

**SERIES 1 - TRAVEL
JOURNAL ENTRIES,**

BOX 1 FOLDER 17

**“THE BLACK HILLS
AND ESTES PARK.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN
NATIONAL PARK”**

1923

1923. The Black Hills and Estes Park -

Rocky Mountain National Park.

to see Grace & Will Woggett. Will is surely a very sick man. I don't see how he can get well. And how Grace is giving of herself!

July 11. Shopping all morning with luncheon at Pudge's. Stave some fine new shoes to show Sarah & John this evening. Did a little sewing this afternoon.

July 12. Finished the house to-day. Showers reduced the heat a little. I did all the finals: swept and dusted, and set everything in order. It is going to be fine to close a clean and orderly house.

July 13. Stove washing this morning and being "made beautiful" at Miller's this afternoon.

July 14. So hot to iron but we kept at it. Went down town late in the afternoon. Had supper with Sarah and John at Pudge's. We counted it sort of a "last feast" for a couple of weeks. "Love Land" next when we meet them after the "Black Hills." So right we "filled the car" to pack to-morrow and it all seems like other years. Well, to get away takes a million steps and all these steps in a temperature of a hundred is awful.

July 16. Sunday:- Closing up the House:
30. night draped furniture and muddled
ornaments. The car fairly packed.

July 16. Well, we are ready to go! The
last day has been quite as full as
other "last days" at home have been.
30. night we finished loading the car
in spite of neighbors dropping in. We
are to have breakfast with Sarah +
John at seven o'clock. Then the long
trip to the Black Hills, Ellis, and
some where Colorado.

July 17. The "Way of Wags" again! Up
at five, breakfast at the Balles, and
off with the best wishes of our pals.
And again the road: growing warm,
yellow harvest, and the summer wind
in our faces. First Seward, where Papa
Nora wished us well, then David City.
Columbus a little before noon, on to
St. Falls where we had our first noon-
day luncheon at the municipal camp.
All the afternoon we were motoring
north to Yankton, on the South Dakota
line while skies turned gray. We
arrived at the Missouri River at six-
o'clock, determined to make camp early
after our long 200 mile ramble, but
here we waited and waited for a ferry.
It finally came, an ancient lumbering
affair, took another hour to take on its
load, and by the time it finally got us

across the river and landed us at
Yankton, it was nine o'clock. Work,
no supper, and a new tent to put
up! Rather late when we got
"lights out" in Camp No. 1. "Yankton".

July 18. Lake Under, South Dakota.
Camp No. 2. Some 70 miles of motoring
this morning brought us here to Lake
Under, where we set camp. Bass
fishing is unexcelled. Never have I
seen such strings of bass! The lake
is artificial, flat, treeless. It is
an unattractive spot, with but a few
cottages and small beach. Fishing
is its charm: "terr" came in this
evening with a fine catch of bass
and blue-gills. It has been hot
all day, only a cool wind saved
us at "Camp Under."

July 19. Fishing! Why else stay at
Lake Under to be burned as red as
beef steak? It is hot. Every boat
brings in fish. I got my first bass
right after breakfast and "sprung" a
fish-rod holding him! We have
between forty and fifty fish in the
live-box. Nearly roasted in camp
all the afternoon. We are going
to take a good-bye row on the
lake after supper. And we have given
away our fish.

July 20. En route. Two hundred miles of motoring to-day over Wabato highway, with an hour's stop at noon at "Red Lake", brought us to-night to Camp No. 3. "Still life". It has been a blazing hot day, perhaps hottest at the ferry landing a little after noon. Welcome clouds late in the afternoon hid the sun, giving us some pleasant hours of travel. We followed the Foster Highway all day, with fine roads, the cultivated fields gradually giving way to great pastures and open prairies, until the country side is unfamiliar-looking to-night. We are camped on a hill-top - a school-site just out of the village of Steamboat - low hills all about, and a glorious breeze.

July 21. En route to Rapid City, So. Dak. We came a hundred miles to-day thru the Bad Lands. We had the choice of two roads, but took the poorer to see the country. It was a long white road, wide stretches of buffalo grass, puddles of alkali water by the road-side and the queer, gray wall of a miniature range: hay stacks, fortresses, and umbril-dome castles, canon walls built in layers, shrines and the things one cannot name at all. But so hot! And still the sun was boiling down when we made camp at Rapid City. After an hour's replenishing supplies

about town. The camp is crowded and shade at a premium, but we managed to find a more or less secluded spot facing Rapid Creek, where Bride says coal is air-dale legs. If it was only cooler how we might enjoy all this!

