SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 17
“THE BLACK HILLS AND ESTES PARK. ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK” 1923
Rocky Mountain National Park.

So see Grace & Will Boggs. Will
is surely a very sick man. I don't
see how she can get well. And
how Grace is getting of herself!

July 11. Shopping all morning with Hume for groceries. Stole some fine new shoes
to show Sarah & James this evening.
So little raining this afternoon.

July 12. Finished the stove to-day.
Shower required the wall a little. So
did all the females. swept and dusted,
and all everything in order. It is
going to be fine to close a clean
and orderly house.

July 13. Stone washing this morning and
being "made beautiful" as Miller's this
afternoon.

July 14. So hot in town that we kept
in it. Went down town late in the
afternoon. Called on farmer with Sarah
and James at Judgels. We counted
in 8 of a "last feast" for a
couple of weeks. "Sawland" next when
we meet them after the "Blackie
Stillis." So night we "filled the ear"
to peace in the morrow and in all seems
done other years. Well, we get away
these a million steps and all these
light in a temperature of a hundred
July 16. Sunday - Closing up the Residences - moving furniture and equipment. The end finally reached.

July 16. Well, we are ready to go. The last day has been quite as full as other "last days" of chores have been.

So we finished looking the camp in sight of neighbors dragging in. We are to have uncle Fred with Sarah + Paul at seven o'clock. Then we heard the "gongs" to the Lodge dinner, pool, and sports.

July 17. Our "Day of Camp" again! Up at six, breakfast on the cottage, and all with the last wishes of our hosts.

And again the road: growing sunny, yellow blooms, and the summer wind in our faces. First Seward, then Polca, always wished us well, then Curlew. Curlew was a little longer noon, as we drove where we had our noonday luncheon at the municipal camp. All the after noon we were motoring north to Jefferson, the South Dakota line while blue turned gray. We arrived at the Missouri River at Nix o'attle, determined to make camp early again in long, 200 mile round, but flute we waited and waited for a ferry. So finally came, and an ancient lumbering affair, much another bring to bring us into camp, and by the time it finally got us near the river and landed us at Camp No. 1, we were nine o'clock. Washed, not migrated, and so now lunch to supper. Sudden late when we met "right out" in Camp No. 1, "James Linn."

July 8. Lake Audubon, South Dakota.

Camp No. 2. Some 70 miles of motoring this morning brought us here to Lake Audubon, where we met camp. Best fishing is not possible. River have a few small strings of fishes, the lake is full of fishes, flat, deep lake. Sit in an old-fashioned sled, little boat as few cotton and small boats. Fishing is the charm. "Skeer" came in this evening with a fine catch of bass and red drum. So he said that all day only a good wind saved us at "Camp Audubon."

July 19. Fishing! Why else play at golf? Quicksilvere was the answer, as red was queer stuff? Or is that, every dream brings in fish. So got my first bass night after three days and "springing" a fish rod saddling him. We have ten inches forty and fifty fish in the lake here, nearly reached in camp all the after noon, we are going to take a good row or two to the lake after supper, and we have given away our fish.
July 21. On route. Two hundred miles of motorizing to-day over the Dakota highway, with an hour and a half now near our "Red Hotel," brought us to-night to Camp No. 2, "Sibley City." We have been a liezing there all day, however, with a little after-noon. We arose about eleven in the afternoon with the sun shining in some pleasant spots of country. We followed the Dakota highway all day, with fine roads. The country gradually giving way to great prairies and open spaces, until the country side is uninteresting. Looking to-night, we are camped on a hill - top, a refreshment place, which is out of the valley of St. Paul - low hills all about, and a glorious weather.

July 22. On route to Rapid City, So. D. C. We came to a tiny bush mill to-day. We came to the Red River. We had the choice of two roads. Both were good to see the country. We was a long while with plenty of buffalo grass, prairie and prairie water by the road. Some of the great, gray wall of a miniature range: gray sickles, gray rivulets, and hillside. Some castles, canons, walls built in layers, names and the things are changed names at all. Your so good. And while the sun was setting down we were camp at Rapid City.

