

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 12

**“A MOTOR TRIP THRU
COLORADO”
1918**

1918. A motor trip thru Colorado. 165

July 5. Getting ready to pack. Final shopping.
Too busy to even think.

July 6. It is nearly mid-night and the
boys are still packing the car! We are
dressed in at supper time, just in time
to engage in the grand finale. If we
don't get to bed pretty soon we will
have to dress to start. We want to be
off early. A six weeks tour of Colorado
in the car with full camp out fit.
Here's to Good Luck, Good Luck, and
a Safe Return. Good-night - Good-Bye.

July 7. Sunday: Again the ways of days,
and this the movings of mornings. At
seven o'clock we were away! Good-byes
were said and mamma and Wanda waved!
We began our long ramble over
the country. It was fine to motor
all day over quiet roads past
growing fields of every shade of green,
the ripe grain, in and out again
the country towns. The roads were
fair and many motorists along the
way. We had dinner and supper camp
style along the way. This is fine - - -

Evening: En route O. L. W.

Mr. Cook, Hotel. "Hotel Monte Cristo."

One may forgive much in a hotel with a name like that. The end of the day's travel brought us here: we are 255 miles on our way. I am too excited to feel tired. I have even so far forgotten myself as to take a bath in a dirty bath tub. So did.

July 4. En route. O. L. W.

Morning! And eager to be away! We were waiting in front of the garage for our car before the door was opened. Early morning. Light day over the fields when we were off. All morning, miles of new grade thru Chase County cut down our progress, but we managed to get over the State line, so that we could eat our luncheon in Colorado. We had begun to accept the possibility of sleeping under a sage bush, with one lone tree over us, such as we ate our luncheon under, when we came to fine stretches of gravelled roads. For miles and miles we motored over these good roads fast now and progressive farms, and the clean villages.

We arrived at Stirling, Col. with high hearts. Denver 150 miles away! A mere nothing! Then our good roads vanished. At Ft. Morgan we were advised to detour on account of heavy rains ahead; and to go into Denver by the way of Greeley some twenty miles out of our way. We accepted Greeley with good grace. Supper by an irrigation ditch with cool Colorado air about us, revived our spirits. We were off our fine roads. We are doing 275 miles to-day.

Late evening of the same day.

Greeley, Col. Hotel Canfield.

We accept Greeley! We stay here all night, here on the very doorstep of Denver but 50 miles away!

July 9. Denver, Col. Waver Hotel.

A lovely ride from Greeley into Denver this morning. The first sight of the blue mountains! We got settled here at the hotel and are taking life easy. We have our trip here now to plan.

July 10. Another good day here in Denver. We rode over fifty miles sight-seeing over the city and early in the afternoon went out to Goldie's. We stayed until late in the evening planning our mountain trip. Claude knows some things about this country. We have a wonderful trip planned. Glad to go back to the hotel rather than stay over night in a house with two babies! It has rained much of the day.

July 11. En route to Colorado Springs.

Seventy-five ^{miles} over splendidly gravelled roads, the green foot hills appear, the ecstasy one feels when he is going into the mountains that lie ahead, - a dull blue range in the distance - , the steady purr of a speeding car that bears one on past unfamiliar fields, the sudden storm, the light clouds again that lie on the eternal hills, --- the freedom! the joy! the oneness of perfect companionship! These, all these good things of God, are ours this wonderful day in Colorado, as we begin our mountain trip.

Later: We find a camping spot near Manitou.

July 12.

Camp Manitou, near Manitou, Colo.

Here we are this golden July morning in camp with the blue mountains all about us. The birds awakened us early and after breakfast we set up house-keeping. We are well fixed and will see all points of interest in this "Pike's Peak" region of Colorado Springs and Manitou during the next few days. This is our home. We are very conveniently located.

Twilight: What can one write of this purple twilight that comes in the hills? This afternoon we visited the "Cave of the Winds". We made our way over the beautiful "Temple Drive" through Williams Canyon, to an elevation of 7475. This was the car's maiden trip in mountain climbing! The panoramic views of Manitou and the surrounding mountains are beautiful. The cave itself - a cauldron of nature - is truly a geological miracle. There are in all sixteen "rooms", immense stalactites, stalagmites, and every form of crystallized formation. We are glad to have seen the "Cave of the Winds".

