (sīt'ká)
 Syracuse (sír'á-kūs)

 Taku Glacier (tá'kōō')
 Tallahassee (tǎl'á-hǎs'é)
 Terre Haute (těr'ě hōt')
 Tonopah (tō'nō-pá')
 Triborough Bridge (trī-bûr'ō)
 Tucson (tōō-sōn')

 Ursuline Convent (ûr'sû-līn)
 Utica (û'tī-ká)

 Ventnor (vēnt'nēr)
 Vincennes (vīn-sēnz')

 Wasatch Range (wô'sǎch)
 Wenatchee (wē-nǎch'é)
 Winchendon (wīn'chēn-dūn)
 Wrangell (rǎng'gěl)

 Yakima (yǎk'ī-má)
 Yaqui (yǎ'kē)
 Yazoo (yǎz'ōō)
 Yosemite (yō-sēm'ī-tē)



A L A S K A

C A N

Gulf of Alaska

BOAT FROM VANCOUVER

SEAPLANE FROM BETHEL



Pacific Ocean



M E X I C O

alt. 49

Where
PETER AND NANCY
 went in the
United States
 and *Alaska*



A



How **PETER**
 and **NANCY**
Traveled

Bus ~~~~~
 Boat —————
 Train ++++++
 Airplane +++
 Automobile ·····

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