July 22. Rapid City, So. Wabato Camp No. 4. Sunday: Just lying around camp, off trail to rest and sleep and write. With a cool wind we have not minded the hot day. We have planned our tour of the Black Hills to-day.

July 23. En route from Rapid City to Sturgis to-day with showers along the way. We broke camp with gay hearts for it was cooler and spitting rain. First back into the town of Rapid City where we bought "laughing gas" and discovered the laugh was on the fellow who burps! Then out of town and on our way. Some went out of Deadwood we left the highway for Crystal Cave. But the grade was so steep we left "Bride" to guard the car while we visited the cave. It proved to be the usual long ramble thru dark passages and into various "rooms", climbing and crawling and bumping one's head, but unbelievable areas and wonderful crystal formations. "Steve" lamented his inability to carry off large "specimens".

we emerged from the cave after a two hour's ramble to finding it raining. So we had a two mile hike in the mud down the mountain back to the car, where we stretched up a car wash and got dinner. A road side dinner tastes pretty good when pines are wet and a mountain stream goes by bubbling over stones, regardless of "inconveniences" under which it may be prepared. About five o'clock the rains over and sun shining, we went on our way. We had a muddy trail to Sturgis where we made camp No. 5. for the night.

July 24. On route from Sturgis to a log cabin in Spearfish Canon. It began raining before we got the tent down but we set out over sanded roads enjoying the cool. We missed the high way to White Wood and followed Baldwin Canon to Deadwood. The wooded hills were lovely in the rain, and the road wound and twisted along the canon. We arrived at Deadwood about noon. This is the largest city in this part of the state with a population of nearly 4,000. It lies at an altitude of 4,532, surrounded on all sides by the hills. There we changed time, got our dinner at a little cafe, and purchased supplies. One follows a sanded road three miles and

up grade all the way to Lead. We arrived in a down pour of rain. We waited along the curbing for the shower to be over and then set out for Spearfish Canon — our destination. We followed the canon twelve miles to a log cabin ready for us and waiting surrounded by towering hills and coal wet pines.

July 25. Log-cabin in Spearfish Canon. When one believes in the gods, then the gods work for him: this is the very cabin we wanted! An old log cabin fully furnished with cast off things: a stove with wood to burn, a little breakfast table with a bouquet of wild flowers in a cracked pitcher, a table to write on, — even an old-fashioned "hanging lamp" with crystals. And outside a little porch where one may sit and look off to wooded hills. x x x x x Evening: We have been looking all day — fishing — writing.

July 26. Our log-cabin has been a real joy to-day with showers chasing each other all day. I put out my washing early — seven handkerchiefs, and devoted the rest of the day to post-cards. The fisherman comes in like a drowned rat. But his smile over the "regular whopper" was the event of the day — for me!

July 27. En route from "Log Cabin" to "Camp Rock Wall." No. 6.

We followed the line of least resistance and took up the trail again to-day. It seemed easier to take to the road under fair skies than to ~~compare~~ with another fairly over who had the right to the cabin for another day. - - - - We back trailed thru Lead and to Wood Wood where we had a late dinner, and mid-afternoon set out towards Sylvan Lake and the much-talked-of State Park, a ride of 55 miles thru the very heart of the hills. We enjoyed fine scenery all the afternoon, and had the last half of the road been as good as the first, we would have reached Sylvan Lake before dark. But the road became very rough and the grades long and steep. We were beginning to get doubtful when in the bend of the road there was the Rock Wall and our camp site! An ideal camp site - and there are not so many - it reminded me of another camp - Lovely Wall - in the Missouri River Gorge of Montana. There were big trees, a mountain torrent, and late in the afternoon flooding the little rivers and casting lights and shadows over the solid rock wall. We both felt that this is likely to be our ideal camp in the Black Hills, and like "Lovely Wall" "Rock Wall" will stand out among so many camps.

July 28. Sylvan Lake.