July 13. "Camp Manitou". Can see Silver Peak.

Fine morning and we were away to see lovely things: the "Garden of the Gods" -- this must be the original home of all the gods: Both Big and little! Weird and fantastic formations of red sand stone - wind-mongers, abutments, balanced rocks, beards and birds, and cathedral spires - a return to youth, an hour in the land of child-hood's dreams. - - - - -

A hurried luncheon at camp & we were away again. - - - - -

We were off thru Colorado Springs, (a wonderful panorama view of the city over the upper drive) on to Stratton Park and Broadmoor on the mesa to the southeast, the new and fashionable hotel. Then the drive thru Sheriff's Canyon - a mighty cliff, lined with perpendicular granite walls and guarded by the Pillars of Hercules. I love the cool greenness of canyons, their rocky sides, the ever-changing vistas. At the end of the drive are beautiful Silver Falls, a picturesque and unusual fall - seven in one. We were in no hurry to return. Late supper at camp. But I have a man to do the work!

July 14. Sunday. "Camp Manitou".

Off to see as soon as camp work was done. We started for Cripple Creek, missed the road and motored twelve miles thru wonderful mountain scenery - over high roads that crept along winding shelves, now granite and perpendicular walls, now the soft green of pine covered peaks - - - But the road became more and more doubtful. (I was afraid - sort of a shivered feeling!) At last campers turned us back. A heavy shower fell on the return trip filling the valleys with a blue mist. When out of the peaks we stopped, made a camp fire and ate our lunch. We got into Colorado Springs at three o'clock and suddenly determined to go to Canon City. Off!

Evening. Canon City, Colo.

We drove here after an Cripple Creek detour, a pleasant motor trip of about 40 miles over the state highway, a gravelled road all the way winding along the foot hills and thru pleasant valley land. Arrived about 5:30. Put up at the Stratton Hotel here.

On the way here a speeder who had lost control of his car when coming down a long hill -- just missed us. That and trying to find Cripple Creek, via the clouds, has annoyed me. We will not return to Manitou this evening. A night's rest and I shall enjoy this Royal Gorge region better.

July 15. Canon City - continued.

Morning! And those afraid of speeders or high peaks!

After breakfast we ^{took} the Tunnel Drive as far as it goes over the Royal Gorge. Then the Sky Line Drive, an automobile drive built up over the crest of a mountain, with a decided drop off each side. At the highest point - over 800 feet - we had a fine view of Canon City with its orchards and picturesque drives. Then we were off over the famous Pin Road - the road that winds over the mountains and gradually climbs to the top of the Royal Gorge, from the summit of which is a sheer drop of half a mile to the picturesque river below. We climbed

far out on to the rocks to get the best view of the Gorge. It is an awful place - a place of eternal gloom. Yet to look the Gorge better from the bottom.

To Canon City and out again!
We are off to Cripple Creek.

When shall we two forget this great ride back to Camp Manitou thru Cripple Creek? Star for many days! A wonderful ride thru a beautiful canon, round and round, from mountain top to mountain top - climbing, climbing, yet so slowly we hardly knew it, up and over the back bone of the continent. Practically all the way to Cripple Creek lay thru the canon, over 40 miles. We enjoyed our brief stop at this famous place - one of the richest gold mine districts in the world - and incidentally we enjoyed hot vegetable soup, doughnuts and coffee. Then away for another stretch of 40 miles. Our way now lay over the level meadows of mountain tops. The clouds drifted

like mist along the mountain sides
below us. The air was cold and rare.
Edward discovered that when my hair
blew away and he had to run after it.
At Verde we began our long slide
into Yanitor. Coasting, round and
round, down, down. Then Woodland,
Bark, Green Mt. Falls, Cascade, --- softer,
greener, lovelier. A coast of about
30 miles using no gas and making
from 15 to 25 miles an hour on high.
We now see why the small boy
fills his sled up till so cheerfully!