July 23. Rapid City, So. Dakota Camp, No. 4. Monday: good lying around camp, as trail to ride and sleep and write with a cool wind to home near midnight and the last day, we have planned on turn of the Black Hills to-day.

July 24. On route back from Rapid City to Denver to-day with showers along the way. We broke camp with gay hearts for it was cooler and petting rain. First battle into the town of Rapid City where we thought "Laughing Gas" and the cause of the laugh was on the fellow who bought! Thro' out of town and on our way, same wind till of New York we left the highway for Crystal Cave. Our guide was so which we left "Caves" to guard the car. While we walked the cave. We ignored to see the way long range famed here. Some paths and into various "rooms", climbing and crevicing and bungling each head, our unbelieveable great and wonderful crystal formations. "Caves" hamming this inability to carry off large "germanes,"
we emerged from the cave after a two hours' walk to find it raining. So we had a two mile ride back up the middle of the mountain trail to the car, where we ate lunch. We crossed and got dinner. A cold roast beef salad, pretty good when you are hungry and a mountain stream flows into bringing cool stores, regardless of "inconveniences." Made while it was very wet and cold. Above this, the hills were covered and rain shining, we were on our way to be back up to the road where we made Camp No. 5 for the night.

July 24. Our route from Bittenger to a log cabin in Springfield, Illinois. We began raining before we got the first snow. We were our own mountain roads, enjoying the snow, we missed the skiing way to the woods, and going around cabins to winter. The woods and hills were lovely in the rain, and the road was very covered along the cabins. We arrived at 6:00. The rain was the largest in this part of the state with a precipitation of nearly 4,000. By 6:30, we were at an altitude of 4,632. We ate up all the little food. Here we strongly desire, soon our dinner at a "little cafe," and gun-shots rife. One followed a panded road three miles and

were all the way to bed. We arrived in a downpour of rain. We went off along the road for the show to be over and then went out for the new field camp—our destination. We followed the cabin towards another to a log cabin ready for us and waited. Surrounding it lay, covering little and cool with snow.

July 25. Log Cabin in Springfield, Illinois. Our breakfast in the room; then the next week we went there: this in the very cabin we wanted! On an old log cabin, fully furnished with all off leaving; a room with wood to burn, a little deck for table with a bouquet of wild flowers in a creaky picture, a little to write on—even an old fashioned "hanging lamp" with lady's. And at the little table where we eat and look off to wooded hills, * * * * * Evening: We have been looking all day—fishing—writing.

July 26. Our log cabin has been a real joy to-day with sunshine shining early, about all day. I saw our weather early—real sunshine, and nothing the rest of the day to pay costs. The birch trees came in with a ground rain, but the sunshine over the hills in whatever was the sunny of the day. for we...
July 27. Our route from "Dog Salmon" to "Camp Rocke Wall." No. 6.

We followed the line of least resistance and took up the trail again on the other side. We reached our camp late in the afternoon. We reached another party of men and the first to the camp for another day. - - - We reached the lake very good and to good wood where we had so late dinner, and mid-night moon rose out towards Skykomish lake and the moon was still of same size, a rise of 66 miles from the very head of the lake. We enjoyed fine weather all the night moon, and the very last half of the road there so good. On the first, we would have reached Skykomish lake before dark. Over the road became very rough and the grades long and steep. We were beginning to get doubtful when in the heads of the road there was the Rocke Wall and our camp will. On ideal camp site - and trail are not so many - it reminded me of another camp - "Lonesome Wall" in the mountains. Green Statue of Washan. There was big litter, a mountain current, and below a half moon. If flowing, the litter never and casting light and shadow over the sod road. Well, we go to kind this is likely to be a good place to camp in the Shebe Wall, and "Lonesome Wall," "Rocke Wall," will stand our among so many camps.

