SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 10
“YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK AND COLORADO”
1917
July 7. Had the gardener here all day—work to leave the place in perfect order.
Still shopping: another new hat. We
saw Mrs. Beekman in "The Little
American" this evening.

July 8. Sunday:—A very dear friend
with us friends. Over the house in
perfect order this morning. The Hamans
and Mrs. Eaton were in the afternoon.
I enjoyed Mrs. Eaton’s enthusiasm! (?) (?) ?
We had the ice cream even in the
evening to celebrate Israel’s Birthday: a
car ride and drive down town. I
was so excited all evening.

July 9. We must do a hundred things
today— we start on our trip tomorrow.
Evening:— When to start on a trip is
no longer “wonderful”— when I am
ready to leave this good world. One
have done the “many things”, seem
so leaving John Beekman over
to see our new painting before he
goes to Bears Park for the summer.
And we are ready to die on our
way—-away! away! "in mente vivere" !!
Golden summer break and again it is the "Day of Days"; we leave on our trip to Yellowstone and Colorado this evening at 6:05. Sleepy hearts! Evening: Our route.

How good to be rolling away over the high plains of Nebraska to new sights. Very warm but breezy clouds in the west and lightning promised a rain. One visited until late with a guide man from California.

Anchorage, Cal.

From here never — some things, lovely and cool. While we wake first scanned the sight-seen city for the sign: "Lookout Mountain." Leaving also from the beach of the city one sees the blue mountains on either side. One saw one the mounds and made one way into low flat mountains with Castle Rock in sight near end of the time. On Golden we left the Valley for the sight-seeing auto; we went onward our way over an ever-receding mountain road to the top of Snowy Mountain, where on the

Summit (alt. 7600 ft.) is the newly made home of "Buffalo Bill." The country was beautiful — we circled and revisited the little town of Golden, with its long winding and quiet in a shallow mountain bowl. The return was our long coast into Denver. After luncheon we went out to call on Eddie; she was very sweet and Baby is lonely. Children so spoilt things.

Evening: Our route.

On our return at 6:30, have seen riding from Pleasant Valley. From the glimpses of Golden, it is lovely to be lovely. Some land, the last place we passed them before, Rough Pleasant anticipations of Castle Cape — some day. Mr. Four & our tired to-night and, riding promises to be rough.

July 12. Our route.

Long, long and the wide earth stretches of Wyoming! And dust, the sight's fording dust! The ever intriguing feature of the morning
The Wind River Range, a picturesque and rocky range, rises within the
Gap from river which in the
confined bed. From the mouth again.
There were no trees.

Evening: Cody, Wyo.

What a lovely scene of beautiful things.
This semi-arid, treeless Cody, quite
little promise of the wonder of the
Yellowstone lying so close at hand.
Our coach had been side-tracked and
we still seeing our wheels in the
A delightful dinner at the cafe,
all ready now for the great ride

July 18. (And the day, too.) On Yellowstone

The road more a drive, perhaps,
and cool, a day made for a
wonderful ride. On our journey were
people from all the middle west only.
Rose, Idaho, and our drivers,
Harry Allfield, the second, although
he strongly objected to the bristing
and if the little gods had not arrived
we all.

We rode about a hundred miles: 57
miles from Cody to the eastern
entrance of the Gap, 29 further
to our first stop, Yellowstone Lake,
then 17 miles on to the Canyon.

From Cody we followed the Gros Ventre river valley into the Gros Ventre
Canyon. For six miles we followed the Canyon, its walls rising above
the river to tremendous heights,
rocky, jagged, and almost barren of
vegetation. We crept along the face
of the mountain where the road
had been blasted and chiseled in
and thus the solid rock. Our first
stop was at the Government Dam
a wonderful feat of engineering.

The view of the angry and
impetuous waters is wonderful, and
lying all about us - the might
of the great rocks wall and the
deep gorge. Then on again over
smooth roads to Center, the
character of the country, ever
changing; vegetation, bridge, and
disappearing, we came to the fire,
the evergreens, the pines, and fell
we have in the heart of things when a
noisy cheer and few two heads dashed
across the road. The climb and at
Engman Pass have reached an altitude
of 7,550 ft. (a new altitude for
automobiles so far as I am concer-
ned), and now lies at the
roadside, so that one can delight
in snow-calling in July - tourists's
privileges! As we rode along the
backwards glance is always worth
while - the enchanted way over which
we have come - the green slopes of
the mountains, the snow patches on
the hills, the blue lake in the valley,
the ribbon rivers far away, - all
quiet mountain lakes lying placid
and smiling in the sunshine.