Evening. Home. And here is our little
white tent just as we left it! No.
a hungry dog ate our butter and Bacon.
Bless his dog heart! As if so little
a thing as that mattered. Edward is
getting sicker. We are tired, glad to
be back in camp after our long
trip. And the Quicks has gone just
1000 miles since we left Nebraska
nine days ago. We are off to
bed early. How little it takes to
make a "home" - even a little white
tent - where there is love.

July 16. Camp Yanitor. Some more.
A rainy morning in camp. We got
up late. I have been writing all
morning. Edward is getting dinner all
by himself - chicken, potatoes, noodles,
lettuce salad, coffee - I am not even
to look! We are taking things easy.
As I sit here in our tent and write
I have been watching the rain clouds
drift around Silver Peak. It is a
gray morning. But we have gray hearts.

Evening: of the same day.

Edward went over the car this afternoon
getting ready for the Big Plumb to-morrow.
I wrote some sixteen cards to the family.
At five o'clock we rode over to Colorado
Spring and made the drive up North
Cheyenne Canon. It is a green and
lovely place, quite unlike South Cheyenne
Canon. The sides of the Canon are less
magnificent, greener, and the winding road
followed a mountain terrace with many
beautiful falls. At the end of the
drive at Basin Dam is the Stellar
Spring Falls. Came back to camp
late in the evening.

July 17. Camp Manitowish. yet.

A beautiful morning of clear skies after the rains of yesterday. This is the day of the Big Hunt! (And it is to be another "good day to have lived together" just as it was a year ago, when after a long ride thru pines and firs we came in the quiet of evening to the shores of lovely Lake Yellowstone.) We are going to make the long mountain drive up Bible Peak. Here to the High Hills! Good Luck!

Late evening of the same day: We have motored up into the clouds and have come down to earth again! It is a supreme motor trip over the World's Highest Highway. We left Manitowish about one o'clock for our 16 mile trip up on a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles above sea level. It was bright and clear and afforded scenes of grandeur. We loitered along slowly, stopping many times to see, to enjoy, to pick wild flowers. At ten miles we drove into a hail storm, but out again and into the sunshine. We left trees and water at an elevation of

about 12,000 feet, and the grade became gradually steeper. At 13,000 ft. we drove into a cloud so dense that we had to stop until it lifted so that we could see the road. Then sunshine and a level stretch that we could do 20 miles on now on high. What an experience! Then dense clouds so that we could only creep along with head lights on for the rest of the way. When we reached the summit at an elevation of 14,109 ft. we were thoroughly chilled. The summit was shrouded in clouds and the keeper did not advise us to remain. There had not been a clear summit in two weeks. We got warm and rested, then began our long slide down. After a few miles sunshine came and beautiful views. The careful driver takes nearly as long to go down as he does to go up. We stopped about 6:30 to have our supper. It will be pleasant to recall that we ate supper coming down Bible Peak even if I am sure a bob-cat or a mountain lion was after us! - - - - Camp Manitowish at ten and to bed after so great a day.

July 16. En route - Over Wickers.

A ride of 92 miles from Manitou to Denver over Wickers. I was too sick all day to care for anything. It was mountainous all the way: narrow rutted roads that hour after hour wound thru the mountains, up grade and down, around ledges so narrow that the car scraped the rocks to stay on the shelf, thru deep canyons, and little tormenting valleys that led back at once into the mountains - on and on! Too sick to appreciate the beautiful scenery, I was also unconcerned over the dangerous road, so it was well after all. Denver at ten o'clock.

July 19. Denver. Col. Wolver Hotel.

A quiet day here in the city again. Only left my room for my meals. I slept and rested all day. Spent the evening at Goldie's. Just as we were saying good-night a poor innocent Bart gave us the scare of our lives! He took place for a coward on a bob-cat hunt. We are on our way again to-morrow over the Sierra.

July 20. En route to Grand Lake.

