

July 16, 1967

8:30 AM

6:30 AM
13,335

Leaving Terradise, David and I, in our '66 Ford Country Sedan, on a beautiful Ohio Sunday morning. Temp 57 and as we came past Bogers a pair of bluebirds flew up-- so it will be a good trip

9:15

Onto I 71 at Worthington and traffic picks up. As we pass Hospitality Inn I feel a little guilty that I'm not there attending the Ohio Florists Association summer meeting.

10:00
13423

Near Xenia on I71 Switch to Trell a driving. Listening to a J. C Bach concerto for Bassoon.

13458

I 71 and Ohio 123 Ohio Gas 17.4 gallons @ 33.9¢ - \$5.90 (near Lebanon)
2 Pay Day candy bars and a can of Mountain Dew, 35¢

13493
11:25

Crossing Ohio River into Kentucky on Interstate 75 in Covington
Suddenly there's hills

Welcome to the Bluegrass State (We already had our Mountain Dew!)

Turnpike driving made an easy trip through some bluegrass horse farm county around Lexington (of which we saw very little). The cuts through the limestone rock laid down flat made it possible to 'look inside a hill' and realize why there was only an occasional corn field (in tassel) or a small tobacco patch. We seemed to fly over the Kentucky River and I remembered the tortuous road that at us to lead down to it, and the long hard climb back up.

We keep passing "Holiday Ramblers" a kind of delux camper, with signs that they are going to a National Camporee in Kentucky. Sure glad we have a freeway to pass them on.

1:40

As we came near Bardstown we saw peaks --tree covered--on the horizon. We are travelling on the Blue Grass Parkway since Lexington. Decided to go into Bardstown and get something to eat. Picked up a chicken dinner and picnicked at MY old Kentucky Home" and then toured the Rowan Home built in 1800, and lived in by the Rowan Family until 1922. Here Stephen Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home in 185?". The furnishings were left with the home when it was willed to the state. I think we visited here in my childhood, but the memory is dim. This time I'll remember the sterling silver pot in the bedroom!

3:00

Back onto the Blue Grass parkway, after a quick look at the 1779 tavern and slave block on the square as we came through Bardstown. Now the country is rugged and the road cuts deeper. Off the Parkway at Elizabethtown on the I 65 and we pay another 10¢! Tolls on that road were \$1.40

3:35

South of Elizabethtown I 65 ended, just in time to get into the congested "Cave" area of Kentucky, with the roadside stands displaying quillie bedspreads and plaster montrosities, along with table filled with rocks, that looked like colored glass, but David said it was my polaroid glasses. The roadsides are solid with motel billboards and every farm has it's own cave. No wonder David thought he could go home and dig one after we were here in 1956. No hope of passing anyone in the whole 35 miles of this area as we followed a cautious 40 miles per hour driver. I'm sorry for future generations that won't appreciate the super highways because they won't experience the frustrations of two land driving.

6:00PM

As we came into Nashville, a punk kid, driving crazy for several blocks finally smashed into a car just ahead of us and involved two others, and as we pulled around them, on a side street another car was engulfed in flames!

Found McGavock Road without any trouble, but drove past Francis' house and had to back track so we arrived at almost exactly 5:30 Central Standard Daylight Saving time as we had planned.

This is a truly delightful family. Each member has an interesting personality, all different, and Francis and Jessie Mai's pride in all of them is more than earned. They were all there--Tommy and Beverly, with Kathy Sue and Everett. Tommy has just been named associate professor of botany at Middle Tennessee University at Murfreesboro, with life tenure. They came in late as they just got back from a camping trip in a new 16 ft camper. Tommy had led a field trip to a virgin stand of red cedar over the week end.

