

# Louisiana-ing un-de Luxe

By Robert K. Williams

THE other day when I was doing useful work—that of making the new quarters of the printing establishment of the Western Comrade and the Colonist habitable and rainproof in their new home in Stables, Louisiana—the rapid footsteps of the editor noisily approached from the rear, and without a moment's warning or delicacy of approach, said:

"Here, Doc, come through with three to five thousand words on your trip by auto from Llano, California, to Stables, Louisiana. Be sure to write enough stuff, for I'll have to cut a lot of it out, and it's easier for me to slash it than fill in myself—and be pronto and, above all, be careful."

I stopped sawing long enough to watch his red-sweatered form vanishing through the doorway and from his gait realized that he was a strenuous individual who brooked no back talk, delays, or mistakes. That word "pronto" evidently is a slang phrase he picked up from some cow-puncher, and means "get together," or something like that, and the injunction to be careful is a heritage of co-operative life learned on the stressful links of Llano's sloping plains.

All right, Mister Editor, here's a pronto and careful story



Colonists at Llano, California, just before starting auto trip to Louisiana. All Llano had them "God-speed."

of an undeluxe expedition by Ford auto from sunbaked and thirsty Antelope Valley, California, to the forest-clad and cut-over highlands of green and sunny Louisiana—a journey of 2305 miles of up-hill and down-dale; of trackless valleys woven in mystic mazes by the feet of countless animals; up grades, miles in length; over divides; swinging on mountain sides amid scenes of majestic grandeur; crawling on the sides of panoramas sublime and impressive beyond description; and witnessing sunrises and sunsets that painted the heavens and mighty crags and valleys in colors and shades supernal.

Isn't it an interesting thing about a person when writing a description of anything striking or unusual to note that he says such and such is indescribable, proceeds to yank every adjective from the dictionary in his vain attempt to make you see it, too? However, not that I used but one unusual word in the above description of the 2300 mile trip, it being "supernal," meaning heavenly. Be it confessed that I used other words about the trip and my companions during the voyage.

Before going much further I may carefully state that we arrived after four of us had been closely associated for twenty-three days, still speaking to each other it is true, but quite

distantly. There were times on the trip that I thought my happiness would be complete if a gila monster would bite Babb on the neck and forever silence him, or if a tarantula would nip off the end of Bruel's finger and thereby cause him to die; and as for the fourth member of the crew, Bert Kenny, he deserved slaughter by starvation, for his silence or his exuberant singing when some horrible accident occurred to me (such as bumping a lump on my head when trying to enter the moving car). Yes, at times I hated the whole wad of them, and I believe I remember someone of the party casting aspersions on me—in fact, I recall now several times, when not only one, but all of them, talked about me in a most heinous fashion. I recall, too, that words wouldn't come fast enough to convey my inward contempt for them, and it gives me pleasure to look back and see how it cut them when I spoke crossly. Babb says I have a way of saying things that hurt, but he magnanimously adds that he never pays any attention to what I say.

Four cars left Llano on November 15, 1917, for Stables, Louisiana. These Fords, in proper order of lineup, consisted of the following colonists; Enoc Irwin and John Suhre filled the front seat, in addition to other impedimenta such as guns, cooking utensils, tools and excess clothing. John and Anton Van Nuland risked their lives, property and reputations, in the back seat. They were all cleanly shaven and wore white coveralls with the word "Llano" sewed on their sturdy chests. When they arrived at Wildhorse, Texas, their chests were still sturdy, but their coveralls were not white and they were not cleanly shaven.

Next in order came Jess Morris in his cleanly-wiped Ford, and arrayed in old clothes. With him were Wm. De Boer, Fred Allen and Abe Ginsberg, all cleanly shaven and dressed differently. Abe's red sleeping cap and khaki coveralls fooled some refined fellow in New Mexico who grew embarrassed when he inquired whether he regularly wore his pajamas in the day time.

