SERIES 1 - TRAVEL JOURNAL ENTRIES,

BOX 1 FOLDER 21
“COLORADO:
MESA VERDE
NATIONAL PARK”
1925

Aug. 12. Called on Grace this afternoon. She looked forward to a second romance! Called on Mary this day!

Aug. 13. With mamma's "companion's" room to get ready, a boy here all day to clean up both yards, and brickling in back, & did not get more done than the carpets gone over. Grace came over to see the "addition" this evening.

Aug. 14. Worked hard all day with many interruptions. Cleaned my room and "closed up." Painted thru all day. Edward must have a hotel card for before he can leave the city.

Aug. 15. Helped the boy finish getting the bedding in this morning. Came after lunch to get my hair rinsed & all odd shopping for my trip done. A nice letter from Sarah! They are in Va. Wear a fine trip they will have.

Will we, too?
Aug. 14. Sunday. From six o'clock to nine at night. We set before our meals on a long table. This is a long day. I have skipped so many miles. So am so tired.

Aug. 15. I did not finish the day of Aug. 14. Could not come without a stroll. I went so tired, so disappointed from our work. I gave up work as far as Fairview, then south on the upland to the Kansas line, where we had our noon day dinner at Edith — recalling a trip to Concordia once — and all the after noon west on the Ocean to Ocean. This all sounded common place but not more common place than the day has seemed, or more common place than it is Kansas.

Evening: Camp near a Kansas school house, clean and snug. We will stay here only a short time. So we begin the climb, the long climb to Wabauger National Park — long return.


The country is beautiful. Hills of mind fields. At Brownville the tree lined main street is as well lined. And it is well-lit with gas! We "wash-up" outside occasionally. The surface so dirt the treat and our fatigue.

Edith: Over the Kansas line and Colorado line. Yes! We had a big storm late in the afternoon, a few miles of Kansas and then sound waves of Colorado, until evening we were come to the little song to drive off crowds, and open spaces. Camp now on the outskirts of a side line, median village looks out. A small dirt road.

Aug. 17. Evening in Camp Williams.

After Colorado Springs this morning we see range coming into view, the Colorado "sails" full in the air! At one station we arrive. We spend a gay afternoon in the tourist town window shopping, buying supplies, getting suited for3sage.
And now in camp (June 3) to-night it was still sprinkled and clouds drifted about the gates, while they tried his hand at making ginger-bread.

June 20. For route.

Vignioto — Colorado Springs — Cudell.

Unveiled the village of Vignioto this morning. There could not have been without drinking some of its neighboring wells. Three times was part of water to long and could not stand all! We would have gone on a mountain ridge if the day had not been so rainy.

We took an early dinner at Colorado Springs and left soon after midday for Cudell. It was raining when we left Colorado Springs; and continued to right west of the way to Cudell, but the rain was raining when we arrived at "Little Big Horn". We stopped a couple of hours and crossed 8 o'clock we did not live in the little mining village. There on our way again — rain arose and lighted clouds; the ginger-bread
In our night, the queen sent hills Malayn. and wide. Stretch of blue sage and rifle of yellow thistle. We made camp (804) in a wide stretch of the high way, feeling that we had a little height to expect to see either需要 a more detailed reading.


We have come to camp (804) better early. No sights for strange trees in the hills or hills. So the Rio Grande. At it a pleasant camp site, a bridge beyond, the range about. The lake above. We have seen in the mountains with 500 yds. Made La Veta Pass (9,600 ft.) our warning, lovely views on a gentle easy grade then sliding down into the San Luis Valley in the afternoon. A long ride to Alamogordo to get a nice sight and a long slide which we made into the mountains. The elevation of water came to narrow! The fishermen casting in the swift streams added to a picturesque

Aug. 22. Our route.

Nights are long in the mountains! And when one strikes the Continental Divide to an elevation of 10,600 ft., following a narrow road, with sharp curves and constant view of the snow, it is a long day. We reached Wolf Creek Pass over high ledges about noon, stopped for our noon day. Came soon after, and just only just started the long descent when we were delayed more than two hours by sliding on the mountains. We rode and watched an Exhibited snow ball, it's quickly with and strong snow in sliding down the rocks. At last we started down the long slide, the great plate above, a mist of rain, a perfect rain box against a road wall of snow... It was glad to get down to the Arnold Valley below. We followed a bone which made...
Partial trail to Basaga Springs, climbed a wagon tired right out of ours, and made a wet camp (3106) just off the high way.