Harry and his dark and lovely wife Kathy of Italian descent have two boys, Wayne, who took David for his own, and climbed on his lap immediately, and the baby of the group, Patrick who is just beginning to walk. Kathy took the children to Church, but Harry stayed and had supper with us and Kenny and Rachel, who have no children. Kenny also teaches--biology--at Middle Tennessee, and Rachel in elementary schools. During the evening Joy, who was Dale's (Harry's twin) widow and her husband Glen came in with their 3. Dale, and two girls by Ben. David brought out the letters written to Conrad and Elizabeth Sigler by Frederick Sigler in 1850 and the boys read as avidly as we had. They are all interested in everything. Harry is a real estate broker, having passed the test without having had any experience. Jessie Mai is working with him now selling real estate, and she says at the rate he is going he will be able to retire in 5 years and live off his property! His current project is a film on the "Nashville Sound" which shows that it isn't all country music. They hope to sell it to the networks as a "special". He had ~~\$2,500~~ \$1,400 in it and was telling David about the production problems, which of course is the sort of thing David has worked with all through College.

Francis showed pictures of trips and I showed a few of the shop and Terradise and before we knew it it was midnight. An evening we will long remember.

July 17, 1967

Breakfast with Francis and Jessie Mai and another quick look around her antiques, and at the paintings on the walls all done by Jessie Mai. I like her flower pictures best, but she does landscapes very well. One year she did nearly 80 paintings and last year 50, but now that she is selling real estate she has put her paints away. She has sold most of her 'pictures' as she calls them. The house is completely furnished in antiques, or good reproductions, and in such good taste.

8:30

Leaving, and it's another beautiful morning, cool and sunny. Downtown Nashville, around the capitol is quite impressing --a true city of tomorrow. The IBM and Southern Baptist Convention Buildings were outstanding. Steel, in an almost lace pattern, covered the windows on the whole outside surface of the buildings.

Out of Nashville on I40 and into the hills of western Tennessee--tree covered and beautiful, but without this Interstate 4 lane highway they would be treacherous to drive. I see why AAA routes us to Memphis and then south to take advantage of them. Daddy would certainly have enjoyed these new roads.

Along the road has been planted scotch broom. Now it is fully leafed out, but when it would be blooming it would be a lovely sight.

10:00
13874

Crossed the Tennessee River and ~~even~~ down this far is backed up by the Kentucky Dam near Paducah. News on the radio of the nationwide rail strike--with notices that no parcel post would be accepted to points more than 150 miles.

10:30
13908

Near Jackson, Tenn saw our first cotton fields, and complete with sunbonneted woman and straw hatted man--hoeing. These are small fields, tucked in odd corners that are a little flatter than the general area. A kind of small black eyed susan covers the road cuts. The cotton looks like very sturdy well cared for soy beans.

10:45
13925

Stopped for gas and lunch (our stomachs think its 11:45) and I gathered some seed of the pretty yellow composite and asked the proprietor what the yellow flower was. He replied "That aint no flair. Thasa wide. We cull it bitta wide. (bitter-weed) When I told him I collect seed he said I shu didn't want that growin'. ~~Especially~~ Especially if I had any cattle, as it makes milk bitter.

12:05
13987

Outerbelt I240 around Memphis so we saw nothing except a few housing developments. Then south on I 55. Mostly wooded area through low hills. Plantings of red pine along the road would reduce mowing costs. At Granada I 55 ended and route 51 south was a narrow two lane, but traffic not bad. Now we see more what Mississippi is really like. It's true that every state looks alike from a freeway. Now there are many small cotton fields, sorghum (which David tasted at breakfast and decided in favor of honey), quite a lot of cattly, an occasional house in the southern colonade tradition, and many small houses in the rural areas that aren't too pretentious. However in Granada houses occupied by Negroes were much above the Senate street level.

3:15
14105
3:45

Canton, Miss, gas stop and we getting consistently 13 mpg which is better than I expected. Here the downtown area was all negro. Back onto I 55 and into Jackson.

The throughway south of Jackson was through pine forests, first hilly and then levelling out as we came into Gulfport. Big ships in the docks, and lovely homes set among huge trees along Beach Blvd. Found The Decker's apt house with no trouble, a new pink brick structure. And soon Kathy and Don were rushing out to greet us.

Their apt is lovely--David was quite impressed. It reminds me of their house at Stead. And since there is a vacant two room apartment the manager--a cute tanned blonde--put it at our disposal. Kathy had made up the beds and furnished the bathroom, and even had a vase of flowers. So we have our own sleeping quarters with a view of the Gulf.