We came to Grand Lake just as the sun was going down, after a long ride of 112 miles. We had a rainy day of it. It was a new experience: a perfect down pour of rain and hail, then the receding storm and the whole valleys filled with silver mist. Going over Bethouge Pass (Elev. 11300) it poured and the thunder crashed. But we took a picture of ourselves on the Sierra! We had dinner in a deserted log cabin with the rain dripping down thru the roof. A fine meal - hot coffee and sizzling Bacon; a silver case for a table, while Edward balanced himself on a tomato can for a seat - a dinner fit for gods! Flitting sun shine, then rain and rain, but we determined to make Grand Lake our permanent camp. Sandy roads had made travel possible all day. But near Fraser, less than 20 miles from our destination, we skidded off the road and into an irrevocable marsh. It took a little time to get out but we were off again. --- Grand Lake! At sunset! Quiet water, deep and dark;

the same low flat mountains; the old
Boatman; the same little straggling
steep; hidden houses with smoke rising
from the pipes; - Grand Lake!

Later: We have set camp, had supper,
and feed new creatures.

July 21. Sunday: Camp Grand Lake.

It has rained and rained this line-
long day. It drove us off the lake
early this morning; it rained while we
ate dinner; we set up house-keeping
this afternoon in the rain; it poured
while we ate supper; it is raining
this evening a steady down pour. And
here we sit in our little muddy wet
tent! - - - - - One ray of sunshine: We
have three trout for breakfast. - - - - -
A year ago to-night we came to
Grand Lake. - - -

* July 22. A very quiet day here in camp.
It didn't rain! Edward was fishing all day
but I stayed at home to write. We were
out on the lake about half an hour after
supper and brought in four more beauties.
The lake was dark as I love it best.

July 23. The enchanted hour is the evening on
Grand Lake: we watch the sun set below the
mountain, the twilight fade into night, the
water change from deepest blue to black,
the moon come up and cast a silver path
across the way - then it is time to come
in! We build up the camp fire and I toast
while Edward cleans the fish.

July 24. To-day being the anniversary of "Red
Lettie Fishing Day" here last year - we fished.
We have a nice little string of 12 this
evening and that is the best we could do.

July 25. I am keeping house all alone to-day.
Edward was ^{off} at 6:30 with a leather fisherman
to tramp seven miles back into the mountains
for a day's fishing; I did not care for the
fourteen mile walk, since it is a long
hard climb. A letter from home started
the day off well. I found plenty to do
about camp: a little laundry work, a
letter to write home, some cards, my
journal, some purchases to make, and it
will be fun to have supper ready for
the hungry fisherman! After all the
day is long.

Evening of the same day: At seven o'clock I built up the camp fire and got the supper ready to put over; at eight I began to get uneasy; at nine - night had come and I was worried to death; at ten I was walking up and down the road - they had lost the trail, fallen into a bear trap, met a mountain lion - any thing seemed probable! Then I heard the gate open on the bridge across the rapids and voices! They had come. They had fished later than they thought and started the return trail late. Even the long string of fish did not state the flood of bears. What must a man think when a woman cries for an hour after the cause for tears is removed?

July 26. Morning! What blue skies and clear air! Fish! What are we going to do with all the fish? A string of over 40 and some on hand before. We will try to can a few as an experiment. We have taken a picture to prove the tale to our friends. -----

After luncheon (do fishes ever have luncheon in camp?) the boatman who likes us took us for a launch ride.

The lake was lovely in noon day brightness with every ripple a glister. -----
We spent the evening calling on some fellow campers at the other end of main.

July 27. Another day of fair skies. Edward washed and went over the car this morning while I tagged him around. He went out fishing this afternoon with another fellow, so I spent the afternoon reading. I have gotten away from "War" news for three weeks - it was such a relief indeed. I could afford to read the "Review of Reviews" this afternoon.

Evening: We have had a caller! Judge Bettingall, who owns half of Grand Lake and is so many times a millionaire that he has lost all track, came over to sell us a summer home site. Brave man! The evidence of scars for suffering was still on the table and Edward had not shaved for so long he resembled a wild animal! Well, it is pleasant to know that a man may be a millionaire many times and still be a normal man. ----- On the lake about an hour and I caught five of the biggest trout!