Aug. 22. Sunday; fine rain.

I am afraid of mud along roads on the trail and in the mountains!!!

Well, I have landed to the safe side of the rocks so long to day. Now my body is feeling permanently ruined.

For weeks we have been winding thru the foot hills - crossing dry gulches, slapping down hills, creeping around curvess, the scenery must have been beautiful - shampoo told me of the lovely panorama of wooded hills and trails of another clouds along the fields - but I have kept my eyes glued to the road. Not until the middle of the after noon have we come to dry road. The steep cliffs begin to settle on dry ground, but "Red Rob" is much pleased.

3 P.M. Hurrah! the town looks like it might become a city some day. Durango surrounded by mountains, and a sunny day in the midst of vast sage brush fields. We have walked on our dry roads thru still in the mountains. We have taken off the chains and begin to pull now. We will camp on the very edge of whose edge is night.

Hot! Camp, No. 4. Our irrigation ditch clear by 11 o'clock and we will we back reach the balls.

Aug. 24. A late start this morning but it was only a mile to Yacosta. We got supplies there. We are off into Yacosta Verde National Park! We again right in the middle of a wild rock cliffs, 10 miles is about 50 mile no national park! - - - -

For 11 miles we wound and wound, round and round, up and up. First we found the Verde Road with its steeply grade curves, then the Knife Edge high way following around the back of Verde to the water face of the Verde, a mile and a half
Along a ledge or an elevation of 1,400 to 1,500 feet above Mahogany Valley.

We reached about ten miles from camp.

In a little while we came to a line of straight, high, stony, grey stones, and across these stones we climbed.

We are about 114 miles from the mouth of the canyon.

The Rearguard is made up of scattered high, well-formed canyons and ridges.

We are about a mile from camp.

On the north side of the canyon, we see a large rock face.

We named our "Squaw" Camp on the edge of the canyon, and we began to rain again.

After supper we went up to the hotel, and with some twenty others traveled gathered about an open fire, listened to a lecture on the ancient civilization of a primitive people. And after wards a muddy, dark night lasted till dawn.

If all we see many ruins of prehistoric dwellings in the South Western part of the United States are said to be the most remarkable, so remarkable that Congress has set aside 45,766 acres for their preservation.

The area is 15 miles long and 6 miles wide and derives its name from the Bunion and Squaw lives that grow upon it. The Bunion is remark-

able for its strong, well-formed, and richly cultivated canyons and ridges.

We are on an elevation of 5,476 feet. It is a land of weird beauty. The

area is in different parts of the Grand Canyon and is very different from any other

area in any other canyon. Canyon, and cliffs, and rocks and ruins.
We first visited "Square Tower" and "Little Long House." On climbing out of this canyon we met a very old town cliff on a mesa and saw on its top, a soapstone bowl, which my mother said was a ceiba fruit. We went inside "Emu Temple." This was still more interesting. It is in a beautiful condition, even unfinished. We were not on our trip until 1916. Also in Basketmaker of Warner Canyon were Emu Worshippers. (Also at this time we saw on the mesa in the "same as we are, really!") "Emu Temple" can be found the morning.

On our return we first visited the man we know "Cliff Palace." Hanging several hundred feet above the bottom of Cliff Canyon. It is 200 feet long and contained 200 rooms and ceremonial rooms. The interesting archeological masonry, in climbing round and square towers, notes is an intriguin. Afterward, so people were miners with the broken and hum of human life, to see wonder weaving and quieting ears in the ages could, once returning from the earth, children at play. Inside we met the sage fire, and once in all the same warm Emu spring of the mesa — how wonderful it! But these sun players of peace in all great effort with our own civilizition of it. Thus we must keep remain creatures of an hour! Belief, Belief. — Next came "Red Canyon House," the great pictographs of the prehistoric mines. High on a cliff in canyons, a guillotine position for defense. Some indicate the names on hands and canine. This
concluded the afternoon hike. Back to camping with and 202. Fact in had been a good day and the usual number of fat women was can neither walk nor climb and diminished a sense of the fear of the day. Dora said that we should stuff under foot? (Why not?)