After supper we showed a few slides, and turned in early. The weather has been perfect. Only up to 82 in Gulfport yesterday.

Tuesday AM Have had breakfast, and while Kathy is cleaning up the kitchen, David reading, Don studying (He was just put on the B shift and goes to school at 11:30 to 6:00) I'm typing. Have met all the cats in the apartment. We are planning on going to Mobile today and down to Dauphin Island.

Tuesday, July 18, 1967

The apartment that has been put at our disposal is empty because a pipe broke and flooded the place, leaving the carpet mildewed which caused an odor. It is noticeable when you walk in, but by the time you sleep all night in air conditioned comfort (or freeze in it if I'd let David have his way) you can't even notice it. (Since I'm writing this on Sunday morning north of Nashville I can't remember what I wrote last week.) Sure is nice to each have a bedroom, closets, and dresser. Especially since we will be here 5 nights.

Kathy rapped on the door just as I finished dressing and we walked the 200 ft to their apartment. Don gets up early and studies, so he had coffee with us and an early lunch. After he left we started out for Dauphin Island about 12:00. Rt 90 which runs right along the Gulf is a 4 lane ^{divided} highway, but very busy, and oh so commercial. You can see vestiges of it's former beauty in the many ~~as~~ bellum homes that are well kept, usually fenced with every possible variation of a white wood fence—some combined with brick. Some of the motels are beautiful, even to having golf courses, and walkways across 80 when they are on both sides of the street. There are filling stations, miniature golf courses, restaurants, go-go girl joints, shopping centers, signs, signs, signs. The harbor at Gulfport was full of shrimp boats and large banana boats. We passed the Keesler annex where Don's school is. It was a part of The Gulfport Military Academy. In Biloxi we passed the street leading to Keesler, but couldn't see it. I'm sure we get a false impression of the area by only driving Rt 90. Back from this mad rush, there must be quiet residential streets. Biloxi Bay is beautiful, and the old causeway was lined with fishermen. Stopped in Pascagoula for lunch and David had fried shrimp and I had a delicious shrimp salad. Little shrimp in it, only about an inch long, and chuch full of them. But David's shrimp and french fries, all mixed up on the plate was no bigger than we get at home for \$1.65.

As we entered Alabama, the welcome sign with greetings from the governor had Lurleen on a board pasted over what was formerly George, with the same Wallace used. I suppose they figure this is easier than repainting it when George gets back in as governor!

The road south to Dauphin Island was interesting, going through small fishing villages, with "blessing of the shrimp boat festival" signs all around. We passed through pecan groves, and under huge live oaks which formed a canopy over the road, and dripped with Spanish moss. Every yard had it's crepe myrtle bushes in full bloom, and there was an occasional bloom on the shiny leaved magnolias. Everything is so green and lush, and there were cattle egrets attending the cattle. The sign saying to Bellingrath Gardens was very tempting, but went on across the causeway to Dauphin Island. Went first to the Audubon Wildlife Sanctuary area, but being summer there were not too many birds. None of the ducks, and some birds that would abound in the winter. Walked over a dune to the almost deserted beach, and waded in the Gulf. Sea oats in good head along here. It's so graceful in the breeze.

Drove past Ft. Gaines, a civil war fort at the east end of the island, and then back to the public beach area where David and I had a swim (I still love salt water, and the waves to jump) and Kathy sunned. As we left, drove to the west end of the island, which is built up with summer homes on stilts. But where the ones at Rockport, Texas were interesting, and well landscaped, these were ungainly. Just small houses set high on stilts.

Had used up our time so drove back to Long Beach and arrived about the same time Don did—back from school. Showed the rest of the slides, and so to bed.

July 19, 1967 Wednesday

Happy Birthday to Kathy! She's 26 today. Nice to be with her on her birthday. Don had a sign up "Happy Birthday, Kathy" and her gifts under it so we added ours. David had brought her 3 big paper flowers from New York, and I gave her money, and Mother and Mary sent money which she used to buy, shorts, slacks, tops, underthings--all in maternity styles. Got a pin for one of her maternity dresses with Grandma Ruth's money.

