

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 10

**“YELLOWSTONE
NATIONAL PARK AND
COLORADO”**

1917

July 7. Had the gardeners here all day -
work to leave the place in perfect order.
Still shopping: another new hat. We
saw Mary Pickford in "The Little
American" this evening.

July 8. Sunday:- A gay day spent
with our friends. Put the house in
perfect order this morning. The Hamans
and Mrs. Eaton were ^{over} in the afternoon.
I enjoyed Mrs. Eaton's enthusiasm! (?) (?) (?)
We had the Woggetts over in the
evening to celebrate Grace's birthday: a
car ride and their dam lawn. I
was so excited all evening.

July 9. We must do a hundred things
to-day - we start on our trip to-morrow!
Evening:- When to start on a trip is
no longer "wonderful" - then I am
ready to leave this good world. We
have done the "hundred things", even
to having John Borroughs over
to see our new painting before he
goes to Estes Park for the summer.
And we are ready to be on our
way - away! away! "vive le vivre"!!!

July 10. Golden summer heat and again it is the "day of days": we leave on our trip to Yellowstone and Colorado this evening at 6:05. Stuffy hearts! Evening. En route.

Star good to be rolling away over the hot fields of Nebraska to new sights. Very warm but heavy clouds in the west and lightning promise a rain. We visited until late with a gentleman from California.

July 11. Denver, Col.

Arrived here seven - something, lovely and cool. While at breakfast planned the sight-seeing trip for the day: "Lookout Mountain Trip." Passing out from the heart of the city one sees the blue mountains at once. We passed thru the suburbs and made our way into low flat mountains with Castle Rock in sight most of the time. At Golden we left the valley for the sight-seeing auto; we then wound our way over an ever-ascending mountain road to the top of Lookout Mountain, where at the

summit (alt. 7500 ft.) is the recently made grave of "Buffalo Bill". The arena was beautiful - we circled and recircled the little town of Golden, which lay smiling and green in a shallow mountain bowl. The return was one long coast into Denver. ----- After luncheon we went out to call on Goldie; she has grown so stout and Baby is homely. Children do spoil things. Evening: En route.

We left Denver at 5:20, have been riding thru pleasant valleys. From the glimpse of Boulder, I believe it is lovely. Loveland, the last place we passed thru before dark, brought pleasant anticipations of Estes Park - some day. Oh, but I am tired to-night and riding promises to be rough.

July 12. En route.

Sage brush and the wide desert stretches of Wyoming! And dust, the sifting fardery dust! The only interesting feature of the morning

was the Wind River Canon, a picturesque and rocky canon, thru which the Big Horn river rushes in its confined bed. Then the desert again - places where God forgot.

Evening: Cody, Wyo.

On the very edge of beautiful things. This semi-arid, treeless Cody gives little promise of the wonders of the Yellowstone lying so close at hand. Our coach has been side-tracked and we will occupy our beds to-night. A delightful dinner at the cafe, all ready now for the great ride to-morrow morning.

July 13. (And Friday, too.) In Yellowstone Park, Canon.

One can live much in a day. The morning was clear, bright, and cool, - a day made for a wonderful ride. In our party were people from the middle West only - Ill., Iowa, Nebraska, and our driver, Barney Oldfield, the record, although he strongly objected to the driving. As if the little gods had not arranged it all! - - - - -

We rode about a hundred miles: 37 miles from Cody to the eastern entrance of the Park, 24 farther to our first stop, Yellowstone Lake, then 17 miles on to the Canon.