July 24. Sunday:- Not every day can be lived on the heights! We were away for an all day tramp soon after breakfast. My: Chapman, a miner from Silver Blume, and fellow camper, accompanied us. We followed a rugged trail over marshes and rocks and up the mountain sides, for a distance of about six miles. It is splendid sport to go back into the hills far from the trappings of every day! We stopped at one little stream to rest where in just half an hour Edward pulled out thirteen trout. Our trail lay towards the foot of Old Baldy which seems to rise directly from the shore of Grand Lake, but is in reality ten miles away. At one o'clock we came to a deserted camp. "Camp Florence" so named in carved letters on a tree, the most romantic of camp sites! A little open space on a knoll, great craggy peaks rising on all sides; tall pines and spruce and a rushing mountain torrent over great boulders. "Camp Florence" a queen of camp sites in its remote localities! Rustic tables, piles of dry logs, and the cutest little rustic stove with a real fire! Here we had

our dinner: hot coffee and sand which. For a couple of hours Edward and I tramped about taking pictures and enjoying different views, while our miner friend fished for dear life. We had threatened to take his picture with his one lone fish tied on a rope stout enough to lead in a bucking bronco! - - - - What heights of mountain peaks! What solitude in tall trees! What beauty in clear waters! All true, hidden away in the heart of the hills. We turned homeward about five, stopped about an hour to fish - giving each of the men a string of twenty or more - and on then the gathering twilight. Our little tent loomed up in the darkness! Stone. - - - - A tramp of twelve miles over rugged mountain trail, rising a grade of 2,000 ft., slipping on stones, and picking ones way over marshes, up grade and down - good sport to fill one's heart with the joy of living! And I am not wind! I could easily do from 20 to 25 miles a day once up in condition. Will this help me to "see the world"? A fine experience.

July 29. Evening after a quiet day in camp. We did the final preparatory for a our long ramble on to-morrow. We have said good-bye to the folks at the end of Main, the boatman, the rapids, the lake, and built the last camp fire.

July 30. En route. Again.

A bright morning; we were up early breaking camp with glad hearts, all regret at leaving Grand Lake vanished in joyful anticipation of the "long, long trail a winding" - it must ever be so to those who love the "wanderlust": the call of the new place stronger than any that could bind us to the old! Now Grand Lake but Rabbit Cave!

And we ate our lunch up at the "Continental Divide." So hungry before we got here, but what is that to eating lunch on the Rabbit Cave Pass!

After well out of Grand By and on the Hemming the country has reminded us of Utah rather than Colorado as we know it: the mountains have been barren and treeless. After one long hard pull after leaving Hemming the rise

to the Pass has been gradual. Just before reaching the summit we entered a national forest reserve and all the afternoon we have been sliding down towards Steamboat Springs thru a green wooded way.

Evening: Oak Creek, a mining town.

We must make the best of this side trip to Oak Creek. For the Burnett's sake we felt we ought to see Ed. B. + family: dirty children and squalid surroundings in our last to-night after a below here and a ride to-day of 116 miles.

July 31. Oak Creek. Colo.

This detour to Oak Creek has proven a new and novel experience despite its disagreeable features Oak Creek is a typical mining town of a rougher sort than I thought existed to-day outside of a Fairbank production: drinking, after gambling, gun-play. . . . Thus it is interesting to know we are in the big game country: deer, sheep, bear, mountain lion - the ranches after all without going back into the hills. . . . This morning I visited my first coal mine: saw the hoisting machine in

operation, the sifting and loading, and went as far into the mine as a woman is allowed.

Evening of the same day.

The Burnett Homestead, somewhere in Colo. We left Oak Creek after luncheon, a 14 mile ride up here. So this is the apt-titled-of "Burnett place in Colorado": a little log house grown up with weeds out here in the middle of the fields, the hills about, sage and growing grain. We cleared a corner in the big room to live in. As home steads go this is not a bad one.

Aug. 1. En route: Steam Boat - Rabbit Ear - Walden.

We started our ride to-day after a sleepless night spent chasing wood-rats off our bed. A new experience! Then E. & W. was not up to the mark either. We made the run into Steam Boat Springs in time for dinner. Laid in a supply of gasoline and groceries, since it is the last place of any size for many miles, then we were off for the long pull back up over the Rabbit Ear. A few miles over the divide our way lay due north for 40 miles thru North Park, to Walden. North Park is

misnamed, in as much as it is not a park but rather an immense tract of high table land, entirely surrounded by mountains, a flat desert country of sage brush. We rode a distance of 65 miles between towns. We came to Walden, flat, desert, and "Peverly-like" about seven o'clock. Was glad to make camp after a long hard days travel.