Started our trip with a jog to the west to drive by the beautiful ante bellum homes in Pass Christian. It was like leafing through a book of famous homes. They face the gulf but on a street separate from Rt 90. Then back through Long Beach and Gulfport and out to the Marina Restaurant--built out into the Gulf, with docks for more than 100 pleasure boats, some in the yacht size. The restaurant is set in Japanese gardens, and my seafood plate was delicious. David had fried shrimp again. While there we could see a storm coming in off the gulf, and watch a medium size boat take off right into it. Stopped at the Edgewater Plaza shopping center on our way back. A lovely department store and an enclosed air conditioned arcade with tropical plantings. A variety of shops face the arcade, and at a Newberry's store I found the green Poor boy sweater I've been hunting. On sale at \$1.00!

We had been dodging showers all afternoon so decided to go home, have a quick supper and make it to the movie "Up the Down Staircase". Almost did by 7. All enjoyed it, and David said the teaching situation at Eastmor in Columbus, while not as bad, had reminiscent scenes. Home in the rain again.

Thurs. July 20, 1967

8:30 AM After breakfast with Kathy, David and I left for New Orleans. Kathy
14,563 had decided that after two days of jaunting around she had better rest. She
and Don haven't been to New Orleans yet and they talked of joining us for the
evening, but Don needs to study 4 to 5 hours every day and he wouldn't be able
to do that if they came. So they are planning a trip for their anniversary
celebration.

TPassed the lovely ante beuum homes in Pass Christian (Chris—tee—ann), and
the shrimp boats in the harbor. Got nearly to the toll bridge and realized
we had spent our last 25 for popcorn at the movies, so back past the lovely
home—admired the varied fences this time, and got gas so we could cash a
travellers check.

Rt 90 (the Old Spanish trail) is a 2 lane highway, with the beginnings of a 4 lane
started. It goes through low pine forest, with a smattering of sweet gum and live
oak.

9:15 As we crossed into La. over a bridge crossing the Pearl River the country changed
14597 immediately to grassy swampland. The water we glimpsed occasionally was covered
with white flowering water lilies, As 90 crossed the outlet of Lake Ponchatrain
we could see the bridge carrying I 10 across the Lake. Now the road is lined
with fishing camps, and we can see the tide running in under the numerous bridges.

9:50 At Rt 47 we turn south to head into the bayou. A new high bridge crossed the
14625 Mississippi River gulf outlet, but it is not yet open so we wait on river traffic
and cross on pontoon bridge. To our right we can see the skyline of New Orleans
10:15 across the swamp. --and the city dump. Dead cypress, draped in Spanish moss
rise above the water.

10:20 Entering Chalmette Battlefield "The Battle of New Orleans" 1814. The reconstructed
14631 ramparts which overlook the field where the British charged--and lost 2,000
now have the Kaise Aluminum plant on the far background. The Mississippi has taken
over 850 feet of the battle line and the Beauregard Mansion is constructed on the
former battlefield. The levee back of the mansion hid the Mississippi so we
climbed it. The River is not as wide as the Ohio at Cinci, but large ships were anchored.

11:00 Back through Chalmette and again s on 47-39 through little rundown river towns.
We had planned to drive south on 39 and cross at Pointe a la Hache and go even
further south on he delta. But since this would be a 160 Mile trip decided to
cross to Belle Chasse on the free ferry. Bot sno-cones and potatoe chips to eat
while crossing(only thing available.) Crossed the Mississippi in about 7 minutes,
and even that was somewhat up river. It really is the muddy Mississippi, but the
edges are flooded.

Through
12:00 Under the Belle Chasse Tunnell, N on 23. The crepe myrtle bushes blooming in
14649 theyard is the only beauty in this area. Commercial and dumpy houses with the sm
smell of burning garbage. At Gretna turn on Business 90.

12:30 French Quarter. Rampart and Dumaine. Ja z Museum. A very small museum,
14659 with Louie Armstrongs first trumpet, and the steps from Mahogany Hall where
Jass was first played. You can listen to Jaz recordings and see the history of
Storyville--the Red Light District of New Orleans where Jazz was born!
Reproductions of newspaper articles show in what low esteem Jazz was held by
el917 New Orleans-- Music of the basement of life--without rhythm or melody.
A young man told David that he best place to hear jazz now was the Red Garter.