We made our way on, until we
came to the first glimpse of Yellow-
stone Lake, its long blue and lovely,
with dark mountains rising from
its base. At the Lake we stopped
for dinner at the camp and an
hour rest. At two o'clock we
were on our way again for the
last leg of the day's travel, a distance
of 17 miles. The road follows the
Yellowstone River and passes thru
the Hayden Valley. A short is
made on Ruby Volcano - it has
a funnel-shaped crater and bubbles
from a heated caldron mass of hot
and in violent agitation. In
this vicinity there is no end of
wonderful coloring their pools. Arriving
on our way into Camp we were
given a glimpse of the Canyon,
and that glimpse is pregnant with
promise for to-morrow. Can this
be a foreshadowing of wonderful
things, too? Surely is the privilege
of those who love to wander in
a world of mystery.

We had dinner in a quiet log
dining-room, before a blazing fire;
then straight to camp, and to bed.
The deliciousness of sleep when one
is so utterly weary. Meals a
day is too little. Now it
restores the heart to be in company
with the big elemental things of
flesh, and leaves a world of new
beauty. Friday, the 13th.
some of its width could reach us, the Yellowstone Falls roar, a
fingernail-wide strip of jade green."

The lower falls of the Yellowstone
is almost twice as high as Niagara,
305 feet, and, while its volume
of water is much less, its beauty
is greater. The Upper Falls is 107 ft.
A view of the latter falls is best
seen from our camp. We, and we
are thrilled to listen with the
sound of its waters.

Afternoon a swimming, I
was glad to remain in camp a
few hours this afternoon to write.
Later Edward went trout fishing.

Evening: A fine time this evening.
We went on a hike with some
travelling friends while the man
fished. We went down the stairs
to the foot of both the Cipren
and Ewen Falls. The latter is
497 feet to the base. We saw a
Big Springs and a long well at
this point. And now travel back in
Yellowstone National came to a
base. It is a wonder land.

Ekehu are golden Sunday morning. Here
at the Canyon. Enjoy a Beautiful
view from Inspiration Point, from the
view, from our Point, here and see a
view of the splendid hotel Grand
Canyon. It is like its hanging room in
the largest and most sumptuous it
was ever in. And look at the window and
see our waiting to start on our way to
Manhattan the next day.

Evening: Manhattan Hot Springs.

We motored 42 miles this afternoon
and we are now here for the
place we Manhattan Hot Springs, about
the Instant after and so we strike a
regular Arizona. But the sun
disappeared behind the mountains and
we had had a bit of salt. So we
began to get our bearings in this
utterly unfamiliar environment.

The sky this afternoon was luminous,
we suffered even heat - a burning
sun - and our progress was retarded
by rutted roads and snow drifts, this
incongruity is in keeping with the
unfamiliar world we are in.

After leaving, we traveled through a thoroughly inspiring
scenery, surely nothing could
surpass the wide panorama of
stately wooded mountains and
large valleys where line has reached the
dinner to Gunnison Creek, and
gazed out into a far country of
mined land, earth, and sky. Continuing
our way the next point of special
interest was Somes Falls. This is
a fall of romantic beauty - the
water tumbling over a precipice of
110 feet, amid strange tower
like rocks. Then on westward
and wide valleys until we arrive
at Manhattan, the capital of the
State. After dinner we
went on a hiking trip; the hot
springs and terraces occupy several
sides to the south of the plateau,
and rise like above vine on the
slope of Terrace Mountain. One
can do little more than get
a general notion of Salt Lake, Saltair,
Little Saltair, Angel and Angelita
Vuelet, with their accompanying
springs, Cupids Cave, Old Faithful, Orange Springs, and many smaller vents and caves and steam fountains. Not one least interesting was the draw into the Black Sand Cave, the crater of an extinct lava spring. It was all thoroughly interesting and novel. One characteristic of these queer lime deposits is the absence of color within. The beautiful coloring which has made the Upper Geyser Basin famous only wanes the water flows. One came back to camp with a quieter night still over us, feeling the presence of a new world, and in a good to see a new world.

Oct 16. From Mammoth to Old Faithful.

We motored 49 miles to day, and in this long ride perhaps saw a little more than one can get down in books and white. One cannot help but remember all of the wonders of Norris Geyser Basin, Lower and Upper Geyser Basins, but one can and will remember this first impression.