The third car was richly laden with kitchen utensils and supplies for the inner foundry and bedding for some of the choicest of humanity, namely, M. E. Babb, five feet three, myself 178 pounds, Ed Bruel, six feet one, whose legs could easily use the radiator for a footstool, and Bert Kenny, whose newly-purchased boots crowded and fought for floor space with the stewpan and coffee pot. We were cleanly shaven and soon admitted that we were taking our lives in our hands, exhibiting a daring equal to that of a mustang breaker, when we submitted our precious selves to Babb's care.

Henry Monahan, with Dr. Jewett, and small dog Trix, brought up the rear in a Metz. They were cleanly shaven (all except Trix, the only one who said nothing one way or the other, the whole way through). Trix never lost his buoyancy or desire to chase after stones whenever the cars stopped. The rest of us, however, frequently lost our buoyancy and even the ability to throw stones for little Trix. I have asked the opinion of everyone who made the trip and he has expressed it freely and most emphatically, but many one-sided conversations with Trix have elicited no response save an intelligent look and an immediate search for a stone. Some day I hope we humans will evolve to the reticence of a dog, and then a lot of trouble will be averted.

This was to be a co-operative, pioneer, prospecting expedition for the purpose of deciding whether it would be best for the remaining Llanoites to come by autos or train to their new home. A. A. Stewart furnished me with a lot of self-addressed postals to record our daily doings and runs. These

were to be mailed to him on the fly and he was to transmit the truthful impressions to the colonists left behind. For weeks these slugs of truth filtered through my very soiled fingers over the glow of the camp fire or percolated through the aroma of a milligan stew, and truthfully conveyed the salient slants and shafts to a waiting populace. As a result, Bert Engle, acting superintendent of the Llano ranch, chartered several cars, and 130 colonists followed by train so close on our heels that we hardly had time to forget them until they joyfully wrung our hands down here. But that's another story.

Enoc's injunction to us all, before leaving Llano, was to keep together, the car behind to watch the tires of the car ahead. We did so pretty well for a half mile, but we found it exceedingly difficult to see Enoc's tires when he was a hundred miles ahead, or was riding through the gloom. Four minutes of active jolting on the road convinced us that watching the other fellow's tires was mere superfluity and merry persiflage on the part of Enoc, born of a misunderstanding of auto-tandem-travelling.

When we left Llano, the whole populace turned out to bid us God-speed, or something similar, and we had our pictures taken in attitudes of travelers, which made us feel like real persons of importance, and when our good friends crowded around us and grasped our hands and said words fraught with new meaning, a lifting of the old clouds of doubt vanished, and our hearts hastened with a new beat in response to that golden cord which binds us all and which only appears at epochal times, such as at partings or reunitions. People whom we did not know possessed the inward beat, pressed forward hands and said things that even yet tingle at the heart, and make our old hopes and affections beat with new ardor. We are all better than we seem. We are all better than we act. The good and noble and magnanimous is preponderant and only misunderstandings cause it to swerve or lose potency. Given a condition requiring quick expression of the sympathies and feelings, the love inherent in every human breast bursts forth, and like the flower opening to the sun, gives forth a sweetness too subtle for words, and delicious raptures fill the breast. I say it was good to have these sincere folks bid us adieu and wish us safely on our way. Of course, no one noticed this but me and that's the reason I'm talking about it. A discovery should be known, for mankind progresses in this way.

We were to go by way of San Diego, Yuma, etc., and like a conquering army, started off to San Diego and got as far as Los Angeles. We stayed overnight, bidding wives goodbye and the various friends we had acquired there on our several visits to that wide-awake burg. It was like leaving home, indeed, to tear ourselves away, bravely to start for far away Louisiana. A funny something stood in my throat as I waved my little better half and her good and faithful friend, Mrs. Webber, goodbye from the rear of a fast-moving electric car in one of the pretty suburbs. But we soon turned to sterner things.

Meeting the boys at a garage designated the night before, we bought a lot of things for the trip. During our rounds of the various automobile agencies we got a report that the southern route was blocked by sand. There was nothing to do but believe it, and accordingly, at noon that same day, we retraced our steps part of the way and camped that night one mile from Victorville, 32 miles from Llano. Had the colonists known that we had traveled two days and were 32 miles from our starting point, a raucous laugh would have jarred the rafters of the auditorium. However, we were on our way and traveled 132 miles that day.