I bought a French Quarter Book and we just started wandering down the picturesque streets. Balconies overhung the sidewalks everywhere with the lacy iron grill work as bannisters. Much of the area is unoccupied, but there are many antique shop, gift shops, night clubs, art galleries. We wandered down Pirate Alley along St. Louis Cathedral and watched the artists. Bought a watercolor from William Collins and took a shot along Pirate Alley with my Exa of the same view, with his help, and the assurance that I couldn't make a bad shot with an Exa. Went into the Cathedral—the oldest in the US—finished in 1794. A trip into Jackson Square, from which we could see the Pontalbe buildings on either side. Built in 1848 to keep attention focused on the French Quarter section, they were the first apartment houses in the US. Stopped at the coffee shop and the donuts without a hole looked delicious, but I didn't think I could take coffee with chicory so we didn't wait to be served. Visited the Vieux Carre candle shop and it had ever line of candles and candlesticks I've ever seen, including all accessories.

3 :00

Walking was getting a little tiresome, and the shops all began to look alike — although some of the antique places were really elegant—and as nothing musical came to life until 8:30, we decided to start back to Deckers via the Lake Ponchartrain Causeway which takes the highway 27 miles across the lake. Looking back we could see only the few skyscrapers and the high arched bridges over the Mississippi. The level of the land seemed to be below the lake. The usual smog hung over New Orleans.

3:20
114668

Trip back along 190 and 90 seemed short. Stopped to buy watermelons at 3 for \$1.00. As we crossed back into Pass Christian it started raining. Have been lucky today. Tem about 80 and no rain until now.

5:30
114751

Back to Colony House—Kathy and David's apartment and our private one. Supper with the Deckers, and to bed early because David has a headache.

July 21

A really lazy day. David slept until 10:15. We took a walk along the beach and found a few small pieces of driftwood. No shells on this beach, but lots of small dead catfish—even found the skeleton with the crucifix, and a porcupine fish.

After lunch Kathy and I went to Ocean Springs to visit a pottery that one of her neighbors told us about. Mr. Paul Anderson is the potter, and if we hadn't looked so long at the pottery we could have watch him work. Mostly the things are from his wheel, and they were lovely. The glazes were especially interesting—he makes them all, and the clay is local. To get there we passed a picturesque marina and wound through a woods underlaid with pine needles and ferns. Got a much better feeling about Mississippi than the commercialism of Rt 90. The Andersons run the whole operation. Mr. Anderson is the potter, Mrs. Anderson the business-women and the young daughter-in-law the salesgirl. I bought several pieces, with glazes called gulf shoals, and spring green and blue cloud. When I gave her my check and offered identification she said only good people buy "Shearwater pottery".

At Gulfport stopped in the dock area and bought a pound of shrimp for supper. Got out the cookbook trying to find out how to cook it and was in the midst of trying to peel it, take out the black vein and so on when Kathy brought Candy in and she said "Do y'll need a lil ole Suthern gal to sho ya how to cook shrimp?" We sho did cause all you do is put shrimp seasing in boiling water and dump the shrimp in, head, shells, vein and all. Cook 10 minutes or so, watching them turn a lovely shrimp color, drain, and serve over ice with sauce made of catsup and horseradish. And were they good. Even Kathy ate some when we peeled them for her. We had asked the man at the shrip house how to cook them and he said he never ate them. He sure is missing a lot.

I washed my hair and bup light brown "Nice and easy" on it to cover the grey, and as Don and David were deep in a chess game, Kathy tried to teach me. But it's pretty complicated for me. So then we tried monopoly, which I hadn't played for 30 years, and I don't think I ever won a game, but I sure cleaned them all out in 1½ hours. Tonight I had the headache, so didn't join David for a moonlight walk out on the tidal flats.

