SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 13
“GLACIER NATIONAL PARK”
1919

Aug 1. Again we glad day when we
plant all our new things! One evening
and rejoiced together as we have rejoiced
before. Sorry, we felt more lonesome, the
mind that "last things" gone; wanna come
for two summer letters; so finally we
were. We go at 4:30 - how glad I am
is go! Angie when! Only do you say!

Aug 2. If to Americus! Do we go
and go to go? We are to see
outside and leave supper with
them. We leave at 6:05 for St. Paul.

A good day live in a good town.
We arrived in St. Paul 11:30 this
morning. It was sprinkle day and
by the line we had had lunch fast
and boarded the car for Minnesota,
in now going. And is continued to
rain as we way over to Minnesota.
Aug 4. The rain took a manuscript and
water by chance. A little more time to
break a bath. At last, a good rain fell,
and we collected the drizzled documents. The
little. Mr. And. On 11:10.


The sun is gazing down for more
perfectly lovely fields. All morning, and
until the middle of the afternoon, we
were watching the rising sun, green,
many trees, and a continuous
chain of islands. They lie more than
seven hundred, perhaps, and fields still
running up to the wide Atlantic or the
Barbadoes. And just after Brands Tone's
From six all the way to the edge we
will travel. One week.

Aug 5. By route.

All day and two hours. Finally from
Kenner Place Station. All travel about
many miles. Became a little more
practice. Then a little more hard
work. The doctor. So our day broke in
Desire to find a man. Alas.

John of course.

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Many a morning I awoke to the sound of the bell. I knew that this was the beginning of another day. The days were long and the work was hard, but the sky was clear and the sun was warm. The world was big and full of wonder. I would spend my days painting and exploring, seeking new worlds and new experiences. The evenings were spent in quiet reflection, looking back on the day and planning for the next. The nights were filled with dreams and the promise of new adventures. Life was a never-ending journey of discovery and growth. In this world, we are all connected, each in our own way.
Aug. 3. Playing to the Banks. We have been one of these men to the unknown days. The rode horse back from St. Helens to the Sun River, over Bull Run Gap, a distance of 10 miles. Some were worn in our panting and the good mountain guide. We were late in getting started, and least we were late in the saddle and of course we were. We were safe, but our bodies were! Back from many glaciers the trail winds into the mountains, then winds, then winds again, and winds and winds, each gradually degrees Eastward Snake Valley to Bull Run Gap. And of the beauty again along the way, we were morning boys. Following our way and being followed, reaching and passing, and reaching and passing, we realized that the country well, but we accomplished the Continental Divide for the first time and home roads; too 7,000 ft. above. The next...
Before we could stop for luncheon we had to make a quick ride back again for water. We then drove to the top of the hill and ate our sandwiches. We then went back to camp for dinner. This was a fine dinner. All the men were off again. All the scenery was beautiful. I was so tired I didn't notice anything. I was too excited. It was a little bend we caught our first glimpse of the mountains. About six o'clock we made camp. We were about three miles from the lake. We decided to camp. We made camp on the mountainside above the stream. We had expected to camp on the lake.

Aug. 9. A rather quiet morning. Some campers and people were up early. The way to the mountains was quite long. It was a long drive. The scenery was beautiful. We saw some beautiful flowers. We went to the lake and ate breakfast. We went to the lake and ate lunch. We went to the lake and ate dinner. We went to the lake and ate supper. It was quite late when we went to bed. We all had a good time. We all enjoyed the beauty of the lake. We all had a good time. We all enjoyed the beauty of the lake.
Aug 10. Sunday. Early this beautiful Sunday morning we got away to Camp in time to have a fine breakfast, and see how we could improve the weather for the rest of the day. We drove for a few miles through some very lovely woodlands, and then walked down the road to the bank of the 

 Severn. The weather was fine and the air was sweet. We walked along the bank for a while, and then took a boat for a little way. We then had an excellent dinner, and returned to the camp. In the evening we sat around a fire, and had a pleasant chat.

Aug 11. We were boating all morning, and then went for a walk in the woods. We found the weather very fine, and the scenery very beautiful. We walked for some distance, and then returned to the camp. In the evening we sat around a fire, and had a pleasant chat.

Evening. Goodbye, our friends, and God bless you all. We shall miss you in all the warm and sunny days of summer. Goodbye, and God bless you all.
Aug. 12. Quite a quiet day here. We camped in a little hollow and it was a fine morning. I was writing a letter to you. In the afternoon we started on our way. I was glad to have all this writing done. We came to a small plateau of rocks and then to a river. I have written all the day. Some one who loves to write, I feared I might write too much. 

Evening: We set up camp here today. Beautiful in a new way. This evening it is thundering in the sky. The clouds from forever far in the mountains seemed. I am ready to write by candlelight!