Of springs in gashed wounds from a distance they resemble Camp Fires. One watches over geyser fields and sees every brand with small structures in the earth's crust steam hisses and seethes or rushes with tremendous force, light into the air with a roar that may be heard for miles. These are seen under vehicle a roaring volcano seems to be struggling to displace itself. One great crack in the earth's surface. It is indeed the marvel that are. How the gods would have enjoyed it.

We repaired the attic room trying to get some comprehension of all that natural wonder. About Old Faithful, the韭菜 of our wonder may be judged by the space left it is said that with Carson valley more quiescent, part of the geological earth's surface as combined; the whole region seems to bubbles and gush and pout — the one consolation to the hurried tourist in the fact that all geyser look much alike, and a general impression in all one gets.
July 14. After breakfast we took a delightful morning ride to the outskirts of Yellowstone Falls, where we left Edward to spend the morning trout fishing while we returned alone. Coming back to the hotel I was afraid of leaving the falls and the walks were lovely. The beautiful morning sunlight filling the trees, the shadows across the road, and slacks among the willows, quiet trees, the still water, the indescribable charm of the solitary mountain road. We will do on our way this afternoon over the beautiful Cody road - one of Yellowstone Falls.

EVENING. Cody, Wyo.

After dinner-like Cody again. Flare feast an enjoyable ride in company with some 5,000 millionaires - we gave the talk we, we got the Zack down and for dinner had a smorgasbord!spoke. We arrived here about noon. Late, none too worse for our 65 mile ride and unnumbered falls.

And we are in Cody - the town on the edge of things - beautiful.

Traveled about a more than some day of travel; that, dirty, uncomfortable, and near feeling well disposed. When it is clear and the wind blow - this pleasant is awful! Travel is leisurely, we did not succeed in getting a stagecoach until after we left. Reached about 4:30, and then glad to get our "wagon" on among which to sit down and rest.

July 20. Benson, Cal. From Lahonton to

Enjoy the day here in Benson, & our under the weather. Enjoy went of the day in my room. Seems to set off to bright atmosphere. We are away to the mountains想法 in the morning. So do want to rest before go home. So we bid Benson a "hasty good-bye."


Saw years ago we look at trips - in was clear the beginning of our travel and our first sight of the mountains. We have traveled over

much of the United States and Canada since then — how much more than we would have taken to make that morning eight years ago, when we new our little to rapidly exploring children to see lovely things. So is the same Wagger Road, only the mountains are now so high and the way less branched. Pleasant memories were awakened at Corona - the "Top of the World" (elevation 11,662 feet) where we stopped to facility before. This time we went on, arriving at Brandege about 3:30, 200 miles from Benson. We went maded 12 or 20 miles fairly into the mountains one valley landed to brandege, arriving about 6:30. Our first impression of brandege was die smallness with its sprawling stilt and Geschidden cottage and looking homes, our after some straying about. Our little goods directed me to "the Railroad," a new built stilt with a big store open, looking a bustling mountain town over rocks.

How fine it would be if we could lead such days as this one has been, always fresh in our memory! Enjoy the morning quietly here at the hotel, while that may last. At luncheon have a pleasant browned fish. This made our six miles tramp round the lake cool and delightful. I enjoyed the quiet waters, rocky shore, and the middle of hidden springs. Cistus and SUMMER ROSES just out on the lake front all the way around. We were hungry for dinner. We regret the evening line on the pond by the village, sailing the &c. A good Sunday at Brand Lake.

April 23. We started for a long tramp this morning, but the sun was so bright we did not go as far as we had planned. Came sailing back in time for luncheon pretty warm. Stayed most of the afternoon. Edward fished—rain or shine. We walked down in the big living-room—a bright fire on the hearth and the splash of rain outside. This is genuine rest, away from all the strain of daily life. One lives.
July 25. Road-Sage to pretty Brand Lake, and on route again. The ride in to Grandby seemed short. Enjoyed the all day ride over the maffet Road Sable into Denver. It was cloudy and raining, almost snowing at the summits of Granite. The mountains look gray in clouds. I heard the distant thump, the thunder, the shifting shadows, and plash of clouds around the peaks. But the ride dragged towards the end of the day, but we did not get into Denver until nearly seven. Took the car for Saddle, presented our fine trout eater, and they give dinner for us. We are dreadfully poor visitors.

July 26. Went for a fishing and picnic trip of Bear Creek Canyon with saddle andcloud in the 'Flower'. The mountain road is fine and the canyon pretty. We were glad to go for the folks have talked so much of Bear Creek Canyon. So enjoyed Frances, Edie's sister, went in as jolly as Edie used to be. Fishing was no good.