Aug. 2. En route. Walden - Boswell.

We left Walden about ten o'clock, - took our time in breaking camp this morning. We have been watering North for the Big Laramie country. Crossed the state line into Wyoming about noon. Set our first pineline a few miles later, almost on the spot we choose to make camp near Boswell Ranch.

Evening of the same day.

"Camp Wyoming": We did not expect to camp in Wyoming on this trip. It just happened so from making this three or four hundred mile water trip from Steam Boat Springs into North Park from the north. This gives us a circle trip without retracing a mile. I am glad to see so much of Colo.

We have a pleasant camp here if it was not for the flies (the first on the trip) and they spoil everything. We plan to rest here a day.

Aug. 3. A very quiet day here in camp. Absolutely nothing doing. We wrote a few cards, fished a little, and rested. Our only diversion has been watching the motorists go by. If I had been up to the mark we would have gone on for Edward does hate this place.

Aug. 4. Sunday: On route.

We shall remember this Sunday's ride as the long ramble towards Estis. We got to be away this morning. We continued north and east for 35 miles to Die Siding over fair roads some miles of sage. Die Siding - some town! - was the first village in 75 miles. Here we connected with a state highway and felt like lords again! A good road all the way to Ft. Collins. The scenery was fine: umbrilled rocks and scattered pines, and the range coming nearer. We had our lunch by the way. We came to Ft. Collins about four o'clock. After Edw.

had the tire mended (teaching a small boy to do it, it took two hours) then we set camp for the night. We got the tent up and all moved in before the storm broke - a perfect torrent of rain. So on Sunday came to a close sheltered from the storm in our little white tent under big elms.

Aug. 5. On route. The Ride into Estis Park. Back into the eternal hills again! We took a lot all morning - cleaning up, making purchases, visiting with a priest under whose fine tree we have camped - and did not leave Ft. Collins until one o'clock. Then 40 miles into Estis. The way lay thru the Big Thompson Canon clear to the Park. A ride of ever-changing vistas but all along the way the noise of tumbling water over the rocks. The feeling that one would soon see a good friend was fine, too! Then Estis at six o'clock! Letters for us. The hunt for John Rastbrough and Brown Cabin. How good the warm hand clasp and welcome of folks like John Rastbrough! Life does not yield so many friends of his type, and when it does, we can rejoice.

Aug. 6. "Rose Wren." Estiv Park, Colo.

So much of "Rose Wren" is to say that it is a little brown rustic cabin nestled on the side of a mountain that overlooks the valley, the river, the blue range all about, the glory of Snowy Peak, - to say all this is to say nothing of "Rose Wren."

So much of "Rose Wren" is to speak of Peace, of Rest, of the Harmony of Quietness: the bare rafters, the friendliness of the open fire, the patter of rain on the new roof, the shaded lamp in the evening, music, good fellowship of friends. All this and more is "Rose Wren." -----

----- We appreciate the fineness of John Barborough's insistence that we be his guests making ourselves perfectly at home here with him at "Rose Wren". Our room is "Stabo's Stables" - a timber house - just back with a wonderful country bed after five weeks of camp life, but we live in "Rose Wren", wonderful views from every window. We need not go far to glory in Estiv Park. We have spent a very quiet day finding and establishing ourselves in our new surroundings.

* Aug. 7. "Rose Wren."

We are perfectly at home here in little "Rose Wren". John Barborough left late yesterday afternoon on a tramping trip and did not return until four this afternoon - we had a fine supper for him all ready to give over; roasting ears and trout.

Aug. 8. Just enjoying "Rose Wren" and taking life easy: sleep, eat and talk. Edw. + I rode into the village this morning for mail. Letters from home still tell of the dreadful heat. John Barborough and I plan to read philosophy together. We have some tramping trips planned, too, for we must see something of lovely Estiv.