Aug. 26. Came out of Mesa Verde. Bright blue skies this morning when we were running our faces in the dead leaves, laden with unnecessary navigators, necessaries, and remains mores as usual. The long drive some over the "Knife Edge" and the switchbacks. 31 miles in 10 hours was a bit more enjoyable than going up. It was a lovely panorama of ignition covered hills; and the mile, hundreds of feet below, lying like a spot, melancholy sea, in many angles of Flame and silence, and gold and gray, colors delicate and inscrutable. Bounding the narrow curves of the "Knife Edge" one looks straight down upon the bone fiend's arms gray

We take a thousand feet below. Then our ships down to the lesser foot little about yonder. We had our noon day dinner by the irrigation ditches again and were off making heading to Durango, there at 3 o'clock we cut out for Montrose, and a long mountain trail ahead. We came to camp (8497) a little farther, a rainy camp. It was, just off the high way, gigantic pines rising straightly on all sides. We had followed a narrow mountain road, rounding sharp curves, climbing to an altitude of 9,500 feet, and looked over the edge into nothingness for a long, that any part of a camp on the level looked good, especially when night was coming and it was pouring. Only three by one camp, dearheart. Some one has carved his initials on a pine, little, were letters cut out with an ax, marking the whole distance, the tree has died the sap running down in beads - the tree is disfigured, scared for life.
Aug. 27. Sidings Tour - Tourage.
A day in the heart of the Rockies; gigantic pines - purple valleys - meadows of red and green - beds of green valleys, cascades far away on the mountain side, deep gorges with independent streams - long winds up and long coasts down, sharp curves with chillies past come on the high ridge, - a long winding roads down a snow-capped day; the changing panorama of a day's motoring in the mountains, and at the base — Tourage! Alpine village nestled on every side by mountain well, and this, all this, is so elastic nature's perfume agony in the braggady part of words.

Tourage Camp. No. 10.

Aug. 28. On route away from Tourage.
Tourage was lovely this morning with sunshine on two red granite wells, especially beautiful as we climbed from above; a wee village set in a timber bowl, a group of willow trees of mountains rising from every side. Boy Camp refast our elixir; a deep blue gaze and a medley of dancing furtive rushing down its charm valley. We were in no hurry to leave Tourage. We even ate our dinner at eleven o'clock, prolonging our stay, a little.

Camping in Camp. No. 11.
A camp in the pines on the Gunnison River! So o so different! From morocco we have climbed and wound our three sage covered hills, three bare, ridges, glimpses of the mountain rising along in the mirror blue glass.

The "National Geographic" says: "Frost for fishing streams in the 4th Q."

Here we camped early and laid coats for supper. How is this all.

Driver said time to valley fields down! And we are nothing along and nothing to do good things and doing the rest.
Aug. 29. Our route. Along the Summerville Wash, out of Soldier... 

So get up at 6:30 and down by a shaving paper fire, as the sun comes up the ridge - to the off in a sunny afternoon morning following the south sides of the mountains where the Fishermen occasionally wade his bank - this is to live and forget things that matter most.

Along the way: mountains bare with an altitude of 11,000 feet, less

The water. The springs are usually wooded and contrast pleasantly with the sage covered barren soil out of which one rides and again returns. It is not a picturesque pass like magnificent or well graded. 

Just take one gale to climb to airy heights and look off into the trees. We ride down into Soldier by four o'clock.

Evening. Camp 12.

Out of Soldier we followed the Arkansas River along a canyon and not this pleasant spot just far enough off the higher road to the steep, we decided to rest Camp. Perhaps

This is our last camp in the mountains. (We began to feel we are nearly done!) The little surrounding is true. The river winds along a few feet below our camp with trees in the Royal Sage country which we have followed more than once on the trail.

Aug. 30. Sunday: For 60 miles this morning we followed the Royal Sage Canyon along the Arkansas, winding along the winding river, fields growing on each side, lovely views of wooded fields and bright cliffs. We little expected to pass this time this region, where we have sat out on the observation car, still bound on the changing panorama of wooded fields and mountain views.

We found the drive of 60 miles from Soldier City to Lake George a bit tiresome, the long winding grades and a fellow's means of getting us is hardly. We have always had a feeling we would not care to live in the mountains. ---
Aug. 31. Riding along all day: Salado, Kansas, Nebraska highway. A long day since we left our Colorado camp in a wide stretch of open prairie to our last camp at "morning view" school house out of Oxford. Good roads all morning. Dinner at Gallery, Kansas, where we ran on to Mrs. Young. Then off the highway a while. This afternoon no wind and losing time. At Tuesday we cut off of 15 Oxford to get on the U. S. 10, and more or less difficult road delayed our camp, but we did not mind with a big full moon.


Sept. 1. By route.
10.5 by stone work. Disappointed to find so much rounded road. Stopped for dinner at Standing. Threw the last hundred miles wondering what happened on home this time!