July 28. Sunday. - At New Year's a good day in camp - nothing better than to have a good day to work and listen to the weather. Commercial jingle of a celebration song! A good Sunday! We are south and return from our work. mile below and about noon. We now a very pleasant day, not a difficult one. From the summits are beds old up a great size of granite, gneiss, irregular rocks, and fine-skid hills. When the long wind down there is very late. Also it a good day for all. Also, quartered at about the lake, and the weather beyond. - A good day in camp; we worked and received word of the afternoons. "Skate" is good to rest too, from the long lake experience in mountain climbing. We 12 miles of some of Snake and salmon, and worked about next Sunday and "foul weather."
July 20. Our route toward these Springs this morning—off early to follow good roads through the Black Hills, with its fine scenery, rolling granite walls and deep gorges, and even the cragginess of pinnacles or "middles" and characteristics of the scenery of this region. Beautiful scenery with the blue sky of the morning in green valleys. A vast area of 100,000 acres and worth of government surveying—-with good roads and even sketching along some fine scenery and much reading, we made little time than we had planned. We left the Black Hills for good open scenery. And out of Fair Bank followed winding roads over vast prairie, hills, right and left, resembling nothing anywhere about Big Springs, but for the same range of the Black Hills we were hearing—-Where should I visit these Black Hills again? These Black Hills so large and open and free and ready—-We arrived at Big Springs in time for dinner as so early—on we could sit—-and most work of the afternoon shopping down for souvenirs and supplies. And Big Springs was best after the cool of the shade. We drove out 12 miles to make Camp No. 6, in "Whitney National Park." We had a rather nice little camp for the night, by a creeks, in a lovely apple grove. So we have reached "Whitney."
That evening, we came into Salt Springs at noon, made camp at Evans City, and by the time we had dinner, decided to try over until to-morrow. Camp No. 9, this being our last night of that field. The next noon while we were breakfasting with this jolly lot of fellows.

Aug. 3. Our route. Toward sunset, down laugh! A long day of weathering and even in the same sage-strewn land as Wyoming the ever changing panoramas of the day. But if hot weather we had some deal little and a good deal of the way to equip. And then a long, level road stretching away to 

Geysers, we were shored for our way the dinner for in we had a gray, chilly day. We rode with clouds on, the side curtain up, and a slanting rain of dust when we slept. Out of our far away, Codec we slept the better roads very good for a wet way, slipping away over the hills to we were. The rain raised and filled the side. One can only make on 

the grade after having some rest and sleeping in its place for miles. So kindly we run and over the little (in the east) and we make camp.

Aug. 10. Before a nearly home out of the wood. We had 

July, 1888, a trip from Wyoming until the day, over these hills and long winding valleys, one town in a hundred miles of travel, the high hills of western Wyoming, great sand, the main sign of habitation; the great wild West with its limitless ranges and its far-reaching mountains.

Aug. 2. Our route. We came on good country to-day in sight of Gallinger merry, muffled, impassable roads till the little all morning. We finally came out on the "Yellowstone trail" a few miles west of West End. Up, on a curve of the road, we started from the bank of the mountains to the rains, "Wheatland!" memories of our "Laramie Camp" and the Sand Storm! The sky is bright where we get out of the mud, before. Also over the long bridge and there was our old Camp while the rain stood in very us and finally broke in on us in the gray dawn. Then we get our dinner, while Bridge — not, Roomy - take a dip in the Laramie! We had a callous roads from Wheatland all the way to Cleghorn. Still an in habit with country that turned our course to Yellowstone Cave furnished the fishing place. We made Camp (No. 11) for the right spot are recognized Camp "grand air" 

Cleghorn: a great open space with hundreds of campsites. A fine location "all about the great common people."
Aug. 3. Cheyenne, Wyo.

This morning we landed at Cheyenne while my brothers and
myself were singing President Harding's
election song. By 10:00 A.M. the
moon was full and we decided to
visit the moon fairly. We went about
mild weather and after we
visited the Cheyenne Museum we
had a good breakfast.

This morning we read the details
of our President's middle states. After all
it was a very good way to site the day and we
had a fine day, our watches and our
sunshades.

We left Cheyenne - how to describe
the place! - about 11:00 A.M. and had
a pleasant two hour ride to Ft. Collins,
Colorado, where we stayed long enough in
a small and crooked "Tourist Camp" to
get our dinner - and that was long
sought. After 14 miles on to Leadville
with the Silver Range coming clear and
glimmering like a black labrador's
ears, and vague glimpses of "King Range"!
We had remarked our migraines, attributed
at one meal, and held in the afternoon.
Not to find "an ideal camp" for
"Colorado and "Wyoming". And we found it
16 miles up "Brown's Pass" - a little
open space off the highway. A valley
about the mountains, the road of the
night, the trees and great mountains. This
is Camp No. 12, "The Sarah Louise Camp."