From Cody we followed the Shoshone River valley into the Shoshone Canon. 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 has been blasted and chiseled in and thru the solid rock. Our first stop was at the Government dam - a wonderful feat of engineering. There the view of the angry and imprisoned waters is wonderful, and lying all about us - the mystery of the great rock walls and the deep gorge. Then on again over smooth roads that belie the character of the country ever changing: vegetation begins and disappears, we came to the firs, the evergreens, the aspens, and felt

we were in the heart of things when a mother deer and her two babies darted across the road. We climb and at Sylvan Pass have reached an altitude of 8,650 ft., (a new altitude for automobilizing so far as I am concerned) here snow lies at the roadside, so that one can delight in snow-balling in July - tourist's privilege! As we rode along the backward glance is always worth while - the enchanted way over which we have come - the green slopes of the mountains, the snow patches at the top, the blue haze in the valleys, the ribbon rivers far away, - the quiet mountain lakes lying placid and smiling in the sunshine. ----- We made our way on, until we came to the first glimpse of Yellowstone Lake, it lay big and blue, with dark mountains rising from its base. At the Lake we stopped for lunch at the camp and our horse's rest. At three o'clock we were on our way again for the last lap of the day's travel, a distance

of 17 miles. The road follows the Yellowstone river and passes thru the Hayden Valley. A stop is made at Mud Volcano - it has a funnel-shaped crater and bubbles forth a lead-colored mass of hot mud in violent agitation. In this vicinity there is no end of ever flowing hot 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 there be a to-morrow of wonderful things, too? Such is the privilege of those who love to wander in a world of mystery.) ----- We had dinner at a quaint log dining-room, before a blazing fire, then straight to camp and to bed. The blessedness of sleep when one is so utterly weary. Such a day it has been. How it rejoices the heart to be in company with the big elemental things of God, and leave a world of men behind. Fair Friday, the 13th.

July 14. Breakfast, some minutes before a
 hearth of great blazing logs, a half
 hour with the lovable bears, and we
 set out for a morning tramp, follow-
 ing the edge of the Canyon as
 far as Artist's Point. An attempt
 to describe the Grand Canyon of the
 Yellowstone is unworthy; at best we
 can only make comparisons, and
 comparisons are unfair. It is unlike
 the Grand Canyon of the Arizona,
 and it is not Niagara. It is both,
 and it is more. It is not so immense,
 but it is more intense. To me it is
 not grandeur but beauty. Unearthly
 beauty - one can only weep - - - -
 Rudyard Kipling wrote: "All that I
 can say is that without warning or
 preparation I looked into a gulf
 1700 feet deep, with eagles and
 fish-hawks circling far below. And
 the sides of that gulf were one
 wild melting of color - crimson, emerald,
 cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed
 with fox wine, snow-white, vermilion,
 lemon, and silver-gray in wide
 washes. - And so far below that no

sound of its strife could reach us,
 the Yellowstone River ran, a
 finger-wide strip of jade green."
 The Lower Fall of the Yellowstone
 is almost twice as high as Niagara,
 306 feet, and while its volume
 of water is much less, its beauty
 is greater. The Upper Fall is 109 ft.
 A view of the latter fall is but
 a step from our camp door and
 we are lulled to sleep with the
 sound of its waters. - - - - -
 After so strenuous a morning, I
 was glad to remain in camp a
 few hours this afternoon to write,
 while Edward went back fishing.
 Evening: A fine time this evening.
 Went on a hike with some
 travelling friends while the men
 fished. We went down the steps
 to the foot of both the Upper
 and Lower Falls. The latter is
 496 steps to the base. It was a
 big climb and a long walk but
 fine. And our record day in
 Yellowstone National came to a
 close. It is a wonder land.

July 15. Sunday:- Still at the Canyon. Spent our golden Sunday morning here at the Canyon. Enjoyed a beautiful view from Inspiration Point, Grand View, Lookout Point, and had a glimpse of the splendid Hotel Grand Canyon. I believe its lounge room is the largest and most pretentious I was ever in. We had luncheon and are now waiting to start on our way to Mammoth, the next stop.

Evening: Mammoth Hot Springs.