Aug. 9. We were off early for a long tramping trip. Could we ever grow tired of following the trail? Our first point of interest was lovely Marguerite Falls, then Fern Falls, and from there a short climb to Fern Lake. We continued on to Odessa Lake. The lake and Odessa Gorge with their nearness and snow capped peaks resemble the Canadian mountains, - perhaps a lesser Lake Louise. Noon, so

we had dinner here. Stew and can eat beside a crackling camp fire! Then, we were ready to go on but the luck of a string of trout recently caught was too much for Edward. He decided to fish while John Resborough and I continued on. On the way up to Twin Lakes, about timber line, our destination, we passed lovely dells filled with wild flowers: columbine, Indian paintbrush, wild roses, larkspur, and mountain daisies. We rested for about an hour before starting down. There we had the long-to-be-remembered - argument - "Culture, Religion, Billy Sunday." On the return we picked up Edward who had had a quiet time watching fish too close to be caught. Then the long return trail. "Rose Wen", the open fire, supper! And Edward got supper, too, while I stretched on the couch. After our eighteen mile trip, John Resborough read his mail. When a man watches for mail like he does, why, he is in love, of course! What a good happy day we three have had!

Aug. 10. We left "Rose Wen" about eleven o'clock for another tramp to-day. We had our dinner up on a hill side over looking the moraine. There we left John Resborough to read and write while Edward and I followed a long hair trail up to "Windy Gully". It was such a hard tramp. We finally arrived and got a few nice wind cavings. Got back to the car about six o'clock where J. R. had spent a quiet afternoon. When we got back to "Rose Wen", Mrs. Oldberg came over and "The Great War Argument" took place. It waxed warm and stormy, so much so that our very verminence brought down a fair of dew drops hung above the window. We had supper - a little cold - none of us knew just when it was really prepared! During the course of supper the "grasshopper episode" brought us all down from our dramatic heights to ^{the} comic of the every day. - - - - - And another big day here at "Rose Wen" with J. R. came to a happy close.

Aug. 11. Sunday: A very quiet day. We sat out on the little porch at "Rose Wren" and watched twilight come on. Long's Peak. Then when darkness fell we went inside and built up the last fire. -----

Aug. 12. En route.

All morning we were sliding down out of Curtis to Loveland. We stopped just out of Greeley for lunch by the road and soon after caught the last glimpse of the range. It was a long ramble from Greeley to Ft. Morgan with no real villages between. Here we made camp early. Supper: fried chicken and roasting ears! And it rained, of course.

Aug. 13. En route.

Awoke with a patter of rain on the tent roof and started out under cloudy skies. Reached Sterling by noon, sandy roads that had made travel possible all morning disappeared here and we began a long stretch of bad roads. About twenty miles from Julesburg we skidded off the road and muddled up two or three wheels getting back. Reached Julesburg at six o'clock. Towns are about fifty miles apart in this godless part of the country.

A few miles out of Julesburg we struck a short stretch of terrible roads and stopped to pull out two cars. We determined to go no farther. Made camp on the prairie under Nebraska skies just over state line. "Camp Nebraska."

Aug. 14. Bad roads all morning but we reached North Platte by two o'clock. Lunch by the road side (it is beginning to get hot) then about 30 miles of good road. Then a hateful mud hole that made us put on chains. Just out of Northburg we reached "Ocean View" where Ford had skidded off the road. Smiles! Then on again. Lexington at sunset, but heavy clouds drove us on. We made camp after dark at a school house 17 miles from Kearney. Late supper but not so bad for we have motored 172 miles and rescued several fellow travellers.

Aug. 15. En route. The home stretch! We reached Grand Island in time for luncheon. Miles and miles of corn all ruined by hot winds, and heat.

Came to York about three o'clock where we visited with Waverly and Alma until after supper. Fifty-four miles! Stone.

Aug. 16. Many steps taken to-day! So much to talk about! The wheels are beginning to turn.

Aug. 17. The wheels turn faster. I looked over my kitchen, started work, and ordered supplies. We have our things put away. Edward began work on the yard. Went to a "movie" this evening, have not been to one in six weeks.

Aug. 18. Sunday: And Wind came! So we saw it was after we had had our nice dinner but it was so much better than not coming at all. We went to the band concert after supper, then down town for ice cream. Danced until late. The poor boy had lost his car. I am so sorry he did not go with us on our trip. --- Well, it is over: We have started out on the long stretch of home life, war, news, business, garden, friends, --- the old Every Day.