So this is Sylvan Lake, small and serene, and locked in by granite walls. It is so different from any lake I ever saw. Rock formations about its base rise in needles or cathedral spires, or perhaps giants. - - - - We have made camp No. 7. for the day and a rainy day is promised to be.

July 29. Sunday: - It has been a good day in camp - perhaps better than to have gone to church to sing and listen to the waddy, commercial jingle of a collection box! A good Sunday: we climbed Mr. Starnes, (7,254 ft.) the highest peak in the Black Hills. We set out about eight and returned from our seven mile walk about noon. It was a very pleasant trail, not a difficult one. From the summit one looks out upon a great panorama of granite walls, gorges, undulating valleys, and pine-clad hills. Then the long trail down back to Sylvan Lake. Perhaps I enjoyed the "needles" best of all: these queer reared vertical rocks about the lake, and the valleys beyond. - - - - A good day in camp; we rested and talked most of the afternoon. "Bride" is glad to rest, too, from this his first experience in mountain climbing. We think of home, of Sarah and John, and wonder about next Sunday and "Love Land."

July 30. En route towards Hot Springs this morning — off early to follow good roads thru the State Park with its fine scenery, rocky, granite walls and deep gorges, and everywhere the craggy pinnacles or "needles" that characterize the scenery of this region. Beautiful scenery with the blue haze of the morning in green valleys. A vast park of 100,000 acres and worthy of government ownership. — — — With good roads, and even better along the fine scenery and much road making, we made better time than we had planned. We left the State Park for wide open stretches. And out of Fairburn followed winding roads over vast prairie hills, high and treeless, resembling western Nebraska about Big Springs, but for the blue range of the Black Hills we were leaving. — — — When shall I visit these Black Hills again? These Black Hills so longed to see and now passers. — — — We arrived at Hot Springs in time for dinner at a cafe — and we could sit — and spend most of the afternoon shopping about town for souvenirs and supplies. And Hot Springs was hot after the cool of the hills. We drove out 12 miles to make Camp No. 6. in "Wind Cave National Park". We had a rather nice little camp for the night by a creek if not a roadside camp site. So we have reached "Wind Cave".

July 31. We visited the "Wind Cave" this morning, adding one more national park to our list. It is called Wind Cave from the current of air that blows intermittently in and out of its mouth. The cave consists of a series of long, narrow tunnels or passage ways having many variations in height and width and opening into irregular chambers at intervals. The "Fair Staircase" chamber is said to be the largest natural underground chamber in the world covering an area of four or five acres of space. The walls and ceilings of the various passages and chambers are elaborately covered with formations common to most caves. The predominating interest in Wind Cave lies in the masses of calcite, quartz, stalactites, and stalagmites, and a peculiar box-work formation. More than 90 miles of passage ways have now been explored. We did not see all of the 90 miles but we took the medium length trail debating nearly four hours to the tour (since out of a party of 103 I was the only one who waited to take the largest route.) So the trip was not difficult and highly interesting. We had previously rid our party of the "ancients" and the "fair and afraid." So we emerged from the cave to find a "sticker" on our car: we have visited our eighth national park. — — —

Evening: We came into Hot Springs at noon, made camp at Evan Steiglitz, and by the time we had had dinner, decided to stay over until to-morrow. Camp No. 9. The wind has blown a perfect gale all the afternoon while the man labored with his leaky radiator.

Aug. 1. En route. Towards Loveland! A long day of motoring and even in the blue sage stretched of Wyoming the ever changing panorama of the day. Out of Hot Springs we had fine, dead hills and a poor trail all the way to Edgemont, then a long, level road stretching away to Lusk. We were stoned for our way side dinner for it was a gray chilly day. We rode with coats on, the side curtain up, and a blanket over Bride when he slept. Out of Lusk at four o'clock we left the better high way towards Parker for a new trail, straggling away over the hills to "no more". It had rained and filled the ruts. The car was bucking on the grades after having had insulting mud splashed in its face for miles. So finally we ran over the hills (in the east) and we made camp No. 10. Behind a school house out of the wind. - - - - - We had followed a typical Wyoming trail all day, over the hills and low sleeping valleys, - one town in a hundred miles of travel - the high way fenced for

miles and miles, but tiny home stead stracks the only sign of habitation; the great wide West with its limitless spaces and its far-reaching emptiness.