July 22 Sat:

9:35
14753
14769
Hard to pack up and say goodby. Took some pictures after breakfast and pulled out at 9:30. Deckers loaned us a styrofoam cooler so we stopped in Biloxi and got ice (60¢) and 3 lbs of shrimp (1.59)

noon
Through north part of Mobile and across the many rivers that empty into Mobile Bay, where the Battleship Alabama is anchored. Huge and grey. When it was to have been scrapped the people of Alabama bought it as a war memorial and tourist attraction. As we drove across Mobile Bay the water was only a foot below the road level, but David was more interested in the Falcon bus with 4 girls plus with a sign around the US in 31 days. visiting 28 states, and they were listed. But when we finally passed them the plus 1 turned out to be a grey haired man and the 3 girls were his wife and probably 3 daughters.

12:30
14870
Took a good many route numbers to get back to I 65 north of Mobile at 12:30. Temp is 86 and we have the air conditioner on so it is very comfortable. The sky is beautiful with high white thunderheads. We passed paper mills in Mobile—Scott with huge bails of pink green and yellow stored, and its easy to see why as we pass mile after mile of pine. Seeing cattle egrets among the cows pastured next to the freeway, and large areas with pitcher plants growing.

2:30
have
Couldn't resist stopping for peaches, as there ~~has~~ been many little stands. On US 31 south of Montgomery we bought a peck of peaches (filled to the brim), and some Harrison corn - white kernal and good fer frain 'n ballin'- and some green apples for David. peaches \$2, corn 50¢, apples 40¢.

2:45
15000
Through Montgomery with no problems, took an alternate route and had to wait on a train, but probably turned out to be shorter, anyway.

3:25
15034
Back onto I65 north of Montgomery, starting to get into ridges of hills, soon we'll be at the foothills of the southernmost part of the Appalachians. Shell gas and hot fudge sundae for man (she refused to drink the gas and we had to store it in the gas tank) and I had a cheeseburger and grape ~~d\$3\$3~~ pop. I almost didn't buy there because it had two windows and one was marked colored, but then I saw it was integrated inside, so went ahead. People down here can't understand my speech. I guess I'll have to start talking slower, grandma! When I ordered ketchup and mustard the other day, the girl said what two or three times, and then she explained that she thought I was saying cut up some mustard. Then when I got the ice for the shrimp, I asked the guy if they had some crushed ice out here (out in the ice machine. He said "You wanna truck your ass out here?!")~~6/26/81~~
We've had the air conditioner on all the time and we're still getting 14 mpg.

Sunday July 23, 1967

15284
9:45 AM

Francis and Jessie Mai had been to market and such a supper as she had ready. Pork chops smother in gravy, fried fresh corn, lima beans, green beans, squash with onions, jello fruit salad. We brought some of the shrimp in and this time cooked it like experts. This was much larger than we got at the warf, and even with all the other food tasted good. We served it cold again, like shrimp cocktail. And talk. It doesn't matter what Jessie Mai is saying, its fun to listen to her talk. She is so enthusiastic about everything. David fold up early and went to bed in the bedroom, and after doing the dishes—a pleasure when you are wiping Haviland china and Wallace sterling-- we talked some more, about Marie, JM's sister, and her troubles and so to bed.

Breakfast, and more conversation. And then JM gave me the lovely chrysanthemum picture I had admired which she had painted. Now I have enough pictures to make a grouping above the sofa. We took some pictures, gave them some peaches, and took off at 8:45 their time, but we put our watches ahead to 9:45. Called Mary Rockwell to see if she would come to Columbus to pick me up tonight while David is in rehearsal. Said OK, and that they were really rushed at the shop Monday and Tuesday.

1:45
15506

15612

Off I 75 at Georgetown. Ate at Fava and had good southern or Kentucky Fried chicken. David found the Newport radio station that plays nothing but jazz so we sped along at 70 mph listening to Thelonius Monk, Stan Getz and an eulogy to John Coltrane. Since we would be getting to Columbus much before 7 took a side trip to Ft. Ancient. My childhood memories of the museum with the skeletons laid out as they found them, and the ghosts of the 200 BC Indians haunting the mounds was dispelled by the 20th century picnikers. But it was just as hot as I remembered. And if they permit the trespassing on the mounds it won't take too long until they are worn down. The road