The camp was cold and dismal. Wanting to facilitate dressing in regular traveling togs in the morning, I undressed rather completely and laid down to pleasant dreams! The lying down and the dreams were not pleasant. The awakening

was cruel, cold and embarrassing. One of the fellows turned over, gentle like, something like a horse, and left me sleeping with the canopy of night and the glittering stars for covering. Cold? I hope that ice is not one of the punishments in future store for me, or any of my friends. I was so cold I was afraid to move when I awoke for fear I would break in two. When I shiveringly put on my clothing, and I had mentioned the fact that I had slept cold to fourteen travelers, a hearty, coarse laugh from their hardy pioneer chests greeted the announcement. Their sympathies froze during the night, even though they slept with their clothes on. Right there I learned a valuable lesson, and after that, the moment I found my cap in the morning, I was dressed. After a breakfast eaten long before dawn with the steam from the coffee pots standing in icy sentinels, we started for Barstow, the real first step on the southern journey.

Before going on, let us go back a few miles and again have a look at famous El Cajon pass. It's worth while. The road is as nearly perfect as human hands and machinery can make it. It is a continuous up grade for miles, and ever-winding, New and impressive views appear at every turn. It was late in the afternoon when our four cars laboriously chugged upward. With the new views and the reflection from a lowering sun, came weird and wonderful pictures on the distant mountain side. Colors and shades, seemingly endless in variety,



"Can we afford to ford with a Ford?"

came and went while watching. Indeed, the true meaning of the kaleidoscope became clear. Arriving at the top, we all stopped, allowing our faithful and courageous Henrys to get a breath, and went over to a point which gave us a view of the great basin below. A railroad track wound up and around, making graceful curves, and trains tugging upward, looked like toy cars, so small did they seem from our height. Californians are proud of this fine road with its impressive beauty. We were all deep in the delights of the picture, viewing and drinking in the inspiration which is sure to come if one's soul is as big as the chambered mind of a mosquito, and desiring the silence usually present when prayer is offered up, when Ginsberg broke the spell and in a voice suggestive of hectic fever, said:

"Let's go; let's go! Louisiana is far away and its getting dark. Its getting dark. Hurry up; come on!"

Someone said something about eating and Abe reiterated the fact that Louisiana was far off and that it was costing the Colony \$20 an hour for every minute we loitered. And we hastened back to our waiting burden-bearers, started pell-mell onward and camped near Victorville, as I have already said, and where, if it had been much colder, Louisiana would still

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be far off and considerably above most of us.

Mountains continued to be the dominant feature of the scenery. Dry valleys of sage and yuccas filled the mind with loneliness. The silence of these altitudes actually roars and all one's working organs, provided they work as good co-operative organs ought, sound loud, and if one is a close observer, might become a good diagnostician. At least, here's a chance to follow the ancient precept "Know Thyself." However, as the sage advice adorns so many patent medicine ads, the adage seems incongruous in solitudes where the heart reminds one of a pumping station in a great valley.

Riding hour after hour with practically no change in the scenery, great opportunities are afforded the occupants of a car to lapse into their true selves. After the first six hours of close association, about everything each knows has been told. All the genteel anecdotes have been hashed up, and re-hashed again, and the bars are let down for the savage, unpolished man to get in his dirt.

(To be continued next month)

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By Robert K. Williams

(Concluded from the January-February Western Comrade)

**J**OHAN VAN NULAND well described it when he said the first seven days' traveling could all be seen in any valley on any of the great deserts. What struck me was the wilderness of waste. Far, far away mountains shimmered in the sunlight, and between lay miles upon miles of level sage. Viewed from mountain sides, these vast valleys of 50 and 100 miles in width looked like floors of gray. The play of light and mirages appearing ever and anon, made these solitudes an abode of mystery possessing a weirdness awesome in magnitude.

We camped at Amboy. This place is remarkable. Not a spear of grass, not a drop of water, save that which was hauled fifty miles or so. The most impressive thing about Amboy was the hardness of the rock. I made a quick inspection for a place to make beds. There were 700,000 acres in this valley, and I am satisfied I picked the hardest spot of all. Babb, Bruel and Kenney dispute this. Enoc Irwin evidently tried to get the hardest for himself, and probably got a mound of volcanic slag, as he inquired long before of Dr. Jewett if the latter had anything good for bedsores.