Aug. 2. En route.

We came a good ramble to-day in spite of falling muddy, rutted, impassable roads over the hills all morning. We finally came out on the "Yellowstone Trail" a few miles west of Wheatland, Wyo. On a turn of the road we passed from the land of the unknown to the known! "Wheatland!" memories of our "Laramie Camp" and the Sand Stern! The very hydrant where we got water the night before. Drove over the long bridge and there was our old camp site where the sand had in upon us and finally drove us on in the gray dawn. There we got our dinner, while Bride - met Danney - took a dip in the Laramie! - - - - - We had excellent roads from Wheatland all the way to Cheyenne. Still an uninhabited country but tourists en route to Yellowstone Park furnish the passing show. We made Camp (No. 11) for the night at the municipal Camp Ground at Cheyenne: a great open space with hundreds of campers. A free education "all about the great common people."

Aug. 3. Cheyenne, Wyo.

I will along the curbing this morning here in Cheyenne while newsboys are every where crying President Harding's death last night. "Extras" brought the news to the municipal camp about mid-night last night. I awoke vaguely terrified that the old war days had returned. This morning we read the details of our president's sudden death. After all a very good way to die: so go quickly and in the glory of life and not to risk the fire our watching the old lightning shadows.

We left Cheyenne - how I dislike the place! - about ten o'clock and had a pleasant two hour ride to Ft. Collins, Colorado, where we stopped long enough in a small and crowded "Tourist Camp" to get our dinner - and that was long enough. Then 14 miles on to Love Land with the blue range coming closer and closer! Love Land with its shaded steeps, and vague promises of "things beyond"! We replenished our supplies, attended to our mail, and late in the afternoon set out to find "an ideal camp" for "Sarah and John". And we found it 16 miles up Shampson Canon: a little open space off the highway all walled about by mountains, the noise of the rapids, tall trees and giant boulders. This is Camp No. 12. "The Sarah Louise Camp."

Aug. 4. "Camp Sarah Louise"

A regular Saturday clean up: we erected "The House of Bells" and set the kitchen abode in order. We sorted laundry, refashed quips, took baths, cleaned the grub-box, and emptied the car completely. Oh, it is lots of fun "fixing up" for friends and loves!

Aug. 5. Sunday: Dreams do come true, the dreams we have had about the fire place at home: Sarah and John sit about a camp fire with us! We met them in Love Land at 10:30 this morning and came down the Shampson Canon to our camp. How nice to have dinner together and a long afternoon of gossip. And the camp fire at night the best of all. Bells together here in the "Sarah Louise Camp"!

Aug. 6. Sarah and John seem to have accepted this sort of life: we read and eat, and take long walks and watch the clouds on the mountain tops. Sarah and I climbed the mountain back of camp just before supper - a good stiff climb. We had a glorious camp fire this evening, so hot we peeled off some of the boulders. It was sort of a farewell to the "Sarah Louise" - finest of camp sites!

Aug. 7. So Estis Park! We were finally packed in - Sarah and I looking out of laundry bags and over the top of rolled and banded, Bride maintaining an unsteady equilibrium on the summit of our load. The Quicks looked all the way into Estis but we arrived at the Rosborough Mountain-side all smiles, none of our sweet-corn having dropped out! We found "Rose-Wen" occupied but three cozy rooms in the rear part of "Mountain Hall" ready for us. We had dinner at once, and were quite settled at once, so much so we drove up to the Village, late in the afternoon, and had our noses shining.

Aug. 8. "Mountain Hall."

The Quicks went to the hospital and the boys were absent much of the day attending to Rev. Sarah and I read and wrote late in the afternoon we all went for a long walk. We are a bit interested in a site for a cabin all our own.

Aug. 9. We were up in the village of Estis much of the day. This morning started out to hike but a merciful lady gave us a lift. Sarah and I spent the morning gazing into shop windows and looking over the impassable sawmills. Tourist's bug - lots of fun - while the boys stayed at the garage. We had luncheon at a cafe, and by two o'clock the old car was done and

ready to ramble. We went home and then drove over to Moraine Park, where we sat in the car while Edward fished. And it rained and rained lending lovely clouds effects to the Range. Stone for supper and spent the evening at "Brown Cabin" with the Rosborough family.