We motored 42 miles this afternoon and were set down here at five o'clock at Mammoth Hot Springs, about the hottest spot I ever struck - a regular Arizona. But after the sun disappeared behind the mountains and we had had a bit to eat we began to get our bearings in this utterly unfamiliar environment. ----- The trip this afternoon was strenuous, we suffered from 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. -----

Proceeding from the Canyon we traversed some thoroughly inspiring scenery, surely nothing could surpass the wide panorama of thickly wooded mountains and happy valleys when one has reached the climb to Wunraven Pass, and gazed out into a far country of mingled earth and sky. Continuing on way the next point of special interest was Southern Falls. This is a fall of romantic beauty - the waters tumble over a precipice of 110 feet, amid strange tower like rocks. Then on westward thru wide valleys until we arrive at Mammoth, the capital of the Park. x x x x x After dinner we went on a hiking trip: the hot springs and terraces occupy several acres to the south of the plateau, and rise tier above tier on the slope of Terrace Mountain. One can do little more than get a general notion of Liberty Cap, Bulfinch, Jupiter, Angel and Cleopatra terraces, with their accompanying

Spring, Cupid's Cave, Bath Lake, Orange Bergen, and many smaller vents and caves and steam fissures. Not the least interesting was the descent into the Devil's Kitchen, the crater of an extinct hot spring. It was all thoroughly interesting and novel. One characteristic of these great lime deposits is the absence of color when dry. The beautiful coloring which have made the terraces famous appear only when the water flows. We came back to camp with the quiet night ~~stargazing~~ over us, feeling the presence of a new world. And it is good to see a new world.

July 16. En route from Mammoth to Old Faithful.

We motored 49 miles to-day and in this long ride perhaps saw a little more than one can put down in black and white. One cannot hope to remember all of the wonders of Norris Bergen Basin, Lower and Upper Bergen Basin, but one can and will remember his first impression

of geysers in general. Viewed from a distance they resemble camp fires. One walks over great fields and upon every hand there small apertures in the earth's crust steam hisses and sputters or rushes with tremendous force, high into the air with a roar that may be heard for miles. There are acres under which a roaring volcano seems to be struggling to liberate itself through great cracks in the earth's surface. It is indeed the Devil's Staff acre. How the poor Dante would have enjoyed it! We spent the afternoon trying to get some comprehension of all these natural wonders about Old Faithful, the degree of our success may be judged by the fact that it is said that this Basin holds more geysers, hot pools, and like features than all others combine; the whole region seems to bubble and hiss and steam - the one consolation to the hurried tourist is the fact that all geysers look much alike, and a general impression is all one asks.

Best of all is Old Faithful itself, the reliable friend of the tourist, for eruptions occur every sixty-five minutes regularly, lasting three minutes, from 125 to 150 feet high. We spent a delightful evening at lovely Old Faithful Inn. So glad we changed from "Camp" to "Hotel".

July 17. Spent a quiet beautiful morning enjoying quaint Old Faithful Inn, with its wonderful fire place, its mantle clock, its great rafters, its rustic uranda. After luncheon we departed leaving Old Faithful and its companions behind. A pleasant shower made the afternoon ride to Lake Yellowstone delightful. We liked the soft air and clouded sky. And we saw deer, too, along the way. We traveled 34 miles thru pines and firs and came at evening to the shore of beautiful Yellowstone Lake, with its cloud-mirrored waters and dark mountains. After dinner at the Hotel, we spent the evening boating. A good day to have lived to-day.

July 18. After breakfast we took a delightful morning hike to the outlet of Yellowstone Lake, where I left Edward to spend the morning trout fishing while I returned alone. Coming back to the Hotel I was afraid of bears. But the walk was lovely. The bright morning sunshine spilling thru the trees, the shadows across the road, that leads away thru tall quiet trees, the stillness, - the indiscrutable charm of the solitary mountain road. x x x x x We will be on our way this afternoon over the beautiful Cody road - out of Yellowstone Park. Evening: Cody, Wyo. Star dust-like Cody again. We had an enjoyable ride in company with some bub-millionaires - we put the top up, we put the top down and for dinner had a luncheon! But we arrived less than an hour late: none the worse for our 64 mile ride and uncongenial folks. And we are at Cody - the town on the edge of things - beautiful.