Somebody must raise coyotes around Amboy. It seemed as if a phalanx had come down from the distant mountain to bark their welcome. A blood-curdling yell broke the pulsating quiet and out of the blackness came wails, yells, groans and screams. I am convinced that one of them came within three inches of my ear and yelled, although Babb said it was Bruel answering them. I know it was a coyote, for Bruel's voice is much louder and deeper.

Early in the evening we were entertained by a traveling man who said he had just been to Stables, Louisiana, and knew the land well. He said the finest watermelons grew there, not to mention the sweet potatoes and other vegetables. He waxed enthusiastic, and when he left, the delicious memory of the described edibles, mingled with Enoc's stew and our odoriferous bologna, tore us between conflicting emotions.

We left Amboy early in the morning and traveled over roads composed of volcanic slag and granite. Our cars would stretch apart like rubber string, come together again, and repeat the process. The even hum of the motors made us all feel secure and confident. We offered up thanks that Henry Ford's mechanical mind made it possible to penetrate wilds such as this.

We then thought of the early pioneers who trod these trackless wastes, inspired and led on by the lure of gold. In retrospect, we lived their lives and braved their perils and suffered their hardships. We thought of the long, long days, and cold, comfortless nights, and we dreamed with them their dreams of a roseate future when their journey's end was reached. We looked into haggard faces and saw gaunt forms wearily trudging beside the oxen or the mules and we saw them lie down never to rise. The ruminating mystery of these great stretches of hopeless and appalling solitudes mulls over the tragedies of countless hundreds who dared the forbidden wastes and the white bones of caravans are silently lying beneath shifting sands and gone down to the "tongueless silence of the dreamless dust," their dreams but memories in the heavens, which at times comes out of the heights and stirs the hopes again of a new age.

Marvelous was the energy and strong was the purpose that animated these trail-breakers who wended their way toward the setting sun. Their paths still wind but today the saucy little car travels these terror-stricken spaces with ease and safety.

Toward evening we arrived in a hilly country. We climbed for several hours, and as we descended, the gloom of night deepened. Imagine our delight when about 9 o'clock we beheld a cheerful fire! With a chorus of yells, we greeted the crowd around the blaze, and were immediately asked to join them. After eating supper, Fred Allen got out his violin and began playing. An impromptu concert was given our stranger friends, and after the vocal and string efforts were over, we conversed over the camp fire. The strangers said that they were musicians from Globe on their way to Los Angeles, where they hoped to find work in a cabaret. They said that business in Globe was slack, that a musician led a dog's life there.

There was one young man, handsome as a picture, enwrapped in music. He had a very lovely young wife who was enwrapped in him and together they were much enwrapped and happy. At least she said so. She said more nice things about Harry than I ever heard any woman say. She would say: "Now Harry, you are the best pianist in Globe, aren't you, Harry?" Harry would say he supposed he was but that there might be others. "No, no," she would say, "You are the best musician in the world," and patting his cheek with her dirty, little, symmetrical hand, she made a picture too nice for words in the flickering light of the camp fire. Harry, of course, finally succumbed and laid down on a pile of blankets at her feet. She leaned over toward me and said that Harry was really the best musician in Globe. When she saw that I was impressed, also John Suhre, who was in a receptive mood beside me, she gave us much domestic news. She said they left Globe with \$30 in their pockets and were hoping to work their way to Los Angeles. Then, seeing that John and I were intensely interested, she began to give us an organ recital. She had been to a hospital where several doctors had toyed with this organ till now she didn't have an organ that was worth a "darn." They had all been meddled with and nicked here and there, so that she had the funniest feeling in the chest and thought she might have consumption. And finding out that we had doctors with us, asked: "Do you think I have consumption?"