Aug. 4. "Camp Sarah Louise."

A regular Saturday evening - we
heard the songs of fate, and not
the Thunder above it. We
settled
dinner, not afraid of getting, it
took the quiet hour and afterwards
the ear completely. But it is late
of the camp "fixing up" for friends, the
campers.

Aug. 5. Sunday: I dreamt of some time
we dreamt we had had about the
fire place at home. Sarah and George
saw a camp fire with us. We
were there in the dark at 10:30 that
morning and came down the Chama
Canon to our camp - went out to dance
dinner together and a long after
night of dancing. And the camp fire at night
was the best of all. We got together late in
the Sarah Louise Camp."

Aug. 6. Sarah and George seem to have
accomplished this sort of life, we had
and eat, and lived long weeks and went
on board on the mountain trails. Sarah
and I climbed the mountain trails of
long before supper - a good
night climb. We had a glorious camp fire
this evening, so that we finished
off some of the boots and it was set
off at a fair well to the "Sarah Louise" -
finest of camp sites!
Aug. 7. 30 Betsie Bells! We were finally packed and on the way out of the Betsie Valley. We crossed the last of the lake and descended Betsie Mountain onto the summit of our land. The Bells chilled us the way into the Betsie Valley, and we arrived at Betsie Mountain. We walked along the lake, and we were grateful for the view. The Bells stretched to the east, so much so we drove up to the village, late in the afternoon, and ate out there.

Aug. 8. "Mountain Bells!"

The Bells were filled with the beautiful day, and the boys were already filled of the day attending to rain. We walked to the road and walked some in the afternoon. We all went for a long walk, and we all walked to stay in a little for a cabin at the corner.

Aug. 9. We woke up in the village of Betsie Bells at the end of the day. The morning was shining, and it made a beautiful day for us to visit. The boys and I enjoyed the morning going into the woods and looking out the windows. We then walked to the shore, and we walked to the shore. We stayed in the woods.

Aug. 10. The Bells were filled with a beautiful day and a view of the Bells. We rode a difficult ride to Betsie Bells. We then rode to the house, and we walked to the Bells. We then drove through the streets, and we walked to the door. We then walked to the cabin. We then drove to the cabin, and we walked to the cabin.

Aug. 11. We woke up in the village of Betsie Bells, and we walked to the cabin. We then walked to the cabin, and we walked to the cabin. We then walked to the cabin.
Aug. 11. To-day we visited Mount Dale, sitting
over hills a mile farther down where we
left the car. Following a good trail for
two hours brought us to our destination:
the lake lying in a bend of the Cow-
Creeks. Mount Dale, a glacial fork about 6
sq. miles, created by today very picturesque
valley, two great lakes each containing many
glaciers—a slice of Alpine beauty. We
would gladly have played all the after-
oon but an altitude of over 10,000 ft. while
one's oldest child, ten, was waiting for the car by
two quick dinners, and objects to "mountain
lake" seemed a much shorter thing. Hence,
and back we were to the village
for supper at eight, and then we were to attend a surprise
party to door society. Parties are attended a
song well sung. Time for the Castleton.

Aug. 12. Sunday. Round about: walking,
visiting, admiring our homes, and giving
thanks. Sunday is pretty rich and needed.
Guide bit smart, our! — — — —
Leaves after noon we took a little ride to "Saddle-
Elephant Dam", five miles up, lovely views from its
upper terraces and wide fire-places, then five
miles down thru deepening twilight.

Aug. 13. We saw something of a new part
of Mount Dale to-day. We visited Spray
Lake. We arrived at little Dell above in its melodic tone
by canoe, and our fenced taxis. It was a
good deal, winding up, and came down.