Aug. 10. Off for a two day hike! The old Quicks duly packed "with a blanket and a pinch of salt". The road a difficult one to Beau Lake: steep rocky grade and hair pin turns, nine miles; then the lake lying directly under Stallard Peak, its granite shaft reflected in dark waters, fire swept mountains rising from its shores, and patches of snow lying close. The Fisherman brought in six trout for dinner. At two o'clock we set out on a two hour hike to Wren Lake. And while we tramped it rained! - glorious gray sheets of rain and the snow-covered peaks shrouded in clouds! And at the end of the trail Wren Lake. And Wren Lake was lovely with a loveliness all its own: snow fields and green trees against gray granite walls, and its surface dancing with myriad rain drops. We dried our wet clothes around a fire before we took the trail back. When to Beau Lake we set up camp. No. 13. Two "pup" tents with gray clouds promising us a rainy night. We went to bed feeling we were "singing it."

Aug. 11. So. day we visited Loch Vale, starting our hike 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 Continental Divide, a glacier-fed sheet of green water, cradled by rocky perpendicular walls, two great peaks each sheltering snowy glaciers, - a lake of Alpine beauty. We would gladly have stayed all the afternoon but an altitude of over 10,000 ft. whetted one's appetite. We got back to the car by two, got dinner, and back to "Mountain Hall" seemed a much shorter trip. ~~Some~~ and died tired, we had to go to the Village for supplies and afterwards made a supreme effort to don society clothes to attend a song recital here at the Conservatory.

Aug. 12. Sunday: Around home: resting, writing, straightening our house, and getting baths. John is pretty tired but unlike Bide he won't quit! - - - - - Late afternoon we took a little ride to "Baldpate Inn"; five miles up, lovely views from its upper balcony and wide fireplaces; then five miles down thru deepening twilight.

Aug. 13. We saw something of a new part of East's Lake to-day: We visited Gene Lake and Devil's Gulch. We arrived at little Gene Lake in its sheltered cove by auto and an hour's hike. It was a good trail, wooded and gave pleasant open

views of valley meadows and the distant range. We had planned to eat ~~off~~ lunch at Gene but found no drinking water, so made the return trip before dinner. Arrived at the car we set out for Devil's Gulch, where we found a good place to eat and ^{spent} a pleasant hour afterwards. The Gulch was easy to slide into but hard to climb out of, two miles of good climbing. Perhaps that was the devil part! We stopped at the Village for supplies and then home to "Mountain Hall."

Aug. 14. Off for a real hike! At seven o'clock we left the car at Moraine Park, and with our packs on, set out for Fern and Odessa Lakes, an eleven mile trip. It was fine to be on the trail early, cool, and clear morning sunshine. We followed a good trail, wooded, and for the first two miles easy ascent, then the real climb began over a muddy, rocky path. We enjoyed Fern and Marquette Falls on our way, our loveliest of all Odessa Gorge, and Odessa itself at its head, lying under the snowy glaciers of the Divide. Flat Top and the Little Matterhorn reared in its still waters, - a lake of exquisite beauty. Our end of the trail reached here we had our dinner in the very spot we had it with John Rastborgh five years ago. Bumbled boulders, the little chipmunks coaxing for crumbs and all about us the words of Odessa!

At two o'clock we left for Fern Lake, the return trail, a mile below Odessa. We stayed at Fern until four o'clock, enjoying its wooded loveliness, for Fern is sylvan with forest-bordered waters, green, and cool, and quiet. And out on its dark waters "two men in a boat," - one man - fishing! - - - - We enjoyed the home ward hike and arrived at the car at six o'clock all in fine trim. Stopped in a fine shower we had just erected, and a good supper. We have "linked to Fern and Odessa", a fine place dream came true.

Aug. 15. We decided to "go on" to-morrow at breakfast. Spent the morning at home. Had dinner in the village and afterwards went shopping. Mid-afternoon a drive out with a real estate agent "to see a building site", so up set the day that I could hardly appreciate the fine scenery in the high drive, a fifteen mile circle trip. This evening Sarah and I sat up picked up and packed a little. And we to say good-bye to "Mountain Still"?

Aug. 16. En route to Grand Lake.