Looking at her plump, rosy face, and perfectly delightful profile, we didn't have the hardihood or cruelty to confirm her suspicions. I was tender hearted and allowed John to answer. John, ever dealing with concrete things, he being a plasterer by trade, said: "Why, lady, you haven't the remotest sign of consumption." John couldn't see her any better than I, yet he spoke right up and gave her assurance. It made her feel much better. She then told us that in addition to a distressing organ, some of her bones were misplaced and she asked us what we thought was the cause of the big lump on the back of her neck. I was going to pass this by without an explanation when Suhre blurted out a lot of gratuitous information about me being the finest bone doctor in the country. In fact, he said, I was a much better bone doctor than Harry was a musician, and if she wanted to know anything about bones she was to ask me. John always did like me and I thanked him and turned toward this young lady, for she was charming and lisped enough to make her seem younger than she was. So we gave her a learned dissertation on bones, winding up with the information that, contrary to anatomy, it was discovered that there was but one bone in the heads of ninety per cent of the people. She was surprised at this and then the conversation became general.

The people who had not entered the conversation began to tell of miracles of bonesetters and the rapid recovery of many people. Then gila-monsters, centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions,

bugs, reptiles, and every known poisonous insect and serpent came in for discussion. Enoc said for us not to be worried as only blunt-headed reptiles were poisonous and we could easily distinguish the difference.

We left our good friends and rolled into bed with a feeling that Enoc's information about blunt-headed reptiles wasn't very consoling. Someone suggested putting a rope around our beds as no self-respecting snake would cross a rope because the fuzz on the rope would tickle his stomach. This seemed foolish to us but we kinked up a rope and encircled our beds.

A small rock came rolling down and made me open my eyes, and by the flickering camp fire queer shadows were thrown on the rock beside me. Someone had carelessly thrown a bed-rope on that rock. That fool rope curled around and twisted and swayed under the wavering light more than any snake you ever saw. I would close my eyes and then open them quickly, but still the rope kept moving. Being unable to stand the eerie sight, I got up and moved the rope.

At this moment someone was in the midst of choking to death. He would take in great gobs of air, saw it awhile in his sawmill arrangement, and then blow it out of an exhaust entirely too small. The noise was ferocious but protecting. It is a good thing the concert continued in our camp, for not one of us was bitten or disturbed by any sort of animal.

In the strangers' camp, however, where they had no such protection, a bug, ambling about in the dark, discovered our little friend of the nice complexion and disarranged bones, and crawled into her ear. With a scream that shook the shadows of the canyon, she jumped up and raced to John Van Nuland, who was making the breakfast fire. Every man jack of us raised up on our elbows and gave advice. John grasped her firmly and held her ear toward the fire, hoping the bug would come out. Then Enoc came along and said that was no way to do, but to get coal oil. Tearing the young lady from Van's strong arms, he nursed her for a while and directed John to call the doctor and get some oil. Dr. Jewett suggested sweet oil and warm water. With one shoe on, the young woman's husband appeared and assisted in holding her. The bug still refused to come out. He wasn't hurting much, but messing around in the center of her head and making all sorts of noises. She cried and kept saying the bug was killing her. Enoc insisted that she would live, and continued to fool with her ear. John Van Nuland noisily fell over rocks trying to find oil, and Anton Van Nuland spilled the water he was attempting to warm. Finally, through Enoc's mechanical skill, the bug was removed. And really the bug was a big one, almost as big as a pea. To have left that bug in her head would have disturbed her for a long time.

At Needles, we bought oil, gas and tires, and filled up with water. Enoc had been having amazing luck with his tires. So to fortify himself against future trouble, he bought two new tires, putting one on and reserving the other. We rolled out of the picturesque town and started over serpentine roads on the crest of a draw, Enoc leading, making fast time. We suddenly stopped—the new tire blew out!!! I never knew the inefficacy of the English language before. He repeated the words over and over again. It was astonishing to note his limitation. However, with all his handicap he got the tire off and a new one on.

Much of the country we passed through contained mines. We saw evidences of prospecting here and there, and a good sized mining village some twelve miles west of Wendon, where we camped. The country is barren of anything green, save the giant cactus, towering twenty and forty feet in the air. I've often heard how the faint and wearied traveler, staggering up to this life-saving plant and gashing a hole in its thorny hide, thrust his face in it and revived under the influence of the gushing waters. I tried it and recommend it only to the

extremely thirsty. I chewed a portion of the thing and even now can taste it. We ate breakfast and left the town so early that we couldn't see it—Enoc and Monahan taking one road, Babb and Jess Morris taking the other, both roads leading to Phoenix.