A view of valley meadows and the distant
range. We had planned to eat at dinner
at Caswell's found no dining until, so
made the dinner very before dinner. Arrived
at the car we partook of a good dinner,
where we found a good place to eat
and the pleasant views after work. The dinner
was easy to work into, the food is a slight
out, for all of our eating. Perhaps
that was the devil fault! We stayed at
the village for supper and then drove to
"mountain lake".

Aug. 14. Off to a new village! At seven
o'clock we left the car at Winter's Park,
and with our field on, we our for Tessa
and Teresa. Breakfast on eleven miles up;
the day is late on the trail early, so
and turn morning and dark. We followed
a good trail, wooded and for the first
two miles easy-peaceful, then the road begins
over a mound, rocky path. We
enjoyed. Terms of use a magnificent place on one
way and lines of all accessible, and Teresa itself, its trail, being
under the hazy glaciers of the guide,
Tintagel and the little Kettles and nigrels in its still waters, a lake of equinox
beauty. And end of the trail meeting here
we took our dinner in the very
spot we had it with John Reynolds
five years ago. Amended breakfast, the
little table mother cooking for everyone and
all about us the wonders of Alaska!
At 11 o'clock we sighted for Face Rocks.

We hove to, the wind had died down, and we had been on the watch for some time.

The river was calm, and we continued to proceed.

At last, we saw the Face Rocks, and we hoisted our colours.

We continued to move, and soon reached the Face Rocks.

We made camp for the night, and enjoyed the scenery.

The next day, we continued our journey, and made good time.

On the third day, we reached the Mouth of the Face River.

Aug 17. Afternoon we attended the "back woods" of the reeds. We travelled over a little rise on "my lake", wind - heavy water and we were - reeds! Eleven o'clock still keep in mind my memories of back lake.

Aug 18, Sunday - on route over the back.

Roof.

Aug 19. We left camp this morning for the long climb over the ridge, and found now too well, but still to be gone.

Family far roads over "back woods", long, quiet lake, and distant fields. We had dinner at an old log cabin in ruins where we caught shad from the rain going over the road five years ago. Then off to Garden, a lovely wooded road, climbing to an altitude of over 11,000 ft., even five mountain roads, in sight of it's quires and curves. The descent was even more thrilling, the green valley below coming near too soon. We riding down to quiet lake, where we made camp 1.0. down along a stream, well off the right way. A fine camp site and the wind turned it for our friends. Gone in second a bit after.


After we swung over back but mountain: a fine mountain road with its tile - bathed, and with Panorama of the plains - standing above our head, winding off into the country beyond. We drove to the Cody place and found it now as no more affections than an old store. We arrived in Garden by two o'clock and had dinner at a cafe' according to our tourist appearance. Then made Camp No. 19 at "Beech 10", where 8,000 cotton candy every day, and not with a bed camp but just considered.


Our last day before the home ward trail, while we rather worked with solitude, and feel in city rights, bad bunches, and mind them again at two o o'clock.

On bed then an hour we went home. Work being on fine sand roads, and made Camp No. 19 at a school house sixty fine miles only.

Aug 22. On road.

Again familiar roads - a few vehicles country and stove illumination. At Morgan soon after two, dinner at sliding where the suddenly developed a bit of a languor to near the "movement", turn a long after noon of drumming away. Thirty - when a small out of small noise - by mid.
afternoon and straight away after was the Colorado - Nebraska line. (Were have we been going these days of rest? ) We made camp No. 14. at six o'clock behind a small house, a small clean place, a lovely moon after supper, shining down upon Nebraska.

Aug. 23. No roads.

The day's motoring brought us to another small house for our last camp, No. 19. Rather poor roads all morning. We made up dole for dinner at the hotel. (Five meals in this part of our trip.) 10.00 p.m. roads all the night moon and the car drumming in our ear.

Late with the hills, then the 9000 feet, and a few miles beyond our last camp. And we end "this camping together" with an ideal evening, a glorious flood of moon light over the summer fields.


Going home this Time on Edward's Birthday.

A long day with dust and increasing heat. We had dinner at climbing, then it seemed a long hundred miles home. We arrived between five and six, left Sarah and Jim at their little home, and came on to "444" almost buried in tall grass and trees. We signed up the little west kitchen, in memory. Now yesterday we agree it — was this really a trip again all?