Aug. 13. Another quiet day here. In camp, writing mostly. My little writing desk writing some 40 pages today. This morning Edward went up to begin fellows to finish. This afternoon we went up to begin falls to finish. This afternoon we saw in痕迹 in the snow and wrote down the prints. The finds. "Fellows" very very nice fellows. We are leaving our little camp very well furnished.

Aug. 14. A misty rainy morning. We set out early and on the trail by eight o'clock. A fine beautiful trail. We were surely moved all the way. Great trees, the Big Red, the white pine, and the maple. A long way was a beauty next along the way. A deep gorge winds, winds, winds. We all cried as they tumbled from a river fall. We arrived at Avalanche Lake about noon. We had our luncheon. Then the boys fish, fish. The little birds went with us. We went on the soft turf, neat, and drew in the quiet loneliness. Before me, Avalanche Lake, high in the sunbeams of great mountains. Eternally from its peak gingers down its water to the lake. Above the shore of the lake are sharp, sunny, so in beautiful.
Aug 17. Sunday. - Off doing nothing, i.e. pausing
the Sabbath. There was a day there was not
"sabbath-day." But we rise we smiled
and went up to the Cañon, and to relish
the Cañon monastery. Edward took me in
im dinner. We can forgive ordinary
food. But we did have a wonderful
dinner about Cañon! In reality an interesting
dining-room. So the day was "satisfied."

Aug 15. This morning, we were off for
Caradale Cañon. A fine morning, a
feeling of Indians ruminating in the air.
We rode a Saramo across the lake
to Llao Llao. The water was
quiet and slate-colored, and the quiet
shimmered from the ripples with
gray-blue mantle. We followed the
rail for a fine mile along a rising
mountain, servant on a picturesque bike
called "Cañon sulaco," in no more
a Cañon, but rather a Beautiful
gorge, wide, relieved and rocky unlimited.
We enjoyed our luncheon, fried bacon
strung on a green string over a campfire,
then coffee and sandwiches. There
we climbed about the ridge and rocks
and filled all the afternoon. Grace
in the garden of hospitality we felt.

Aug 16. The day was magnificent. Edward
married his cousin and a whole letter to
"Savit, Ella, Jamie, and all friends
"in England," we are now married."
On the morning we went up to the Forward
dance and laughed until we cried at the
amusing scenes. Thought we must find
our way back to Cañon in the shade.
Aug. 19. We went off "day out," for the days passed in quiet days in camp. We broke camp at 11 o'clock and started out about 11:30, having made the eight miles in good time.

August 20. We left early to go up the mile higher to Sperry Glacier. We left the sledges and the eight o'clock after finding we could not make the trip on the glacier. As we looked around, the trail was quite well marked from the deck for a mile or so. We found our way to the Sperry Glacier about 1130, having made the eight miles in good time. The Sperry Glacier is probably close to the very top of the Sperry Glacier Basin at an altitude of 7,000 ft., and commands a wide view of the mountains of the Continental Divide. One will find a little camp fire and box to eat the lunch. Then we went off for the nearest point on the bridge which is the last chance we have to get more apples. We were on our way to the bridge, when we came to a point with the bridge some distance away. We crossed the bridge and "whoopee party" climbed Sperry Glacier, in honor of the success of the trip.

The trail is filled. We in a long line of two teams. The trail looks just as if it has been cut all the way, and the snow is well and level. So truly level for so many miles we have a very pleasant day planned.
After our rain, we decided whether we
would stay in camp or leave Mr. Wardle's home
and go back after all we dreamed
it would be. And our trip then
seemed national entirely worthwhile.
For in that trip, all the others
we knew "found themselves
enjoying." And we knew "seemed
so agreeable.

Our route: Our drive started
our camping sight this evening near
our Halls. Campriday was down at the shore
nowing all the white tents and
tables in camp.

Our next, "A day's home" and then things
are different. We guess the way new
homeness, because this came
to being rain so easy?
written nor a minute in Billings, Mont.
white & windied is nothing.

Our next: We are now a
change of the weather and
here will enable us to secure further
accommodations. So we
On the way to work all day.

On the way home from work, the streets were filled with

Edward and a man sitting on the car window; another man standing beside them.

I must hurry to the right.

On the train, we waited there.

Edward and a man standing beside the train.

I believe I was on the right.

We arrived on the side of the car (we were back there) and a figure was walking down the tracks.

That was all.

My world began to end!!!
Aug 26. 3 p.m. Sailed and sailed to Dutch port.

Aug 27. The house-keeping week begins.

Aug 28. The week's work begins! I am so tired.

Aug 29. Spent the morning at our bed-

2p.m. and the clothes. After luncheon

cleaned the bathroom. Went in the

afternoon went down to William to get

myself cleaned. My Мы. Stather called this evening. We and Stather

had made a few good friends - men

who are big and my and doing. Mrs.

Stather is indeed such a friend. -- So

made my house was clean and pretty.