On the way, Babb had me snap a picture of him as he leaned his sturdy hand on one of those cacti trees. It was a fake picture. He protected his hand with a lot of sage brush twigs—no man with impunity can fondle one of these thorny vegetables.

We camped at Buckeye and arrived at Phoenix before noon. At the Ford agency we found Enoc and Monahan. Monahan's car was in distress and it was reported he would be ready at one o'clock.

After replacing a truss rod which had been broken by the violent wrenching of the car, we felt free to look about the town. We found a delightful, up-to-date city of 30,000, which was bustling with people.

Leaving Phoenix late, the afternoon quickly passed. Fields of alfalfa were passed and great irrigation systems crossed. Drove of cattle on the roads held us up while grazing herds filled fields. Cottonwood trees lined the roads and the country showed signs of prosperity. After traveling hundreds of miles through wastes of sage and mountain country, the bit of green and water and trees thoroughly rested the soul.

We halted for the night at Chandler. After a supper of mulligan stew, Fred Allen got his violin and soon the warm air was pulsating with strains of Llano's old favorites. He struck up "Shadowland" which seemed so appropriate. All joined in and made the night musical.

Camp was broken early and we struck a fast clip. About nine o'clock we came to Agua Fria, river. A problem confronted us. Evidences of struggle showed all about the crossing. The river was 100 feet wide, swift and cold, as its name would indicate. An Indian, with his family, was on the opposite side, pulling and tugging at his wagon which was half-buried in the sand and water.

We all got out at the top of the descent and started Babb on his plunge. He struck the water with a splash, and rushed ahead, water shooting up on either side of the car as from a geiser. Midway he sank into a hole, the engine coughed asthmatically a time or two and then died.

The prospect of taking a bath in that cold water caused gooseflesh to rise on us. However, there was nothing to do but to wade in and help him out. We pushed and pulled, to no purpose, while the water was chilling us to the bone.

Finally the Indian was induced to pull us out on promise to help him. By this time Jess drove up and De Boer, Allen and Ginsberg aided materially. Soon we had the Indian over and he went on his way happily. Jess got over without mishap. We helped several cars across.

We soon saw that if we didn't hurry our job would be a continuous one. Putting on our shoes, we rushed away towards Tucson, arriving there at 4:20 in the afternoon.

The ninth day from Llano, Nov. 24th, saw us on our way to Deming. We passed through a vast grazing country. The roads were excellent. Rodeo, N. M., was reached early in the morning. Here we saw the first saloon since leaving California. Whiskey was \$3 a pint which was not conducive to copious consumption. Rodeo is an ancient looking place. The many adobe buildings gave it an aged appearance. The day was delightful and the country beautiful. Hills rounded and covered with dry grass gave the appearance of an ocean. There was not much variety to the scenery. The roads were good and we rolled in Deming, N. M., after dusk. We went to the Ford agency and inquired for the others; they had not appeared, but as we were talking, Enoc drove in. After his

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crew had supper we decided to go out a short distance and camp for the night, and get an early start for El Paso.

Leaving Deming with its lights, music and gaiety after nine o'clock, we crossed the bridge which was guarded by soldiers. We were stopped. When they saw our banners they volunteered the information that a similar car passed a few minutes ahead of us, which left word that El Paso was the next objective point, nearly one hundred miles ahead. We had already traveled 150 miles, but we felt fresh and strong. After a consultation we decided to go on. We then started over unknown roads, with very poor lights. Our lights were execrable. It was impossible to distinguish anything fifty feet ahead. Ten miles from Deming, Enoc decided to go to the left. We refused to follow, and bore to the right. We could see his light zigzagging back and forth as we gained the track and began paralleling it.

In a few minutes we overtook a broken down car and was about to pass when we thought we recognized Abe's red cap in the faint glare of the headlight. We halted and found they had attempted to fix a tire until they were exhausted. We gave them a tire. Soon they were ready and we decided to travel all night, if necessary, to reach El Paso.