July 19. En route.

Never spent a more tire some day of travel, hot, dirty, uncomfortable, and not feeling well besides. When it is hot and the wind blows - this desert is awful! Travel is heavy, we did not succeed in getting a sleeper section until after we left Casper about 4:30, and then glad to get an "upper" or any where to lie down and rest.

July 20. Denver, Col. Brown Palace Hotel.

Spent the day here in Denver. I am under the weather. Spent most of the day in my room. Seems so hot after high altitudes. We are away to some mountain resort in the morning. I do want to rest before I go home. So we bid Denver a hastily good-bye.

July 21. En route. Moffat Road.

Eight years ago we took this trip - it was then the beginning of our travels and our first sight of the mountains. We have travelled over

much of the United States and Canada since then - how much more than we would have dared to hope that morning eight years ago, when we set out like to happy expectant children to see lovely things! It is the same Moffat Road, only the mountains are not so high and the way less hazardous. Pleasant memories were awakened at Corona -

the Top of the World (elevation 11,662 feet) where we stopped to picnic before. This time we went on, arriving at Grand By about 3:30, a hundred miles from Denver. We then motored 14 or 20 miles back into the mountains thru valley lands to Grand Lake, arriving about 5:30. Our first impression of Grand Lake was disappointing with its straggling street and forest-hidden cottages and lodging houses, but after some straying about the little gods directed us to "The Rapid", a new hotel built with a big porch over looking a rushing mountain torrent over rocks.

They tell us this place is a sort of fisherman's paradise. Well see! We had a great dinner and spirits began to rise.

July 22. Sunday. Grand Lake, Col.

How fine it would be if we could keep such days as this one has been, always fresh in our memory! Spent the morning quietly here at the hotel while ~~that~~ you fished. At luncheon hour a pleasant shower fell. This made our six mile tramp around the lake cool and delightful. I enjoyed the quiet waters, soft moss, and the tinkle of hidden springs. Picturesque summer homes jut out on the lake front all the way around. We were hungry for dinner. We spent the evening here on the porch by the rapids, playing the Victrola. A good Sunday at Grand Lake.

July 23. We started for a long tramp this morning, but the sun was so hot we did not go as far as we had planned. Came trailing back in

time for luncheon pretty warm. It rained most of the afternoon. Edward fished - rain or shine. I wrote 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 my daily life. One lives.

July 24. Went for a boat ride last night on the lake and caught the "fever." We had our boat and were out at nine this morning. First event of the day: I reeled in my first trout, a fourteen inch Rainbow. We were on the lake the greater part of the day and came in to-night with the second largest catch of the season for Grand Lake - 20 spotted Beauties. We were unable to land enough more to far exceed the best catch. We have made the natives sit up and take notice, I have really caught trout, and Edward has enjoyed real fishing, now we can go on our way. This is the Red Litter Fishing Way.

July 25. Good-bye to pretty Grand Lake, and en route again. The ride in to Grand By. seemed short. Enjoyed the all day ride over the Moffet Road Back into Denver. It was cloudy and raining, almost snowing at the summit at Corona. The mountains look best in clouds. I like the distant storm, the thunder, the shifting shadows, and play 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 Goldie's, presented our fine trout catch, and they got dinner for us. We are dreadfully poor visitors.

July 26. Went for a fishing and picnic trip up Bear Creek Cañon with Goldie and Claude in the "Fliver". The mountain road is fine and the cañon pretty. We were glad to go for the folks have talked so much of Bear Creek Cañon. I enjoyed Frances, Goldie's sister, who is as jolly as Goldie used to be. Fishing was no good.