We were up early for the long 40 mile trip over the Continental Divide. Good-byes to "Mountain Still", to the Village, and we began our long climb over the Fall River Road. From green wooded roads we climbed higher and

higher, up and up, lovely glimpses of the valley far below, the snow coming closer; timber line with its shindled and wind swept trees and the mountains no longer towering but close at hand, the feathery clouds drifting below us: the Pass at an elevation of 11,797 ft. We had our noon day meal for it was exactly twelve o'clock! - - - - Over the Divide we descended for miles of miles over winding ledge-like roads, one holds his breath but makes the turn in safety and holds his breath again. At last we were down to the green meadows about Grand Lake, going 30 miles on down over these valley roads we mired in mud two years ago! And Grand Lake in gala dress! Yacht races and water sports, the wee village almost a town! But the Lake lovely as ever: dark and clear and cold, a sapphire gem.

Aug. 17. Grand Lake. Camp No. 14.

One fisher here. Some of us were on the Lake all day. We had all the trout we could eat this noon and have a good string left over. Sarah has become a fisherman! - - - - It is hot here at noon, cold at night. We have a fair camp site, omitting the tin cans! - - - - This is our fourth visit to Grand Lake. Too much for me are after lakes yet undiscovered!

Aug. 16. Fishing - mostly. Sarah has her first achievements in trout fishing reeled in a brook trout! - - - - - In the afternoon we attended the "land sports" of the regatta at Grand Lake Village - we enjoyed it not in the manner intended! Edward and I went for a last ride on "my lake", wind-whipped water and wee white-caps! Perhaps I may still keep my memories of Grand Lake - unsailed.

Aug. 19. Sunday: - En route over the ~~Trail~~ ^{Pike} Road. Burthard
We make camp this morning for the long climb over the Divide, and Sarah none too well, but glad to be going. Familiar roads over Grandby, long, gentle slopes and distant peaks. We had dinner at an old log cabin in ruin where we sought shelter from the rain going over the Pass five years ago. Then off for Burthard, a lovely wooded road, climbing to an altitude of over 11,000 ft., over fine mountain roads, in spite of its grades and curves. The descent was even more thrilling, the green valley below coming more too soon. So sliding down to gentler slopes we made Camp No. 15. along a stream, well off the high way. A fine camp site but perhaps the wind spoiled it for our friends. But it seemed a pretty spot to me.

Aug. 20. On to Denver.
Off to Denver over Look Out Mountain; a fine mountain road with its tree-clad slopes and wide panorama of the plains - Sadder close at hand, Denver straggling off into the country beyond. We stopped at the Cody grave and found it aroused no more appreciation than our previous visit had. We arrived in Denver by two o'clock and had dinner at a cafe' regardless of our tourist appearance. Then made Camp No. 16. at "Overland Park", where 5,000 tourists camp every day, and not such a bad camp that fact considered.

Aug. 21. Denver, Colorado.
Our last day before the Home Ward Trail. While the Balles visited with relatives, we took in city sights, had luncheon, and met them again at two o'clock. On less than an hour we were home-ward bound. our fine sandal roads, and made Camp No. 17. at a school-house sixty-five miles out.

Aug. 22. En route.
Again familiar roads - a far-reaching country and sparse habitation. Ft. Morgan soon after tea, dinner at Stirling where I suddenly developed a bit of a longing to see the "Starmans", then a long after-noon of humming along. Stuxton - where I found the little horse shoe - by mid-

afternoon and straight-way afterwards the Colorado - Nebraska line. (When have I been glad before to cross over going home?) We made Camp No. 14. at six o'clock behind a school house, a nice clean place, a lovely moon after supper, shining down upon Nebraska!

Aug. 23. En route.

The day's motoring brought us to another school house for our last camp, No. 19. Rather poor roads all morning. We made up our coats for dinner at the Hotel. (Finger bowls in this part of our!) Good roads all the afternoon and the car drumming in our ears. Oxford with its hills, then Haldrege, 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 late summer fields.

Aug. 24. En route.

Going home this time on Edward's Birthday. A long day with dust and increasing heat. We had dinner at Hastings, then it seemed a long hundred miles home. We arrived between five and six, left Sarah and John at their little house, and came on to "2444" almost buried in tall grass and trees. We opened up the little white shelter, it seemed but yesterday we left it — was this really a trip after all?