A light to the left glaring steadily proved to be Enoc's car which raced toward us and crossed the track a half mile ahead. We quickly overtook him and told him our intention. With approving yells from Suhre and the Van Nulands, we set out pell-mell on one of the wildest and most eerie rides of the trip.

Shadows and shapes of things crossed the road. Bushes suddenly appeared right in front of us and then disappeared. Occasionally yuccas leaned toward us as if to bar our progress, then suddenly swung back and let us pass. Imaginary animals ran into the road and openings appeared only to disappear when we were on them.

On we went, up grades, down gulches, over ruts and around bends. The shadows still bothered and caused us to slow down for imaginary horses and steers. Winding down a perfect road at 2 a.m., we crossed the Rio Grande on a steel bridge, and then began picking our way through tall rushes, jet darkness everywhere. We could hear the water rushing but could not see—the black road only intensified the impenetrable gloom. At 2:30 we arrived at a place we thought was the suburbs of El Paso. It proved to be Las Cruces, New Mexico. We fumbled a bit in getting out of Las Cruces, which got us all in a disagreeable state of mind. Each wanted to take a different road. At last we got on the Borderland highway which leads to El Paso.

The road seemed to rush, as a wall, toward us. It seemed upgrade, yet the road was perfectly level. Trees on the side loomed large and menacing; sentinels crossed and recrossed; fantastical bands of sheep got in the way; droves of cattle barred progress, and continually came and went. The road appeared to be ever turning to the right just beyond the range of the fitful light. Places so narrow it seemed impossible to wedge through, opened up when we got there and the same wide roads stretched on. The lights were getting lower and dimmer. Wavering from side to side, Babb would suddenly waken, straighten up, mutter something, then relapse into silence and sleep again.

At last he confessed he couldn't stay awake and I got over in his place. The car speeded up. Almost immediately we were in total darkness, the engine died, and the silence of the night settled down and the mist dropped dismally from the damp trees. Jess whizzed past and disappeared in the inky

blackness. We were left alone, miserable, tired, nerves frayed and irritable, and ready to fight our nearest and dearest.

After several sullen attempts to start, we abandoned the effort. Babb and I curled up in the blankets and immediately fell asleep. Bruel and Kenney refused, and walked the highway till daylight, expressing unmentionable things in the meantime.

At daybreak we again attempted to start the engine, but it was eleven o'clock before we succeeded in making it run on two cylinders. Thus we got to El Paso at 3 p. m., breakfastless, dinnerless, and quite exhausted.

We stayed two days in El Paso, enjoying the southern sights, and left late on Monday afternoon, leaving Enoc and Monahan behind. We camped that night at Fabens, twenty-nine miles east.

We passed through the pretty and up-to-date Abilene and after many experiences of one sort and another, arrived at Fort Worth, the great soldier city of the southwest. Thousands of soldiers could be seen. After getting a comprehensive view of the place, we started for Dallas, thirty-five miles beyond. We stayed overnight at Dallas. Enoc and Jess were ahead, Monahan behind.

In the morning we left for Shreveport, La., 215 miles eastward. In the afternoon we overtook Jess who had broken down. We ate supper together, and decided to leave him and travel as far as the good roads lasted. The roads got better, the weather pleasant. We traveled on through the night and at midnight decided to reach Shreveport. The ride was delightful, as fine roads run through the great forests.

Leaving Shreveport next morning, we got directions to Stables, from our good friend the Ford man, and setting out on the Jefferson highway, began the last part of the journey.

Magnificent pine forests appeared and we understood why Louisiana is famous for her lumber industry.

Imagine our delight when we met Job Harriman and George Deutsch, some forty miles from the colony, on their way to Shreveport!

The way was through forests and over dim trails. But we managed it safely, and arrived at the colony after dark on December 4th, and were cordially and vociferously greeted by the big crowd on the hotel porch.

Thus ended our epoch-making and ever-to-be-remembered trip of 2305 miles from Llano, California, to Stables, Louisiana.

### "Shall J. P. Morgan Own The Earth?"

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